

### Memories.

It may be but a breath of the Southland,  
Or a leaf's soft distant chime;  
But it brings anew to the wistful heart  
The memories of olden time.

A strain of music, a passing face,  
Seen in the mists of eve;  
A spray of hawthorn, wet with dew,  
And the May light soft on its leaves.

A silken rattle, a rich perfume,  
The dream of a day gone by;  
The sound of the millwheel under the hill,  
A swallow's flight through the sky.

A careless laugh, a forgotten song,  
Heard in the summer night;  
Only memories, but ah, how dear,  
When seen through memory's light.

### MY MOTHER'S SECRET.

Mother and father had been nothing but names to me since I could remember anything. I had been educated at Dr. Sartain's school and from thence gone to college. There had never been any lack of money and good clothes but I never went home for the holidays, and no one ever came to see me. On my thirteenth birthday a watch was sent to me, with "From your loving mother" engraved in the case, and I said to Dr. Sartain:

"When am I to see my parents? This seems as though my mother loved me? Does she never care to see me?"

Dr. Sartain answered:

"Your mother is very fond of you, and an excellent mother, but your father is compelled to remain absent from home."

I supposed from this both my parents were abroad, and asked no more questions.

Four years from this the news was sent to me that my father was dead, but there was no alteration in my position. I went to college, chose my profession—the law—and finally entered the office of Gay & Brothers, with every prospect of success in my career. I had but one anxiety—my strange position.

My parents, it appeared to me, must be wealthy. If they were also respectable, why had my father never sent for me? I was a man now, I had a right to ask the question and to be answered. But I feared the answer, and delayed. My acquaintances were many; my friends—the doctor, his wife, my old fellow pupil at his school, Roger Wharton, and my landress.

Yes, the landress, Aunt Betsey, as every one called her, humble though she was, was one of my friends, and not the least valued of them.

She was a good old woman, straight and thin, but strong and hearty. She had taken "the boys" to wash ever since I can remember. A boy drove a little donkey cart to the door with the great basket on it, but she came once a week to bring her bills and get the money, I suppose, and the doctor's wife made much of her, and told her about the children's doings and the boys were pleased to see her round little face. She had taken a special fancy to Roger Wharton and to me, and our linen always came home mended and our stockings darned. Of course she took my washing home, now that I lived independently, and the moderation of her price was a novelty in the laundry world.

"You ask too little," I sometimes said. But she always answered:

"I charge quite enough—quite enough, Mr. Arthur."

She kept up her interest in my studies still, admired my law books, and wondered at my knowledge. I was more pleased to see Aunt Betsey come into my room than I was to see many acquaintances whose recognition was an honor. I shall always be glad to remember that.

I confided in her a little, and one day she looked at me solemnly, shook her head and said:

"Ah, boys need a mother. Do you ever think of yours, lad?"

"More than she does of me," said I. "Don't say that, lad," answered the old woman. "Your mother is sore-hearted to be parted from you like this."

"How do you know?" I cried, starting up. "Do you know my mother, Aunt Betsey?"

She gathered up her basket, looking at me in askance.

"Whatever I know I keep to myself," she said; "but remember your mother loves you, always has, and always will. Remember that." And she went her way.

That evening I thought her words over until I could bear it no longer, and putting on my hat, I went to Dr. Sartain's house, determined to ask him who and what my parents were.

The doctor and Mrs. Sartain sat together in his study, and I took his chair which he offered me, and I drew it between them.

"I have come to ask you some questions," I said; "questions that I have a right to ask. Will you promise to answer them?"

"Promise, my love," said Mrs. Sartain.

"I will decide when I have heard the questions," replied the doctor.

"They are simple," I answered. "Who was my father? Who is my mother? Why have I never seen my parents? Where does my mother

live?"

I paused for reply. The doctor put his finger tips together, and replied thus:

"Your father was named, like yourself, Arthur Varley. Your mother was his lawfully wedded wife, Elizabeth—now his widow. When you were five years old your father was obliged to leave the country, and your mother confided you to our care. She has since, as you know, amply supplied your wants. She is one of the most excellent women I know. There has never been a blot on her character. She has forbidden me to tell where to find her. "For some reason she hates me," I said.

"She loves you," he answered.

"Then why will she not see me?"

"For your own good," said the doctor.

"It's a mistaken idea," cried the doctor's wife.

"At first it was. Since the thing has gone on so long nothing can now be done," replied the doctor. "It is your mother's fixed determination that you should never see her. She has no other child and is not poor. Her will is made in your favor. I have no right to tell you more."

"But you?" I cried turning to Mrs. Sartain.

"Neither have I any right," said the lady. "But I say to you, find out for yourself. It is your duty. I know you better than your mother knows you."

I looked at the doctor. He avoided my glance, and said nothing.

But how was I to discover this mother of mine, who hid herself from me, yet who, they said, loved me.

