

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT. Published every Saturday Morning, by LEVI L. TATE. In Bloomsburg, Columbia Co., Pa. Office.—In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House, "Democratic Head Quarters."

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL. DOCTOR JOHNSON, THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and effectual remedy in the world for all kinds of Nervous, Scurvy, Pains in the Joints, Constitutional Debility, Impotence, Weakness of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those various and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroy health, body and mind.

Marriage. Married persons of sound and temperate minds, who are aware of physical weakness, organic disease, debility, &c., should immediately consult Dr. Johnson, and in the most judicious manner, who will give them the most effectual remedy in the world for all kinds of Nervous, Scurvy, Pains in the Joints, Constitutional Debility, Impotence, Weakness of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those various and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroy health, body and mind.

Valuable Real Estate. By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, John K. Kist, Executor of John Kline, deceased, with an

A TRACT OF LAND. The west end of the farm adjoining lands of Jacob Ash on the north, the heirs of Benjamin Hayman, deceased, on the east and north, and Samuel Rohn on the west, containing

Valuable Real Estate. By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Solomon Seyward, Administrator of Benjamin Hayman, deceased, with an

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NOTICE. In the matter of the German Reformed Church in Bloomsburg. TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Take Notice that the undersigned, having been appointed by the Synod of the German Reformed Church in Bloomsburg, to examine the records of the said church, and to report thereon to the next meeting of the Synod, he has the honor to inform you that he has examined the same, and that he has found them to be correct and conformable to the regulations of the Synod.

BLOOMSBURG. CABINET WAREHOUSES. The undersigned respectfully invites the attention of all who are in want of a variety of upholstered chairs, sofas, and other articles of furniture, to his warehouse, where he has on hand a large assortment of the most fashionable and durable goods, at the lowest prices.

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A Beautiful Story. A FORTUNATE RUIN.

George Ballerton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man of six and twenty, tall and slim of frame, with a face of exceeding intellectual beauty, and dressed in costly garments, though his toilette was but indifferently performed. He was an orphan, and for some years had boarded at the hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble as though with some powerful emotion.

and was admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes, Mary Wilton entered. She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be George Ballerton's wife.

Some words were spoken—many moments of profound silence ensued.

"Mary you know all—I am going upon the sea. I am going to work for my living. I am going forth from my native land a beggar. I cannot stay long now. Mary, did I know you less than I do—or, knowing you well, did I know you as I do now—I should give you back your vows, and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample upon your heart did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say—wait—wait!"

"But why wait? Have I not enough?" "—ah! You know not what you say. There are other feelings in the human heart besides love. That love is a poor, profless passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work. Ay, upon the sea to work!"

"But why upon the sea? Why away where my poor heart must ever beat in anxious hope and doubt as it follows thee?" "Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I shunned them because I was proud. They know not that it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I shunned. They gloat over my misfortune. Men may call me foolish; but it would kill me to stay here."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully "That Charles Rowland could have done that thing, I would not, could not have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me that Rowland was shaky, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it—But only think: when my father died he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Charles Rowland was, and in his hands he placed all his wealth, for him to keep until I should become of age. And when I did arrive at that period of life, I left my money where it was. I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years has Rowland asked me to take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him keep it, and use it as he wished. I only asked him that, when I wanted money, he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in a bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?" "How much of mine?" "Yes."

"He should have had a hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean to do?" "Ah! you have me on the lip there."

"And yet you must do something, George. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor—none of that!" "But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts; but beyond that I can only assist you to help yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark.

"I should make a smart hand at sea, doctor! I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no—I must—"

"Must what?" "Must what?" "Must what?" "Must what?"

"Alas! I know not. I shall die—that's all!" "Nonsense, George. I say, go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you wouldn't if you could. You do not wish to remain here amid the scenes of your happier days. Think of it. At sea you would be free from all sneers of the heartless, and free from all contact with things you loathe. Think of it."

George Ballerton started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him.

