

Love

BY TRACY LAYARD.

Love! Nonsense! 'tis only the joy of a fool!
Two pairs of eyes meeting,
Two hands in warm clasp greeting,
Two hearts in rhythm beating,
Two pulses a little full!

Love! Nonsense! cast the fond rubbish aside!
A moment of pleasure,
A minute to treasure,
Repentance at leisure!
A long life of woe to betide!

Love! Nonsense! but oh, think of the heaven!
An embrace full of bliss,
One long, sweet kiss,
And more, too, than this,
In the dear promise given!

Love! Nonsense! Stupid! Wicked! Cruel!
There's all the waiting dreary,
The looking forward weary,
(Love's reply),
And the dear home-coming cheery!
Love is heaven! not the joy of a fool!

EZECH ELCHANAN.

Translated from the German of Sachs-Masoch by Gay Vay.

It was on a fine day of the carnival, when fun, and even pretty rough fun, was indulged in, that a drunken officer of the king's army staggered through the Jewish quarter of Cracow. It was with difficulty he kept his feet; and occasionally, as he went along singing in an unsteady voice, or loudly cursing the Hebrews, he would enter a merchant's stall and pull its trembling occupant out into the street and strike him with the flat of his heavy sword. His hatred for the Jews, which had been inaugurated and augmented by service under Hetman Bogdan Ehmelnitzki, in the Ukraine and in Galicia, where thousands of that unfortunate race had been mercilessly butchered, turned however, to a brutal liking for their wives and daughters when they appeared. To these he displayed his gallantry by pulling away the frontlets of such as came within his reach, or by tearing the silk caftan that enveloped some pretty form. He would catch a trembling Jewess roughly by the arm and pollute with his brandy-laden lips the sweet, red, pleading mouth innocently turned up to him, and before he would leave the frightened creature he would slap her tender face with his big, rough hands and cry: "You are pale, Rebecca, but I will paint your pretty cheeks."

The Jews feared this brute, not for himself, but for the troops he could call to him in a moment's time, and for the harm he could do through them.

He staggered here and there, and at last came to the house of the merchant prince, Jonas. Here the door was suddenly closed upon him and locked; but Luna, the pretty daughter of Jonas, was unfortunate enough to show her lovely face, just beginning to bear the beauty of young womanhood, and the man had instantly formed an idea. In a moment he was at the window, where he had seen for an instant the frightened face. Luna, trembling with fear, hid herself behind some bales of merchandise. Without a moment's hesitation the besotted Pole broke in the window, and crawling through the sash and trampling under foot the prostrate form of the merchant, caught Luna by her long, black, silken hair, and dragged her, half-fainting, toward the well.

"I'll christen you," shrieked the drunken brute, "and then, by the arrows of holy Sebastian, you'll be my wife!"

"Away! away from his violence!" cried the Jews in the street and from their windows.

The excitement was at its height. The drunken wretch had dragged the screaming girl to the brink of the well and was about to throw her into the deep, freezing water, when, with a starting cry, a young man of twenty dashed out of the crowd, and rushing toward the fainting girl clasped her about the waist and tore her from the hands of her heartless persecutor.

It was Ezech Elchanan, Luna's brave lover, a scholar of the order known in those days by the name of *Ezechow*, whose members devoted all their life, mind and labor to the study of the Mosaic law, the Talmud and the Cabala. All the Jews knew him, and he was a favorite of all.

With a string of horrible oaths the Pole turned on him. "What business have you to interfere, soulless dog of a Jew!" he cried. "Give me back the girl! Dare not to touch me," quietly answered Elohnan, his black eyes flashing, "and don't come near this maiden."

"You threaten me unbeliever?" shrieked the officer, wild with rage, at the same time striking at the brave youth.

His only answer, and the last he ever received, was a terrible blow on the head from the fist of Ezech. The Pole tottered and fell, and lay motionless on the ground.

Instantly the cry came from all quarters: "Is he dead? Has he killed the brute?"

Ezech turned the man over, looked into the pale, upturned face for a moment, then said quietly, "He is dead. So be it."

Loud cries of "flee" filled the air; windows closed, doors banged, locks were sprung, and soon not a soul was to

be seen. Ezech carried the fainting Luna, pale as a lily, to the house and into her chamber, where he placed her tenderly on a couch.

"Oh, Ezech, what have you done! what have you done!" cried the weeping girl, covering her streaming eyes with her hands.

"I have saved your honor, your life, at the sacrifice of a heartless murderer," was the proud answer of the brave lover.

"You have done right, my hero, my own," said the girl, bravely drying her tears, "but what will become of you, oh, what will become of you? If they find you here they will pull the house down to get you; and oh, to think of my noble champion being torn asunder on the rack!"

"I must escape from here," answered the young man.

"But how, and where to?" asked Luna.

"Help me out of Cracow and I will manage the rest," and Elchanan.

