

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The following is pronounced by the Westminister Review to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written. Within the sterner realms of leafless trees, The sunset veils the dreamy air, Like some tanned rasper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH ASA PACKER.

A correspondent of the New York Sun has recently had a long interview with Asa Packer from which we make as many extracts as our space permits. MAUCH CHUNK, Pa. Sept 7. Way up in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, where the picturesque Lehigh river forces its way through the narrow gorge of the Blue mountains, nestles the town of Mauch Chunk.

man with his satchel headed toward the depot. "No, I thank you; I can walk," was the reply. "Better hurry, then," said the driver; "time's most up." "Oh, I'll catch the train; there's ten minutes yet."

ted to the payment of so much of the public debt. All well conducted and successful corporations, as for instance, the railroad with which I am identified, make it a matter of economy to appropriate promptly all their available surplus funds to the extinguishment of their indebtedness, thus saving large sums in interest money; or if that is not needed they use their means in the improvement of their facilities for business.

A BREAK. "Wilkesbarre," shouted the brakeman, thrusting his head into the door of the car. "Really, Judge," I remarked, "the time has passed more rapidly than I had supposed, and I am not half through with the topic I had charged my mind with."

Judge Packer—I am perfectly willing to spare you so much time as may be necessary to discuss questions relating to the campaign in this State, and to that extent you need not consider yourself trespassing. Beyond that I have at present no time to spare, without encroaching on the Sabbath, which I will not do.

are the sorrows of others." I longed to put my arms around her at that moment and say some loving word to her, she seemed to me so bankrupt of all true happiness; but I feared she might misunderstand me, or resent it, so I simply said, "Since you have asked me this question, and I have answered it, will you forgive me if I tell you that you do not seem happy to me? You appear so restless and disquieted; over and over again to-day you have made me think of your dance last night, and almost believe that you have been lured by the tarantula."