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THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

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HORRORS OF THE SCAFFOLD.

Hangings of Harden, the Murderer, at Tazewell Court House. We make the following extract from the correspondence of a Richmond, Va., paper, dated from Tazewell Court House, Va., 28 June: Benjamin F. Harden who murdered Bieme, of Kentucky, at this place, on the 15th of last April, suffered the extreme penalty of the law this day at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the presence of the largest crowd ever assembled within the limits of Tazewell county. The excitement throughout South-western Virginia, since the day of the murder, has been unparalleled by any other crime heretofore perpetrated in this county. Hundreds of rumors of the many murders, thefts, robberies and other crimes, have circulated from county to county, and from one section to another, but all fell short of his written confession, as well as his dying declarations made to the concourse this day, from the scaffold. Rev. Hazard Williams read a hymn— Before kneeling he repeatedly asked Harden to kneel, which he as often refused to do. Mr. Williams then offered a most fervent prayer in his behalf, in which he showed how deeply he realized the awful situation of the poor criminal. Harden then arose and said he would address the assembly— did not know that he had but one friend in the immense multitude. The preacher requested all who felt any sympathy, in a moral point of view, to hold up their hands. All, as far as could be seen by the writer, immediately raised their hands. When, to the astonishment of the assembly, he (Harden) declared that he did not believe them. Harden then spoke for some twenty or thirty minutes, in which he contradicted his written confession, as well as other verbal statements made; also, accusing two highly respectable witnesses of giving evidence in court against him, which was not true, and, at the same time, convincing his hearers that preparation and erroneous statements remain entirely with himself. All that was really good in his whole ranting and unaccounted herange, was his advice to both old and young, to avoid bad company, sporting, and ardent spirits; the latter article he declared most emphatically, had brought him to his ignominious end. He also advised the young people to obey their parents, and they would ever be on the right track. Major H. R. Boye now proceeded to pin his arms and legs, adjust the rope around his neck, and then drew over his head the ominous white cap. All now left the scaffold, while Harden stood, as he had through the entire scene, calm, cool and unemotional, save a few tears at the commencement of his dying speech, as if he had an hundred years to live. Major Boye with one stroke of the axe, cut the rope that held the trap. His body descended rapidly and Harden lay upon the ground, apparently dead, completely stunned, and nearly choked to death, the rope breaking when it passed through the ring. A serenade of honor ascended from a number of families some distance on the hill. The loud cry of order, stand back, &c., of the mounted and other guard around the gallows, the rush of the crowd outside the enclosure, created a scene never to be forgotten by the thousands of spectators that witnessed the cold water and other restorative being administered by Drs. Gillespie, Ward and others, in attendance. In less than thirty minutes Harden, with slight assistance, was able once more to ascend the scaffold. The Rev. Mr. Williams again bowed and entreated him to pray—to ask God forgiveness—to all such entreaties he remained unmoved, and finally silenced all further efforts in his behalf by declaring that as he 'could not forgive his enemies he could not ask forgiveness,' he 'would die and go to eternal torment.' Again he was bound, the fatal knot adjusted, the white cap, so ominous of a speedy launch to 'that bourne from whence no traveler returns,' drawn over his face. Once more Major Boye severed the rope sustaining the scaffold, the trap falls, and the body of Benjamin F. Harden was dangling between Heaven and earth. He did not struggle much, and after remaining the usual time suspended, he was taken down and buried some hundred yards above the gallows, where now rests all that is mortal of one whose greatest pride seemed to be to die 'game,' and let the world cavil and wrangle as they may—all must admit that he carried out his petty principle with a stoical indifference to death, and all beyond that dread event. Let us draw a veil over all further history and speculations of the poor criminal. The outraged law is satisfied, and to his God, before whom he now stands, and to Him alone he is accountable. A South Danvers schoolboy has written the following composition on his native town. 'South Danvers is in the United States. It is bounded by Salem and reaches to Middletown. Its principal river is Goldsmith's brook, which empties into Salem harbor. Its principal lake is the mill pond, which is dry in summer. Its principal productions are leather, onions, the South Church and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship nothing.'

How Old Jake Won the Cheese.