By that Christmas-tide I had fallen in love. The object of my adoration was a beautiful girl of very good family. I saw that she was not displeased; her father, a wealthy client of our firm, did not object to my pretensions. In fact, we were engaged, and my heart was full of joy. Yet with it mingled the longing to find my mother and tell her of my happiness. One day I told old Aunt Betsey, who was counting my cuffs and collars.

"Aunt Betsey, perhaps I shall be married some day."

"Lord bless us!" cried Aunt Betsey, "you seem to be such a boy."

"It will not be at once," I said, "but after I am well on in my profession. I love dearly. She is Charles Rushton's daughter."

"Miss Rushton!" said Aunt Betsey. She folded her hand little hands together and stood looking at me. "The very top of the ladder," she said, "Rich and stylish, and high family, and so pretty. But you'll have your things done in the family then, and see no more of old Aunt Betsey."

"I'll give you my collars while I have one left, and all my wife's ruffles too."

"I don't want her's," said Betsey, crossly. "Wish you joy, Mr. Arthur Varley. I'm sure it's a fine match—but her things I don't care for."

"Too much trouble I suppose," I said as the door closed.

But I thought of my mother more and more, and as that day was the one on which I drew my allowance, I went up to the doctor's house, intending to make one more effort to move him to tell me where to find my mother.

The doctor sat alone in his study. An envelope lay before him. As he saw me he drew it toward him; took out a parcel of bank notes, and with them a letter which he at once returned the envelope and thrust into his vest pocket. "A letter from my mother," I said, and looked at the vest.

It was an ordinary black vest, but the cut was lower than usually worn.

He paid me my weekly allowance, said that my mother sent her love, and heard of my hopes and wished me joy. And after a few words more I took leave of him, but not to go directly home. I sought Mrs. Sartain at once. "Mrs. Sartain," I said, "it's growing very cold, and I noticed that the doctor has a low cut vest on. Get it off him or he may have an attack of pneumonia. A gentleman I know caught a cold which resulted in consumption that way. Take a high vest to him and insist on his wearing it at once."

"You good boy," cried the doctor's wife; "how thoughtful of you." And away she ran. I followed.

"Only to look at his encyclopedia a moment," I said, and buried my face in the book, while the lady urged the exchanges of vests, and the gentleman protested; finally I saw the treasure borne away, and followed. Good Mrs. Sartain, little did she guess that, as I walked behind her, I picked the pocket of the garment she carried under her arm.

I had the letter and could scarcely wait long enough to get to a place of safety before opening it. At first in a little ice cream saloon, I sat behind a table shiny with oilcloth, and plentifully adorned with the marks of saucer bottoms, and opened the note. It began thus.

"I have heard my boy is to be married.

God bless him, it is a good match, but my heart aches. I almost wish I had not done what I did, but how could I let the poor fellow bear the shame of his father's crime? And now I'd rather die than have him know; but my heart aches, my heart aches. No, no, no I say again never tell him. I am sick with sorrow and fear. Write and tell me you'll never tell. Do you remember my number? It is 20 Bloomington road."

I had at last my mother's dwelling place, and a clue to her conduct. My father had in some way shamed us both, but now I would go to her; we would know each other, I and this good mother.

Bloomington Road was in the suburbs of our city. She was near me then—only an hour or two lay between us. I had no patience to walk. As I drove on I pictured my mother—a graceful lady in middle life; her hair touched with gray; her smile sad, though sweet.

There was a picture in the doctor's drawing room which I fancied resembled her—the portrait of an English duchess.

"Bloomington Road, No. 20," cried the cabman opening the door.

I stepped out and looked about me. Number twenty was a plain two-roomed cottage, with a long shed attached. I had always believed my mother to be rich—could this be her home? I touched the handle of the little bell. A girl with her sleeves rolled up from her wet arms and a rubber apron opened the door.

"Mrs. Varley," I asked; "does she live here?"

"I'll call her," said the girl, and left me alone; and I heard her voice repeating the name in the distance.

Then another voice crying, "Yes I'm coming," and a quick step approaching and before me stood old Aunt Betsey, and on the instant the truth flashed upon me, and I cried out:

"Mother!"

There was my mother, little and wrinkled, and strong eyes and red cheeks, and her calico dress pinged up over her flannel petticoat, and when I said "Mother!" she shut the door and held up both hands, and said in a shrill whisper:

"Hush! hush! hush! Who told you. Keep it to yourself. You're a gentleman. You're to marry Mr. Rushton's girl. Don't say that again. Go away; go away. And keep it as secret as I will. Go!"

But I took her hand and drew her to me.

"Mother why did you do this? What did my father do?" I asked.

He was a porter in a bank, Arthur, she answered. "He robbed it. He died in prison. He came near being hung, for he killed a man trying to get away. And I thought I'd spare my boy the shame, and I sent you to the doctor's school. I've made money, lad, but a laundry is not genteel. I know it well. Think of Miss Rushton. Go!"

