

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Our Dog in Church.

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there and all sitting so quiet. In this there was something awesome for our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, our Dog was frightened, and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks, after all—such as he saw every day in the street and house. He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little so that they might notice him, but they took little or no notice of him. Everybody seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But he is a self-reliant, recuperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is separated from the congregation only by a slightly raised platform. On this walked our Dog. Again there was singing. He first smelt of the organ; he then smelt of the organist, and wagged his tail at him. The organist looked with an amused and kindly eye, but he could not stop. Our Dog then smelt of the basso profundo; he smelt of the tenor; he smelt them first on one side and then on the other. Then he went back and remelt them all over again; also the organ. That was a little curious. There might be a chorus of dogs inside, and that man at the keys tormenting them. To him, at any rate, it was not melody. He walked round it and then smelt at every crack and corner, to get at the mystery. He tried to coax a little familiarity out of that choir. They seemed to be having a good time; of course, he wanted a hand or a paw in it himself. It was of no use. He stood and looked, and wagged his white, bushy tail at them, as hard as he could. But, selfishly, they kept all their measure to themselves. So he left the choir and came down again among the congregation. There, sure enough, were two little girls on the back seat. He knew them; he had enjoyed many a romp with them. Just the thing! Up he jumped with his paws on that back seat; yet even they were in no humor for play. They pushed him away, and looked at each other, as if to say, 'Did you ever see such conduct in church?'

It was rebuff everywhere. Our Dog would look closer into this matter. The congregation were all standing up. So he walked to the open end of a pew, jumped on it and behind the people's backs, and walked to get in front of the little girls, that he might have an explanation with them. Just then the hymn ceased. Everybody sat down with the subdued crash of broadcloth and silk. Everybody on that bench came near sitting on our Dog. It was a terrible scramble to get out. A girl he kept employed. There was a line of chairs in the aisle. In one of these deliberately sat our Dog. If everybody would do nothing but sit still and look at that man in the pulpit, so would he. But somehow he moved one hind leg inadvertently; it slipped over the chair's edge. Our Dog slipped over with it, and came as near tumbling as a being with four legs can. All this made noise, and attracted attention. Little boys and girls and big boys and girls snickered and snorted and strained as only people can snicker and snort and strain where they ought not to. Even some of the elders made queer faces. The sexton then tried to put our Dog out. But he had no idea of going. He had come with our folks, and he was not going until they went. The sexton then grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like it; it was fun. The sexton gave up the chase; it was raining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down, he stood at a distance looking at him, as if to say, 'Well, ain't you going to try it again?'

No. No more of that. Nobody was doing anything save the man in the pulpit. Our Dog would go up and see what all that was about. So he marched up the main aisle, and as he did so he waved, in a majestic and patronizing sort of way, his bushy tail, and it seemed to say, 'Well, you can sit here, glum and silent, if you've a mind to. I do no such thing; I'm a dog; I need none of your preaching; I'm superior to all that. Things go easy enough with me, without coming here, once a week to sit silent, snarl, melan choly and stupid, and be scolded at by a man whom you pay for it.'

Then in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs while our minister was preaching, and stood and surveyed the congregation. Indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, to a nervous and unexperienced speaker, would be better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was busier than any of the rest. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him, puzzled our Dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some little girls and boys did smile as he stood there; seemingly, those smiles for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his fore paws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head.—Lippincott's Magazine—March.

"Polly, I Hattered."

Joe Stetson was a wild, frolicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and sneering, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home to be back, he said, that night. Night came, but Joe did not. The next day passed; about sunset Joe came up, in the worst condition possible—his clothes very dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, and his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw beef than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and noticing his appearance, exclaimed: 'Why, Joe! what in the world is the matter?'

'Polly, said Joe, 'do you know Jim Andrews? Well, me and him had a fight.' 'Who whipped, Joe?' 'Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see; I hit him, and he hit me, and then we clinched; ain't supper most ready? I ain't had anything since yesterday morning.'

'But fit tell me who whipped, Joe,' continued Polly. 'Polly,' continued Joe, 'I tell you, you never did see such a fight as me and him had. When he clinched me, I jerked loose from him, and then gin him three or four of the all-sufficient kicks you ever heard tell of. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm really starved.'

'Joe, do tell me who whipped,' continued Polly. 'Polly,' he replied, 'you don't know nothing about fighting. I tell you we fought like tigers; we rolled and tumbled—first him on top and then me—then the boys would put me on the shoulder and holler, O, my! Stetson! We gougled him, and tore up the dirt in Seth Rummel's grocery yards worse nor two wild bulls. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm monstrous hungry.'

