

# The Centre Democrat.

## Harold's Fault and What it Brought Him to—

Little Harold Duncan was as bright a boy of thirteen as one could wish to see. In fact, it was often remarked what a fine-looking boy he was, and what charming manners he had. He seemed a little gentleman by nature; and yet, among the children he was not a favorite. Why? Because of one great blemish in his character, which was far, in his or any one's, than it always realized. He was an unmitigated tease.

He was the only boy, among five sisters, and at home, and the youngest. His parents felt very tender of their boy, and could scarcely see anything in him to correct. The sisters were all considerably older than he except one little Florry was only one year older, and his chief playmate. Being possessed of a quick temper and keen sense of justice, she was just the material for teasing; and she got it. For child! Her life was a burden to her. It did no good to appeal to father, or mother or older sisters. She only received reproof for impatience and evil temper.

Harold was only in fun, she was a M.

Yes, even more; he was actually held up to her as an example of a pleasant, sunny disposition. He was always happy and contented. Why shouldn't he be when nothing was allowed to cross his will? So blind are we!

On the day on which we make his acquaintance, important things are at hand. Master Harold Duncan and his sister Florry (that last needs to be written a little smaller) are to give a party.

To go back a little: Away down in New York lived cousin Milly, a young lady of sixteen, who was coming to make them a visit. She was a great favorite with all the family; so Harold conjured up in his busy brain the idea of giving a party that he might show off his city cousin to "the boys." No other boy had such a beautiful cousin, he was sure. He even assented quite graciously when Florry pleaded for the girls to be invited, although he usually pretended—as at home—to hold a very low opinion of girls.

The "idea" found favor with his mother and sisters, as most of his ideas did; and now the preparations were all made. Cousin Milly had been with them two weeks:

Lovely in form and feature and dress, she was more lovely in character and manners. No one could meet her without pleasure, and no one could live with her more than two weeks without loving her.

It had been a fortnight of mingled bitter and sweet to Harold. He had tried hard to be on his good behavior; but somehow, he seemed fated to bring a sorry look into cousin Milly's sweet eyes so often; he had spent every spare minute by her side, drank in her every word and smile and motion with almost worship, and yet he had a feeling that she didn't quite approve of him.

She never laughed when he pulled Florry's hair, or ridiculed her nose, or called her "a wasp" because of her quick temper, or "a sunflower" because of her round face and yellow hair. No such thing never made Cousin Milly laugh; but she would draw the little girl up to her, and kiss her with the sweetest of smiles, or comfort her with the good old-fashioned maxim, "Handsome is he who handsome does."

The very Sunday evening before when she was reading to the children she had suddenly laid her book and given them a little talk about a certain verse in the Bible which said: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Harold wondered why she did it. Surely he was a good boy; he had heard his mother say so. She must have meant Florry. Somehow that last bit of comfort didn't satisfy him. Now the party was coming off; and he meant to put in master strokes and force his cousin to admire him.

At the appointed hour the children assembled in the parlor, and Cousin Milly was begged to come in and help entertain them.

It was a proud moment for Harold. By the time his cousin had been in the room half an hour, every boy and girl was her willing slave. He brought the cousin Milly into his conversation as often as possible, just to show that he had an ownership in her which none of them could claim. Also, he put forth his best efforts to appear well in her eyes, and felt that this time he was measurably successful.

To be sure his ruling passion to tease some one would overcome him once in a while, but it happened to be in ways that his cousin didn't notice.

All went thus well until refreshments were served. While the happy children were eating their candies and nuts, Cousin Milly slipped from the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found a little girl close by the door, crying softly to herself while holding her hand to her mouth as if in pain. A gentle inquiry elicited:

Those lozenges Harry gave me hurt!

Cousin Milly turned reproachfully to Harold whose back was toward her. Just at that minute he slyly reached out his foot and gave the leg of the chair a little pull. The girl who was about sitting down on it sat, of course, on the floor, bumping her head on the chair.

