

In the Field.

The skies are clear
The boys all cheer,
For base ball season now is here.
With bat in hand,
The bawling band
Preambulate throughout the land.
The stiles installed,
Then "time" is called,
And battle orders loudly bawled,
With ringing shout
The players rout
And try to put each other out.
The pitcher, he
With savage glee,
Throws wildly, with celerity.
The catcher stands,
As he expands,
Behind the bat, with pawing hand.
The umpire by,
With watchful eye,
Looks out for balls that foamy fly.
He doth deserve
An iron nerve,
And from his duty ne'er will swerve.
The game is o'er;
They count the score,
And one side's very sick and sore.
The doctor comes,
And blithely hums
While fixing up their broken thumbs.
—Unknown.

TRUE THROUGH ALL.

"You fully understand me, Edith? Unless you do as I wish in this matter you cannot remain an inmate of this house. I will not have such an example of disobedience set to my own daughters. They are at an age when they may be badly influenced by it."

Mr. Stephen Curllis, broker and speculator in general, threw himself back in his chair at the breakfast table and looked with a frown of dislike on his ugly face at the delicately beautiful girl now pouring out his coffee.

A wealthy widower, with two plain daughters, he had married in a moment of weakness the widow of an acquaintance who had died deeply in debt. His wife retained her beauty, and was, after a fashion, dear to him.

But Edith, with the face of her dead father, who had been his rival at school and in business alike—Edith had been obnoxious to him from the first; and now that she daily and nightly attracted the attention in society which he felt that his own daughters ought rightly to receive, his mind was made up to be rid of her at the earliest possible date. Edith Vere was proud as well as beautiful. She tried to hide from notice the wound that his words inflicted. But her lips trembled, her dark eyes moistened and it was some moments before she could say,—

"I thank Mr. Willis for the honor he had done me but I told him of my engagement to Fred Hart. I think it ungentlemanly of him to renew his proposal, and I cannot accept it."

"Then you must find another home," frowned her stepfather. "I am in earnest, Edith. Willis is rich; he is a respectable merchant, and he is quite foolish in his fondness for you. I am acting for your own good in urging you to marry him. You will say so yourself ten years hence if you take my advice, but if you persist in refusing him because you were engaged to that unfortunate young sailor who went down with his ship, as I suppose, you must take the consequences."

"Say no more!" exclaimed Edith, in a broken voice. "I do refuse, I must refuse. Only let me remain here till my mother returns from Florida, and then I will find another home."

"Your mother is quite too ill to be disturbed by this nonsense, Edith. I wrote her last week; there is her answer. You must decide this very day, and she will not be here for three weeks."

With her mother's letter in her hand Edith hurried to her own room. Hot, blinding tears fell over the words which the weak and delicate wife had written by her husband's order:—

"Since poor Fred is lost to you forever in this life, do, my dear child, be guided by Mr. Curllis. The last lines ran, 'Marry Mr. Willis, and in the home of wealth which he will give, you and I may yet see happy days.'"

"A home of wealth, and that man its master, and I the wife of another than Fred!" moaned the poor girl in her despair. "Oh, Fred, my dearest! How lightly they all speak and think and write of your loss, when it has wrapped the whole earth in mourning for me."

"She rose and began to make preparations for her departure. She knew that her mother had no power to protect her in a strife between Mr. Curllis and herself, and she would not subject her to the pain of witnessing the misery which she could not lighten or avert.

Within an hour her trunk was packed ready for removal. In a small hand valise she placed such articles as she would soonest require. She wore her plainest street dress and a thick veil. Counting the contents of her purse she found that she had but fifteen dollars.

But I have my watch and chain and a handsome wardrobe," she mentally pondered, reviewing the situation. "I will go at once to New York, and I can find some kind of work, no doubt, in a few days. Anything will be better than to ask Mr. Curllis for money. If I should really need any I can write to

mama." Without bidding farewell to a person under that hostile roof, Edith left the house.

Mr. Curllis, glancing over his paper by the window, saw her go, noted the little valise, and whistled softly to himself.

Presently came an expressman with an order for Edith's trunk. Mr. Curllis saw the man himself, feed him liberally, made a brief explanation, and sent him away without the baggage.