'Joe Stetson,' exclaimed Polly, in a tone bristling with anger, 'will you tell me who whipped?'

'Polly,' said Joe, drawing a very long sigh, 'I hattered.'

A Kidnapping Senator.

On last Saturday the 11th inst., says the Baltimore Bulletin, U. S. Senator Flanagan, of Texas started from Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for home. On the same day a despatch was received by the Marshal of Police of this city, asking the authorities to stop a boy who would be found in the company of the Senator. The despatch was signed Abraham F. Haines, of No. 925 Twenty-second street, near Pennsylvania avenue, and he alleged the boy was named Albert B. Haines.

The matter was placed in the hands of detective Pontier, who found the boy yesterday at the Northern Central Railroad depot on his way to Texas with the Senator. He was arrested and stated that Senator Flanagan had persuaded five boys to leave Washington with him without consulting their parents. One boy was prevented from leaving Washington. He had offered them \$200 a year and board. They were to split wood and work on a farm. Haines is about seventeen years of age, and will be carried back to Washington by his father, who has arrived in this city. Mr. Haines was informed of the departure of his son by a gentleman of Washington, who happened to be at the Baltimore depot, and saw his son leave with the Senator.

THREE DAYS UNDER A FALLEN TREE.—Sensations of a somewhat peculiar character have recently occurred in and around East St. Louis, Mo. Marvelous as some of them have been, still one marvel remains untold. At the time the dreadful tornado of the 8th inst., was driving along in its destructive fury, Mr. H. C. Turner, of St. Louis, was hunting in the woods near Venice, Ill. A tree was blown across him, and for three days, without food or drink, he lay in an unmovable position. All attempts to extract himself from his perilous position were of no avail, and Mr. Turner, finally, discouraged by fruitless endeavors, gave himself up as one to be numbered among the dead. After three days, however, he was relieved by a farmer named Haggerty who fortunately happened to be passing that way. He was on Thursday conveyed to East St. Louis and put in charge of the city authorities.

—Greeley says he fears farmers generally don't appreciate the importance of having their strawberry trees properly pruned at this season of the year. There shouldn't a limb over three inches thick be allowed to grow nearer than six feet from the ground.

—An old lady in New Jersey, having read an account of the bursting of a grindstone in a manufacturing establishment, became terribly alarmed lest the grindstone standing in her cellar should burst and blow the house up.

—A new clerk in a Wabash dry goods store recently ascribed a lady, to whom he was endeavoring to sell a set of furs, that they were the 'best furs that ever grew on a fur's back.'

—A merchant in Indiana who recently celebrated his 'wooden wedding,' was presented among other things with 10,000 feet of lumber and thirteen large poplar logs.

—'Sir, you have broken your promise,' said one gentleman to another. 'Oh, never mind, I can make another just as good.'

—Many a man justly considers his wife poetical when she is a verse to him.

—A friend is never known till needed.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Seasonable dishes—radishes.

—A hollow mockery—An echo.

—A bad omen—to owe men money.

—A bad place to get out at—the elbow.

—The 'Pacific Mails'—Quiet husbands.

—If you would be a successful forger—turn blacksmith.

—An off-handed fellow—one who has lost both of his arms.

—To rob a man of his money is to wound him in his chest.

—A 'free agent'—one who goes off with his employer's money.

—Out west the grain is now raised at all seasons—by the elevator.

—The man who will sigh for a woman is likewise to have 1 to carry.

—Young ladies sometimes pencil their brows; but they seldom dot their 'i's.

—A housekeeper says there is no venison in the markets, but plenty of deer meat.

—She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

—Why should drapers assist in putting out a fire? Because they know all about hose.

—An ugly old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of 'New Music.'

—Cabbages are said to act on the brain. On the principle, may be, that one head affects another.

—No wonder that the female sex are so chafed. The Latin word for woman is 'muller.'

—California young man shot at a dog and killed a preacher. That was making game of the gospel.

—If, as some logicians assert, there is no to-morrow, we want to know how there can be a yesterday.

—A New York lecturer has come out with a new subject, viz: 'Man neither Monkey nor Angel.'

—Becher says he loves music from a Jews harp to David's harp. But wasn't David's harp a Jew's harp?

—Lowell calls his last work 'My Study Window'; he is presumed to have taken great pains with it.

—Why is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth like a wager that is neither lost nor won? Because it is a drawn bet!

—Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

—Jones and his wife agree grandly on one point; she thinks more of him than of anybody else in the world, and so does he.

—Why should a soldier be brave as a word and not brave as a cannon? Because the latter recoils, when it is fired.

—Young ladies who wish to always act on the square towards their lovers, should never dance sight also than square dances.