Some years since I was employed as a warehouse clerk in a large shipping house in New Orleans, and, while in that capacity, the following funny scene occurred: One day a vessel came in, consigned to the house, having on board a large lot of cheese from New York. During the voyage some of them had become damaged by bilge water (the ship had become leaky); consequently the owners refused to receive them. They were, therefore, sent to the consignees of the ship, to be stowed until the case could be adjusted. I discovered, a few days afterwards, that as to perfume they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in the middle of June, and reported the same to my employers, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled, and send all that were passable to Coard and Calhoun's auction mart (then in the old Camp Street Theatre), to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to the swamp. I got a gang of black boys to work on them, and when they stirred 'em up, he the bones of Moll Kelsey's quart pot! but the smell was so strong and so offensive, that I kept a respectable distance, but I love me, for strong niggers and strong cheese on a hot day in June, just bangs all common sense, including a certain 'varmint' we read about. Presently the boys turned out an immense fellow about three feet six inches 'across the stump,' from which the box had rotted, in the center a space about ten inches was very much decayed, and appeared to be about the consistency of mush, of bluish tint—caused by the bilge water. The boys had just set it up on its edge on a bale of gummy-logs, when I noticed over the way a big darkey (then on sale) from Charleston S. C., who was notorious for his butting propensities, having given most of the niggers in that vicinity a taste of his quality in that line. I had seen him and another fellow, the night previous, practicing; they would stand one on each side of a hydrant some ten yards distant, and run at each other with their heads lowered, and clapping their hands upon the hydrant they would butt like veteran rams. A thought struck me that I might cure him of his bagging and butting, and at the same time have some fun, so I told the boys to keep dark, and I called old Jake over. 'They tell me you are a great fellow for butting, Jake.' 'I is sun, Massa, dat a fact—I done but, de wool 'tired off ob ole Peter's head last night, and Massa Nichols was gwine to gib me some. I kin jist bang the head off any nigger in dese parts, myself—I kin.' 'Well, Jake, I've got a little job in that line for you, when you haven't anything else to do.' 'I is on hand for all den kin ob jobs, my self, I is.' 'Well, you see that large cheese back there.' 'O-o-o-o! de Lor! Mass—took 'em off. 'O-o-o-o! bress de Lor!—Lif 'um up! Gur amighty! I—' 'Meanwhile, I was nearly dead, myself, having laid back on a cotton bale holding myself together to keep from bursting while the boys stood round old Jake paying him off. 'De Lor! how de nigger's bress smell! You done't clean your self, old Jake!' 'I say, you don't make more dan four times dat han', did you, old boss.' 'Well, you is a nasty nigger, dat a fact!' 'Well, you is de biggest kin ob Welsh Rabbit—you is!' 'What you got your hat-grease?' 'And thus the boys run old Jake—now half smothered—when I took compassion on him, and told them to take it off. Jake didn't stay to claim his prize, but put out growling. 'Gor-amighty! done got sole dat time. I's a case ob yellow fever—I is myself! Old Jake was never known to do any more butting in that vicinity after that. Old Dr. A—, was a quack, and a very ignorant one. On one occasion he was called by mistake, to attend a council of physicians in a critical case. After considerable discussion, the opinion was expressed by one that the patient was convalescent. When it came to Dr. A—'s turn to speak: 'Convalescent!' said he; 'Why that's nothing serious: I have cured Convalescence in twenty-four hours!'

The Kind Hearted Tanner.

The following incident is so beautiful and touching that it should be read in every home hold in the country. It develops the true, active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, making his first step in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of this sublime trait in the character of the kind-hearted Quaker. William Savery, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his Tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, called John Smith. Next week the following advertisement appeared in the newspaper. 'Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him more peace of mind.' This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew who made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the Tanner's family were retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up, he said: 'I have brought these back, Mr Savery, where shall I put them?' 'Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee, he replied, then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee.' As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said: 'Mr. Smith, I thought some hot supper might be good for thee.' He turned his back towards her, did not speak. After leaving against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choking voice, 'It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't ought to think that I should come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling.— Since I began to go down everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say, it was the first time I was ever a thief.' 'Let it be the last, my friend,' replied William Savery. 'The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time.— Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ the to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy.— When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary and she will give it to thee.' The poor fellow tried to eat and drink but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and the host parted with him for the night with the friendly words: 'Try to do well John and thou wilt always find a friend in me.' John entered into his employment the next day, and remained with him many years a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

WHO TAUGHT THEM.

Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool, and hay, and moss? Who taught her how to weave it neat, And lay the twigs across? Who taught the busy bee to fly, Among the sweetest flowers? And lay her store of honey by, To eat in winter hours? Who taught the little ant the way The narrow hole to bore? And, through the pleasant summer's day, To gather up her store? 'Twas God who taught them all the way, And gave their little skill, And teaches children, if they pray, To do His holy will. A Mexican Wedding. In a letter recently received by a gentleman from a friend in Mexico, occurs the following description of a marriage in that country: I must try and give you an idea of a Mexican wedding. In the first place when the man wishes 'to pop the question' it must be done in writing, and sent, not to the girl, but to the parents. If the man happens to take the 'nether a'ee,' as Burns says this letter is shown to the girl, who decides the question. Should her answer be in the affirmative, the suitor receives a gentle hint that a 'lady's wardrobe is wanted,' so the sooner the gentleman looks after one the better for his cause. He must by some means or other find out the size of the lady's feet, and get her a pair of shoes; he must get her a hat, veil, gown, hoops, shawl, and I don't know what. When he appears with this pile of merchandises he receives the much-desired 'yes,' from the young woman's own lips. Then the Alcalde or Mayor of the town must be sent for, also all the girl's relatives, every one of them; before this crowd the man must confess that he loves the woman and wants to marry her, and the Alcalde then gives his permission. This constitutes the incipient married state, the finishing touches are to be put on by the priest. Upon the arrival of that dread and revered personage, the whole affair is commenced over by him; he eyes his victim, baptizes him, after which ceremony, the priest of course becomes anxious as to the 'fee.' The man has now to settle this piece of business to the satisfaction of a 'ministerial agent,' when he is soon afterwards married according to the rites of the Roman Church. The expenses of the poor bridegroom are not over yet; he must give a feast; he must give a ball also, all of which costs a great deal of money. There is music to pay for, candies, whisky, wine, sugar-plums, meat, coffee, sugar, bread, so that by the time the festivities come to a close the poor fellow is nearly ruined, the relatives of the girl eat him out of house and home, and leave him and his wife to live on love. Unfortunate and misguided youth! How many years has he to live to repent in? The Jersey Poet 'Rocked to Sleep.' The Newark Evening Courier, which first put forth the claim of Mr. A. M. Ball, of New Jersey, to the authorship of Mrs. Aber's beautiful poem of 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother,' has been convinced of its error by the fact that Ball himself admits, in a humiliating letter to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, that in 1865 he appropriated that lady's poem, 'A Still Day in Autumn,' which written twelve years previously. The Courier in copying this letter says: 'Comment on the above letter is unnecessary. The inevitable verdict will be—he who steals one woman's verses will steal another's. And more than this, he is by his representations or misrepresentations alone responsible for the wrong and injustice heaped upon the head of a gifted and innocent woman by the press of the country. This wrong will of course be righted as far as possible by those journals instrumental in inflicting it, but such an atonement will hardly repay her for the keen mortification she must have suffered in thus being paraded before the public as a plagiarist and liar. By his own confession, Mr. Ball has shown himself to be a literary offender of no common sort, and we wash our hands of him and his 'claims' heretoforth.' It is somewhat amusing that Ball's claim was persistently urged by the literary critics of such journals as the Nation, Review, Tablet, Tribune and Times of New York, who of course must now be quite abashed at the ridiculous game of 'base Ball' they have been playing. It will be refreshing to see with what justice they can make amends to the lady whom they so grossly wronged. At all events the New Jersey poet is effectually 'Rocked to Sleep' in this instance, and by a little further self-investigation that individual may possibly convince himself that he is no poet at all, but only a dreary plagiarist of poetic effusions of others.—Boston Transcript. THE WILL OF THE DRUNKARD.—I die a wretched sinner; and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory only fit to perish. I leave to my parents sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives. I leave to my brothers and sisters shame and grief, and reproach of their acquaintances. I leave to my wife a widowed and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling and suffering. I leave to my children a tainted name, a ruined position; a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father who by his life disgraced humanity, and at his premature death joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of God. 'I never knew but one woman,' said Sir Robert Wapole, 'whom I could not bribe with money. It was lady S—, and she took diamonds.'

The Profligates of Congress.

