THE BOY MAGICIAN;

OR,

The Secrets of the Sea.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

Late one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple on an island in the South Pacific.

He was of middle age, tall, thin, and gaunt, with rugged features and sorrowful eyes, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence.

Beside him was a grim stone idol, in grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself, which he had just finished, as was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands.

"It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little suspect that I have cut my name and story into the base of this idol."

He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as follows:

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester, of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger from Charleston for Hong Kong, *via* Cape Horn, in the ship 'Hecla.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days during which my companions perished, I reached this island. The idolatrous inhabitants made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continually by day, but have nevertheless made three attempts at escape, and shall soon make another—doubtless my last, as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family, at Norfolk, Va. Finished this inscription this 7th day of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated these lines in silence, and then aroused himself, looking warily around.

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he muttered, "and every time I was caught, and visited with tortures. To be caught again in such an attempt will be certain death. Yet I will risk all the first opportunity that offers. This longing for freedom and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is that?"

He gazed in perfect stupefaction to the eastward, far out upon the ocean.

There, miles and leagues away, was a ship, her white sails gleaming as she lay becalmed upon the waters!

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sobbingly. "At last, oh Heaven! At last my prayer is answered!"

THE PRISONER'S HOME.

On the east bank of the Elizabeth river, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific.

Near the close of a lovely afternoon in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front verandah.

The mother was a lovely, sweet-faced, sad-eyed woman of two and thirty years.

The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of child and woman.

"You are thinking of father, dear mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze.

"Yes, child. Your father, my husband; where is he? Somewhere under the sea waves, wrecked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore? It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as living."

"It is so with me, mother," said Amy, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living—that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. "If anything were to happen to me, Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty."

"Are we not rich then mother?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so dear, until three years ago," replied the mother sadly. "Your father was a merchant and ship-owner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. But two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the outstanding debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy, thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with ours, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Ally Bell. Colonel Nichols is Ally's guardian. The Colonel has nothing of his own, excepting a farm or two up-country which were not risked in the business."

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden gate swung on its hinges, and a boyish figure came lightly up the walk.

"It's Ally, mother—it's Ally Bell!" exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you."

The young girl ran lightly down the verandah steps and met the new-comer, linking her arm in his, and drawing him gently towards the house.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Colonel Nichols. Bright and gay and handsome, Allen Bell was also impetuous, ardent, and intelligent—one of those noble, manly boys, who mature early into grand and noble men. Boy as he was, he loved Amy Lester with a pure and chivalrous love, which bade fair to deepen in time into the great love of his life.

He was the bearer of a letter from his uncle to Mrs. Lester, and having delivered it, he strolled with Amy down the wide garden walk into the cool shadows of a grove at the bottom of the garden.

"I've been expecting you this good while, Ally," said Amy, with charming frankness. "I thought you would be down here to try those scientific experiments to-day!"

"We'll try them to-night, Amy," replied Ally. "The blue lights show better at night. I'm getting along finely in my chemistry, Amy. I like it best of all my studies."

"I am sure you do," said Amy, earnestly. "You are the nicest boy I ever saw!"

Ally Bell laughed aloud. Amy's childlike simplicity and outspoken truthfulness were her greatest charm in his eyes.

"The sight of that brig yonder," said Ally, "reminds me that I promised to meet Col. Nichols on board of it directly after I delivered that letter to your mother. I must go now, but you may expect me as soon as it's dark."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

For a minute the youthful lovers stood at the garden gate, towards which they had slowly walked, and here they parted soberly—Ally to go down to the brig where he had engaged to meet his uncle, and Amy to return to her mother.

She found Mrs. Lester, the open letter in her lap, silent and motionless as a statue, her attitude that of profound despair.

"What is it, mother?" cried Amy, in wild alarm, springing to her side.

Mrs. Lester looked at her daughter with a woe-stricken face.

