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These terms will be strictly adhered to hereafter. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have retorted the bills and made due acknowledgment.

JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute, in the neatest style, every variety of Printing.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. R. HILBUSH, SURVEYOR AND CONVEYANCER. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Mahoning, Northumberland County, Penn'a. Office in Jackson township. Engagements can be made by letter, directed to the above address. All business entrusted to his care, will be promptly attended to.

ROCKEFELLER & ROHRBACH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

OFFICE opposite the Court House, near the residence of Judge Jordan. Sunbury, July 1, 1867—ly

HILL & WOLVERTON, ATTORNEYS AND COLLECTORS AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

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EDWIN A. EVANS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

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JEREMIAH SNYDER, ATTORNEY AND COLLECTOR AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

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JNO. KAY CLEMENT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

Office opposite the Court House, near the residence of Judge Jordan. Sunbury, July 1, 1867—ly

JACOB SHIPMAN, AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT, SUNBURY, PENNA.

Office opposite the Court House, near the residence of Judge Jordan. Sunbury, July 1, 1867—ly

W. J. WOLVERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PENNA.

Office opposite the Court House, near the residence of Judge Jordan. Sunbury, July 1, 1867—ly

ALL COALS!!! COALS!!! PA. T. & BROTHERS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in WHITE & RED ASH COAL.

AGENTS, Westport of the Celebrated Henry and Lower Waip, Sunbury, Pa. 1867.

LENTINE DIETZ, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER in every variety of

NTHRACITE COAL, Upper White, Sunbury, Penn'a. Orders directed and filled with promptness and accuracy. May 12, 1867—ly

BOUITY FOR SOLDIERS. We make arrangements in Washington City, to pay bounty to soldiers under the act of Congress.

COBOBECK MERCHANT TAILOR, And Dealer in THE CASIMERE, VESTING, &c. on street, south of Weaver's Hotel. SUNBURY, PENNA.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY H. B. MASSER & CO., SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENN'A.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4, NO. 2.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 28, NO. 2.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

The following are the rates for advertising in this paper. Those having advertising to do will find it profitable to refer to these.

Table with 5 columns: Size (Square, Column, Line), and 5 rows of rates for different durations and quantities.

Ten lines of this sized type (ninth) make one square. Advertisements for Religious, Charitable and Educational objects will be published gratuitously, unless otherwise ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

C. A. REIMENSNDYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Office opposite the Court House, near the residence of Judge Jordan. Sunbury, July 1, 1867—ly

ADDISON G. MARR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BIRMINGHAM, Northumberland County, Pa.

Office—Market street, 4 doors west of the railroad, lately used as a Post Office. Sunbury, Aug. 10, 1867—ly

J. D. JAMES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

Office—Market street, 4 doors west of the railroad, lately used as a Post Office. Sunbury, Aug. 10, 1867—ly

Dr. CHAS. ARTHUR, Homeopathic Physician. Office, Market Square opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Pa. Office Hours—7 to 9—morning; 1 to 3—afternoon; 7 to 9—evening. May 18.

AUGUSTA HOTEL, SAMUEL MANN, Proprietor. (Formerly of the Mansion House, Mahoning City, Schuylkill County, Pa.)

Office, Market Square opposite the Court House, Sunbury, Pa. Office Hours—7 to 9—morning; 1 to 3—afternoon; 7 to 9—evening. May 18.

DR. J. S. ANGLE, Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, with five years practice, offers his professional services to the citizens of Sunbury and vicinity.

AMBROSE AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. Corner Market & Fawn Street, SUNBURY, Pa. S. BYRRI, Proprietor.

E. C. GOBIN, Attorney and Collector at Law, BOONVILLE, COOPER CO., MISSOURI.

Office opposite the Court House, near the residence of Judge Jordan. Sunbury, July 1, 1867—ly

UNION HOTEL. In Cakes Addition to SUNBURY, near the Penn. Railroad Company's Shops.

PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARDERS kept with fine accommodation and good table. Sunbury, June 5, 1867.

MOUNT CARMEL HOTEL. M. T. CARMEL, Northumberland Co., Pa. THOS. BURKET, PROPRIETOR.

