

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Boots Under The Bed.

Miss Lydia White had two lovers: Tom Green and Willie Jones.

Both were good looking, well-to-do young mechanics, and both loved her devotedly, if their own vehement assertions could be credited. Lydia was in some thing of a dilemma concerning them.

She had no particular preference for either of them, but she wanted to be married sometime, and Mr. White was opposed to long courtships, and Aunt Jane kept assuring her that her bed and table linen would get yellow by being packed away in the bureau so long; and she took frequent opportunities of saying that "none of her girls ever was single after they had reached the age of 18; no, not a minute!"

And as Lydia counted her years four more than 18, of course this latter insinuation of Aunt Jane cut deeply.

Lydia turned the matter over seriously in her mind, argued it with herself pro and con, which should she take, Green or Jones?

She was in some degree romantic, and she had indulged in gorgeous dreams of marrying the second Napoleon as to courage, in fact if there was any quality that she especially admired in a man it was bravery.

When she said anything about this in the hearing of Tom or Willie, they begged her to put them to the test—they would joyfully die for her if she stood in need of such a sacrifice, they assured her over and over again.

On Sunday evening, as indeed was frequently the case, Jones and Green both happened to call at Lydia's at about the same time.

Lydia went out of the room about nine o'clock on the pretence of bringing a book of engravings, but she shortly returned in a great perturbation.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the two lovers in eager chorus.

"Oh! dear me!" sighed Lydia, "such a dreadful, dreadful thing! Which would have thought it in our peaceful community? Oh, Mr. Jones, Mr. Green! You cannot think how glad I should be to fight to the death were it otherwise!" and she clung first to one and then to the other with a confidence perfectly infatigable.

"Tell us what it is?" cried Green.

"Enlighten us as to the cause of this emotion," said Jones, who had been at Chicken Valley Academy two "quarters," and used some large words.

"Oh, you are both so brave!" cried Lydia, admiringly; "I feel as if I were protected by an army!"

Green drew himself up to his full height which was just five feet, and it must be confessed that beside the Hercules Jones, he looked like a Bantam rooster beside a Shanghai.

"And me?" said Green, "only I am a year or so older!"

"Assure me," said Jones, "and I shall be free as the streams give to the sounding ocean!"

"Hush!" cried Lydia, "don't speak so loud! He may hear you, and take the alarm, and kill us all before you have a chance to capture him!"

"He? who? what?" demanded Jones in a tragic whisper.

"Hush! for pity's sake," said Lydia; "he's up stairs in the spare room! Under the bed! Father had a hundred dollars paid him yesterday for a cow, and this is a plan to rob the house. I saw his boots stick out from under the counterpane."

"Good heavens!" cried Green, getting behind Jones.

"And such big boots, too!" said Lydia, "twelve, I am sure!"

"Juniper!" what a guard he must be!" said Tom.

"Tom! oh, Willie! protect me!" cried Lydia, pathetically, and they both protested they should shield her with the last drop of their blood.

"Then go up stairs and seize the villain," said Lydia.

"You had better go first," said Jones, "I—don't know the way."

"Nor I," said Green, "and you're the biggest; it belongs to you to lead on."

"I will show you the way," said Lydia.

And the two gallant young men reluctantly followed her up stairs. She opened the door of the spare chamber softly, and they saw the boots very distinctly; a most extremely dirty pair of cowhides, which looked as though their owner had tramped through twenty miles of swamp, and made no acquaintance with rugs or scrapers afterward.

"A—mighty big man he must be, with such a pair of feet," said Jones.

"Hush! we better call your father and Mr. Berry, the hired man!"

"I think we had," said Green timidly.

"I don't," said Lydia, decidedly.

"See! I believe the boots are moving. Oh, goodness me!"

"And as she screamed, Jones and Green simultaneously made a rush for the chamber door. Jones stumbled over a washstand and went headlong to the foot of the stairs, washstand and all. And Lydia, by clinging to the skirts of Mr. Green's coat, kept him from following his rival.

"What in the duce is to pay here?" asked Jack Berry, appearing on the scene in his shirt and trousers, and his light curly hair standing out all over his head, like the bristles of a lamp chimney brush.

Lydia points to the boots.

