

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

ROBIN MUSIC.

'Twas early morn, and I was dreaming Pleasant dreams—just half asleep—

Robin has no shoes or stockings, Has no cap upon his head—

THE TEXAN DUEL.

Put down that knife, or the consequences be on your own head.

It was a very anxious moment for the lookers-on.

The scene was in the little town of Washington, on the Brazos river, in Texas, and the time midnight.

"Do you know who yer talkin' to, boy?" was the coarse and uneducated answer of Luke Benton.

A man to whom (and not without reason) was imputed every crime—even that of murder.

On the other hand, his boy antagonist even less was known.

Very much to their surprise, therefore, was it that they had seen him enter into a contest at cards with the great professional gambler, Benton.

But for two hours the game had been progressing, the gambler getting more angry at every deal.

"Put down that knife, again repeated the young man, Mark Whitman.

"For fear you do not fully understand I will repeat them."

"Yer dare not!" was hissed from the tightly compressed lips.

"I ain't afraid of you!" said the young man, looking full in the face.

"No you don't, old fellow; you want this hole yourself."

The Louisville Journal says that a shoemaker named Daily, recently eloped with the wife of a brother craftsman.

of or boy who I could crush between my thumb and fingers.

"I care nothing for the money," was the still calm response.

"What do you want, then?" "To prove that you are a coward at heart."

"No man ever lived that could prove such a thing."

"Simply because you murdered them, Luke Benton."

"Murdered? But no, I'll not fight or boy."

"Because you dare not. But you shall have no excuse," and Mark Whitman spat full in the face of the blood-stained gambler.

In an instant all was confusion. Benton sprang forward with his knife upraised, and would have cut down his insulter with a blow.

"If you must fight," said an old ranger, "and I see no way to avoid it now, it shall be on open and above board."

"Pistols, then—ten paces—word!" was the gruff answer.

"Yes, perfectly. Let him take his revolver—I have mine. We will commence firing at the word, and continue to do so, as we advance, until one or both shall fall."

A few steps from the house brought them to a spot where the green grass and bright flowers had more than once been stained in such encounters.

"You appear to be a true-hearted man and I wish to ask a favor of you."

"I'll do it now, and with trembling hands he unclipped the chain—then let it drop from his hand as if it had been a serpent, exclaiming:

"No, I'll not fight you. Take him away, some one—take him away for God's sake!"

"Not fight! Then you will die like a dog," and Whitman raised his weapon and motioned for the word to be given.

"Yes," he said, "I am ready."

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More Radical Victories—Fruits from the Tree of Mongrelism—More Reasons Why Negroes Should Vote.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—The habits of the Phillips House, of our city, were treated to first-class sensation.

The "Othello" of this affair, Dave Scurry, familiarly known about the hotel as "Bon Butler," is a "black and tan" brevet citizen of color.

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OUR BEST FRIEND.

The authorship of the following beautiful lines is unknown. They were found treasured up in an humble cottage in England.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night, When chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,

More tranquil than the stillness of the night, More peaceful than the stillness of the hour,

The Sioux are, perhaps, mentally, morally and physically, the best body of Indians on the plains.

An Indian, several years ago, took a fancy to an officer's horse, and tried every way to purchase him but the officer would not part with the animal.

Finally the Indian offered his sister, a beautiful girl, in exchange for the horse.

The young lady, however, was informed she was sold, and so the matter stood.

After waiting a long time for her husband to come and claim her, she, one day, as he rode by the camp, put herself in his way.

She never claimed her, but she was regarded by her tribe as the white man's squaw, and at last accounts, was still single, and waiting for her husband.

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.—The New York Times makes the following just remarks upon the responsibility of its party for the legislative corruption that prevails in New York.

The Republicans have a majority in both Houses and "have the votes" to stop this sort of stealing.

The inference is irresistible that they don't want to. Honesty is not one of the principles of the party.

All these Republicans who make it a rule to vote with the Democrats for the most nefarious schemes.

Whenever the interests of the party seem to require it, they stand high in the party, are counted always as among its most "reliable" men.

As long as such men are allowed to belong to the Republican party, to share its honors and its power.

to overrule its action, the party must be content to bear the responsibility of their conduct.

When it will drive them from its ranks, with the disgrace they have earned, it may then complain of the Democrats for using Republicans to pull their constituents out of the fire.

A SAD, TRUE STORY.—An incident of the sad side of life occurred in connection with the small-pox hospital a week or two ago.

A young lady of German parentage was taken there to remain under treatment for the small-pox, just at the time she was to have been married to an estimable young man.

connected with one of our most flourishing business houses. Day after day he came to the Cincinnati Hospital, on Twelfth street, to hear from his affianced bride.

The time for the wedding passed by, and the news came to him that she was worse, and must die.

Bed-Rooms.

As one-third of our existence is spent in our chambers, in the unconscious happiness of sleep, and as good health is impossible without the habitual breathing of a healthy atmosphere.

No sleep can be sound and healthful unless the person is comfortably, warm; and many a man who has gone to bed in health has awakened with a mortal malady.

Three things, then, are indispensable to the healthfulness of a bed-chamber; we must be comfortably warm, must not be exposed to drafts of air, and must be supplied with a pure air, not very cold.

In cold weather there should be fire in an open fire-place all night, and air enough will come in at the crevices of the doors and windows to create a current, driving the bad air up the chimney.

In summer, a lamp or candle may be burned standing in the fire place, unless the door of the hall is left open.

There is no advantage in going to bed or undressing in a cold room; all invalids and sedentary persons should undress, sleep and rise in a room not lower than fifty degrees.

The old, the sedentary and the sickly should sleep on feather beds in cold weather; if they sleep on mattresses, it often requires so much bedding to keep them comfortably warm.

Under the bed is the title of one romance. Under the Harrow would be a title for another founded on fact.

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This, That and the Other.

—Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.

—Thieves usually do business "on their own hook."

—A little tumbler will often throw down a big man.

—Ye varicious! remember, shrouds have no pockets.

—It is proper to go out to dinner in a small, low-tail coat.

—Lovers, like armies, get along well enough, till engaged.

—To cure a felon—sneez by the neck about an hour.

—It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

—A young lady must make a hit if she desires to be a mis.

—Life is a conundrum which the sharpest wit has to give up.

—What is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

—Mazepa is said to have been much attached to his horse.

—The mutton that never sets well—the one you get from a lady.

—Never tell your secrets in a cornfield, for it has a thousand ears.

—Why was Eve not afraid of the men? Because she'd Adam.

—Merry loves company. So does a marriageable young lady.

—The pleasantest husbandry is the destruction of weeds—widow's weeds.

—What fault does a newly married couple most resemble. A green pear.

—Birds in their little nests agree, because they would fall out if they didn't.

—There is no harm in a glass of whiskey—if you allow it to remain in the glass.

—We always respect old age, except when stuck with a pair of tough elbows.

—Why are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.