But I answered: "Kiss me mother. I shall tell Ada Rushton the truth, and you shall toil for me no more."

No Ada Rushton did not marry me, and some of my friends dropped off but I bore it very well. This was fifteen years ago, and I am forty now but yesterday I married and who so glad as my old mother, who kissed me tenderly on my wedding morning and said:

"She is the wife I'd choose for you, Arthur, and not a proud, insolent thing like Rushton. And you are happy, dear?"

And I answered truly: "No happier man under the sun, mother."

### Horace Greeley's Boyhood.

Horace Greeley's personal appearance was always a subject of remark from his boyhood. Rollin C. Mallery, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American System, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing office of a country newspaper at Poulney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was directed to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly "sticking types," and who though full grown was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than "a feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in aggregation taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a looking-glass." That boy said Mr. Mallery, will make a remarkable man. I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry or anything else connected with politics. As Mr. M. was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused me some surprise, and we not only "made a note of it," but took another look at the "devil" (printers, we mean,) and could not but trace in the expansive forehead a mind formed in nature's finest mould and wrought for immortality. It was years afterwards that we became aware of the fact that boy was Horace Greeley.

### A Good Education.

We hear a good deal said in these latter times about a good education, and it leads us to inquire what a good education is. Every body in this country is agreed that it comprises the ability to read properly and grammatically the English language, and a sufficient knowledge of arithmetic to be able to answer accurately any questions in the four rules in that science. This is a good education as far as it goes, and as far as street education is concerned it is better than many who claim to be well educated have attained to. Without these, education is not good, although you are versed more or less in all theologies and esophies mentioned in Webster's dictionary; with them you have the key that with patience and perseverance will unlock all the others. But even with those and the additions of all the learning taught in the schools, but nothing more, the education most needed at the present day, is a practical one, and it is also the most neglected. The heaping on of flashy attainments for the purpose of show, to the neglect of the every-day needed practical attainments, is far too common, and no one can be said to have a good education who has not, in addition to the lore of the school, a knowledge of how to earn their own living. Every one male or female, rich or poor, should be taught how to work in some calling or profession that would procure them a livelihood, and until that is done they have not a good education. Educate the mind that the labor of the hands may be more effective. Educate the hands that the education of the mind may be practical as well as ornamental.

### About Our Sisters.

Charles Kingsley's daughter wrote "Mrs. Lorimer."

A woman started the first daily paper in the world in 1702 in London.

Mrs. Eliza Clarke has written the life of Susanna Wesley for the "Eminent Women" series.

Mary Wollstonecraft says that women as a sex are indolent, and that everything tends to make them so.

Elizabeth Sturt Phelps and Louisa M. Alcott write for the Woman's Journal and believe in its doctrines.

There is an old woman in New Orleans who can remember when three pirates were hung in Jackson square in that city.

A "society gentleman" wants to know why women wear their sleeves so short as to show their vaccination scars.

There are eleven states in which women vote for school directors. Most people will be surprised to learn that Kentucky is one of the States.

Susan B. Anthony is writing a book about women in Europe. Susan's latter days promise to be her best days and nobody grudges them to her.

It is borne in on the Indianapolis Times to remark that if some men treated their wives as well as they do their servant girls there would be fewer divorces.

Classing women who never marry by their complexion, there are more blonds than brunettes among them. This is supposed to be due to the preference of marrying men for brunettes. But perhaps the women who do not marry fade out.

In Idaho married women retain their own person and real property, and may make contracts, sue and be sued, as if single. Neither husband or wife has any interest in the property of the other. Dower and courtesy are abolished. Go west.

### Some Big Things.

A whale sixty feet long has been killed off Beaufort, S. C.

An Iowa man drank three quarts of cider in three minutes.

A ten-foot alligator was captured recently near Waxahatchie, Texas.

The government envelope factory at Hartford, Conn., uses a ton of gum per week.

A party of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, bird hunters recently killed 1,400 robins with sticks.

A sea dog was killed on the beach near Long Branch not long ago. It weighed 143 pounds.

While trapping near Bridgman, Mich., William Williams caught an eagle that measured nine feet.

An owl measuring four feet and two inches from tip to tip was recently captured in Franklin county, Ga.

Mississippians feel very proud of their state library in the capitol at Jackson. It comprises 38,000 volumes.

A cow horn four feet eleven inches long and eighteen inches in diameter at the base is on exhibition at Monticello, Va.

The highest rate of postage from this country is to Patagonia and the island of St. Helena—54 cents an ounce.

Robins are found in flocks of 10,000 in the neighborhood of Powhatan, Va. A man recently killed 480 of these birds.

A lady 60 years old, residing near Rochester, N. Y., skated from that city to Brockport, twenty miles, in an hour and twenty-five minutes.

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