"O, Amy!" she cried, turning to that brave, childish heart for strength and comfort. "Colonel Nichols writes me that we are beggers! He reminds me that he has asked me three several times to marry him. And, Amy, he says he knows your father to be dead, and he offers himself to me for the last time. He reminds me of my ill-health, of your youth and helplessness. And he says," and Mrs. Lester's voice broke down in a tempest of sobs, "that on the one hand he offers me wealth, comfort, and happiness, on the other poverty and sorrow. If I refuse him, he swears to turn us out of our home to-morrow!"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Amy, with a sharp cry, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

CHAPTER II.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

Before Ally Bell reached the brig lying at the wharf, his uncle, Colonel Nichols, had been there and arranged with the captain, who went by the name of Hiley, to carry Ally off to China, for which service the Colonel promised to give the Captain the brig and ten thousand dollars, *in case the boy never came back.* Hiley was a murderer, whose real name was Sprouls, and Colonel Nichols had robbed Mrs. Lester, and now wanted to rob his nephew and have him murdered, and Hiley knew that, and resolved that Ally Bell should never see Norfolk again.

"Where is the lad?" he asked as he and Colonel Nichols finished drinking success to their nefarious schemes, to which the Colonel replied:

"He should be here at this very moment. Ah, I hear his step on deck now? Here he comes!"

Even as he spoke Ally Bell came hurrying into the cabin, his face flushed with pleasurable excitement.

"I'm just in time to see you off. Captain Hiley," he said, not noticing the guilty looks of the conspirators. "The wind is fair, and the crew anxious. A good voyage to you, Captain. Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet, and must be pretty!"

"Aye, aye, Mr. Allen," responded the Captain, heartily. "Didn't you see my collection of shells in yonder state-room? No? You are welcome to your choice of them all, sir,"

He advanced, and flung open the state-room door.

Ally bent forward and looked in.

With a quick thrust, Hiley pushed him into the little room, and hurriedly locked the door.

With an exultant smile Colonel Nichols said adieu, and went ashore.

The next minute the hurried trampling of feet was blended with the songs of the stout seamen, as the brig moved slowly from the wharf towards the sea.

Ally's first thought, on finding himself shut up in Captain Hiley's state-room, was that the two men were joking merely intending to scare him a little, and then let him out; but he soon discovered that the *Quickstep*—the brig was so named—had left her wharf, and was standing down the Elizabeth river towards the ocean.

The truth flashed upon him!

"I see it all!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Hiley is taking me to sea with him! Captain Hiley!" he shouted, pounding on the wall, "open the door, this minute! Let me out, or it will be bad for you!"

No reply was made to him—no attention paid to his cries.

He saw that he was fast.

For a moment he was stunned by the knowledge of his situation.

Then he drew up his slight, boyish figure proudly, his eyes flashing defiance.

"The thing for me to do," he mused "is to help myself. A boy who can't fight his own way will never be a man!"

Drawing from his pocket a match, of which he usually carried a supply, he lighted the candle in its box at one end of the state-room.

"I see," he mentally commenced, looking around, in the light thus furnished. "Here's a whole dray load of boxes and bundles. And here's a cannon too," added Ally—"a small one, which is expected, no doubt, to bring a big price from those simple natives in the South sea.

"I can use this thing," thought the boy, with kindling eyes. "I have plenty of powder in my pocket!"

He had bought this powder just before he came aboard of the brig, for the experiments he had promised to show Amy that very evening.

Without more ado, Ally set at work loading and firing the little cannon as rapidly as possible, smashing the door, and calling out for everybody to keep out of the way. The captain and crew were frantic with fear, as there was a large quantity of powder in the state-room, and the prospect was that the ship would be blown to atoms. Having filled the state-room and cabin with smoke, Ally seized one of the Captain's revolvers, burst open the shattered door, rushed upon deck, and leaped into the river.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Hiley, startled beyond expression. "After that boy, all of you! Satan himself is in him! A hundred dollars to the man who first puts a hand upon him!"

