

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

WE BROTHERS BROWN.

BY HIRSH RICE.

We sing no songs of camps or kings, We write no love-orn stories...

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

So old John Dent was gone, and had left nothing. He had lived the life of a millionaire; he died the death of a beggar...

his face with his hands.—For some moments he sat in that position; then, rising, he walked the floor, exclaiming: "Tom Dent is a glorious fellow! His father is a glorious fellow..."

his voice. "As you say, it will do, till something better offers—and, as I must apply myself for a time in brushing up some of my knowledge, I beg you will excuse me..."

mat, uncle Tom," responded his nephew. "Well, yes, I rather flatter myself I should. I comprehended your good qualities, you see, from the first..."

rods up hill. Crawling on hands and knees through the narrow hole which admitted us into the interior, we soon found ourselves in the gloomy recesses of the temple...

All Sorts of Paragraphs. —To keep out of it—never go in. —Small pox is prevalent in New York City...