

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-beat... That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream...

Iowa Observations.

BY J. S. H.

MR. EDITOR.—In my last I promised to give you some additional account of my observations in Iowa...

ed by any people. We were now four miles west of Rockford, when we entered Cerro Gorda county...

LIME CREEK.

For several miles our journey was north of Lime Creek, through a large prairie, most of which had undergone considerable improvement.

CERRO GORDA COUNTY.

The general character of this county is an excellent soil, with here and there small gravel knolls which detract somewhat from its agricultural advantages.

MASON CITY.

The county seat, and is on the line of the above railroad. It is situated on the north bank of Lime Creek, and is a progressive little village.

EAGLE LAKE VILLAGE.

This village is ten miles west of Mason City, and forty from Charles City. It is situated on the east shore of the Lake from which it derives its name.

WAVE LAKE.

Clear Lake is almost entirely surrounded by timber. There we can see the venerable oaks, which all appearances have withstood the storms and fires for a thousand years.

THE SHELL ROCK.

is a larger stream than the Cedar River at Charles City. It heads in Minnesota, flows through the counties of Worth, Cerro Gorda, Floyd and Butler, and empties into the Cedar south of Waverly, in Bremer county.

GRAND SENECA.

Leaving the Shell Rock near Rockford, we entered another beautiful prairie where my companions became much absorbed in contemplating the scenery.

THE COUNTRY

surrounding it is undergoing a rapid state of improvement. The price of land varies: for unimproved prairie, from ten to fifteen dollars per acre.

HANCOCK COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

As soon as we got beyond the hill, almost out of the reach of vision, the dome of what seemed to be a large building made its appearance.

LOCATION.

The location is on fine prairie, distant from timber and water, and does not give general satisfaction. The land was donated by private parties who were largely interested in real estate.

EAGLE LAKE.

necks which the line of the McGregor and Sioux City railroad passes, and it will not be many years before a change to either the one or the other of these places will be effected.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WOMAN WHO SAW GEORGE WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the Rockingham (Va.) Register, who visited this section lately writes as follows from Greensville.

In this little city of Greensville I heard of and went to see an aged lady who saw General Washington eating his breakfast under a large oak tree when he was on one of his marches.

A FISH STORY.—We met a boy on the streets yesterday, and without the ceremony of asking our name, he exclaimed: "You juster been down to the river while ago!"

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. AXEL.

It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many counties that the ratio of proportion of male to female births is as 21 to 20; accordingly in respect to marriage every 21st man is naturally superfluous.—Smith's Treatise on Population.

I long have been puzzled to guess, What the reason could really be, That I never have happened to wed;

Those clever-stagnant chaps, Declare the numerical run Of women and men in the world,

By twenties and twenties they go, And kiddily rush to their fate, For none of the number of course,

It isn't that I am in want Of personal beauty or grace, Or that I am not a wife's superior,

Although I am fond of the girls, For aught I care for ever so soon, The tender emotion I feel,

No wonder I grumble at times, For I know that I never was born To figure as one of the twenty,

Stimulant.

George D. Prentice has been a constant drinker for forty years. For ten years he has been a drinker of the liquid vitæ order.

"There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which, apparently, knows no waking; sleeps in its house of clay, and the windows are shut, the doors are hung with the invisible curio of melancholy, when we wish the golden sunshine pitched darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds be.

"Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulant. Men try to bury the floating dead of their own kind in the wine cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music and the thoughts galloping, but the first clock runs down sobering, and an unmutual stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted.

A Glimpse of Royalty

The Emperor and Empress of Austria were this sketch, the other day, by a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, who saw them at the opera in Vienna.

In the way of salutations, says the St. Louis Times, we are rather inclined to think that the *Chronicle*, recently started at Boise City, Idaho, "takes the horns."

The Dark Day of 1780.

Cyndles at Noonday—The Phenomenon Described by an eye-witness—Nature Hushed in Terror—A Night of Total Blackness.

The 12th of May, 1780, has a remarkable one in the annals of New England, on account of the thick darkness that overspread the land, like a funeral pall. It was a day long to be remembered and talked of by those who witnessed the strange, and at that time fearful phenomenon.

The father of the writer was then a boy of thirteen years, and was at work with his father and brother, planting or preparing the ground. It was a dull, lazy morning and as the time passed it gradually thickened, and by ten o'clock the increasing darkness began to be quite apparent.

Still the darkness grew thicker and deeper, till presently he said they might as well quit for the present. On reaching the house the mother and sister were about their usual duties, pale and silent. Little was said except an occasional remark or direction in a low tone.

The night which followed was, it is said, as dark as pitch, and as black as the day, it was the perfect "blackness of darkness." Not the faintest outline of any object could be discerned against the sky.

A Madale paper thus alludes to the Postoffice change there: "Yesterday was quite an agitated day in Moline. With the thermometer ranging between ninety and a hundred, there were two fights and a revolution in the Postoffice. Pierce, the gentleman and ex-Federal General stepped out, and Bromberg fills, the abortion of a man and the deserter of both parties to the war, stepped in.

