

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., Sept. 30, 1892.

AUTUMN'S THANKSGIVING.

Summer is ended, the fair year is dying;
Hoses and lilies are broken and dead;
Southward the robins and thrushes are flying;

OLD BANJO AND BANJO'S BOB

This is a story of a horse and a man.
That it possesses in large measure
The element of truthfulness is not the fault
Of the writer.

Injuns, but I knowed he was good fer
forty mile more, an' begun gittin' him
ready. His backbone an' ribs didn't
stick out so free in them days, an' I
jest thought I would go it but he balked

of the silk, an' he knowed as well as
a human that he didn't ought to feel it.
It broke his heart right thur. He jest
gave a spring in the air an' come down
in a heap.

About Precious Stones.
Some Interesting Legends from the Distant Past.
A writer in the Paris Figaro says
The father of jewelry was Prometheus.

It was regarded as a sacred stone, and no-
body had a right to possess it except a
prince of imperial blood. Argerius Clau-
dianus, a famous physician in Amsterdam
at the time of the Renaissance, published
a work on the jade, or nephritic stone,

The World of Women.
"Green's forsaken.
Yellow's forsown.
Blue's the color
That must be worn."

Why He Was A General.

At a court sitting in Texas Gen. Smith
was called upon to testify.
"Gen. Smith," he was replied.
"Are you in the late war?"

Foiled Guilty of Murder.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., September 20.—
The coroner's jury to-day found that W.
Warner was guilty of the wilful murder
of Lizzie Peak, whose throat he cut on
Saturday night last while the girl, with
friends, was walking along a lonely road.

A Clever Woman and her Age.

A level headed woman who has bidden
goodby to the first bloom of her
youth, but is making out extremely
well on the aftermath, has successfully
solved the problem of quenching other
women's inquiries with regard to her
age.

Women are all anxious about their

new gowns, winter hats and etceteras
especially suitable for the cold weather
months that are coming. Every one
of us will have a jacket—not an outside
garment, mark you, but a little Figaro,
Evesham or Bolero in our best Sunday-
go-to-meeting gown.