

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE NAMELESS DEAD.

Why do you wait, O winds? Why do you sigh, O Sea? It is remorse for the ships gone down, with this pillow shorn on the sea...

Shot in the Heart.

Formerly, when people asked me if I believed in ghosts, I answered no, emphatically. Now when I interrogated on the subject, I answer that I do not know what I do believe...

claim in one of the richest mining regions, and was going out with a party of miners to seek for gold. Some five years passed. I had married and settled down into a study man...

A Strange Story.

Three Thousand Confederates on the Dry Tortugas. The Abingdon Virginian contains the following communication, which is well calculated to excite profound interest...

Appalling Corruption of the Republican Party.

REPUBLICAN WITNESS ON THE STAND. General Don Piatt has one of his strong articles in the Cincinnati Commercial, in reply to General Comley, the Postmaster editor of the Columbus Journal...

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

ANY laps but a collapse. "Home brood"—The children. A BRILLIANT lady—a star across NOTES of admiration—love letters...

A Man at the Wash Tub, and a Woman at the Man.

A Sioux City (Iowa) reporter thus describes a sight he recently saw in that town. As an illustration of the progress of woman's rights in that section, it is interesting...

The Labor Congress.

The wholesale abuse heaped upon the Labor Congress that was recently in session at Cincinnati, by the Radical press, with hardly a single exception, ought to open the eyes of the workmen to the object of that party...

A CRED.

"What do you believe?" said a man to his neighbor. "Why, I believe the same as the Church believes."