Master Harold sprang forward with great show of gallantry, to help her up, at the same time giving a wink and a grin at the boys.

His arm was suddenly caught. He looked up to meet cousin Milly's blazing eyes, as she exclaimed, with a ring to her voice that he had never heard before: Harold Duncan, I am ashamed of you!

Harold stammered out something about "only in fun," and tried to walk away; but she held him tightly, and answered: "I think it is fiendish to find fun in the suffering and unhappiness of others! Go sit down on that chair, and stay there, while these children finish their candies in peace,—which he did, in such humiliation as he had never felt before in his life. He was glad when, not long after his guests departed. He crept upstairs and—big boy as he thought himself—cried himself to sleep. Nor did he come down the next morning to see Cousin Milly off for her home, but watched her ruefully from the window.

In spite of the anger he felt at her, he could not help loving her, and wondered why it was that he could not get on with her, or with the boys and girls (especially the girls) at school. Why was it boys?—S. S. Times.

### A MOTHER CLINGS TO HER CHILD

A thrilling scene occurred in a baby case in court at Butler, Pa., a few days since. Young Farmer Harbison married pretty Catherine Monks ever two years ago. They quarreled as others have done about the baby and other little matters and then separated. The court ordered the child to be given into the custody of the father, but the obdurate Catherine defied the authorities and fled to Kansas City with the babe. For aiding her in stealing the child her two brothers and a neighbor were sent to jail, but released on bond after having induced Mrs. Harbison to return after an absence of seven months. During the progress of the trial the court instructed the husband to take the baby, but the mother firmly grasped it, declaring that she would rather die than give it up. The Sheriff was ordered to assist, but without avail, the excitement running high in favor of the mother. She frantically clutched it, and still refusing was sent to jail, as were her two brothers and Wendell Hickey. The mother says she will defend her child with her life.

### CHINESE TABLE ETIQUETTE.

As soon as the guests are seated on the mats, two and sometimes three small, low tables are brought to each. On the one immediately in front of him the guest finds seven little covered bowls. On the second table will be five other bowls. The third, a very small table, should hold three bowls. Take up the chopsticks with the right hand, remove the cover of the rice bowl with the same, transfer it to the left, and place it to the left of the table. Then remove the cover of the bean soup and place it on the rice cover. Next take up the rice bowl with the right hand, pass it to the left, and eat two mouthfuls with the chopsticks, and then drink once from the soup bowl. And so on with the other dishes—never omitting to eat rice between each mouthful of meat fish and vegetables, unless you forget, which is your mouth and which is your right hand, or become so giddy that you cannot tell your left hand from a chopstick or your rice bowl from your third table.—Chicago Tribune.

### THE RICHEST CHILD.

The richest child in America is May Sharpless and is nine years old. She is estimated to be worth \$9,000,000 in her own name and right, according to a correspondent to the Philadelphia Times. Her guardian is ex-Gov. Abbot, of New Jersey. Even her guardian finds it hard work to keep track of all the wealth that flows into pretty little May's coffers. Before she is of age, if nothing happens, she will be enormously wealthy, and the man who secures her heart will become the husband of probably the richest woman on the continent ten years hence.

May Sharpless is the daughter of a late member of the famous dry-goods house of Arnold, Constable & Co., Sharpless was the resident member of the firm in Paris where he died. His daughter was born abroad. She speaks French and English fluently and is rapidly acquiring a thorough knowledge of German. She learns very rapidly and is very fond of the stage. Her youthful talent has exhibited itself more than once in tableaux and private theatricals.

Two summers ago she was at Sea Grit, a fashionable resort on the Jersey coast, with her mother, nurse and governess. Some theatricals were given, and May made a big hit in several sentimental parts. May's histrionic talent is hard to restrain, as she wants to appear on the stage at every opportunity.

But it is May Sharpless's doll's that are the wonder of all who know

her. She has probably the finest collection of dolls in the world, and she is constantly adding to her stock. Her dolls range in size from the smallest to several that are nearly as large as their owner. Two of them cost thousands of dollars apiece.

