

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTA, PA.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Shadows o'er the vale are creeping,
And the sun strikes to his rest;
Twilight draws her curtains softly,
Golden clouds hang in the west.

MARY'S "NO."

She is fair and very pretty,
With a sparkling bright blue eye,
And her cheeks with smiles are dimpled,
When she knows I'm standing by.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

THE SILVER TOKEN

"There Tina!"
Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly
held up two semi-circles of silver in
the air, so that they might be sure to
make a sufficient impression on Ernestine
Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the
obvious satisfaction of one who feels
that he has accomplished his mission.

with his brow contracted and his arms
folded on his breast. Was he bidding
farewell to the bright sunset that was
past?
The shrill of the coming train sounded
through the blue of the sky, and the
last little glimpse of home in the
lovers' breast faded out.

berries from my dear Uncle Signet in
Iowa."
Bruce was idly striking his fork into
the little crimson circles, quite uncon-
scious of what he was eating.

For the WATCHMAN.
GOOD-BYE.
Dedicated to Miss J. C. A.
The moon from depths of melting blue,
Smiles down the tranquil sky;

The Paris Rag-Picker.
The wife of one of the most eminent
bankers of Paris, went some days since,
to one of the most fashionable manufac-
turers to try on some dresses.

This, That and the Other.
The oldest woman's club—The
broom-bill.
—Life without love is like an old maid
without a cat—very lonely.