Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 3, 1890.

WHEN THE COLD WIN' COMES.

OPIE P. REED.

It woan' be long tell de col' win' comes
Wid its breaf so cuttin' an' keen.
A blowin' an' whirlin' do ole dry leaves
Dat waz once so purty an' green.

De ole hen's chickens is all dun grown,
An' some o' em's learned how to crow;
Dat sassy young domonick'll come down a peg,
When he freezes bof feet in de snow.

De old skovey duck will feel mighty bad
W'en dar's ice on de water by de mill;
De po' ole critter'll hab ter wait fer er thaw
'Fo she totes er lump o' mud in her bill.

De hogs squeal loud w'en de frost gwinter fall,
An'll crowd one ernuder in de pen;
One doan kere if de uder gwinter freeze—
Hog's da's mighty like men.

De leaves comes ercross de old grabeyard,
W'en de col' win' r'ars and raves;
Da whirls an' ratties on de frozen groun',
Den settles in de sunken graves.

Da puts me in mine o' de chillen o' de earth
Do moun'ful 'dition o' us all;
We's fresh an' green in de spring 'o de year—
We's blowed in er grave in de fall.

Jefferson Davis in Chains.

An Account of His Ironing at Fortress Monroe.

In "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," nominally written by Dr. J. J. Craven surgeon of the prisoner, but really the sketch of Major Charles G. Halpine, U. S. A., ("Miles O'Reilly,") is the following graphic account of the ironing of Mr. Davis. The main facts are substantially true.

"On the morning of the 23d of May yet bitterer trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severer, probably, than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who has enjoyed such emience. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled.

"It was while all the swarming camps of the army of the Potomac, the Tennessee, and Georgia—over 200,080 bronzed and laureled veterans—were preparing for the grand review of the next morning, in which, passing in endless succession before the mansion of the president the conquering military power of the nation was to lay down its arms at the feet of the civil authority, that the following scene was enacted at Fort Monroe:

"Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania artilliery, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hands some heavy and harshly rattling shackles. As they entered Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, feverish and weary after a sleepless night, the food placed near to him the preceding day still lying untouched on its tin plate near his bedside.

"'Well?' said Mr. Davis as they entered, slightly raising his head.

"'I have an unpleasant duty to perform, sir,' said Captain Titlow; and as he spoke the senior blacksmith took the shackles from his assistant.

"Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, a flush passing over his face for a moment. and then his countenance growing livid and as rigid as death.

"He grasped for breath clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand; and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror as he glanced from the captain's face to the shackles—he said slowly and with a laboring chest:

"My God! You cannot have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer; beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocking the padlock and preparing the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five eights of an inch in thickness, and connected together by a chain of like weight. I believe they are now in the possessson of Major General Miles, and will form an interesting relic.

"'This is too monstrous.'' groaned the prisoner, glancing hurridly aronnd the room, as if for some weapon or means of self-destruction. "I demand, captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded and in such a fort as this?"

"It could serve no purpose," replied Captain Titlow; ,his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him."

"But he can telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must excute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier," shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for the jailer—for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered. I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! kill me!" he cried passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, "rather than inflect on me and on my people. through me, this insult worse than death?"

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking toward the embrasure as if not caring to witness the preformance "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

"At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles, and seeing that the prisoner had one foot upon the chair near his bedside, his right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an effort to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised, but, as if with the vehemence and strength which frenzy can impart even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assailant and hurld him half way across the room.

"On this Captain Titlow turned, and seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began to remonstrate, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness and that orders must be enforced at any cost. Why compel me,' he said, to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war,' fiercely retorted Davis; 'I have been a soldier in the armies of America and know how to die. Only kill me, and my lates breath shall be a blessing on your head. But while I have life and strenght to resist, for myself and for my people, this thing shall not be done."

"Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and file of soilders from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately Mr. Davis flew on him, seized his musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp.

Of course such scheme could have but one issue. There was a short passionate scuffle. In a moment Mr Davis was flung upon his bed, and before his four powerful assailants removed their hands from him the blacksmith and his assistant had done their work—one securing the rivet on the right ankle, while the other turned the key in the padlock on the left.