Every summer Mrs. Sharpless and her child go abroad, and the latest Parisian inventions in the doll line are purchased. The dresses for the largest and most expensive dolls are made in Paris by Worth. They are perfect fits, and cost more than the average American girl, even in fashionable society, pays for her dresses. The dolls' wardrobes of Miss Sharpless are wonders. Each of the favorite dolls has half a dozen miniature Saratoga trunks filled with dresses and other clothes. The underware of the dolls is made of the best of lace and the finest of silk. They have the latest style of shoes and wear the newest shade of hosiery. All of them have hair, not of cornsilk, but genuine, and the hair is dressed according to the existing fashion.

Miss May takes down and puts up the dolls, and when she gives a dolls' party as she occasionally does at her home in this city, the dolls' hair is arranged by regular hair-dressers engaged for that purpose. At her home in New York May has dolls' houses, carriages, and a regular doll's establishment. Her dolls' parties are well worth witnessing. She invites girl friends to bring their best dolls, and the reception is modelled exactly after receptions in high life.

Engraved invitations have been sent on several of these occasions, and the dolls were brought in carriages by their mistresses. They wore wraps their dresses were cut low in front and V shaped behind, and corsets; bustles and the usual female paraphernalia made up the costumes.

As most of the dolls could walk when wound up the scene in the parlor as they moved around, using their fans and bottles of smelling salts was decidedly realistic.

### ELEVEN LIVES LOST.

Monday morning a few minutes before 8 o'clock the Mundine Hotel, a three-story brick building at Rockdale, Texas, was found to be on fire, and according to those who were first on the ground it was all on fire at once. Inside were thirteen souls, only two whom escaped alive. Dr. W. A. Brooks, the proprietor, was pulled out of the burning building with his hair and beard singed off and otherwise badly burned, leaving behind him his wife and four children, who perished.

Pemberton Pierce, representing the firm of George H. Zeigler, of Philadelphia, jumped from the burning building and was killed. D. M. Oldman of Dallas representing the firm of Fannott & Co., of Galveston, escaped badly singed.

The mystery about the thing is that so many should have perished when none were higher up than the second story, and there were galleries and exits on the sides of the building.

No one was heard to call or scream all dying without a cry for help, though a great crowd quickly gathered and exhausted every effort to afford a rescue. The remains of several have been recovered from the ruins, but they are unrecognizable. A great pile rests over Rockdale and every business place is closed. Mr. Pierce is the only victim not a resident of Rockdale.

The Mundine House was valued at \$8,000, and was insured for \$1,500. T. B. Kemp, whose store occupied a part of the building, was completely burned out. His loss was \$5,000; insurance \$3,000. Joseph Rowland's building was crashed by the falling walls of the hotel, but his stock was saved, though badly damaged. He is fully insured.

D. M. Oldham one of the survivors who occupied the extreme Southeast room on the second story, says he was awakened by a roaring crackling sound. He thought that a storm was raging and that the window blinds were being torn down.

He soon detected smoke and arose and went to the door and opened it only wide enough to see the flames in the hall. Hastily closing the door he went to the window, threw his clothing out on the wide veranda surrounding the South and East sides of the second story, and from there to the ground, and then followed by sliding down one of the supports of the veranda. Almost immediately after reaching the ground he saw a man supposed to be Pemberton Pierce, rush out on the veranda all in flames and leap to the ground, striking on his head and being instantly killed. Those known to have perished are:

Mrs. W. A. Brooks, wife of the proprietor of the hotel, and her four sons; 4, 6, 9, and 15 years, respectively; J. E. Briscoe, wife and two little children and Isaac Crown.

The origin of the fire is as yet a subject of conjecture.

Mr. Pullman's brandy costs \$10 a quart. We wish he would drink poorer liquor and put better soap in his sleeping cars.

Twelve of the thirty-eight Republican members of the United States Senate will be delegates to the Chicago Convention.

