

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

A Funeral and its "Baked Meats."

I remember one morning when I was awakened before dawn, by wild, unearthly shrieks, running through the forest and coming back again in plaintive echoes from the hills all about. Beyond description wild, these wails of violent grief followed each other with regular cadence, dying away in long, despairing sobs. With a marvelous regularity they recurred, never varying the simple refrain. My curiosity was aroused, so far as to get me out of my blankets, and after a hurried bath in an ice stream, I joined my mountaineer acquaintance, "Jerry," who was en route to the rancheria, "to see" as he expressed it "them tarheads howl." It seems my friend "Buck" the Indian chief, had the night before lost his wife, "Sally the Old," and the shouts came from professional mourners hired by her family to prepare the body and do up the necessary amount of grief. Old widows or superannuated wives who had out lived other forms of usefulness gladly enter the singular profession. They cut their hair short, and with each new ashes, daub the face with spots of tar, and in general array themselves as funeral experts.

The rancheria was astir when we arrived. It was a mere group of half a dozen smoky hovels, built of pine bark propped upon cones of poles, arranged in a semicircle within the edge of the forest, fronting upon a brook and meadow. Jerry and I leaned our backs against a large tree and watched the group. Buck's shanty was deserted, the body of his wife lying outside upon a blanket, being prepared by two of these funeral hags. Buck himself was quietly stuffing his stomach with a breakfast of venison and acorns, which were handed him at brief intervals by several sympathizing squaws.

Turning to Jerry with a countenance of stolid seriousness, he laconically remarked: "My woman she died! Very bad. To-night sun down" (pointing to the sun.) "she burnt up." Meanwhile the tarheads rolled Sally the Old over and over, all the while alternately howling the same dismal phrase. Indian relatives and friends, having a general air of animated rag bags, arrived occasionally and sat down in silence at a fire a little removed from the other Diggers, never once saluting them.

As we walked back to our camp, I remarked on the stolid, cruel expression of Buck's face, but Jerry, to my surprise, bade me not judge too hastily; he went on to explain that Indians had just as deep and tender attachments, just as much good sense and, to wind up, with as much human into 'em as we educated white folks.

His own squaw had instilled this into Jerry's naturally sentimental and credulous heart, so I refrained from expressing my conviction concerning Indians, which I own were formerly tinged with the most sanguinary Caucasian prejudice.

Jerry came for me by appointment just before sunset, and we walked leisurely across the meadow, under lengthening pine shadows, to the rancheria. No one was stirring. Buck with the two vicarious mourners sat in his lodge door, uttering low, half audible groans. In the opening before the line of huts, a low pile of dry logs had been carefully laid, upon which, out stretched and wrapped in a red blanket lay the dead form of Sally the Old, her face covered in careful folds. Upon her head was a grass-woven water bowl and her last papoose basket.

Just as the sun sank to the horizon one tarhead stepped out in front of the funeral pile, lifted up both hands, and gazed steadily and silently into the sun. She might have been five minutes in this staccato position, her face full of strange half-animal intensity of expression, her eyes glittering, the whole, hard figure glowing with a deep bronze reflection. Suddenly she sprang back with an old wail shriek seized a brand from one of the camp fires and lighted the funeral heap, when all the Indians came out and grouped themselves in little knots around it. The children of Sally the Old clung about an ancient mummy of a squaw, who squatted upon the ground and rocked to and fro, making a low cry as of an animal in pain. All the Indians looked serious; a group whom Jerry said were relatives, seemed stupefied with grief. Upon a few faces falling tears glistened in the light of the fire, which now shot red tongues in the air, lighting up with weird distinctness every feature of the whole company. Flames slowly lapped over, consuming the blanket and caught the willow papoose basket. When Buck saw this, the tears streamed from his eyes; he waved his hand eloquently looking up to heaven, and uttered heart broken sobs. The papoose basket cracked for a moment, flashed into a blaze, and was gone. The two old women yelled their death cry, dancing, posturing, gesticulating toward the fire, and in slow, measured chorus all the Indians intoned in pathetic measure, "Himalaya! Himalaya!" looked first at the mound of fire, and then out upon the fading sunset.