With a yell, as of blood-hounds, half a dozen of Hiley's men splashed into the river, incited by the promise of money, and sprang to the pursuit, while Hiley, hastily lowering a boat, rowed after his men, whom he soon overtook, one after another, and ordered into the boat. They then pulled on after Ally, who had distanced the men while they were in the water, but who could not compete with the boat. Arriving at an old sunken schooner, a long way from the shore, the boy climbed upon the topmast, and looked back at Hiley, who was rapidly approaching. The captain felt sure of his prey, and was telling his men how to seize the boy, when Ally suddenly fell from the topmast, as if shot, and immediately sank from sight.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Hiley, "he's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed all the men in chorus.

"Yes, gone!" and Hiley sprang to his feet, bending forward. "I saw him go! He fell back into the water, and went down like a bullet, without the least cry! Pull for your lives!"

The men obeyed. The boat was quickly beside the topmast. But no trace of the boy could be found!

"I'll take my Bible oath," said Hiley, "that the young salamander has not gone towards the nearest shore—or any other. A cramp or a shark has took him!"

The eyes of the scheming villain lit up strangely, almost savagely.

"And such being the fact, men," added he, "we may as well give up the search."

The men resumed their oars, the Captain the tiller, and the boat returned in silence to the brig, *with Ally clinging quietly to the stern*—his head just far enough out of the water to enable him to breathe—and there he continued to stay until the boat returned to the brig.

And then the boat being left in the water, at the stern of the brig, it occurred to Ally to unfasten the boat from its painter, let it drift down stream some distance, then climb into it, and row away for Norfolk, which he at once did.

For a minute or two the boat continued to speed away in the darkness.

And then Ally climbed out of the water into it, with a long sigh of relief, and seized a pair of oars resolutely.

Crouching out of sight in the bottom of the boat, he began rowing shorewards—but softly, for he was still near the brig, and the night was so calm he feared his enemies would hear him.

There was only too much occasion, as it proved, for this caution.

The boat had not been gone two minutes from the brig, when Captain Hiley, wishing to go ashore to see Colonel Nichols, made his way aft, and discovering its disappearance at once sent a couple of men after it in another boat.

Ally seeing that he must again take to the water, took the oars along with him, and went drifting seaward, with nothing but a pair of oars to support him.

The night had now fully set in and the tide ran fast. Cramped and chilled by his long continuance in the water, the boy was whirled along, growing weaker every moment; but just as hope was at its ebb, he suddenly beheld a sail behind him, rapidly approaching, under the force of a freshening breeze.

"A brig, certain!" he groaned, after a long look at the nearing cloud of canvas. "It must be old Hiley's! The wind having come again, he is off for Pacific ocean!"

He regarded the brig, as it came nearer, asking himself if he should hail her.

"Let her be what she may," he muttered, "friend or foe, I must hail her! My strength is used up! I shall soon slip off from these oars and drown! Fortunately the brig is coming straight towards me. I will hail her!"

He waited till the brig was near him, and then carried his resolve into execution. His feeble call was heard and answered; the brig hove to, a boat was lowered, and he was taken aboard the stranger. The boy had only strength enough to learn that the brig was *not* Hiley's, and then he fainted.

CHAPTER III.

MORE VILLAINY.

Captain Hiley, verily believing that Ally was drowned, went ashore to inform Col. Nichols of the fact. He found the Colonel just coming from Mrs. Lester's cottage, where he had gone an hour before, and stunned Amy by informing her that Ally Bell, her lover and hero, was being carried off to sea in the *Quickstep*, and that she would never see him again.

The Colonel heard Hiley's story about Ally's disappearance with breathless interest, as they walked along the beach; after which the two villains congratulated themselves upon the boy's being thus completely taken out of their path.