### THE MERITS OF THE VESTIBULE CAR.

Speaking of the injunction in favor of the Pullman company, restraining the Wagner people from the use of the vestibule attachment, a prominent railroad man said the other day: "The vestibule attachment is one of the most important improvements of the age toward the perfection of absolute comfort in passenger car construction. Several years ago, when the dining car was introduced and the practice of preparing and serving meals on railway trains inaugurated, it was found that timid people, especially ladies and invalids, experienced great difficulty in passing from their seats in the sleeper to the dining car when the train was running at a high rate of speed. The open platforms between the cars formed a gulf over which they feared to attempt passage in fine weather and which in wind or storm, or both, was impassable to people with delicate constitutions. If the dining car system was to be a success, this objection must be overcome, and the Pullman people set themselves the task of bridging the chasm. In order to accomplish this end they evolved and developed the idea of the vestibule, and in bringing it into successful usage the railway companies, as well as their patrons, find that the original difficulty has not only been completely overcome but that a great many other marked advantages have been secured in the introduction of the vestibule. One striking feature is the additional strength created and distributed over the entire train by the close fitting of the coaches to one another and the consequently increased power to withstand the shock of a collision. Telescoping is hardly possible in a well-equipped vestibule train, from the simple fact that the steel frames arrest the force which would drive one car into another. The steadier motion with which the closely united factors of the train are endowed will be readily recognized as a most beneficial result. The steadiness is noticeable at once, but particularly perceptible to the occupants of upper berths or those who, having tried to read or write in the ordinary car, undertake to do so in a vestibule train. The vestibules, beside protecting the passengers in passing from end to end of the train, serve the purpose of storm doors to a residence, and prevent the sudden drafts which the opening of an ordinary car door always creates. Another feature, which is prominent from a social standpoint, is the deadening of the noise made by the rapid revolution of the wheels over the rails, so that conversation may be carried on without in any way straining the voice.

The constructors of these cars builded wiser than they knew, and succeeded in abolishing many of the petty annoyances that beset the railway traveler, even on the best equipped roads.

These cars, he continued, are as far superior to the ordinary coach as the Pullman is to the old-fashioned passenger car. They enhance in a great degree the pleasure and comfort of travel, and, as the learned judge remarked in the decision above referred to, they must have proved a startling and successful innovation or a competing company would not have been so prompt in imitating them. The Pennsylvania's New York and Chicago limited express was the pioneer vestibule train, and the enormous popularity it has won is the best evidence of public appreciation of its merits.

### A TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

A very distressing affair occurred at Williamsport Sunday afternoon on the river, two boys losing their lives by drowning, the facts of the case being about as follows: Yesterday at noon Fred Hall, Harry Rall, George Staib, Frank Post, James Hagan, Boyd Guinter and Robert Riedy, boys ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, crossed over to the island nearly opposite the foot of Locust street, on the boom sticks that reach to that point. Their object in going to the island was to kill ground moles. About three o'clock they started for home, returning as they went, on the boom sticks; when about thirty feet from the shore Robert Riedy slipped and fell into the river, but, catching hold of the boom stick, succeeded in getting upon it again. After going a short distance further, a dog that was with him jumped into the water; directly after this young Riedy stepped with one of his feet into a hole made by decay in the boom stick, and was plunged into the river again.

### A YOUNG HERO.

Boyd Guinter, one of his companions, had a switch in his hand and held it out to him to take hold of, but he was too far away, and instead of moving toward the boom stick was getting further off. Seeing that Riedy, who was unable to swim, was in danger of drowning, young Guinter jumped in and swam to him. By this time Riedy was sinking for the third time. Brave little Guinter succeeded in getting his friend's head above the water, but as Riedy had fastened his arms around him, the strain upon him was too much and both sank to the bottom of the river.