It was indescribably strange: non arch pines, standing in solemn ranks back far into the dusky heart of the forest, glowing and brightening with pulsating reflections of firelight; the ring of Indians, crouching or standing fixed like graven images, or sway mechanically to and fro, each tattered scarlet and white rag of their utterly squalid garments, every expression of barbaric grief or dull, brutal stolidity brought strongly out by the red flaming fire.

Buck watched with wet eyes that slow consuming fire burn to ashes the body of his wife of many years, the mother of his group of poor frightened children. Not a stoical savage, but a despairing husband, stood before us. I felt him to be human. The body at last sunk into a bed of flames, which shot up higher with fountains of sparks, and sucked together, hiding the remains forever from view. At this Buck sprang to the front and threw himself at the fire but the two old women seizing each a hand and dragged him back to his children, where he fell in a fit of stupor.

As we walked home Jerry was quick to ask, "Didn't I tell you Injins has feelings inside of 'em?" I answered promptly that I was convinced; and long after, as I lay awake through many night hours, listening to the shrill death-wail, I felt as if any policy toward the Indians based upon the assumption of their brutes or devils was nothing short of a bolt in this Christian country.

My sleep was light, and sunrise found me dressed, still listening, as under a kind of spell, to the mourners who, though evidently exhausted, at brief intervals uttered the cry. Alone and filled with serious reflections, I strolled over to the rancheria, finding every one there up and about his morning duties.

The tar-heads, withdrawn some distance into the forests, sat leaning against a stump, chatting and grinning together now and then screeching by turns. I asked "Revenue Stamp," a good-natured, middle-aged Indian, where Buck was. He pointed to his hut, and replied, with an affable smile: "He whiskey drunk." "And who," I inquired, "is that fat girl with him?" "Last night he take her; new squaw," was the answer. I could hardly believe, but it was the actual truth, and I went back to camp an enlightened but disillusioned man. I felt that day and have never an opportunity to "free my mind" to Jerry. Since then I guardedly avoid all discussion of the Indian question. When interrogated, I dodge or protest ignorance; when pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or, if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Quakers will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated.—Atlantic Monthly.

Anecdote of Count Bismark.

In the summer of 1845, when Bismark, being then twenty-seven years old, was on duty as a cavalier officer, he was standing with other officers on a bridge over a lake when his groom Hildebran, the son of the forester on his estate, rode a horse for a bath in the lake close by the bridge. Suddenly the horse lost his footing, and Hildebran disappeared in the water. Bismark threw off his sword in an instant, tore off his uniform, and dashed headlong into the lake to save his servant. He seized him, but the drowning man clung to him so fast that he had to dive before he could free himself. Bubbles arose over the spot, and master and servant were given up by the spectators as lost; but the powerful swimmer had succeeded in releasing himself, and he arose to the surface, bearing up with him and bringing to land his inanimate burden. The rescued man, however, shortly recovered, and for the brave action Bismark obtained a simple medalion—the well known Prussian safety medal—which may occasionally be seen beside the many stars on his breast. He is proud of this mark of honor, and it is said that on one occasion a noble diplomatist asked him the meaning of this little modest decoration. "I am," he replied, "in the habit sometimes of saving a man's life."

THE GERMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND IN 1857.—The last number of Blackwood publishes a satire on the military helplessness of England, which is said to have stirred up the British feeling to an unprecedented pitch. In a spirit which many Englishmen think prophetic, the author—supposed to be the brilliant Colonel Hamley—projecting himself into the future about as far as 1925, tells the distressful story of the invasion and conquest of England fifty years before, or in 1875. The arrival of the German armada, the annihilation of the English fleet, the great battle of Dorking (21 miles from London) upon which the fate of the capital and the nation was staked and lost, the wailing of old England under requisition and indemnities, and the hopeless and lasting possession of the tight little island, are all told as by an eye-witness. The verisimilitude of the narrative is wonderful, and can hardly be matched out side of the works of Defoe.

Good.—The Carlisle Volunteer says: "By harmony and unity of purpose, by zeal and determination we can, without much difficulty, give our local ticket 1,000 majority this fall. We say we can give this majority; let us resolve, one and all, that we will."

That is a good prospect. As Franklin and Cumberland form a senatorial district, there can be no more trouble about the election of a Democratic Senator.

A gentlemanly writer upon the Jackson, (Miss.) Pilot, evinces the fact that his zoological knowledge needs brushing up when he says that the "little reptile," who grinds out an opposition sheet, has only to "shake his mane and roar," etc., etc. A roaring little reptile shaking his mane is good.