Luna thought for a moment, then called her father and her old servant. While the father shaved Ezech, the daughter sheared him of his beautiful, black, curly hair. The servant was sent to kill some poultry. Then they put on the young man a faded head-band, and old working-woman's dress and a large threadbare caftan. The servant soon returned with a large basket, containing several killed geese. The transformed Ezech took this on his arm, and Luna led him out a back way to the street. It was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he time to kiss his sweetheart's soft, red lips and whisper a fond good-by, when there was a noise that shook the house, the front door flew open, and a body of soldiers rushed in and demanded the murderer. While the men were searching and swearing through the house Elchanan, the old goose woman made his way safely to the river, and was taken across to the opposite shore in a boat. Here he soon met a farmer's team. The farmer could not withstand the pleadings of a tired old woman, so he allowed Ezech to ride with him in the wagon. Without further adventure he finally reached the capital city of Warsaw, where at some merchant friends of his father he reappeared in his usual attire, and on the same day he joined the ranks of the Polish king's army as a private.

It was in the year 1655, in the stirring times when King John Casimir was beset by enemies on all sides and fought almost simultaneously with Russians and Cossacks, Charles X of Sweden and his ally, and with Rakoczy of Transylvania. Poland was on the brink of dissolution. Already the Russians, with their Cossack confederates, had taken Smolensk and Wilna, and were moving south toward Lemberg. And now appeared Charles Gustavus of Sweden on the battle-field, his army and dissatisfied nobility in open arms.

As the Swedes neared Warsaw King John Casimir withdrew into Silesia. His troops banded together in the capital, but could only offer a weak resistance. Here it was that Ezech Elchanan first distinguished himself. In the thickest of the fight a Swedish officer gave the order for his troops to make a charge. The Poles were well nigh vanquished, and the officers, almost fatigued to death, were ready to surrender. The Swede had not time to finish his command, for quick as a lightning flash Elchanan flew at him, tore him from his horse and bore him a prisoner through the bleeding, fighting ranks.

When Warsaw was taken most of the Poles went over to the Swedish King; and there were only a few trusty men who under cover of night took refuge with Ezech Ezenstochowo. Swedes and Russians overran all Poland, and the king had lost his throne.

When the last awful battle was over and Ezech, who had fought like a lion, all covered with blood, sank down to rest himself, the noble Augustine Kordecki, prior of the order of Pauline, said warmly: "Jew you well deserve the name of Pole. May heaven reward your bravery."

A number of the faithful soldiers gathered at Ezenstochowo and, under the guidance of this great priest, prayed for the delivery of their beloved land. Their example was followed by others. Soon it was known throughout the whole kingdom; and as an answer to their prayer their force increased until at the end of the eventful year, on the 29th day of December, 1655, a confederation against Charles in Sweden was formed and the beloved King John was recalled. Now Ezech was in part rewarded for his services. He was made an officer, and called, after his native city Cracowsky. The king took his place at the head of his reunited army, and with his generals made a brave stand against the enemy. In a lucky moment King John obtained the aid of Denmark, and the war soon ended, though not before our new-named hero had acquired fresh glory; and when, with the treaty of Praga, hostilities ceased, he found himself commander of a regiment, brave

and beloved by all the army.

From position in the field he came to position at court. He was spoken of in every household, and praise went with his name from the lowest to the highest. The Queen heard of his noble service and wanted to see him, so one day she sent him a letter telling him to come to her, that she had a favor to grant him. According to her wish Elehanan appeared before her privately, and bowing low sank on one knee. The Queen, majestically reclining on a divan, bade him rise and began: Elehanan-Cracowsky, you are a favorite among our young women. Are you aware of it?"

Elehanan blushed deeply. "How modest you appear—almost too modest for a soldier and a Polish commander? You have no cause," continued the Queen, "to blush at your triumphs. Promise to bear me. I have a request to make and a favor to grant you."

"It will be my lightest task," he replied, "to do your every bidding."

Then promise me to do this.

"Willingly as soon as I hear your Majesty's command," answered Elchanan. How farsighted you have become!" said the Queen. You were not so on the battle-field. This is my wish—that you be christened, and if you would please us all, take the rich and beautiful Fraulein Elizabeth for your royal wife.

Ezech blushed again, but now there was a proud, longing look in his piercing eyes. "Pardon me, your Highness, if I must refuse," he said; "but I have a sweetheart, on whose account I joined your army, and she promised, when I left her, to be true to me and wait for me till I returned. Can you ask me to be false to the one I know will never be so to me?"

The Queen looked at him a moment, then asked: "How long is it since you left this girl—since you have heard from her?"

"Five long years," was the sorrowful answer.

The Queen still looked at the young commander, now half-wonderingly, half-pityingly, then burst into a ringing laugh. "Well," she said, "give me your answer when I give you mine. Go and find your betrothed; if she has remained true to you all these years I have no more to say. But if she has given the heart you claim as yours to another, then you must do as I have asked."

"I am satisfied, you have my word of honor," and respectfully kissing the hand that was given him, the soldier left the room.

It was a stormy November night; the east wind howled dismally through the streets of Cracow and a deep snow covered the ground. There was a sudden knock at the door of the merchant Jonas, and as the old man opened it two well-dressed persons entered. They were evidently Jewish merchants, come from a distance. One wore a large, heavy cloak, and as Jonas conducted them in to the room, this one stood himself in the shadow of an angle and anxiously eyed the Jew's beautiful daughter, who sat languidly gazing out of the window into the stormy night. The man in the shadow watched the beautiful profile as one gaze on a dear friend he has not seen for years, while the other, seated himself near Luna's side and stated the cause of the visit.