### RECOVERY OF THE BODIES.

A man by the name of John Casey

witnessed the drowning, and throwing off some of his clothing, swam out to where the boys had gone down. He, however, after diving several times, failed to find the bodies. After twenty to thirty minutes had elapsed John Burkhardt succeeded in bringing both bodies to the surface. The body of Boyd Guinter was taken to the home of his parents, No 234 Lycoming street and that of Robert Riedy to the undertaking establishment of John G. Fronhiser, Third street, below Hepburn. Before it was taken there efforts were made, through rolling and otherwise, to secure a return to life, but all failed. Similar efforts were made with young Guinter at his home. Dr. E. B. Campbell arrived while this is going on, but he immediately saw that the work was useless.

### SONS OF WELL KNOWN CITIZENS.

Boyd Guinter, one of the above unfortunate boys, was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and was the oldest son of Prothonotary John L. Guinter. The other boy, Robert Riedy, was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and was the oldest son of Mr. Caspar Riedy, a well known business painter residing at No 441 Elmira street. Mr. and Mrs. Riedy were away from home at the time of the sad affair, on a visit to friends in the Nippenose Valley, and returned at a late hour last Sunday night.

### COURTSHIP IN ZULULAND.

W. F. Pond says in Woman: When a young Zulu galls his "gum ring" (which is a ring worn upon the crown of the head, and is obtained by performing some deed of valor, or by special gift of the King, and which stamps him a man as distinguished from a "boy.") his first duty is to get married, and if he has not the necessary cows to purchase a wife, he must raid some enemies' kraal and steal them. When he has chosen the lady, he makes his intentions known to the family, and they commence operations by praising him when she is present as he never was braided before—and never will be again—until he wants another wife. The girl, after some coquetry, consents to see him, and he, washing and oiling himself, dons his lightest, finest dancing dress, and, sending a messenger to announce his coming, presents himself with shield and assegai to the family, who will be squatting in a circle near the house of the lady. He squats amongst them, and presently the lady of his dreams appears, attended by two or three female friends about her own age.

She looks him over for some time and finally requests him, through her brother (it not being etiquette to speak to him direct), to rise and turn round and round, displaying his proportions under a running fire of mischievous comments from the girl friends of the fiancee elect; she, keeping a discreet silence, awards him permission to squat again and retire. The family rush to hear her decision, but she is not inclined to be hasty or seem too easily won. "I have not seen him walk; he may limp!" she says, and so the poor fellow has to come again next morning, when he will probably be accepted.

The idea that the Zulu or Kafir girl has no voice in the matter of choosing a husband is a mistaken one, and, although powerful moral reasons may be brought to bear, no conscientious Zulu would dream of raising his hand to beat a woman or girl into submission; he may kill his wife, for she is his, he bought her, but he will not ill-treat her. Of course there are exceptions but such a husband would find a difficulty in procuring more wives.

### A TALE OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

Slavery presented itself to him in the form of runaway slaves, perhaps sore and bleeding, pursued by a master, and these slaves imploring the great advocate to speak for them in court. But he did not wait to be asked. If a slave was arrested within his knowledge, it was his invariable rule to come forward and volunteer his defense; and it is a tradition to this day in Gettysburg that he seldom failed to secure the release of the fugitive. There is a story current there of his starting for Baltimore with \$300 in his pocket for the purchase of books, and on his way through Maryland being besought by a despairing woman to prevent the sale of her husband, who was in truth the son of her master—"Are you not ashamed to sell your own flesh and blood?" The master replied: I must have money and John is cheap at \$300. He bought John, gave him free papers, and came home to Gettysburg without his new books.

### H. J. THUMMA OF CUMBERLAND.

during the ten first days of May 1888, while on Peter's mountain, Dauphin county, Pa., killed twelve snakes of four different species, consisting of seven black snakes measuring 43 feet 6 inches; two copperheads, 4 feet 6 inches; one rattlesnake, three feet 10 inches and had 11 rattles; two blowing vipers 5 feet 3 inches. On the 13th and 15th he killed three more copperheads, two blacksnakes and one blowing viper. Total measurement, 23 feet 11 inches. Whole number of snakes killed, 18.

