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THE DEMOCRAT AND STAR, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY JACOBY & SHUMAN. TERMS—\$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editors. RATES OF ADVERTISING. ONE LINE CONSTITUTE A SQUARE. One square one or three insertions.....\$1 50 Every subsequent insertion less than 13.....50

WASHINGTON—LINCOLN. We can hardly look at it without thinking "cuss words" or invoking a healthy-sized "damn" on the second word of the fiendish brain conceived or whose hand executed the impious production of a diabolical ingenuity. It lies before us on the editorial desk, among papers and letters, clippings and scissored, weighing upon our vision, sickening our soul—like an ugly nightmare chasing away better thoughts and gentler emotions!

One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of Governments as is other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypotheses and opinions; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a Government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is in- cident management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a Government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is in-

A DANCE WITH AN INJUN. The Editor of the Vicksburg Herald at a Masquerade Ball—His own Account. On account perhaps of the manifold duties always pressing upon us, we have never learned to waltz—we have never placed our arm around a fragile, fairy, fleecy fluctuating form, and whirled around loose, but at the Grand Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball, on last Thursday night, we happened to express our regrets at this lamentable deficiency in our education, to a young, plump, fresh, and closely domineered Injun girl, while we were promeneading the vast hall with the luscious bumpsey-dumpey. She sweetly intimated that the hubbub of such an occasion, when a faux pas would scarcely be noticed, was the very best time in the world to learn. We would not acknowledge our name if we had backed out from such an offer, and, as a matter of course, we shyly requested her to afford us the sublimely perpendicular pleasure of a small lesson, merely for the purpose of getting acquainted with each other, and giving us a relish for our viaticals at supper. Sweet and gorgeous aborigine—without swearing she'd ne'er, consented—do so. Gently, delicately, fastidiously and timidly we placed our arm around her pliant waist—and almost waisted away. Her long, raven locks tickled our elbow. Thousands of millions of spotted beads vibrated and tinkled around her fairy form, as her bosom rose and fell to give them melody, like an Eolian harp upon the heaving sea. Her hand was in ours—as soft as a pussy cat's back, as she silently watches a mouse hole at the soft and witching hour of twilight. Her left foot was against our right boot. The gaudy feathers upon her moccasins tickled our manly knees. Our eyes met. Two soft and melting glances shot out of the holes in her domino—and coming together in the middle emitted sparks like the R. E. Lee rounding to at Williams' wharf boat on a dark night in the latter part of December. Music arose with its voluptuous swell and drew nearer to us—and we arose with our voluptuous swell and drew nearer until the female redman. Her warm breath was upon our fingers and her long raven hair went floppy-flop over our shoulder. We had not yet waltzed an inch, and we did not care a Confederate bond if we never moved from that spot, till the editor of the Vicksburg Herald joined the Sons of Temperance. We shook back our yellow locks, and immediately the odor of Martha Washington's Hair Restorative, for sale by Hardway & Co., and all respectable druggists. We bowed low our editorial head, and whispered in a voice whose dulcet and mellifluous notes would have melted the heart of a deputy constable—"Gorgeous child of the forest, whose ancestors discovered Columbus, would we were a glove upon that hand, that we might touch that cheek—would we were a pair of moccasins upon those feet, that we might caress thy corns—would we were a hank of yarn strung with beads, that we might encircle that form—would we were a long bunch of raven hair, that we might flop around that neck—would we were an open barrel of golden syrup, that thou might dip thy finger in us and lick it—would we were a coronet, that we might rest upon that brow—would we were a roll of greenbacks, that we might stay in thy pocket—would we were a brindle dog, that we might guard thy wigwam—would we were a big black rooster's tail, that we might dangle near thy face—would we were an Indian Chief."