"That will bring my lady back to ask my pardon, undoubtedly," he chuckled, returning to the perusal of his paper.

But the hours went on until twilight deepened into nightfall and no Edith came. Friendless, alone and well nigh penniless, she had made her desperate plunge into the great world.

It was nearly dusk when Edith reached New York. The lamps glimmered in long, unending lines along the streets when she timidly entered a hotel and inquired for a room. Young, lovely, unprotected, on foot and with no luggage, it was little wonder that the gentlemanly clerk found that the house was full, but his wondering stare and the audible comments of several well-dressed loungers near his desk sent the hot blood surging to Edith's cheeks, and hurried her away from the place at a speed which soon stripped several idlers on the pavement who were tantalized by the glimpse of her fair face as it went by.

"What am I to do? Where am I to go?" thought the poor girl, when she had reached a poorer and safer part of the city, where she could pass unmolested among the crowds who were too much absorbed in their own troubles to have leisure to think of her. What a wasteland a desert of houses the great city seemed to her, who there could claim no home!

It was the hour of reunion among the humbler classes, who depend upon the day's earnings for their daily bread. Fathers were hurrying home from work and at the house door the good wife met them with a smile and the little ones drummed eagerly on the window panes or ran a race down the passage to claim the first kiss.

Some pale widow passed along with a little parcel in her hand—the toy or cake which should make amends to her darlings for the long day's absence, spent in work for them.

Over and over again did Edith, foot-sore, weary and heartsick, see these little domestic revelations of happiness in which she had no share. Each time she witnessed them her heart sank lower.

"In this great city there is a place, a home, a welcome for every one, save me," she thought, blinded by the tears she tried to force back. "And yet if my darling's life had been spared, how happy I could have been even in the humblest of these homes with him."

One by one the cheery welcomes died away, and the doors and windows were closed on the freiside groups within.

"Perhaps some of these people would be willing to shelter me till morning," thought Edith, who was growing tired and faint from inanition, for she had eaten nothing all day.

She searched for her purse, intending to ask the question of a meek faced woman in mourning who had just passed her. The purse was gone! Throwing open her cloak in an agony of horror to search its inner pocket, she found that her watch and chain had been taken too? Where or when she had been robbed she knew not. It was useless to waste time over that question.

She had only to face the terrible fact that she was entirely without resources in a strange city, and to decide upon the course she was to pursue.

Hunger and fatigue were alike forgotten in the overwhelming shock of this discovery. Some words of prayer fell vaguely from her lips as she turned into a side street that looked darker and narrower than the others. But she scarcely knew what she was saying; she only walked on, stunned by her appalling situation, till she heard the rippling of water near by, and knew by the cold breeze that came to her that she stood upon the river brink.

By day this narrow street was a busy scene. At nightfall, being lined with warehouses and leading to no pier, it was deserted and quiet. Edith leaned against a railing and looked out upon the river with its forest of masts and its glimmering lights. For a moment a terrible temptation seized her.

"One plunge and it will end the trouble," she sighed, leaning over the wharf. "And Fred will never come back I have nothing to look forward to if I live."

She was young, strong, healthful and the dark mood could not long endure. With a shudder she drew back, and looked up at the wall around her with questioning eyes.

The door of the nearest building opened softly. Two men came out—a third remained at the door—and the flash of a lantern was thrown across the face of the girl.

"All right. The cab is waiting at the corner, and there is the girl. You know what to do," said the man in the doorway.

"All right," said the others.

Edith, frightened, yet scarcely believing that they could be speaking of her had turned to fly when the foremost man seized her by the arm.

"Not that way, miss. The gentleman is waiting for you yonder," he said, trying to speak in a reassuring tone.

"You are mistaken. I am not waiting for any one. Please to let me pass," said Edith pale with terror.

"Look alive Ben!" said the man in the door with an oath. "You'll have cops here next if you don't hurry."

"That's so," said the second man standing in the street.

Snatching Edith from his companion's grasp, he placed one hand over her mouth, and hurried with her to a cab that stood in the shadow at the end of the street.