"I have been sent," he said, "from Abraham, the rich son of Nathan, in Kiev, to ask for the bestowal of the white hand and pure heart of Luna, the fair daughter of the rich and industrious Jonas, on Ephriam, the son of Abraham, and grandson of Nathan, to be a light unto his knowledge and a director unto his thought."

"A great honor," said Luna, rising, proud, beautiful, yet modest as maid can be; "but were he ever so wise and rich and beautiful, I could not marry him." "And, pray, why not?" smilingly asked the messenger.

The proud answer came quickly: "Because I am the promised wife of Ezech Elchanan, who, for a crime he committed in saving my life, became an outcast and a wanderer." And, bursting into tears at the recollection of the sad event, the faithful girl concluded: "He has my heart, he has my love, and no other can ever win them."

Elchanan could wait no longer. Throwing off the cloak that enveloped him he stepped out of the shadow toward his sweetheart.

"Elchanan! my lover! Oh, Elchanan!" cried the loving girl, putting herself in the strong arms that were held for her "My darling, have you come back to me?" And the tears of sorrow turned to tears of blessed joy.

Jonas had the good sense to withdraw and with a business air asked the soldier companion, who had acted his part so well, to take a glass of wine with him in another room, leaving the lovers alone in their happiness.

The next evening all was life and gaiety in the Hebrew quarter. The house of Jonas was a blaze of light, displaying flags and many-colored decorations. From noon till far into the night

trumpets, flutes and drums told Cracow that two happy hearts were joined as one. The faithful maid became the faithful wife; the gallant lover the loving husband.

When the Queen of Poland received as Ezech's answer the joyous news that his love had remained true, she smiled and said: "Too bad, too bad. I would have made him a nobleman, but his love was true. Too bad."

Andy Johnson's Secret.

Said a prominent public man in New York the other day: I don't want to boast, but I was prominent enough during the war and the years which followed it, up to 1870, to be considered somebody at Washington, and to have almost free access to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson and the gentlemen of their respective cabinets. And as to the execution of Mrs. Surratt, I think I know the inside history of that most glaring wrong as well as most people, even, who took an active part in compassing it. To begin at the beginning, Mrs. Surratt was tried by a military commission for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward; and in accordance with the findings of the commission, she was executed in July, 1865, three months after the assassination. Andrew Johnson who had become president, who had been covertly and openly importuned and petitioned for a pardon, commutation, or even reprieve, and the prayers of the unfortunate lady's daughters were joined by many in public and private life; but the conditions were such that Mr. Johnson

COULD NOT SEE HIS WAY CLEAR

to interfere. The appointed day arrived and Mr. Surratt was executed on Capitol Hill, while her daughter lay fainting on the steps of the White House, repulsed from the president's presence by bayonets ordered by Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, and refused a word of favor by Preston King, who since committed suicide in the North river. I think it was in the month of December, 1865, I was stopping at Willard's Hotel, in Washington. Dining one Saturday evening with four friends, it was suggested after cigars had been lighted, that we make a call on President Johnson. The proposition was agreed to by all except one of my friends. Four of us—Gen. James B. Stedman, Felix McClosky, Cornelius Wendell, public printer, and myself—mounted along Pennsylvania avenue, and by the time our cigars were exhausted reached the White House. We found the president alone, but moody and evidently depressed. Several unimportant topics were discussed. I was speaking with Mr. McClosky and Gen. Stedman, and President Johnson was talking in a low tone of voice to Mr. Wendell, when he suddenly turned and said: "It has been told me that there are

RUMORS ABOUT THE HOTELS

in the city that a petition was sent to me in behalf of Mrs. Surratt, praying for a pardon, and that all the members of the commission which tried her except one, signed it; have you heard of anything to that effect?" We answered in one voice: "No, Mr. President." Mr. Johnson continued that he was assured that such was the fact, and that he would await developments. "To-day," said he, "I have heard of such a petition for the first time. I resisted importunities of private individuals, and was greatly distressed, but could not see my way clear to interfere." He was right in his own mind, and he took the only safe course, for there were 10,000 men in and around the White House night and day ready to kill Andrew Johnson had he proceeded on his own motion, or yielded to the pressure that was brought to bear, to even postpone Mrs. Surratt's execution. Was there such a petition? Certainly, I do not know who started it, or whether it was not of the "round robin" nature, where no one in particular moves. In due course the petition was placed in the hands of Joseph Holt.

Oat Meal for Babies: Put four table-spoonsful of oat meal in a tin pail and pour on it three pints of cold water. Put the pail in a vessel with hot water in it and boil steadily for two hours. Put it into an oat-meal strainer—a common sieve will do—and drain all the liquid thoroughly. To one cup of this add one half cup of cream, two cups water and sugar enough to make it palatable. Give through a nursing bottle. Instead of the cream, if desirable, a half cup of the oat-meal water may be used. When rolled oats are used an hour's cooking is enough.

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