—Don't let your cattle stray; they often wander to the most mysterious places; we once saw a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

—If Ben Wade and Horace Greeley were to be elected to the two highest offices, there would be no trouble in swearing them in.

—The difference between a car-conductor and an orchestra-conductor is, that the first demands cash, and the other feller gives 'em time.

—The Connecticut man who ordered one of Mr. Cromo's pictures, has a cousin who affirms that Mr. Cromo usually painted animals!

—The girl of the period is accused of being too practical. And yet a glance at her chignon proves how fond she is of building castles in the air.

—A Broad street merchant being informed the other day that he had broken one of the commandments, said: 'Never mind, charge it to breakage.'

—It is seldom that there is such a perfect sympathy between an author and his work—they say now that Martin Farquar Tupper is wretchedly poor.

—A saloon in Kansas City displays the following in large letters: 'Meet friendly, drink moderately, pay on delivery, part peaceably, call again often.'

—What sustained our Revolutionary sires during their struggle for liberty? was what a New Canaan pedagogue asked a boy, and was astonished when the boy said, 'these logs, sir.'

—A prisoner was recently committed at Auburn who stated that he was an 'observationalist.' That his trade consisted in 'observing' during the day what he could steal at night.

—A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: 'When thou'went a courtin', I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thou' married, I tell thee to keep them half shut.'

—A Maine man, going into the wilderness, took what he supposed to be his compass, but found, when he needed its guidance, he had instead taken his wife's daguerrotype. It brought him out all right.

—The earth is said to be growing smaller. In two thousand million years it will be as small as Rhode Island, where they are unable to shoot woodcock with the finest of bird-shot, for fear of shooting into some other State.

—A Mississippi paper shows the benefit of advertising, by telling of a man who advertised in its columns for a lost cow, and had it restored to him before the edition was distributed, with a copy of the Index stuck on one of its horns.

—Thousands of wild geese got lost by getting into the smoke in flying over Pittsburg the other day, and they flew around there for several hours, until finally a man came along with a lantern, when they followed him off into the country.

—Catching a boy for whistling on the Sabbath is perhaps the best, yes, the very best, way to make him cordially distrust that weekly avant forever afterward; it is quite as sure a way as taking him three times to church every Sunday of his holidays.

Helmbold's Column.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

Compound Fluid

EXTRACT CAIAWA

GRAPE PILLS.

Component Parts—Fluid Extract Rhubarb and Fluid Extract Cathartica Grape Juice. For Laxative Complaints, Jaundice, Bilious Attacks, Stomach or nervous Headaches, Constipation, etc. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

These Pills are a pleasant purgative, superinduced castor oil, salta, magnesia, etc. There is nothing more acceptable to the stomach. They give tone, and cause neither nausea nor gripping pains. They are composed of the finest ingredients. After long use of them, such an invigoration of the entire system takes place as to appear miraculous to the weak and enervated, whether arising from impurities of the blood, or from Helmbold's Compound Fluid Extract Cathartica Grape Pills are not sugar-coated; sugar-coated Pills pass through the stomach without dissolving, consequently do not produce the desired effect. THE CATAWA GRAPE PILLS, being pleasant in taste and odor, do not neutralize their being sugar-coated and are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are not Patent Medicines.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT SASSAPARILLA,

LA,

Will radically exterminate from the system Scrofula, Syphilis, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Sore Legs, Sore Mouth, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Gout, Scalds, Burns, Skin Diseases, Ringworms from the Face, White Headings, Tumors, Cancerous Affections, Nodules, Hickles, Glandular Swellings, Night Sweats, Rash, Tetter, Humors of all Kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years.

Being prepared expressly for the above complaints, its blood-purifying properties are greater than any other preparation of sarsaparilla. It gives the complexion a clear and healthy color and restores the patient to a state of health and purity. For purifying the blood, removing all chronic constitutional diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, and for the relief and effectual cure of the bones, ulcerations of the throat and legs, blotches, pimples on the face, erysipelas, Rash, Tetter, Humors of all Kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all diseases that have been established in the system for years.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, THE GREAT DIURETIC,

has cured every case of diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation of the neck of the bladder and inflammation of the kidneys, ulceration of the kidneys and bladder, retention of urine, diseases of the prostate gland, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel, brick dust deposit, and mucous or milky discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes, is equalled by no other remedy. Indispensible to exertion, loss of power, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weak nerves, trembling, horror of disease, weakness, indigestion, nervous debility, and for all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from induration or habits of dissipation. It is prescribed extensively by the most eminent physicians and ministers for enfeebled and delicate constitutions, of both sexes and all ages.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT

HIGHLY CURES DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES, HABITS OF DISSIPATION, ETC.