Opera House Dutchman and His Ticket. In Chicago dwells a tautonic venter of lager beer and butzels, Broekmeyer by name, genial in disposition, immense of stomach, careful of money by nature, unsuspecting at heart, but yet liable to severe excitement at times. When the Opera House drawing came off he remained firm at his post of danger and gracefully handed out glasses of his amber colored beverage, two glasses for ten cents. Persons came and went. Passers by troubled with thirst saw in his beer much to admire and rushed in where angels feared to tread, drew their wallets, left their stamps, slaked their thirst and hurried on, while Broekmeyer's thrill grew rich in postal. A man passed that way who was poor—He was a newspaper man, we reckon. He was dry, but had not the keynote to lager in his pocket. He thirsted for beverage—he rushed in like one from Bull Run battle fields and gasped—"You drew it; you drew it; the Opera House is yours! You are the lucky Dutchman. The crowd at the Opera House is cheering for you!" "Mein Gott in Himmel; das is so; take some lager beer," and the excited teuton drew a pitcher full, shoved it to the face of the novelist, shouted "Mein Gott; mein Gott; I've drawn der Opera Ouse; drinks all der lager beer in dix blase for I moves der right away," jumped over a chair, knocked a coal stove endwise and minus hat or coat rushed to the Opera House. The man quenching his thirst from the pitcher; the crowd outside seeing the teuton running like mad, thought murder most foul had been committed; rushed in, learned the news, shouted to others, the seller of Dutchman stood behind the bar and with liberal hand dispensed beer, pretzels, bolognas, cigars, etc., and dispensed with the stamps therefor, till the crowd became so large he was tired out, when he left, and others helped the new comers at the expense of the man who had drawn the Opera House. But soon Linden saw another sight—his lager rolling rapidly! With a howl, a yell, a bound and a club there burst in upon the crowd, poor Broekmeyer. And this was his cause of complaint—"Mein Gott! Gott tam! Clear out your umbugs! Out. Nixcum arouse out of das! I preak mine head over de stick of dat tam Yankee vot makes me dat lie und loose my lager beer! Rouse mit im! I no draw Opera Ouse. I no draw notink. Oh you tam rascal! who preaks mine head mit his stick—who make told me dat tam unpu-pu-rouse mit all of you. I no draw Opera Ouse—I no draw notink—I no have lucky ticket—by tam I have no ticket for notink, und by tam I preak my head mit de sto-mack of dat Yankee umbug vot dells me das tam lie! Rouse mit you!" And with his club he soon cleared the premises, to find nary a cigar, nor a bologna, nor a pretzel, nor a drop of lager beer, nor a lucky ticket. Then he beked the doors, and went talking to himself, fixing up things, shaking up empty kegs and bottles, looking into drawers and boxes to find but vanity and emptiness! Those who saw him say that he looked sick, disconsolate, as he had occasion to damn those who had been there since he had been gone. Late in the day he was sitting outside his saloon, the door locked, looking for the man who made dat umbug, and telling those who stopped to condole with him—"Yes, by tam, dis Cheague is ter tyff. Dey draw me no Opera Ouse, but dey draw my lager beer as cost me more as two hundred tollars! Dey eats up mine cigars, dey schmoke my pretzels, und dat tam rascal vot makes me dat story goomies dis vay, I links I am so sick mit mad I do notinh, by tam!"—La Crosse Democrat.

A Melancholy Tragedy. The Hornigo, published in the town of Las Tunas, has the following paragraph: "A young man named Angel Rodriguez, eighteen years of age, was very much infatuated with his cousin Adeline, who had barely completed her fifteenth year. On Christmas night he stole her from the house of her parents, and carried her to a little hut about six miles distant. The following day the young lady's father, who had been searching for them, found them and carried them home. When they arrived, about midnight, and while the father left them for a moment to put up his horses, the young man proposed to the young lady that they should run away again, which she refused to do, when he suddenly drew a knife and stabbed her in the abdomen, exclaiming: 'with your father I will not have you,' after which he stabbed himself in the abdomen, and fearful that his wound would not prove fatal, inflicted another by drawing a knife across his throat, from which he died immediately. The young girl, wounded as she was, tried to prevent him, but unsuccessfully, and both were found on the floor covered with blood, clasped in each other's arms. After forty hours of horrible suffering the young lady departed this life, and was buried along side of her lover."