That "reckless babe," Horace Greeley, still insists that nobody has a right to be poor; he says anybody can save forty dollars in four months, and with that can purchase a farm on the Central Railroad in Illinois, and commence raising wheat in large quantities. The shillies will please take no notice.

A Man Remarries his Wife After Twenty-six Years Absence.

An Iowa paper, the Mount Pleasant Journal, has this account of a romance:

Twenty-six years ago the beautiful city of Salem, as now, was peopled with some of the best families of Iowa. Here resided the family of James McWhorter, and James and his wife were happy. After a while there came the news of gold discoveries in California, and stories of how men could find fortunes. James, hearing these stories, decided to bid adieu to his wife for a short time, fill his pockets with the glittering metal, and then return to his Rebecca. The farewell was said, and the wife and husband parted.—McWhorter went to California. The letters came and went as Uncle Sam's carriers could take them. As the novel writers say, "time wore on apace," the weeks walked off into months and the months galloped into years, and, as the story comes to us, James McWhorter and his wife were separated by the wilful and malicious lying and misrepresentations of evil doers.

Word was sent back to the wife that her husband was the husband of another. Letters ceased to go to and from; the separation became apparently permanent, and wound up in time became Mrs. Abbott, and, after a time, her husband died, leaving her a widow. Some two years ago a gentleman came from California, direct from the place where Mr. McWhorter resided, and he denied all the reports that had been circulated concerning that gentleman, reporting him to be an honorable and upright man, doing well and prospering in worldly matters. After his return to California a reconciliation was commenced, letters bearing words of love again commenced to pass to and fro, and on last Friday James McWhorter and Rebecca Abbott were again joined in the holy bonds of wedlock.—This is the story as it came to us.

We sincerely believe that there is now no single enterprise so important to our city as a road to secure the trade of Eastern Texas.—Galveston News.

Let capitalists make a note of this. If the trade of Eastern Texas is of such importance, we would invite their attention to the fact—the undeniable fact—that Eastern Texas has a natural Seaport and Harbor that is not excelled on the Gulf coast, and that can be reached without any difficulty from any point of the compass running North from East or West. And Sabine Pass can be reached by thirty or forty miles less road from a Northernly direction. We refer to the map of Texas and invite an examination of this Port for the truth of this statement.

A City exquisite having become agriculturally ambitious, went in search of farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned as one of its recommendations, that it had a very cold spring on it. "Ah," said the buyer, "I won't take it then, for I've heard that cold springs ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it."

An old Dublin beggar woman asked a lady the other day for a half penny. "I've nothing for you," she said, "but if you go to the soup-kitchen you'll get a pint of excellent soup." "Soup, is it ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant, "do ye call that stuff soup? Shure, I'll just yell ye how they make it; they get a quart of water and boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

A colored man was arraigned before one of the Camden courts, a short time since, charged with the larceny of stealing wood. When called on to plead to the indictment, he said: "I bought the wood, and dat I know I did; but to save my soul from the gallies, cannot tell the man I bought it of, kase I bought it in the dark. I guess I'll plead guilty."

A traveler, being in a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveler, "but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think." "I should rather think it a lie," returned the other.

OLD SILVER BUTTONS.—A resident of Prospect, Conn., claims to have the oldest set of American manufactured buttons in the country. They are vest buttons of silver, made in 1767, and he asserts that his grandfather "wore out twenty-seven different vests with them, and that they are good for another hundred years at least."

PHASES OF THE MOON.—The moon, like certain politicians, changes every thirty days, when she looks at things in general with a new face. If a fact were wanting to determine the sex of the moon, it would be found in her age. Like most ladies, she is never more than a day older than thirty.

A laboring man in Toledo, the other day, voluntarily confessed to the owners of a store that his wife had stolen a valuable dress pattern from the establishment. As she refused to give it up, he desired them to obtain a search warrant and take it from his house.

At the dinner of an Irish association not long since the following toast was given: "Here's to the President of the society, Patrick O'Rafferty, and may he live to eat the chicken that scratches over his grave."

The new steel works of the Cambria Iron Company, at Johnstown, are fast approaching completion. When they are put in operation they will employ about 5,000 men, in addition to the 4,000 now working there.

