

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEVILLE, PA.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. DICE.
Silent and lone, silent and lone.
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?

A CASE WITH A LADY IN IT.

BY JUDGE CLARK.
I had just taken possession of the worst room in Diggs' tavern—I was a young lawyer on my first circuit, and Diggs kept his best accommodations for the old stages—when the words, "I say, Bill, and Tom Mansfield burst upon me at the same instant."

the possibility of such a remote Federal court...
When that gentleman, the doctor, reported at headquarters...
When Effie tried to talk her father over, for the first time in his life, he flew in a passion with her, and she dared not renew the subject.

By Mr. Andrews' will, which was published some days after his death, the entirety of his property was devised to his nephew, who had attended him in his last moments.
The fact is, his whole heart and soul and mind were occupied with a previous attachment—not from another; the farthest possible from that—its object was himself.

The evidence varied but little from that already detailed. The attending physician was very decided in his opinion that the testator at the time of his death was in a sound mind and of full legal capacity.
At Tom's instance, I subjected his witness to a searching cross-examination; but he stood firm like a salamander. He swore that the testator had not only dictated every line of the will, but had heard it read, and had twice read it over himself, before executing it.

Another negro outrage.—On Sunday night last as a young lady, whose name has not transpired, was walking near Christiana Hundred, Delaware. She was stopped by two negroes, who had suddenly emerged from the woods directly in front of her.
The jury gave us a verdict without leaving the box.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

Inside the tollsome way.
Lendy and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my warm feet tread sadly, day by day,
Lending in vain for rest.

While we were making arrangements to pass the night (we cannot say sleep) in the sleeping car which carried us from Macon to Montgomery, Alabama, and just as we had begun to wish for a better bed, the cars stopped at a small station, and a blushing couple ("hold of hands") came into the car.
"Would you like a berth, sir?" said the lively, jolly-faced conductor of the miserable sleeping car.

Hydrophobia—Horrible Agony and Death.

With all the aid of the deepest medical research and the most complete chemical analysis that all ages have offered, the nature of animal poison seems to be as little understood today as when its terrible effects were first made known.

On Sunday morning he arose as usual, but found, when he approached the wash basin for the purpose of performing his customary ablution, that he was filled with a strange horror and aversion to the water.
When he sat down at the breakfast table he found that his antipathy to fluids, especially water, was fast gaining a horrible ascendancy over him.

SHAKING HANDS.

Reader, do you understand the philosophy of shaking hands? We think not. Few do. Here it is for an exchange:

There is philosophy in hand shaking. It is an indication of character. It gives expression to the degree in which you are appreciated or esteemed by another. There is a variety of methods in shaking hands, according to the temperament, disposition or occasion. Some seize your hand with an earnest grasp—one foot extended—and holding your eye with their own.

Car Sober.

Stranger—I say, conductor, do you know who that good-looking lady is there with the book?
Conductor—Yes I've seen her a few times.
By Jove, she's splendid.
Yes, I think she is.
Where does she live?
In Chicago, I believe.
I'd like to occupy that seat with her.
Why don't you ask her?
I did not know but it would be out of order.

ENGLISH POSTAGE.

"Monadnock" writes to the New York Times that postage in England, after all the reforms of Rowland Hill, is in many respects oppressive and absurd. A newspaper which costs a cent is two cents postage. Thus a large, well filled weekly paper costs you fifty-two cents a year, but if you get it by mail it costs you just three times as much. The lively Echo, daily, costs \$3.10 a year; by mail is \$9.30. The smallest printed circular is two cents, and Paris, or even Boulogne in sight of the English coast, you must pay eight cents—say a dime—and for only a quarter of an ounce, because the English post office will not get weight of a third of an ounce or the French standard. If a barrel of letters can be carried as cheaply as a barrel of flour, it need not cost twelve cents to get half an ounce to New York. On the other hand, the English post carries four ounces of book, paper, manuscript or corrected proof for a penny, a great convenience to poor scribblers, who can send their articles to our magazine after another, until at last, when worn to shreds, they are appreciated and accepted. I know an American lady who sent an article "round for weary weeks in this way and then got \$50 or \$60 for it, which she greatly needed. But the postage on manuscript, sent from America to my care sometimes, is something frightful for a poor author to contemplate.

WHY ME, BUT DON'T CRY.

A pious father had devoted great attention to the education of his son, who had maintained an unblemished reputation until the age of fourteen, when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood.
The father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the offender severely. He made the subject one of prayer; for it was too important, in his esteem, to be passed over, as a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the punishment. But the fountain of love and justice in his parent's bosom, and broke out with his usual earnestness, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please, but don't cry."
The point was gained. The father saw that the lad's character was sensibly affected by this incident. He grew up, and became one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in America.

AN ILLITERATE NEGRO PREACHER.

An illiterate negro preacher said to his congregation—"My brethren, when de fust man Adam was made, he was ob wet clay, and set up agin de palls to dry."
"Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was made of wet clay, an' set up agin de palls to dry?"
"Yes, sar, I do."
"Who made de palls?"
"De pinner, sar," said de preacher.
"Sit down, sar," said de preacher.
"Which questions as dat would upset any system of theology?"

A NASHVILLE DRUGGIST HAS INVENTED A RAT PAINT.

A Nashville druggist has invented a rat paint made of a preparation of phosphorus. You first catch the rat then you paint him. After dark he looks like a ball of fire, and in going among his fellow rats they get scared to death at the "light" of his countenance, and vacate the premises, the "bright particular" rat following and harrying up the rear.