"If I went to sea, what should I do?" "You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes. You know I had a thorough schooling at sea in my father's counting-house."

"Then you can have the birth of a superior cargo?"

"Are you sure I can get one?" "Yes."

"And the salary?" "Two thousand dollars."

"Doctor John Claudius Allyn, I will go!"

George Ballerton walked one evening to the house of the wealthy merchant, Andrew Wilton. It was a palatial dwelling, and many a hopeful, happy hour had he spent beneath his roof. He rang the bell,

and in a few minutes, Mary Wilton entered. She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be George Ballerton's wife.

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eight and twenty, and few who knew him two years before would recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his cheeks full and plump, his frame stout and strong, and erect like a forest chief. His muscular system was nobly developed, and men were few who could stand before him in trials of physical strength. When he first left the city, two years before, he had weighed just one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois. He now brought up the beam fairly at one hundred and seventy-six—surely he was a new man in every respect.

On the afternoon of the third day, as he entered his hotel, one of the waiters handed him a letter. He opened it and found it from Mr. Wilton. It was a request that he would be at the merchant's house at 9 o'clock that evening.

"George," said the doctor, after the young man had given a full account of his adventures, "I should think you would almost forgive poor Rowland for having made off with your fortune?"

"Forgive him?" returned George; "oh, I did that in the first place!" "Well, George," resumed the doctor, "Mr. Rowland is here. Will you see him?"

"See him? See Charles Rowland? Of course I will."

The door was opened, and Mr. Rowland entered. He was an elderly man, but hale and hearty.

The old man and young shook hands, and then inquired after each other's health.

"You received a note from me, some two years ago," said Mr. Rowland, "in which I stated that one in whom I had trusted had got your money and mine with it."

"Yes, sir," whispered the youth.

"Well," resumed Rowland, "Doctor Allyn was the man. He had your money."

"How? What?" gasped George, gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy," said the doctor, while a variety of emotions seemed to work within his bosom. "I was the villain. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin, my boy. And now listen, and I'll tell you why."

"I saw that you were dying; your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon you—not a regular pulmonary affection, but a wasting away of the system for the want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly, but surely, eating its way from the cords that bound it to earth. I knew that you could be cured; and I knew too that the only thing that would cure you was to throw you upon your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you made an exertion from the very fact that you looked upon exertion as worse than death. It was a strange state of both body and mind. Your large fortune rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while that fortune remained. Had it been wholly a bodily malady, I could have argued you into the necessary work for a cure. And, on the other hand, had it been wholly a mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew that you must either work or die."

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you were my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true pride of independence that you would not depend upon others. I knew that if you were forced to do it you would work. I saw Rowland, and told him my plans. I assured him that if he could contrive to get you to sea, and make you start out into active life for the sake of life, you could be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and bade him clear out. You know the rest. And now tell me, boy; if I give you back your fortune, will you forgive me? Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Poor Rowland has suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame, as he sees it to-night. And now, George, are we forgiven?"

It was full an hour before all questions of the happy friends could be asked and answered; and when the doctor and Rowland had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr. Wilton said—"Wait!"

He left the room, and when he returned he led sweet Mary by the hand.

Late in the evening, after the hearts of our friends had begun to grow tired with joy, George asked Mary how much longer she was willing to wait. Mary asked her father, and the answer was—

"Two weeks!"

"Two weeks!"

Kentucky Riflemen. The renown which Kentucky riflemen have obtained for precision and skill in handling the rifle has become world wide, and excited the attention and wonder of warriors of other nations. In battle they have stood as cool and collected, although the first time in action, as the oldest veterans in Europe; pouring in their deadly fire with unerring aim.

"I shot that officer," exclaimed a rifleman, as he saw an officer fall at New Orleans.

"I shot him in the right eye," replied the other rifleman.

"And I shot him in the left eye," was the response.

After the battle, it was found that an officer had been shot in both eyes. This unerring precision can only be obtained by long practice and thorough drilling.