In all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience, and no exposure. It causes a frequent desire, and gives strength to the system, thereby removing impurities, preventing and curing Stricture of the Urinary Organs, Ailings Pain and Inflammation, so frequent in this class of diseases, and expelling all poisonous matter.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S IMPROVED ROSE WASH

cannot be surpassed as a face wash, and will be found the only specific remedy in every species of cutaneous affection. It speedily eradicates pimples, spots, scrofulic dryness, indications of the cutaneous membrane, etc. It cleanses, cures and induces a healthy complexion, gives rash, moth patches, dryness of scalp or skin, frost bites, and all purposes for which salves or ointments are used. It cures the skin to a state of purity and softness, and induces continued healthy action to the tissues of its vessels, on which depends the agreeable complexion and vitality of the system, and hence it is the most valuable and reliable remedy for existing defects of the skin. H. T. Helmbold's Rose Wash has long sustained its principal claim to unbounded popularity by possessing qualities which render it a toilet preparation of the most Superlative and Congenial character, combining in an elegant formula those prominent requisites, safety and efficacy—the invariable accompaniments of its use—as a preservative and restorer of the complexion. It is an excellent lotion for diseases of a syphilitic nature, and as an injection for diseases of the Urinary Organs, arising from habits of dissipation, used in connection with the Extracts Buchu, Sarsaparilla, and Cathartica Grape Pills, in such diseases as recommended cannot be surpassed.

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Dry Goods.

THE UNDERSIGNED having determined to quit the mercantile business in Bellefonte, absolutely and positively, now offers his entire stock of

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES &c.

AT COST.

He has a very fine assortment of Ladies

DRY GOODS,

which he offers at cost. Also a splendid stock of

OVER COATS and other CLOTHING,

also a large and select stock of

NOTIONS

HOSEERY,

GLOVES, &c.,

all of which are offered at cost.

Call in and see that this is no catch trap but the truth. Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 12th, 1870, 18-17.

GEO. D. PIPHER

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES.

HIGH RATES RURED OUT.

GOODS AT OLD FASHIONED PRICES.

HOPPER & BROS.

Would respectfully inform the world and the east of mankind, that they have just opened out, and are daily receiving a large

STOCK OF GOODS OF ALL HANDS

which they are offering at the very lowest market prices.

DRY GOODS.

Consisting of the latest styles of Figured and Plain Alpaca, Figured and plain all Wool, Shepherd Plaids, Black Silks, Summer Silks, Irish Poplins, White Goods, White Counterpanes, Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Checks, Ginghams, Bedticks, Flannels, etc., etc., and a large stock of various styles of Cassimeres, Velvets, Corduroys, Kentucky Jeans, Drills, Ladies' Clothing, Plain Colors, Middlesex Cloth, Repellants and Plaids of various Colors.

A full line of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings, all kinds and prices, which will be sold cheap. We have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of all kinds of Crockery, Groceries, Mackeral, Salt, etc., etc., which we will dispose of at the very lowest cash prices.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, and the highest market prices allowed.

FRIENDS AWAKE TO YOUR INTEREST.

For we feel satisfied that we can suit your tastes as well as your purses.

ALWAYS AHEAD!—A. ALEX. ANDER & SON, Millheim, Centre Co., Pa. Manufacture and offer to the public at the lowest cash prices.

GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

A. ALEXANDER & SON,

Take this method of announcing to their numerous friends that they have just returned from the East with a new assortment of seasonable

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS,

Which they are selling at such prices that purchasers will find it to their interest to buy of them. Their stock consists of

D-R-E-S-S G-O-O-D-S,

M-I-L-L-I-N-E-R-Y G-O-O-D-S,

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods

A. ALEXANDER & SON

Insurance.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

AMES A. DOW, President

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BRANCH OFFICE,

Farmer's and Mechanics Bank Building, 429 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

CORBIN, GAFFNEY AND CORBIN.

General Agents and Attorneys for Penna., Delaware, South Jersey, District of Columbia and Maryland.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED ANNUALLY.

Thirty days grace allowed in payment of premium.

Large liberty to travel without extra charge. All the Policies non-forfeitable and incontestable.

C. R. GEARHART, Agent Bellefonte

15-21-17

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Successor to Sam'l L. Barr, dec'd.

CLAIM AND INSURANCE AGENT.

GOOD COMPANIES, LOW RATES, PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES.

Cash and Mutual Fire, Life and Accident Policies written.

Prompt attention given to the collection of Bail Pay, Pensions and all other claims.

Soldiers who enlisted before July 23d, 1864, and were honorably discharged without receiving the \$100 Bounty are now entitled to it.

EDWIN H. KINSLOE,