Ex-Governor Hoyt thinks that President Cleveland will be re-elected. That is very general opinion of persons who choose to say what they think.

A soft murmur is breathed into the ears of a delightful world. It is said that Senator Allison, Favorite Son of Iowa, thinks of taking to himself a wife. 'Tis better to have a good wife than to have the Presidency—and the latter is somewhat harder to get.

### CRIPPLED BY A KISS.

A little boy a cripple, was being wheeled past a Centre avenue store, when a gentleman who noticed the unfortunate child, said: That little boy's misfortune is the result of a kiss. When he was a baby his sister, on coming into the house, went up behind the high chair in which he was seated, and catching his head suddenly, gave it a turn and kissed him. The shock injured his spine, and he is going through the w 1 a cripple for life [Bay City (Mich.) Tribune.

### BREAKING THE BROOKS LAW.

M. R. Moore, of McKeesport, who had been making trips in the interest of a distillery at that place, and taking orders for liquor by the jug' was arrested under the provisions of the Brooks bill on Friday last, and in default of bail was committed to the Mercer jail. It would be well enough for distillers, hotel keepers and all others interested to have a copy of the Brooks bill on hand and carefully study its provisions, and follow them to the letter in order to save money in the shape of fines, and save valuable time which may have to be spent in loitering in the county jail.

### CANES FOR THE LADIES.

B-a-u-t-y's flattering high-heeled steps are to be supported by a tall silver-topped cane, tied around with a green ribbon, this summer if she knows what is what. Two years ago a Boston society woman trotted about with one of these canes, but she was not flattered by any imitation, and it looked as though American girls preferred to leave this manly compliment to the dudes. Now, however, the fashion has broken out in London, from whence all fashionable blessings flow, and sweeties must be prepared to adopt it at an instant's notice. The princess of Wales walks with a tall cane, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has introduced a stunning one into Pompadour where it looks appropriate and chic, and a paragon of style, the Marquise De Gallifet, carries one with a jeweled head. It will be fun to watch Boston girls creeping into the cane-wearing custom.—Boston Herald.

### TAPIoca CRUMS CUSTARD.

Soak five desertspoonsful of tapioca in one pint of cold water for five hours. Boil a quart of milk simply to the foam, not loffer; add at once the tapioca and water, with a good pinch of salt. Stir until boiling hot then add gradually the beaten yolk of three eggs stirred into a heaping cupful of fine sugar; boil again, stirring constantly for five minutes. Turn out into a bowl and stir gently into the cooling mixture the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with lemon juice or orange sherbet and set aside on the ice in molds to stiffen. A hot tapioca pudding, which is delicious, is made by soaking the same quantity of tapioca in three pints of milk; let it stand in a warm place, not hot enough to cook it, until the grains are quite swollen and soft. Then beat up the yolks of four eggs with a half pint of sugar and the grated rind of a lemon with all the juice, if it is not a very large one. Put in a pan, which it fills to the top, and bake in a quick oven, until the top is quite a brown crust; serve hot.

### THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN THE M. E. CHURCH.

After a long discussion of several days in the general conference of the M. E. church, now in session in New York city, the following resolution was passed and ordered to be placed in the discipline of 1888:

We are unsharably opposed to the enactment of laws that propose, by license, taxing, or otherwise, to regulate the drink traffic, because they provide for its continuance and afford no protection against its ravages. We hold that the proper attitude of Christians toward this traffic is one of uncompromising opposition, and while we do not presume to dictate to our people as to their political affiliation, we do express the opinion that they should not permit themselves to be controlled by party organizations that are managed in the interests of the liquor traffic. We advise the members of our church to aid in the enforcement of such laws as do not legalize or indorse the manufacture and sale of intoxicants to be used as beverage; and this end we favor by organization of law-and-order leagues wherever practicable. We proclaim as our motto voluntary total abstinence from all intoxicants as the true ground of personal temperance, and complete legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating drinks as the duty of civil government.