This done Mr. Davis lay for a moment as if in stupor. Then slowly raising himself and turning round, he dropped his shackled feet to the floor. The harsh clank of the striking chain seemed first to have recalled him to his situation * * * and he muttered at brief intervals; "Oh, the shame the shame!"

How It Feels To Be Hanged.

James E. Morgan, sheriff of Sherman County, S. D., is a native of this city, says the New York *Star*, but has been in the West over thirty years. He is here on a visit to his relatives on Staten Island.

"I find," said the sheriff to me the other night, "that the question whether a man should be hanged or executed electrically has been settled. I am glad to find that electricity has carried the day, for I assure you that death by hanging is intensely painful."

"Why, sheriff," I said, "is it possible that you were hanged?"

"Quite so, and it was no joke. When the war closed I went West to seek my fortune, and had a pretty hard time before I found any thing even resembling it. One hard winter two others and myself went into Wyoming on a prospecting expedition and had to maintain ourselves chiefly by hunting. Antelope were very scarce just then, and we suffered considerably from hunger. One morning we separated, to scour the country, agreeing to meet on a distant hill at noon. My companions were hardly out of sight when I shot a steer, and was in the act of cutting it up when three fierce-looking cow boys swooped down upon me. I am, as you see, swarthy, and they took me for a Mexican. As they were also dirty-looking, I made the same mistake, and saluted them in the little Spanish I had picked up. It happened that a tall cotton tree was conveniently close, and, without saying a word, one of the men thrw the lariat around my neck, tossed the other end of the rope over a stout limb; his two companious pulled upon it, and I was in the winkling of an eye going through all the agonies of hanging. The pain was frightful. There was a tremendous rushing through my ears, the sky and everything else turned blood red, pins and needles seemed to be sticking into every part of my body and at the same time the back of my head felt as if it were being sandbagged at the rate of forty strokes a second. How long it lasted I couldn't tell. To me it seemed hours. When I regained consciousness one of my friends was pouring whisky down my throat and the other was rubbing my chest with the same liquid. It appears that my comrades had returned in time to cut me down before life had fled, but just then I wished they had let me be. The process of resuscitation was, if possible, still more agonizing than the hanging but, as the man condemned by law does not suffer in that regard, there is no use in dwelling upon it."

"But why did they hang you?"

"They were driving a herd of cattle to Idaho and it was one of their steers that I had shot. When my friends arrived and explained the cowboys cut me down and when I was ready to receive them they were profuse in their apologies.

"That is how I know that hanging is one of the most crued deaths to which you can put a man."

——While the above is, in the main true, still there is an exception to the general rule, as is the case in many instances. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are not only all they seem, but more. In torpid liver indigestion, sluggishness of the bowels, biliousness, and headache, the relief afforded by their use is wonderful.

——Car crowded. All fat people, very fat. Car stops, very thin man gets in. Has great difficulty in squeezing himself into a bit of a seat. He gets angry and says, "People ought to pay fare according to weight." Fat neighbor answers. "If they did, the car wouldn't stop for you."—*Chicago Herald.*

An intelligent person when hurt at once procures a bottle of Salvation Oil It is the best thing to cure swellings, burns, or wounds. All druggists sell it at twenty-five cents a bottle.

LIGHT DOUGH DUMPLINGS.—Make very light bread dough into small balls the size of eggs. Have ready a pot of water, boiling fast. Drop in the dumplings, taking care to have the water more than cover them. Cover the pot and boil for twenty minutes steadily without lifting the cover. If it stops boiling for a moment the dumplings will be heavy. Serve hot, with butter and sugar, for desert.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—One pint of flour, one pint of water and two eggs. Take half the water and stir in part of the flour to prevent lumping, then as it thickens add the rest of the water and flour. Beat the eggs thoroughly and add last with a small pinch of salt. The pans must be very not and the oven quick.

Railway Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.35 a. m.. arrive at Tyrone, 6.55 a. m., at Altoona, 7.45 p. m., at Pittsburg, 12.45 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 10.25 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.55 a. m., at Altoona, 1.45 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.20 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.40, at Altoona at 7.50, at Pittsburg at 11.55.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.35 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.55, at Harrisburg, 10.30 a. m., at Philadelphia, 1.25 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 10.25 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.55 a. m., at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia, 6.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.20 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6..40 at Harrisburg at 10.45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m..