GIRARD HOUSE. CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. ARE THE most perfect purgative we are able to produce, and, as we think, the best ever yet made by any body.

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POETICAL.

"MY POLICY."

Oh! Andy John, my John, Be busy, while you may, For you will be husband, John, At quite an early day.

Your race is almost run, John, Few pardons more you'll sign, Your name will be a by-word, John, Through all the rest of time.

Oh! Andy John, my John, You might have left a name, Prey what has Sister done, And stood high up in fame.

Oh! Andy John, my John, That you should persecute him, John? There is none beneath the sun More faithful to his country, John, Or lazier for the right— To put this great rebellion down, He's worked both day and night.

Oh! Andy John, my John, For turning all those rebels out, And carrying a bright sword, You will support him, John, While you have not the world Will stand disgraced forever, John, And their names be blotted out.

Oh! Andy John, my John, The people have a way, Ordering up this business, John— Hear what they have to say, The fourth Congress soon will meet, We'll trust it in their hands; Be ready for Salt River, John, And start for foreign lands.

Oh! Andy John, my John, The time is drawing nigh, We must render our accounts, John, Lay it with a sigh, The talents we've abused, John, Or have not used for good, Will surely tell against you, John, Before the bar of God.

Oh! Andy John, my John, Then why not throw aside Such narrow notions, John, Ambition, pride, and spite? Act promptly for the people, John, Have all their rights secured, The world you know, oh! Andy John, Was not made just for you.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1, 1867.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

A CURIOUS PROFESSIONAL ADVENTURE.

"And now we'll have a cozy, comfortable evening together," said the wife. "And—what's that, Irving?"

"My wife started nervously as a sharp peal at the bell interrupted a brief interval of domestic quiet."

"Only the surgery bell, my dear. Somebody wanting me, I suppose, and wondering to myself if, after all, there was such a very wide difference between a galley slave and a country doctor."

The surgery door stood wide open, but nobody was there, and through the dimming darkness without I could discern the dark outline of a close carriage, and a man standing at the horse's head.

"Who's there?—what's wanting?" I asked, coming to the threshold and instinctively buttoning up the overcoat I had hurriedly thrown on.

"You're wanting, doctor," said the man, speaking indistinctly behind the mauling that surrounded his face.

"Yes, but what for? Who wants me?" "I am not at liberty to tell."

"I had already entered the carriage, but this suspicious air inspired me with distrust. I made a step to descend, but it was too late. The vehicle was already in motion."

"It is quite unnecessary to alarm yourself, doctor," said a quiet, measured voice at my side. "Believe me, you are quite safe; and I trust you will not feel any uneasiness when I tell you that you must be blindsided."

And at the same instant a fellow bandage was dexterly slipped over my eyes.

"Hold!" I ejaculated. "It strikes me that this is rather superfluous. The night is as dark as Erebus, and you have no lamp."

"Possibly," returned the dry voice; "but it is best to run no risks."

And then ensued a silence of some ten or fifteen minutes, which the carriage rolled swiftly along, and the low measured breathing of my unknown companion kept time to my own uncomfortable thoughts.

At length my companion spoke again in the same soft, modulated tones.

"Doctor, one more little precaution is necessary—you promise never to disclose to a human soul a word of this night's visit."

"I cannot bind myself by any such covenant. The relation between physician and patient are, of course, confidential, but—"

"The carriage paused abruptly here, and the door swung open. At the same instant something cold touched my temples. It was the muzzle of a pistol. I recoiled in horror."

"You surely would not murder me?" "I wouldn't!" I replied, recollecting once more from the chilling touch of the cold steel at my temples.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thurlow Weed vs. Mrs. Lincoln.

AN INTERESTING EXPLANATION AND A BITTER REBUKE.

Thurlow Weed writes in the New York Commercial Advertiser as follows, under the head of "Outrageous Mendacity," which will be read with great interest in connection with certain developments concerning Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe:

"We have never approached a question more generally interesting and important to vindicate, shield and protect 'Heaven's best gift to man,' as a grateful duty, while to even reprove, and much more to assail a woman, is painful, and—if without a perfect justification, unmanly."

