

LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE FERRY.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle In one caressing hand— Two tender feet upon the untrodden border Of life's mysterious land.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 13 BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY FEB. 14, 1868. NO. 7

A Specimen of Massachusetts Philanthropy.

The following, from the New York Evening Post, is calculated to give one a high opinion of the "highly enlightened and christian people" of Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts papers announce the death of Josiah Spaulding, the manly pauper of Buckland, whose sad case has been often "starved" to by the press.

Josiah was his only son. It was his father's chief desire that his son should be educated to be a minister of the gospel.

For nearly twenty years he was not contented, until his father's life had been repeatedly endangered by his violence, when he was restrained with chains for a couple of years, and then was placed in a strong cage in the garret of the house, from which he never came forth while he lived.

In fact he lost the appearance of a human being, nearly lost the faculty of speech, and, for many years before his death, became wholly demented and idiotic.

Such is the inglorious history of one who was a son and brother and neighbor—a scholar, a gentleman, and christian—until struck with that terrible sickness of the mind which throatscore years back was so ill understood as to be incurable.

A stupendous tunnel enterprise has lately been accomplished at the silver mines in the German Harz mountains. The mines were over 3,000 feet deep, and scarcity of fuel prevented the use of steam for pumping, which was done by water wheels, aided by tunnel drains.

This tunnel is twenty-two miles long; two millions cubic yards of solid rock were excavated, ten thousand pounds of powder used, and the linear extent of blasting holes drilled is 180 miles.

looking abstractly at the rafters in the ceiling as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The innkeeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time. "You will remain then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

"Half an hour later, the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace towards Fadtstadt."

"Lead on," cried the stranger, don't be afraid. "I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion.

"How can I serve you, meinheer?" said the landlord. "See to my horse outside," replied the guest carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot.

"Which way, meinheer, do you travel?" "To Fadtstadt," replied the guest. "You will rest here to-night, I suppose," continued the landlord.

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord innocently. "Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, meinheer," he groaned. "I dare not go on." "I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly.

"In Heaven's name spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear. "Look before me in the road and you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man.

"Be it a man or devil!—ride it down!"—"I'll follow!" With a cry of despair upon his lips the guide urged his horse forward to the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger who held his pistol ready in his hand.

"Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game on the wing, haven't I?"

"I arrest you in the King's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight.

"The crew of a man-of-war once saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met and appointed a committee to wait on the commander and ask his opinion of it.

Gymnastic Exercises For Women.

The general utility of gymnastic exercises will be questioned only by those who are not aware that the health and vigor of all the bodily organs depend on the proportioned exercise of each.

Multitudes of ladies of the present day are suffering from neuralgia, headache and dyspepsia, on account of the failure to take needful exercise. Prior to the opening of the gymnasium in this time, it was difficult to find a remedy for this failure.

That kind of exercise should be first practiced which will call into action those parts of the system most defective in their development. As the only exercise of most persons is ordinary walking, which alone is quite insufficient to expand the chest—abnormally small—ill-formed chests are almost the rule; and diseases of the lungs are most fatal affections of this country.

A new treaty with the Fejee Islands has reached the Department of State. It is a whale's tooth, richly variegated in color, with strongly twisted grass cords at the ends.

How GRANT GOT HIS NAME.—The following interesting facts are taken from Col. Adam Badeau's "Military Career of Gen. Grant."

Hiram Ulysses Grant was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio. His father was of Scotch descent, and a dealer in leather.

It is said hoops surround the love-lust of all things—girls and whisky. "Sonny, dear, you have a very dirty face."

An editor wrote an article on the fair sex, in course of which he said: "Girls of sixteen are fond of beans."

—It is stated that Edwin Booth's receipts averaged \$3000 a week during the past season.

LOVE ON ICE.

There is a little foot, That I know of somewhere; I wish I were the lee That I might freeze it there.

There is a little hand In which careless fingers; And if I were Jack Frost I think I'd pinch a finger.

There is a music mouth Where crimson blushes mingle; I wish I were the cold, To bite them into jingle.

There is a pair of eyes O'er hung with tresses golden; I wish I were the veil, To be so near beholden.

There is an angel face Within an angel's bonnet; I wish I were a snow storm, To melt in fakes upon it.

There is a little heart My heart throbs at each minute; And I would give the world To win it—only win it.

There is a little girl Skates somewhere hereabout; And if I were her skates I never should wear out.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

The Freedmen's Bureau now supports two thousand negroes in the District of Columbia.

Forty-five ships are on the way with 35,000,000 pounds of tea from China to England.

Snow fell for the first time in forty six years in Cadix, Spain, about the middle of last month.

The Louisiana taxists have got as far as article 131.

Mr. Auburn Irwin, one of the darkey delegates to the Florida Convention, was lately arrested at Lake City, for stealing whiskey.

A gallon of brandy, costing \$12, yielded \$41 30 when retailed by the glass. Whisky, at \$5, yields \$27 50.

The Arkansas convention has passed a resolution disfranchising all who oppose reconstruction, and the ratification of the new Constitution.

A midnight elopement, in New York was frustrated by a cat, who frightened the lady into a fainting fit as she was going down stairs to meet the expected lover at the door.

According to the correspondent of the Avenue National, the mortality from famine in Algeria is so great that the dead are thrown into trenches, as on the day after a battle.

Why is kissing a girl like eating soup with a fork? Because you can't get enough.

Mrs. Partington says, one is obliged to walk very circumscriptiously these slippery times.

Mrs. Jones says, "I believe I've got the tenderest hearted boy in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water but what he'll burst out a-crying."

Make a plain statement of facts to twenty people, and nineteen of them will immediately ask some irrelevant question about the matter.

A paper mill at the town of North Shapleigh, in Maine, is at present engaged in manufacturing leather board, made of leather chips, &c. It employs ten hands, and turns out about one ton per day.

An ignorant man had been sick, and on recovering, was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel easy enough but hang me if I can eat your hay or oats."

"Now, children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl not four years old, and evidently not posted in the catechism, answered quickly "All women."

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculpt myself, but I furnish the stone to the man that does."

It is said hoops surround the love-lust of all things—girls and whisky.

"What's the difference between editors and matrimonial experience. In the former the devil cries for 'copy.' In the latter the 'copy' cries like the devil."

A celebrated song writer asked Jerrold, "Yongelers, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?"

"Yes," said Jerrold, "have the confidence, but haven't the guinea."

An editor wrote an article on the fair sex, in course of which he said: "Girls of sixteen are fond of beans."