

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

FOR TOBACCO CHEWERS AND SMOKERS.

Chewing in the parlor, Smoking in the street, Choking with cigar smoke Every one you meet, Spitting on the pavement, Spitting on the ladies' feet, In these such enjoyment? Is there such a bore?

THE FALL OF UTIE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

The reception at Secretary's Fluke's was at its height. Bland Van, the President of the nation, had departed with the boys, the punch-bowl had been emptied nine times; and still the cry from our republican society was, 'Fill up.'

'I will horsewhip that powder-monkey!' he said. 'Robert,' said the girl, placidly, 'you won't. You have no horse and no horsewhip, but you have been drinking. Go to me home to-night.'

Utic rose from the dream of home, and kicked the poor slave out of his room. He then drank, speculated on his chances, practiced with an imaginary pistol at the wall, and meditated running away, alternately, until Tiltock's business step rang in the hall.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet.

When an American journal, claiming to be republican in politics, finds breath to deplore the probable recall of Napoleon to take the helm of the French ship of state "by the suffrage of the French people," it may be time to inquire what we are coming to.

Toilers of the sea—Opticians.—The spring time of life—Our dancing days.—Laying down the law—Flooding the judge.