If the American people have failed to meet the exorbitant expectations of Mr. Lincoln's widow, it is because that personage failed, during his life and since his death, to inspire either with respect or confidence.

He should not, therefore, be subjected to the reproach, or rest under the imputation of ingratitude. Had Mrs. Lincoln, while in power, borne herself becomingly, the suggestion of a Lincoln fund, by voluntary contributions, would have been promptly responded to.

The national heart was warm. It gushed out in liberal endowments for Grant and Parrot. It would as cheerfully have met the appeal in favor of Mrs. Lincoln if it had not intuitively closed and chilled.

In her conversations Mrs. Lincoln is represented as bitterly denouncing Secretary Seward, for which, of course, there is no warrant or excuse, for she was no man, and much less is capable of injustice, wrong, or even unkindness, to women.

But we happen to know—the late Caleb S. Smith, then Secretary of the Interior, before he resigned the office, which he held for some time, in fact, Mr. Seward ordered both Mrs. Lincoln and her daughter, and by his own will, to leave the cost of each. For what Mr. Seward paid \$300 Mrs. Lincoln demanded \$200, but three or nine hundred, the claim was alike illegal and could not be paid.

For this, however, Mrs. Lincoln quarreled with the Secretary Smith and Seward. This amount, Mrs. Lincoln was subsequently covered up in the gardener's account but occasional scandal, which respect for Mr. Lincoln measurably suppressed.

Though Mr. Lincoln left an estate which enabled his family to live as comfortably as they ever lived, Congress and the people would have promptly and cheerfully provided manfully for them if Mrs. Lincoln herself, with every advantage that high position gave her, had made friends or inspired respect.

And this last exhibition proves how instinctively right the popular estimate of character was.

The fact for which Mrs. Lincoln seeks large publicity, namely, that she received presents valued at \$24,000, is a pregnant and suggestive one—suggestive, at least, of offices and contracts, unless the more charitable construction is reached through the assumption that they were expressions of regard and friendship.

It is not known that the wife of any other President, however estimable, was so loaded with shawls, laces, furs, diamonds, etc.

Mrs. Lincoln's propensity to sell things was manifested early, and before any necessity was foreseen. If our information is reliable, eleven of Mr. Lincoln's now linen shirts were sold almost before the remains, which were shrouded in the twelfth, had traveled to the "house from whence no traveler returns."

Individually, we are obliged to Mrs. Lincoln for an expression of her ill-will. It is pleasant to remember that quarter. And it is equally pleasant to remember that we possessed the friendship and confidence of Mr. Lincoln until the end of his life without inquiring to the matter. Presently the boat returned, and brought a grave-looking missionary. The Captain's anxiety ran high. He said:

"What's the trouble out there?—quick!" "Well, I am grieved to say, sir," said the missionary, "that the natives have been interrupting our sacerdotal exercises."

"Interrupting your sacerdotal exercises?" "Interrupting your sacerdotal exercises!" "Interrupting your sacerdotal exercises!" "Stand by, man, to give 'em the whole battery."

The astonished clergyman hastened to protest against such excessive rigorous measures, and finally succeeded in making the old tar understand that the natives had only been breaking up a prayer meeting.

"Oh, devil take it, man, is that all! I thought you meant that they'd stopped your grog!"

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.—The best security against the depredations of moths is to place the wool, furs, etc., in a glazed bolton bag, and tie them closely up. Suspending them to be entirely free from the moth when thus enclosed, no harm can happen to them, as these winged destroyers cannot enter to lay their eggs. The moths that fly about in the dark do not destroy cloth of any kind.

WHO STARTS THE FASHIONS?—The New York World and Times are disputing about the ladies' fashions. The Times proposes a "Congress of American women to decide what style of dress American women shall wear." The World says:

"We have no sort of objection to such a Congress convened; but it is certainly a delightful fancy that its members would ever agree upon anything."

Then, again, the World says: "The French fashions, which all the world continues to pattern after, are now, and for

AGRICULTURAL, &C.

Preserving Cabbages.