At the first settlement of the State, they were compelled to be constantly under arms, as it were, to guard against the wild Indian and murderous tomahawk. As the father, so the child grew up, taught in earliest infancy possible, to poise the rifle and direct its aim. As ammunition was not always convenient to be had, the father would take out to his son a certain number of cartridges for his rifle, for each of which he must bring home some sort of game, or get a taste of hickory for every missing shot.

Many years ago I was conversing with my father on the wonderful skill of the Kentuckians, when he related the following anecdote:

"I was out in the wilds of Kentucky, some years before the war, on a surveying expedition and had an opportunity of studying the character of the early settlers for a considerable length of time. It became necessary for me to stop a few days at a log tavern, and to while away the time I took my rifle and explored the woods for game, of which there was an abundance.

"The landlord had a little son, about ten years of age, who accompanied me with his rifle, and always had extremely good luck. On one occasion the fates seemed adverse to him, for perceiving a squirrel on a very high branch of a tree, he up with his rifle and blazed away, and down came the squirrel. The look of dismay with which he viewed the game, I shall never forget. Dropping the butt of his rifle on the ground, he burst into tears. In the utmost surprise, I inquired what the matter was. He answered—

"Daddy! I shot me!" "Lick you! what for?" "Because I didn't hit him in the head."

I soothed him all I could, but the day's pleasure was over. On returning to the tavern I interceded for him all in my power to save him from the hickory, but it was of no use; the application must be made, if only for example.

"No, no, stranger; if I let him off I break a standing rule of our State. I was never let off, and what is good for me is good for him. He must shoot right or put up with what he gets."

The hickory was applied, but no bones were broken. Such training as that, which was universal in those parts, tells the secret of Kentucky rifle shooting.

Daring Balloon Ascent at Albany.—Narrow Escape.—Professor Marion made a balloon ascent from Albany on Thursday. At the first attempt the balloon struck against a tree and was badly torn. The Journal, however, says:

The rents were at once sewn up, and considerably excited, the Professor determined to try again. He cut loose the basket, tied the suspension ropes in a knot together, and seating himself on the knot, clinging with his hands to the ropes, away in his critical position, he went, leaving ballast, grapnels and every thing else behind, and rose with considerable rapidity, having for his support the cords pendant from the balloon. It was really a fearful sight to see him clinging to the little network of cords which alone interposed between him and certain destruction. When about two hundred feet up, in attempting to change his position, he appeared to lose his hold, and pitched head downward, as though about dashing to earth, which caused a thrill of horror to the spectators. It was at this time he lost his cap. He however recovered himself, and the ascent to quite a distance was grand, when the balloon took a southerly direction, and the last seen of it was at the hill back of Greenbush. He landed in a swamp five miles beyond Sand Lake, having travelled fifteen miles. He almost perished with cold, and was taken to a farmer's house, where he was kindly cared for.

The Flowers are faded and gone. Yes, the flowers have faded, and passed away, and there is nothing left but withered stalks and dead leaves. So some home flowers that in the spring-time shone and glittered in our homes, like diamonds of transparent brilliancy, have since faded and died. There is a vacuum to many, how many hearts, that cannot be filled.—A seat is vacant at the table and the altar, and a tear gathers in our eye, as we listen in vain for the accustomed step and gentle voice, and with yearning hearts long to grasp once more the hand now cold in death, once more to meet the affectionate look, and press our lips to those now sealed until the resurrection morn.

We miss our flowers, our best flowers.—O, yes, we miss them, miss them in the morning, miss them all day, and when night comes, and we gather around the evening fireside and see the vacant seat, and do not hear the loved voice, then we miss them. O, how much!

But look! do you not see? our flowers have been transplanted to a fairer climate. They are blooming now beside the Eden stream. The Father's hand plucked them, and "He death all things well." Then let us weep no more, since our flowers are not lost, only taken by our kind Father's hand to a brighter, better home, to bloom in immortal freshness, beside the living stream.

Cold Winter is approaching.