While discussing the matter, they heard the sound of oars, and soon saw a boat approaching the shore opposite a cottage belonging to an old retired sailor named Nicholas Collins, which was situated at the foot of Mrs. Lester's garden. In the boat was a man, and along with him was a female, sobbing convulsively. Colonel Nichols, with surprise, and alarm, recognized the voice of the weeper as that of Amy Lester. She and her companion left the boat and entered the cottage, from the windows of which a light soon shone. Colonel Nichols and Capt Hiley crept beneath a window, to spy and listen. They soon learned that Collins had rowed Amy off to the brig in search of Ally, and that she had there heard of his attempt to escape and his consequent death by drowning.

Amy was vehement in her denunciations of Col. Nichols, and declared that if Ally was really dead, she would raise the whole country against his uncle who had compassed his death.

On attempting to rise to go home, Amy found she was too weak to walk, and sent Collins for her mother to come to her. As soon as the old sailor left the cottage, Colonel Nichols proposed to Hiley that he should carry Amy off instead of Ally, and leave her on a plantation of his on the coast, down by Cape Henry, so as to silence her dangerous tongue, and also to give him a hold on her mother. The Captain agreed to this, and they entered the cottage, coming upon Amy so suddenly that, in her weak state she was so completely overcome that she fainted away.

"So much the better!" said Nichols, stooping and gathering her in his arms. "Now lead the way to your boat, Hiley. On our way, you must overset Collins' boat, to make him think she did it herself in a wild mood.

He hurried out of the cottage bearing his frail burden. Hiley followed hastily, and the two made their way to the spot where Collins' boat lay. It was but the work of a moment for Hiley to push off the little craft and overset it.

"There, they'll think the girl got wild with grief and was drowned in an attempt to search for Ally again!" said the Colonel exultantly, tossing Amy's white apron upon the beach. "That apron will fix the matter beyond a doubt! The wind is rising, Hiley. You had better take advantage of it!"

The two hurried to the waiting boat. Hiley laid the unconscious Amy in the bottom, and then seized the oars and rowed rapidly towards the brig.

Nichols, full of exultation, looked after the boat until it was lost to view.

"My first plan was successful!" he muttered. "Ally is dead! I am a rich man! And my second plan promises a like success! When Margaret Lester's heart is nearly broken at Amy's loss. I will offer to restore her child on condition that she will marry me! The day of my full triumph is near!"

He looked with gloating eyes seaward exulting in his evil success, until at last nearly an hour later, the sails of the *Quickstep* filled, and the brig moved swiftly toward the sea, taking with her Margaret Lester's only comfort—the distant father's star of hope!

CHAPTER IV.

LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where he was at work. He waited till night and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dungeon, where they nightly confined him; and then suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered one of them, and paddled out to sea in the direction in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength, and had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen, and yet no ship had been found; and now the wind was rising and a storm was threatening.

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken?" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?"

At that moment when hope was dying, he beheld a sight that turned all his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy.

There, to the northward, was the ship standing directly towards him, with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not half a mile away.

"Yes, there she is," he shouted. "She is coming this way. I am saved—saved!"

He raised his arms to heaven, in a mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud, the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer.

He redoubled his wild shouts, his heart and soul in his voice.

An answering cry came suddenly from the ship's deck, and she drew steadily nearer—swerved from her course slightly, and a rope was thrown from her deck, falling into his canoe.

He seized the rope in desperate eagerness, and a group of sailors leaning over the ship's side drew him aboard.

In an instant more the ship had resumed her course, and was moving in stately fashion before the breeze.

"Safe at last!" murmured Lester, leaning against the bulwarks, weak and nerveless as an infant. "Oh, the gladness of this hour!"

Poor man! He did not dream at that moment that his adverse fate was even then relentlessly closing around him; that he was on one of his own ships—the *Cyclone*; that that ship was commanded by a bitter foe in league with Colonel Nichols, who, on recognizing him, would without remorse consign him again to the mercies of the Pacific in his Indian canoe

On inquiry, Lester learned that the vessel was the *Cyclone*, and in the light of the cabin lamp recognized her Captain. Tearing off his priestly robe, and wiping the stain from his face with its coarse folds, he exclaimed:

"Captain Sales, don't you know me?"