The following mode of putting up cabbages for winter reference is considered as a good one by those who have tried it: "Cabbages are preserved very simply; they are left out as late as they can be pulled up by the roots, in this section, about the end of November; they are then pulled up and turned upside down, the roots up and the heads packed close together, in beds six feet wide, with six feet alleys between, care being taken to have the ground levelled where the cabbages are placed, so that they pack nicely. They are left in this way two or three weeks, or as long as the ground can be dug between the alleys, the soil from which is thrown in on the beds of cabbage, so that, when finished, they have a covering of four or six inches of soil. This is not enough to cover the roots, however, which is left partly exposed, but this is in its way injurious. Some prefer to cover them up at once by plowing a furrow, shoveling it out wide enough to receive the heads of the cabbages, and then turning the soil in on the heads, and so continuing until this plan is carried out to the very end of the season, but it has the disadvantage of compelling them to be covered up at once by soil, while the other plan delays it two or three weeks later, and it is of the utmost importance in preserving vegetables that the operation (particularly the final covering) be delayed as late in the season as frost will permit. Generally more are lost by beginning too soon than delaying too late.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"We find, as we have stated in a former issue, that cabbages, if kept in a barn or stable loft, in layers from eight to ten inches deep, and with about a foot of hay or straw on the approach of severe frosts. The great points to be attained are a low temperature and a dry atmosphere; they will bear twenty degrees of frost without injury, provided they are not moved while frozen, but the great point is the reduction of temperature much lower than this without injury."

New Way to Fatten Hogs.

During our visit to the East we were asked to look at some fattening hogs in the city of Dr. Caleb Plastridge, of Lebanon, N. H. They were very fine ones, but not as good as we would expect to see.

His system is this: He feeds his corn in a special manner. When his corn is cut and killed three hogs, the hogs have a good, large, airy sty, with feeding trough so arranged that they cannot interfere with each other at feeding time, and free access to a large, dry yard, where they can run a sprig of clover. When his corn is cut and killed three hogs, the hogs have a good, large, airy sty, with feeding trough so arranged that they cannot interfere with each other at feeding time, and free access to a large, dry yard, where they can run a sprig of clover.

Autumn Plowing.

In all heavy clay soils, and heavy clay loams, autumn plowing is of great advantage. The winter frost is a mechanical pulverizer, and disintegrator of soils, so we will not put them in the proper condition for spring plowing, unless in the case of soils of heavy clay, and what gives them one of the chief values for the small grain. This mineral is found under two conditions; one fixed, and the other free. The free potash is slowly dissolved in water; it thus unites with sand, forming a gritty matter, which is known as soluble potash. Chemists call this solution grass, it being composed of the element of grass, silicate of potash.

Never Give Up.

Many a premature death has occurred in consequence of giving up. The sick person becomes discouraged, thinks he is going to die, and dies. Physicians are often consulted in such cases, but death is inevitable, and let disease take its course. There can be no doubt but that in many such cases hope still cherished, and the persevering use of means, might have saved useful life.

Every one should feel that he is immortal.

"Every one should feel that he is immortal," says the doctor. "Try again, it is as good for the adult as for the child. It is convinced that our cause is wrong, the sooner it is renounced the better. Cease to do evil, but when contending for the right, admit no defeat as final. We learn sometimes that a man is failing in a success, and turn it to better account. Such should ever be our aim. Use all honorable means, rely on the ultimate triumph of right, persevere in the effort to deserve success, and failure will never be inscribed on your life record. The irresolute and half-hearted have no room to expect, for that would only be a premium on inactivity."

What They Had Stopped Your Grog.

The following story is told by "Mark Twain" of a gallant naval officer: Twenty or thirty years ago, when missionary enterprises were in their infancy among the South Sea Islands, Captain Summers anchored his sloop-of-war off one of the Marquesas, I think it was. The next morning he saw an American flag on the beach, Union Down. This excited him fearfully, of course, and he sent off a boat at once to inquire into the matter. Presently the boat returned, and brought a grave-looking missionary. The Captain's anxiety ran high. He said:

"What's the trouble out there?—quick!" "Well, I am grieved to say, sir," said the missionary, "that the natives have been interrupting our sacerdotal exercises."

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