

When are the weary blest?
When are their trials o'er?
Do they ever find a rest
Upon this earthly shore?

The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the first of May, and Tattletown wore its most charming aspect.
Its newly white-washed houses, and fences, its kitchen gardens, flower beds and grass plots glistened in the bright sunshine.

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"Done crazy?" No, but pretty nigh to it, I kin tell you. Miss Burke a faintin' away as lumber as a rag, and old Miss Clearmont with the histriks, and Ellie a gorn around getting up her brother's things, and not sheddin' a tear.

lie entered the room, and Daisy laying aside her guitar came over to where he sat.
"Brother Charlie you were not here when Mr. Bell and Mr. Stockton called to say good bye to us. You should have witnessed the scene between Claudia and Mr. Bell when the final adieu was said, it was touching—very."

There are foam embroidered oceans,
There are little red-clad hills,
There are feeble, urch high saplings,
There are oaks on the hills.

A GRAND OLD POEM.
Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Painees fit for something less.

In no branch of the mechanic arts in this country have more rapid strides been made than in the manufacture of Piano-Fortes, the favorite, and we may say, the universal musical instrument of the household.