

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

WILLIE WENT A WOOLING.

Young Willie went a wooling. One pleasant Sunday night. Went wooling Jennie Gilbert— Pray who had a better right? The dew was on the flowers. The stars were shining bright. When Willie went a wooling. One pleasant Sunday night.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement.

did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up.

lessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons.

solve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the miserably meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it.

fawn, Hlao, maize, and sometimes crimson or green. Rings set with turquoise and diamonds, sprinkled upon the fingers; but gloves and black shoes are rarely seen, the alighted feet being increased for walking in loose boots of red or yellow morocco.