

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTAINE, PA.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven how the little child-angel May, in the shade of the great white portal, sat sorrowing night and day.

RETURNED.

THOMAS DE V. ENGLISH.

The wind is whistling out of doors—The wind has nothing else to do—The winter rain is pouring.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The world is full of pretenders. We are all pretenders, more or less. But it is not of such pretenders as these that I write—nor of real pretenders to thrones, which they or their ancestors have rightfully or wrongfully forfeited.

It was a time when men's political passions were violently excited, and it especially behooved me to be on my guard, lest the Gothamite journals, in their attacks on me with pen and ink, should inspire some lunatic or some ruffian with the happy idea of attacking me with a revolver.

They did persecute you—but, in consideration of your being the heir and representative of Charles Edward Stuart, will settle on you a very handsome pension.

"FINIS." Here our paths diverge forever—Parting now can give no pain, Fare thee well and if we never chance to meet in life again.

Hair Blanching from Bright. The question of human hair blanching in a single night from the effects of fear or great trouble has recently been investigated by Dr. Austin Flint.

All its of Paragraphs. —A two legged colt is the sensation in Chicago. —Divorce is called "Chicago bliss" in New York.