Helmbold's Column.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S

Compound Fluid EXTRACT CATAWBA GRAPE PILLS.

Component Parts—Fluid Extract Rhubarb and Fluid Extract Catawba Grape Juice, for later complaints, jaundice, biliousness, etc. Slight or nervous Headaches, Constipation, etc. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

Will radically exterminate from the system Scrophulous, Pimples, Bores, Itch, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Sore Head, Bronchitis, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Runnings from the Ear, White Swellings, Tumor, Cancerous Affections, Nodules, Knots, Glandular Swellings, Night Sweats, Itch, 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, retention of urine, diseases of the prostate gland, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel, thickened deposit, and mucous or milky discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Frequent urination, loss of power, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, weak nerves, trembling, horror of disease, weakness, dimness of vision, pain in the back, head, and joints, and dryness of the skin, eruption on the face, pallid countenance, universal lassitude of the muscular system, etc.

Used by persons from the age of eighteen to twenty-five, and from thirty-five to fifty-five or in the decline or change of life, after confinement or labor pains, bed-wetting in children.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is diuretic and blood purifier, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, and excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the blood, etc. It is used, and especially efficacious, in these diseases used in connection with Helmbold's Rose Wash.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU CURES DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPROBITY, HABITS OF DISSIPATION, ETC.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is diuretic and blood purifier, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, and excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the blood, etc. It is used, and especially efficacious, in these diseases used in connection with Helmbold's Rose Wash.

HENRY T. HELMBOLD'S IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

Helmbold's Rose Wash is a specific remedy in every species of skin disease, dryness, itching, eruptions, pimples, spots, scurfy dryness, indurations of the cutaneous membrane, etc. It dispels redness and impurities, and restores the skin to a state of purity and softness, and in acute eruptions, it has a powerful purgative action, upon which depends the agreeable clearness and vivacity of complexion so much sought and admired. But however valuable as a remedy for existing diseases, the skin, H. T. Helmbold's Rose Wash has long sustained its principal claim to unbounded patronage, by possessing qualities which render it a valuable and safe preservative and a powerful restorative, combining in an elegant formula those prominent requisites, safety and efficacy—the invariable accompaniments of its use—preservative and restorative 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 Catawba Grape Pills, in such diseases as recommended cannot be surpassed.

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Consisting of the latest styles of Figured and Plain Alpaca, Figured and plain all Wool Delaine.

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 Groceries, Meats, Mackerel, Salt, etc., etc.

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NOTICE. The celebrated JACK "RED EYED" will stand the ensuing season at R. B. Valentine's farm, now occupied by Edward Osmer, adjoining Valentine's Iron Works.

EDWARD OSMER, Groom. 16-14-3m

Hotels and Saloons.

BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

This elegant hotel, having come under the supervision of the undersigned, he would respectfully announce to the public that he is prepared to accommodate them after the style of the best houses in the cities. The Bush House is a magnificent building, elegantly furnished, and capable of comfortably accommodating

THREE HUNDRED GUESTS. It is situated near the depot, and convenient to all places of business, and is the best hotel in central Pennsylvania. Its waiters are obliging, polite and attentive; its tables are supplied with every luxury in the market; its tables are first class with attentive and hospitable hostlers, and its bar supplied with the best of liquors.

GARMAN'S HOTEL—DANIEL GARMAN, Proprietor. This long-established and well-known Hotel, situated on the southeast corner of the Diamond, opposite the Courthouse, having been purchased by Daniel Garmann, he announces to the former patrons of this establishment and to the traveling public generally, that he has thoroughly refitted his house, and is prepared to render the most satisfactory accommodation to all who may favor him with their patronage.

CUMMINGS HOUSE. W. D. RIKARD, Proprietor. BELLEFONTE PENNA. The undersigned, having assumed control of this fine hotel, would respectfully ask the patronage of the public. He is prepared to accommodate guests in the best of style, and will take care that his tables are supplied with the best in the market. Good tables attached to the hotel, with careful and attentive servants. The traveling public are invited to give the Cummings House a call.

NATIONAL HOTEL, MILLER, PA. JONATHAN KREMER, Proprietor. Having purchased this admirable property, the proprietor takes pleasure in informing his friends, that he has refitted and refurnished it from top to bottom, and is now prepared to accommodate travelers and others in a style that he hopes will prove not only satisfactory, but pleasant.

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