The Rochester Union, referring to Birmingham's charge that Schenck was drunk, says: 'Schenck is a fair specimen of the majority of our rulers in Congress. A more profligate and demoralized set of men than the senators and representatives in the present Congress never assembled at the national Capitol. We have the evidence of Col. Piatt, one of the leaders of the Republican party in Ohio, that a committee of the House at the last session ascertained that a high officer of the government had robbed the public treasury of a million dollars, but smothered the matter for the time being lest it 'affect the next elections.' In the New York Herald's recently published account of a long interview with Thad Stevens at Lancaster, the latter, in explaining why he was finally induced to accept the Sherman reconstruction Bill, is quoted as follows: 'Some men had their wives at Washington and their women at home, and their wives at home, and it was impossible to keep them together. The bill was not all we wanted, but it was the best we could get, and so we passed it.' 'Mack' the well known correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, boldly makes the following charges, which he stands ready to substantiate: 'It can be shown that members of Congress own stock in the street railroads of Washington for which they never paid a cent, or rendered any other return than their votes for the acts of incorporation, and their subsequent acts to authorize the increase of fare from five to seven cents. It can be shown that the two houses have been, time and again, influenced by the paltry consideration of free passes in their votes upon matters affecting the greatest railroad monopolies in the country. 'It can be proven that members of Congress have appeared in their seats as the attorneys for railroad corporations. 'It can be proven that the members of the two houses were directly bribed for their votes on the whiskey tax two years ago. 'It can be proven that senators positively agreed to confirm Mr. Cowan as Minister to Austria last winter, if he would help Mr. Johnson to appoint their relatives to office. 'All of these things and a hundred more can be proven to the satisfaction, if the opportunity be but presented. The man who makes these charges is a Republican, and the paper which prints them is Republican. The men charged with corruption are the immaculate patriots who sacrifice themselves upon the altar of their country by consenting to serve in Congress that the government may be kept out of the hands of 'copperheads,' and who propose to turn the President out of office for misbehavior! METHOD.—A lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recollect and recite more of the matter of his sermons than of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this, but she thought the fact worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he could explain the cause. 'I happened,' he said, 'to make a particular point of classifying my topics—it is a hobby of mine to do so; and therefore I never composed a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose, madam, that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items and suppose you said: 'Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee, too, by the by; and some powder-blue; and don't forget a few light cakes, and a little starch, and some sugar; and, I think of it, soda'—you would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two articles. But if your commission ran thus: 'Now, Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea, therefore bring a supply of tea and coffee, and sugar and light cakes, and then the next day, you know, is washing day, so that we shall want soap and starch, and soda and powder-blue; it's most likely she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermons.'

NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE), BLOOMSBURG, PA. THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new STORE AND TIN SHOP, in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TINWARE of all kinds, and to do repairs on old tinware with neatness and dispatch, and on the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOCKS of various patterns of tinware, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers. Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the confidence of his customers. JACOB METZ, Bloomsburg, Sept. 8, 1866—17.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned has just fitted 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 store of Strawn street, Bloomsburg, Jan. 21, 1867. J. S. MENNICH.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GILTON, Respectfully informs the public, that he is now prepared to manufacture and repair all styles of BOOTS AND SHOES, at the LOWEST Possible Prices; at short notice and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Gilton, has well known in Bloomsburg, for his many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing. His place of business on South East Corner of Main and Lion streets, over J. K. Gilton's Store, Bloomsburg, Oct. 19, 1866—24.

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well known hotel has recently undergone a thorough renovation, and is now prepared to receive and accommodate all classes of guests, and to furnish the public with the accommodations of the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. He will also receive (except that popular beverage known as 'Alewives') purchased direct from the importing houses, at the lowest price, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER, June 12, 1866—14.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public that he has fitted up a shop to create all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to attend to all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short all kinds of Farming Machinery. Also, MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms, as far as the shop of Lewis H. Moss of this place, for over nine years, was able to say that he has given entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work. GEORGE BASSERT, Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the 'Fallon House,' in Lock Haven, Pa., property of E. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintance, and the public generally, that he intends to 'keep a House,' with the accommodations of a first class Hotel, and handily selects his patronage. Last of the Madison House, Philadelphia. Lock Haven, Dec. 5, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the makers of the 'Spring and Summer' Stock of MILLINERY GOODS, consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her stock are of the best quality and among the most handsome and elegant in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves. Her newly made articles are in every style, and her examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the latest styles, and every article they meet on Main Street, 24 or 26 below the store of W. H. Hunsberger & Co. Bloomsburg, May 9, 1866—14.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER, Main Street, below the 'American House,' BLOOMSBURG, PA. Wholesale and Retail, and full stock to the home and foreign trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices. THE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCO, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of SMOKING TOBACCO, Pipes, Meerschaum and Best Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade. His stock is of the best quality and among the most handsome and elegant in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves. Her newly made articles are in every style, and her examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the latest styles, and every article they meet on Main Street, 24 or 26 below the store of W. H. Hunsberger & Co. Bloomsburg, May 9, 1866—14.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Prescriptions, at John R. Meyer's Drug Store, corner of Main and Market Streets. A good stock of all the latest and most popular medicines, and every article they meet on Main Street, 24 or 26 below the store of W. H. Hunsberger & Co. Bloomsburg, May 9, 1866—14.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

We are taught to love; from childhood's years, To love our neighbors as ourselves; My earliest articles of faith, Was love for human kind, To love my neighbor as myself Is Christian-like, they say, And if I love my neighbor's wife, How can I help it pray?