"Juniper!" he cried. "I never saw any boots come off so easy as that. Let's see the feet." And diving under the bed, he lifted the counterpane, and displayed—nothing.

"But where is the owner of the boots?" cried he, scratching a bruise on his nose and looking infinitely puzzled.

"Here!" said Pa White, appearing at the door, "I am the owner, and here I've been hearing this terrible noise for the last 10 minutes, and thinking there was a fire over to the corner. But not a sign of my boots could I find. Who put them there Lydia?"

But Lydia was bathing Berry's nose—Green and Jones had sense enough to see that they were de pror.

And they took their departure without any elaborate farewells.

"By jinks," said Green to Jones, on their way home, "I've got an idea: it's my opinion that jade of a girl put their boots there herself, on purpose to try us."

"Of course she did," said Jones, sulkily. "Women are as deceitful as the devil."

Saved by a Horse.

Let any man who ever struck a faithful horse in anger, read this true story and be ashamed of himself:

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snow storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eight acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber. The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and then it they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While we were all shivering with fear and cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses—a gray pony known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said: "If any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take of his bridle and let him loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us back to our camp."

The horse as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say "Come on, boys! Follow me, I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack.

The Late Unpleasantness.

As a "war anecdote," how is the following:

During the "troubles" a young Confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a hospitaler, a lieutenant, had died that morning. "Oh, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden.

The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when, discovering Lieutenant H. of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and bending over him said:

"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!"

What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and exclaimed:

"Never mind the old lady, miss, go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection!"

A CHINESE SERMON.—The following discourse by a converted Chinese Confucian, with reference to the merits of Confucianism, Buddhism and Christianity, is worth preserving.

A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its murky bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucious walked by, approaching the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to go in there? Let me give you a piece of advice, if you get out don't get in again."

A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest." But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise.

Next the Saviour came by and, hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, "Go, and sin no more."

—At a wedding at Lafayette, Ind., the choir sang "Come ye Disconsolate." The bride said if the people would wait until the ceremony was over, she would put a mansard roof on the head of the leader.

—A Providence man thrashed his better half, was tried and fined \$20, and the abused angel washed and earned the money to let him loose.

—A rash youth in Wisconsin, who offered to see a fair duns'd home without an introduction, got his eyes full of cayenne pepper.

A young lady at a party, on being asked to favor the company with "The Maiden's prayer," went to the piano and struck up "Mother May I go Out to Swim?" in a very animated manner.

Truth; Or The Child Witness.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the high courts:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered,

"No, sir."

"She thought that he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed."

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, upon which she looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it," he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the Great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him."

And when I came up here with father she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child; "with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect."

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued.

"Werg I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing.

The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony it was all scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

A Norwich, Conn., lottery brags of the biggest prize cake ever made in this country. It was moulded in a gas tank, baked in a forest conflagration, and frosted with a whole cargo of sugar.

An almanac is advertised "good for three hundred years." If any man, after using it that length of time, is not satisfied with it, they can have their money refunded.

A carriage was upset in Auburn, New York, the other day, by an infuriated animal that was afterward descriptively referred to by a modest lady as "a bachelor ox."

—When our clocks are a little fast, we always set them right at once. People ought to do as much for their fast sons and daughters; but they generally let them run.

Helmbold's Column.

ADDRESS TO THE NERVOUS AND DEBILITATED, WHOSE SUFFERINGS HAVE BEEN PROMPTLY TREATED FROM HIDDEN CAUSES, AND WHOSE CASES REQUIRE PROMPT TREATMENT, TO RENDER EXISTENCE DESIRABLE.

If you are suffering, or have suffered from involuntary discharges, what effect does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Do your liver, urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky or frothy, or is itropy or settling? Or does a thick skum rise to the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspepsia? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rush of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling on this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, mooping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the luster of your eyes as brilliant?

The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are you free from dull and dragging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not fly to your liver or dry-pains. Have you restless nights? You look weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver complaint?

Now, reader, all these, and other diseases, bodily cured and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Do you ever think that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never heard such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business, they don't become sad and discouraged, they are always public and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other meanness about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs inflated by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self-abuse and excesses, have brought about the state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—Idiocy, lunacy, paralysis, spinal affections, suicide, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to—and the cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

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