Dickens on one occasion, told the following story to prove that what ever difficulties a man has to encounter, he has always still left something to be thankful for. Two men were to be hanged at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived, the bon approach, the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll, the convicts were in prison; the procession was formed, it advanced to the fatal beam, the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks, there were thousands of wretched sight-seers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women, and children, in front of the scaffold, when, just at that second of time, a bull, which was being driven to Smith field, broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns, whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, "I say, J. W., it's a good thing we went in that crowd."

A most remarkable case of conformity to hotel rules at some personal inconvenience, is related by the Cleveland Plaindealer. A guest at one of our hotels the other evening was discovered by the proprietor rather tenderly embracing the chambermaid. The landlord rebuked him somewhat angrily and wanted to know the reason of such conduct. "Simply obeying the rules of the house," said the guest, pointing to a card tacked to the room door. "Don't it read, any neglect of servants should be reported at the office? I don't want to be reported at the office for neglect of servants, do I?"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A PAIR OF TIGHTS—Two drunkards, The only agreeable tax-man is the taxidist. —"Comfortable coffins" are advertised in Boston. —The Siamese Twins have returned to this country. —A life-long attachment—That of the Siamese twins. —An Erie Railway engineer has fallen on his head to \$200,000. —The memory of good actions is the starlight of the soul. —A beautiful young lad, was kissing and caressing her lap dog. —The "music of the belles" is caused by the rattling of their tongues. —The wedding of the fourteen year old Emperor of China is about to come off. —Beautiful extract—a handsome young lady just helped out of a mud-hole. —Albany, Kentucky, has a lady of 119 who is "alive, healthy and able to walk." —Hanging in Montana is styled "climbing the pine limb," and in Nevada, "greatly rising." —The Daniel Webster farm and homestead in Franklin, N. H., were sold recently for \$15,000. —The proprietors of the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, are fitting up a large ball-room just inside of its mouth. —A man is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow men do just as he pleases. —Gustave Doré painted portraits of life-like in his gambling picture that the originals have threatened to shoot him. —A bride of seventeen has appeared in a New York court charging her sixteen year old husband with abandonment. —Diplomatic etiquette will not allow the Viceroys of Egypt to sleep in the same bed which the Sultan occupied on his visit to England. —There is no rule without an exception. For instance, in Poland, the people take exception to the rule of the Emperor of the Russians. —An Illinois miner, quitting work one evening, leaped an iron rod against a telegraph wire, and communication was interrupted for two days. —"The attempt," says an exchange, "to start an asylum for useless young men has failed, as no building could be constructed large enough." —A well known physician used to say that roast beef, serenity of mind, water baths, and an amiable wife would make almost any man healthy, wealthy and wise. —"Stubble, my dear fellow, isn't it about time you repaid me that little loan?" "Augustus, my boy, it isn't a question of time, but a question of money." —A Minnesota man recently died suddenly, and a state paper says: "Examination showed that a hole in the back part of his head penetrated his brain." —Commodore Vanderbilt's daughter teaches her daughters to mend their own stockings, because, she says, there is nothing that may happen in the country. —Mark Twain, at the Parker House, Boston, rang for "a copy of the laws of Massachusetts, to see if there was anything to prevent him from drinking beer water." —The proprietor of the Boston Herald advertises that "persons sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch." —General Scott's war-horse is now the stable of Captain Wilson at Millstone, Somerset county, New Jersey. He is now 20 years old and weighs 120 pounds. —"Ah, Maria!" exclaimed her lordly admirer, "why not grant me the first of you are wanting on Fido?" "I don't kiss every puppy," replied the post 22 fair one. —Soft Soap—"Oh dear! Mr. F. is just when you saw my babe in the hospital you ever saw, you met the soft soap?" "Well, Madam, I think I needed soap of some kind." —Counsel to Witness—"Now, this madam, the defendant complained, did he not of being arrested on a point of honor?" "Witness—"No, it was the point of a butcher knife." —Clara (looking at the beaut of the "Don't you think they are very like some?" "Amy, (whose thoughts were on the other side of street, "Very," replied the one with the black and white hair. —A man in Chicago courted the girl of his sick wife, who was on her death bed, married the woman a fortnight after the funeral, and is now before the courts for inhuman treatment of the character. —A Frenchman brought two mice; the milkman in place of one, as he had said, being asked the meaning of it, replied: "Dis voir de pich, and dis voir de water; an' I will mix dem zees to suit myself." —An Old Doctor—A Medical Man, whose name is not to be had, but whose name is that of a wise old man, told the following story to prove that what ever difficulties a man has to encounter, he has always still left something to be thankful for. Two men were to be hanged at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived, the bon approach, the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll, the convicts were in prison; the procession was formed, it advanced to the fatal beam, the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks, there were thousands of wretched sight-seers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women, and children, in front of the scaffold, when, just at that second of time, a bull, which was being driven to Smith field, broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns, whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed, "I say, J. W., it's a good thing we went in that crowd." —A Methodist paper invites "our friends" who have any sort of patience in listening to the slow, dragging singing in some of the church services to sing the following stanza, written by Rev. Alfred Taylor, to the tune of "Fully": "Blissfully, dolefully, doanand we drak, Making our guide most mournfully drak, Singing the songs of salvation so slow, Granting and granting along as go, Patiently making over pious old poems, Wearing the worshipers want to go home, Droning so dull they don't know what to do, Pleading when the plucking performance through.