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.30 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 5.30 p. m., at Renovo, 8.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 11.00 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte at 8.49 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven at 10.10 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.30 p. m.: arrive at Lock Haven, 5.30. p. m.; Williamsport, 6.25 p. m., at Harrisburg, 9.45 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 11.00, leave Williamsport, 12.20 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3.13 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.49 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.15 m., leave Harrisburg, 3.45 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.00 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.15 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.30 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 5.35, at Harrisburg, 9.45 p. m., Philadelphia at 4.25 a. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD. MAIL.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	May 1, 1889.	EASTWARD. MAIL.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		Arr. Lv.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
6 40	11 55	6 55		...Tyrone....	8 10	3 10		7 15
6 33	11 48	6 48		..E. Tyrone..	8 17	3 17		7 22
6 29	11 43	6 44		.....Vail.....	8 20	3 20		7 28
6 25	11 38	6 40		Bald Eagle	8 25	3 24		7 33
6 19	11 32	6 33		.....Dix.....	8 30	3 30		7 39
6 15	11 29	6 30		... Fowler ...	8 32	3 33		7 42
6 13	11 26	6 28		...Hannah...	8 36	3 37		7 46
6 06	11 17	6 21		Pt. Matilda.	8 43	3 44		7 55
5 59	11 09	6 13		...Martha....	8 51	3 52		8 05
5 50	10 59	6 05		....Julian...	8 59	4 01		8 15
5 41	10 48	5 55		.Unionville.	9 10	4 10		8 25
5 33	10 38	5 48		...S. S. Int...	9 18	4 18		8 35
5 30	10 35	5 45		..Milesburg.	9 22	4 20		8 39
5 20	10 25	5 35		.Bellefonte.	9 32	4 30		8 49
5 10	10 12	5 25		..Milesburg.	9 47	4 40		9 01
5 02	10 01	5 18		....Curtin....	10 01	4 47		9 11
4 55	9 56	5 14		..Mt. Eagle..	10 06	4 55		9 17
4 49	9 48	4 07		...Howard...	10 16	5 02		9 27
4 40	9 37	4 59		..Eagleville.	10 30	5 10		9 40
4 38	9 34	4 56		Beh. Creek.	10 35	5 13		9 45
4 26	9 22	4 46		..Mill Hall...	10 50	5 24		10 01
4 23	9 19	4 43		Flemin'ton.	10 54	5 27		10 05
4 20	9 15	4 40		Lck. Haven	11 00	5 30		10 10
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.		P. M.

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD.

NORTHWARD. EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	MYIL.	May 13, 1889.	SOUTHWARD. EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	MAIL.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	Lv. Ar.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
7 25	3 15	8 20		...Tyrone....	6 50	11 45	6 17	
7 32	3 22	8 27		.E. Tyrone.	6 43	11 38	6 10	
7 38	3 27	8 31		.....Vail.....	6 37	11 34	6 04	
7 48	3 36	8 41		.Vanscoyoc.	6 27	11 25	5 55	
7 55	3 42	8 45		..Gardners...	6 25	11 21	5 52	
8 02	3 50	8 55		Mt.Pleasant	6 16	11 12	5 46	
8 10	3 58	9 05		...Summit...	6 09	11 05	5 40	
8 14	4 03	9 10		Sand. Ridge	6 05	11 00	5 34	
8 16	4 05	9 12		... Retort....	6 03	10 55	5 31	
8 19	4 06	9 15		..Powelton...	6 01	10 52	5 30	
8 25	4 14	9 24		...Osceola...	5 52	10 45	5 20	
8 35	4 20	9 32		..Boynton...	5 46	10 39	5 14	
8 40	4 24	9 37		...Steiners...	5 43	10 35	5 09	
8 42	4 30	9 40		Philipsbu'g	5 41	10 32	5 07	
8 46	4 34	9 44		...Graham...	5 37	10 26	4 59	
8 52	4 40	9 52		..Blue Ball..	5 33	10 22	4 55	
8 58	4 49	9 59		Wallaceton.	5 28	10 15	4 49	
9 05	4 57	10 07		....Bigler....	5 22	10 07	4 41	
9 12	5 02	10 14		.Woodland..	5 17	10 00	4 36	
9 19	5 08	10 22		...Barrett...	5 12	9 52	4 30	
9 23	5 12	10 27		..Leonard...	5 09	9 48	4 25	
9 30	5 18	10 34		..Clearfield..	5 04	9 40	4 17	
9 38	5 20	10 44		..Riverview.	4 58	9 31	4 10	
9 42	5 26	10 49		Sus. Bridge	4 54	9 26	4 06	
9 50	5 35	10 55		Curwensv'e	4 50	9 20	4 00	
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.	P.M.	

