

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE LONG TO-MORROW.

Old age that strains the web of life,
And checks the spirit's eager pace,
Brings red from all the world's sun strike,

A Visit with the Doctor.

BY T. S. ARDRE.

How are you to-day, Mrs. Carleton?
asked Dr. Farleigh, as he sat
down by his patient, who reclined languidly

The doctor took one of the lady's
small white hands, on which the network
of veins; most delicately traced,

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No, not a spark. You are quite strong
enough to ride out in your own elegant
carriage—but with the doctor—oh,

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or to its mother, kissing it as she did
so. He saw her with a tender, meaning
interest at the white, patient face

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PLEASANT DREAMS.
Hail of our lives are made of dreams,
And like the stars they come at night

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Honesty, virtue and consistency
would have been nothing with him
compared to the necessity of his

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duty—to execute a warrant against their
son. "You!" screamed out the mother

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General John C. Breckinridge.

General John C. Breckinridge,
of the Commercial, improves the opportunity
of the amnesty proclamation

The History of the Habeas Corpus.

About six hundred years ago, on an
island in the river Thames, so
known as the Runnymede, on the 12th

The Printer and His Type.

The following beautiful extracts
from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, the
printer poet

Real Story of the Colleen Bawn.

A promontory between the Glen and
Mount Tremard was the scene of the
murder of Ely O'Connor, now celebrated

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