The Golden Rule I strive to heed, Wherever I may be, And to do others as I would, That they should do to me; And so one day I thought 'twere well If I this precept tried, And filled with generous thought I took My neighbor's wife to ride.

But ah! this kind and simple act, Gave rise to slanders high; A host of furious tongues assailed My neighbor's wife and I, We are taught to share with liberal hearts The blessings that we prize— To smile with others when they smile, And dry the mourner's eyes.

And when one day I chanced to find My neighbor's wife in tears, I whispered words of sympathy With her listening ears; I drew her trembling form to mine, And kissed her tears away; The act was seen; I lo! there was The very denuce to pay.

Ah! ah! 'tis passing strange— I'm sure I can't see through it; I'm told to love with all my heart, Then blamed because I do it; The precept that I learned in youth, Whil'ling to me through life: I love to love my neighbor, and I'm sure I love his wife.

A MAN ATTACKED BY A LION.

A PERFORMANCE NOT IN THE BILLS. Last night, during the performance of Messrs. Thayer & Noyes' great circus and collection of wild animals, a frightful accident occurred. At the termination of the circus a den containing four lions was dragged into the ring. Mr. Charles White was then introduced and fearlessly entered the cage and commenced performing with these brutes. The performance consists of the lions jumping through hoops and over barriers, and concluded with Mr. White feeding the animals with raw meat out of his hands. The performance went smoothly along for several minutes, when it was observed that one of the lions a vicious looking fellow, seemed loth to do his part, and White commenced punishing him with his whip. This so enraged the beast that he sprang upon Mr. White, felling him to the floor of the cage, and setting his jaws into his body, as though he intended to eat the fellow up. It was very soon noticed that a part of the programme was being enacted not advertised in the bills. The canvas was filled to its utmost, many ladies being present. Then commenced a scene which baffles description. The roaring of the lions, and the screaming women was more than the stoutest heart could stand. Men who bravely the danger of the battlefield and saw death in its every form turned pale and trembled. In a few seconds it was noticed that Nero, a noble lion, rushed forward to the rescue of his keeper, and in the meantime Messrs. Thayer & Noyes with a few of their attaches, rushed to the cage armed with bars of iron, axes and everything that was conveniently near and commenced beating the brute from off his keeper. In this they soon succeeded, and Mr. White was taken bleeding from the lion's den, and carried to the National Hotel, where he now lies in a very critical situation. Dr. White was called in to dress Mr. Whites wounds. His right shoulder is most horribly mangled by the sharp teeth and ponderous jaws of the excited and furious beast.— Rochester Union, 5th ult.

AN HONEST ANSWER.—Recently a clergyman was preaching in Belfast when a young man in the congregation, getting weary of the sermon, looked at his watch. Just as he was in the act of examining his time piece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. 'You say you are a watchman, how is it with you?' Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater bawled out in hearing of nearly all the congregation, 'A quarter past eight.' As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was much disturbed for a time.

An eccentric man in Bath, Me., was asked to aid a foreign mission. He gave a quarter of a dollar, but stopped the agent as he was departing, and said—'here's a dollar to pay the expense of getting the quarter to the heathen.'

'WHEN was Rome built?' inquired a school inspector. 'In the night,' said he, 'How do you make that out?' 'Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day.'

What is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed out and the other is hollowed in.

Once at a coronation scene, a person who was impressed with the majesty of human sovereignty, said to a gentleman beside him: 'Our emperor is very great.' The gentleman replied, 'But God is greater.' 'Yes,' said the spokesman, 'but the emperor is young yet.'

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn she said: 'Mr. Smith, I thought some hot supper might be good for thee.'

He turned his back towards her, did not speak. After leaving against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choking voice, 'It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't ought to think that I should come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling.— Since I began to go down everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say, it was the first time I was ever a thief.'

Let it be the last, my friend,' replied William Savery. 'The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time.— Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ the to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy.— When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary and she will give it to thee.'

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and the host parted with him for the night with the friendly words: 'Try to do well John and thou wilt always find a friend in me.'

John entered into his employment the next day, and remained with him many years a sober, honest, and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.