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 10, 1889.

Leave Snow Shoe, except Sunday.....6 45 a. m.
.....4 00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, except Sunday.....10 25 a. m.
.....8 05 p. m.

BELLEFONTE, NITTANY & LEMONT R. R

To take effect May 13, 1889.

WESTWARD. 111	103	STATIONS.	EASTWARD. 114	112
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
2 05	5 50	.....Montandon.....	9 10	5 45
2 15	6 05	.....Lewisburg.....	9 00	5 35
.....	.....		.....	.....
.....	.....	.....Fair Ground.....	.....	.....
2 26	6 15	.....Biehl.....	8 51	5 26
2 32	6 30	.....Vicksburg.....	8 45	5 20
2 43	6 41	.....Mifflinburg.....	8 35	5 08
2 58	6 56	.....Millmont.....	8 22	4 53
3 08	7 05	.....Laurelton.....	8 13	4 43
3 33	7 30	.....Cherry Run.....	7 48	4 16
3 55	7 52	.....Coburn.....	7 27	3 55
4 13	8 10	....Rising Springs.....	7 10	3 35
4 28	8 25	.....Centre Hall.....	6 52	3 20
4 35	8 33	.....Gregg.....	6 43	3 13
4 43	8 42	.....Linden Hall.....	6 36	3 05
4 48	8 48	.....Oak Hall.....	6 30	3 00
4 52	8 52	.....Lemont.....	6 25	2 55
4 57	8 59	.....Dale Summit.....	6 20	2 50
5 06	9 09	.....Pleasant Gap.....	6 10	2 40
5 15	9 20	.....Bellefonte.....	6 00	2 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Trains No. 111 and 103 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail West; 112 and 114 with Sea Shore Express East.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAIROAD.

WESTWARD. Mixed.	Mixed.	Upper End. Nov. 10, 1889.	EASTWARD Mixed.	Mixed.	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
.....	9 51	5 35	....Scotia.....	9 21	4 57	.....
.....	10 21	5 55	..Fairbrook.	9 09	4 37	.....
.....	10 28	6 07	Pa. Furnace	8 56	4 25	.....
.....	10 34	6 14	...Hostler...	8 50	4 18	.....
.....	10 46	6 20	...Marengo..	8 43	4 11	.....
.....	10 52	6 27	..Loveville..	8 37	4 05	.....
.....	10 58	6 34	FurnaceRd	8 31	3 59	.....
.....	11 02	6 38	Dungarvin.	8 27	3 56	.....
.....	11 10	6 8	...W. Mark...	8 19	3 48	.....
.....	11 20	6 58	Pennington	8 10	3 40	.....
.....	11 32	7 10	....Stover.....	7 58	3 28	.....
.....	11 40	7 20	...Tyrone....	7 50	3 20	.....

BELLEFONTE, BUFFALO RUN AND BALD EAGLE RAILROAD.

To take effect Aug. 5, 1889.

EASTWARD. 6	2	STATIONS.	WESTWARD. 1	5
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M
6 20	9 10	Ar....Bellefonte....Lv	6 00	3 15
6 13	9 03	.....Scales.....	6 07	3 23
6 08	8 59	.....Morris.....	6 11	3 27
6 03	8 54	.....Whitmer.....	6 16	3 33
5 59	8 51	.....Linns.....	6 19	3 37
5 57	8 48	.....Hunters	6 22	3 40
5 53	8 44	.....Fillmore.....	6 26	3 44
5 47	8 40	.....Briarly.....	6 32	3 50
5 43	8 36	.....Waddles.....	6 38	3 55
	8 29	.....Matterns.....		4 00
	8 25	.....Stormstown.....		4 06
	8 15	.....Red Bank.....		4 16
5 39	7 39	.....Scotia Crossing...	6 46	4 51
5 24	7 25	.....Krumrine.....	7 00	5 05
5 20	7 20	Lv..State College..Ar	7 04	5 09

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.