"I've got her safe and sound," he said through the window as soon as they were safely in the carriage. "Run Ben and tell him; and stir yourself, my man for if we are not out of this in five minutes some of them blessed sailors will come loafing, and then we may see trouble. Now missy, do just keep quiet," he added, in a surly tone, as the girl struggled in his arms. "No harm's going to happen to you, if you'll only be still. You may take Jim Chapman's word for that." The noise of Ben's running feet could plainly be heard by Edith, mingled with the creaking of the great ships at anchor along the pier. The sound of sailors singing a rude chorus floated through the air. Then came a voice whose lightest sound would have had the power to waken her, she often thought, from the sleep of death.

"No thanks. You are very kind, but I must find my dear ones at home before I join in any merriment on shore," said the deep, grave tones. I've been reported lost, you know, for some months past, and one heart, I am very sure, has mourned for me. I'm off to Baltimore at once. When I come back I will gladly accept your invitation—if all is well."

"I hope it may be. Good night." "Good night, captain."

The voice was near, the dear, familiar step was nearer yet. With one wild effort Edith shook off the rough hand that was laid over her mouth and managed to scream,—

"Fred! Fred! Save me! I am here!" "Confound you! Will you hold your tongue?" cried her captor, savagely.

But she still held herself aloof from his grasp and cried to her lover. The door of the carriage was wrenched open. Who is calling me? What is the matter? Edith! Good heavens, Edith how came you here?" cried Fred Hart in amazement, as Edith, with a sob of joy and thankfulness fell into his outstretched arms and fainted.

giveness was to be asked. By chance your wife happened to be on that very spot just as my daughter with her maid who was in her confidence neared it. What the two girls heard and saw thoroughly frightened them. My child hurried home and confessed everything to me, and she is now safe at my country seat with her good aunt, who will watch over her hereafter and teach her better things. Through her confession I got at the whole plot, and punished every one concerned in it. It is now my happy task to reward you for the share you unconsciously had in saving my pier child from a fate that would have been worse than death. You will tell Mrs. Hart the story, of course; then let it be forgotten. And now, Capt Hart, let us go and see you, ship."

Thus ended Edith's troubles. In a foreign land, as in her own, she is happy, as a loving heart must be that is true through all.

Would that thus safely and sweetly might close the story of every sad and lonely wanderer upon the city streets.

Venus and the Earth.

The Providence Journal in a recent issue says: "Venus will be the loveliest star in the heavens through the month of May, as after elongation she turns her steps westward, moving rapidly toward us, and hastening on to her period of greatest brilliancy. She will form a delightful planetary study for the naked eye and also for telescopic observation. Seen through the telescope at elongation or a few days after, she takes on the aspect of the moon at her last quarter, half her disc being illumined. Then, like the moon, she becomes a waning crescent, less and less of her enlightened surface being turned toward, but increasing in size as she approaches us, more than enough to counterbalance the lessened light. At the end of the month she has nearly reached her culminating point, while her high northern declination adds to the length of her stay above the horizon and the favorable conditions for observation. The beautiful planet is specially interesting on account of the striking resemblance she bears to the earth. In size, in density, in position in the system, in the length of the revolution, in the time of her rotation, in the possession of an atmosphere, in the form of her orbit and in the amount of light and heat she receives from the sun, she is more like the earth than any member of the solar system. She is our nearest planetary neighbor, and, if a moon were following in her track to complete the analogy, Venus and the earth would be the twin sisters of the solar family. Indeed, the planets seem to be in pairs. Jupiter and Saturn are the giants of the family; Neptune and Uranus follow next to the giants and Mars and Mercury complete the list."

A Beautiful Legend.

Do you know how the site of the ancient City of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my child in the night time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." The other said: "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them; and I will help them along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." So the work of transferring went on, night after night, and night after night; but every morning things seemed to be just as they were; for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were much perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was thought so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory, setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

Don't Like the Audience.

There is in Southern Africa a small animal of the lizard species, about six inches long, which is peculiarly susceptible to musical sounds. It inhabits the mimosa thorn tree, and those who wish to see the creature go near the tree and sing or play on some musical instrument. The lizard, charmed by the notes, comes out from its retirement toward the performers and will even climb upon the dress. As, however, the reptile is poisonous, the orchestra generally retires at the approach of the audience. The Boer name of this singular animal signifies in English, "The Devil's Manikin."

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