

The Democratic Watchman.

BEAUFORTE PA.

The One In Heaven.

George D. Prentiss himself one of the most gifted of American journalists...

Loved one? though lost to human sight I find my way through gloom...

Who has seen the vision of the future? Who has seen the vision of the future?

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GRIGNON.

It was a pleasant event to my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon...

After a long night, which seemed interminable, morning dawned. As the light illumined the wide plain...

After a few hours, at about ten o'clock, ten or a dozen persons appeared over a rise in the distance...

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As the wretch fell shrieking from his horse the plain seemed to be alive...

with other Indiana. From behind every clump of trees, every hollow...

And now our companion, the conjurer, came out conspicuously. He had been once in the French army...

They waited till night. Night came. Our defenses were made. Our wagons were arranged more closely...

Shortly after dusk the tramp of thousands of hoofs shook the plain. Down upon us thundered the Indians...

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses, the sound moving away from us, and seeming to show that our enemies had retreated from the result...

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"You can't." The Indian's eyes flashed. The Indian hesitated a moment...

The Indian looked paralyzed. Grignon showed him how to fire it again. The Indian fired the other five shots...

"They may all shoot, if they choose," said Grignon, and saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols...

Light reports sounded in rapid succession. Grignon took up his hat and walked up to the Indians...

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon. They all expressed a wish to do so. "We'll hand me the pistols."

"You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me, too, and I swallowed them." "Swallowed them?" faltered the Indian...

When upon Grignon opened his mouth, and rolling back his eyes, he thrust his fingers and drew a passing arrow from his throat...

They all shrank back in horror. Grignon tossed the pistols, cartridges, and carbone over to us...

"What'll you have? Rum, brandy, gin, whisky, ale, porter, wine, or cider?" The Indian brightened up...

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully...

derstood or not, made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments being made in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that the present scene did not surprise me so much as it did my companions...

Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

Then they all knelt down. Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact...

At last a shout from Grignon, the charm was dispelled. They sprang back from one another and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver, as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them...

They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention...

They advanced toward them. They recoiled. He walked up nearer. They turned and ran toward their horses...

Grignon followed them but a short distance. Then he turned back and came into our enclosure.

A Slight Mistake.

Jim Ward is a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central railroad, running daily between Utica and Albany...

A short time since, when a train under his direction was on its way east from Utica, one of those interesting incidents occurred on board the train...

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went around with a hat, and in a short time a fund of money was collected...

Then arose a well of laughter. The men broke out first then the women, then they broke out together...

Why do monkeys in small menageries die so soon? Because they have been used to better clubs.

Many parents spoil their children by dressing them up when a good dressing down would do the most good.

My dear it is very wrong for young people to throw kisses. "Why, mamma, they don't hurt it they do."

Down East they call finger post "ministers," because they point the way to other people, but don't go themselves.

Why do schoolboys having their faces boxed resemble captured housebreakers? Because they are handcuffed.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

In-fancy free—lost children! The hook of drinking—Cog-mac. The poor man's story—the garret.

Do Seventh Day Baptists use eight day clocks? At what time was Adam married? When they don't shrink.

When are soldiers like good flannel? When they don't shrink. Proverb for a shower—Half a pail is better than no umbrella.

Why are presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with vagabonds. Will it wash?—Why is a hunch like an insult? Because she gets you collar.

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