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. ON MAIN STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE, BLOOMSBURG, PA. THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new stove and tin shop, in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit customers. Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage. JACOB METZ, Bloomberg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

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Not on a slimy, creeping, loathsome serpent—not on some monstrous creation of imagination—not on a gibbering, grimacing devil—scorse that! The hand clasps the lean, gaunt, repulsive pictured form of Lincoln—the sombre wreath is poised above the mocking brow of the "late lamented," who "shuffled off this mortal coil," and departed for his eternal home, "wherever that home may be," by way of Ford's Theatre, Washington, and the politeness of one J. W. Booth!

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ESPY HOTEL. EsPY, Columbia Co., Pa. THE undersigned having become owner, in part, of this well known and conveniently located stand, respectfully informs his friends, and the public in general, that he has put it under the management of the accommodation of boarders, and for the reception and entertainment of travellers, who may feel disposed to favor it with their patronage. No expense has been spared in preparing this hotel for the entertainment of guests, and in furnishing, on his part, to assist in their personal comfort, and in all particulars, as well as the building, is a good one, and all together is amply arranged to please the public. ISRAEL MUMBY, EsPY, April 11, 1866.—1f.

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PLASTER FOR SALE. THE undersigned is about fitting up a PLASTER MILL at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST Novia Scotia White Plaster, prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next. J. K. GILSON, Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

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BOOT AND SHOE SHOP. OSCAR P. GILTON, Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, at the LOWEST Possible Prices; and at short notice, and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Gilton, (as is well known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of experience in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and is a good workman, and his work is always of the first quality. Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. K. Gilton's Store. Bloomsburg, Oct. 16, 1866.—2m

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FORKS HOTEL. GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor. THE above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customers and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. Wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "Mellony's") purchased direct from the vineyard, are of the purest quality, and free from all poisonous dross. It is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER, June 13, 1866.—1f.

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MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP. THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is now prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, and SHIP'S SHARPLESS' PUMPS, in Bloomsburg, where he has always been found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Thrashing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms. His long experience in the business, as far as in the shop of Lewis H. Mann of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work. GEORGE HASSELT, Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

YOUNG GRIMES. BY B. P. SHILLABER. Old Grimes is dead—that good old man, We ne'er shall see him more; But he has left a son who bears The name that old Grimes bore. He wears a coat of latest cut, His hat is new and gay; He cannot bear to view distress, 'So he turns from it away."

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INVENTOR'S OFFICES. D'EPINEUL & EVANS, Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors, No. 43 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. PATENTS solicited—Consultations on Engineering, Drafting and Sketching, Models and Machinery of all kinds made and skillfully attended to. Special attention given to REGISTERED CASES and INTERFERENCES. Analytical Copies of all Documents from Patent Office procured. H. E.—Save yourselves useless trouble and traveling expenses, as there is no actual need for personal interviews with us. All business with these Offices can be transacted by mail. For full information direct as above, with stamp enclosed for Circular with references. April 18, 1866.—1y.—J. W.

YOUNG GRIMES. BY B. P. SHILLABER. Old Grimes is dead—that good old man, We ne'er shall see him more; But he has left a son who bears The name that old Grimes bore. He wears a coat of latest cut, His hat is new and gay; He cannot bear to view distress, 'So he turns from it away."

Not on a slimy, creeping, loathsome serpent—not on some monstrous creation of imagination—not on a gibbering, grimacing devil—scorse that! The hand clasps the lean, gaunt, repulsive pictured form of Lincoln—the sombre wreath is poised above the mocking brow of the "late lamented," who "shuffled off this mortal coil," and departed for his eternal home, "wherever that home may be," by way of Ford's Theatre, Washington, and the politeness of one J. W. Booth!

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FALLON HOUSE. THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in LOCK HAVEN, Pa., property of E. W. Bigney, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he is now prepared to receive guests, with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage. J. T. ENKRIK, Lock Haven, Dec. 25, 1866.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Leah Pohl, late of Centre Township, deceased. Letters of administration on the estate of Leah Pohl, late of Centre Township, Columbia County, Pa., deceased, have been granted by the Register of said county, to Joseph Pohl, residing in the township and county aforesaid. All persons having claims on the estate are requested to present themselves for settlement, and those indebted to the estate will be required to pay forthwith to the administrator. JOSEPH POHL,

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