"David Lester!" cried the Captain, turning ashy pale, and grasping his stationary seat as though he had received a shock.

Lester wiped his brows and sat down, the Captain taking a seat opposite him.

He had so much to ask, that his emotions choked his utterance, and prevented him from observing the look of deadly hatred with which the Captain regarded him. But he finally plied his questions fast, and learned that his wife yet lived, that his daughter Amy had grown into a lovely girl, and that both wife and daughter had long mourned him as dead. He also learned of his wife's poverty.

"Colonel Nichols settled up the firm affairs," said the Captain, reservedly, "and there was nothing left for Mrs. Lester. She has been living on his bounty these two or three years! When your interest in this ship was sold, I bought it. The Colonel owns the other half!"

"But this is a base fraud!" exclaimed Lester. "The Colonel has been untrue to the trust I reposed in him! I have had suspicions of his integrity during my long exile, but I have never dared to entertain them. I'll make matters straight on my return. I can prove my claims and bring him to justice—the dastardly villain! My poor Margaret!" and he groaned.

Lester's threat concerning Nichols seemed to stir up all the malice of the Captain's nature. He beheld his interest in the ship, fraudulently acquired, threatened, and he hated still more the lawful owner whose right in the *Cyclone* he had usurped.

"If report speaks truly," he said, "Mrs. Lester need not be called 'poor!' Colonel Nickols has long been paying her attentions, and when I left port, five months ago, the story was that they were engaged! The Colonel told me himself that he loved her, and meant to marry her. No doubt by this time they are married!"

This cruel thrust struck home to the poor husband's heart, and uttering a great cry, he fell forward with his face upon the table, while the Captain regarded him with a look of mingled hatred and exultation. The New York Ledger containing the continuation of this story is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated Sept. 18, and in it you will get the next installment. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world.

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BELFIELD'S CELEBRATED GLOBE VALVES,
STOP COCKS, CHECK VALVES, AIR COCKS, OIL CUPS, STEAM WHISTLES,
STEAM GUAGES, STEAM PIPE AND FITTINGS
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Agents and sole Manufacturers of Hall's Patent Double Discharge Turbine Wheels.

BLACKSMITHING,
HEAVY OR LIGHT FORGINGS,
AGENTS FOR SHIVE'S GOVERNOR,
ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE SIMPLEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

REAMERS, TAPS AND DIES, MADE TO ORDER.
BOLTS AND NUTS OF ALL SIZES.
ORDERS FOR BRIDGE BOLTS AND IRONS SOLICITED, AND ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
OF THE LATEST IMPROVED PATTERNS.
THRESHING MACHINES, A SPECIALTY.
BUCKEYE REAPERS REPAIRED,
AND ALL EXTRA PARTS FURNISHED.
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF
HORTON'S PATENT HAY RAKE.
ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH PROMPTNESS AND SATISFACTION GIVEN
OR MONEY REFUNDED.
May 7,'69-1f

WHEELER'S PATENT RAILWAY

CHAIN HORSE-POWER.
The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has repurchased the old stand at Light Street from Wm. Schuyler, where he is now manufacturing the
WHEELER PATENT,
and is prepared to furnish farmers with the most reliable machines ever offered to the public. The Wheeler Machine is no longer an experiment as it has been in constant use for years and the yearly sale of this patent exceeds that of all others combined.
Work done at our shop is warranted for one year. Also, agent for Wheeler's Combined Thresher and Winnower.
For further particulars apply to or address
J. M. BUTLER, Jr.
Light Street, Columbia county, Pa.
June 26,'69-1m.

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CAUTION.
An old law-book, published many years ago, has just been hastily reissued as "a new book," without even a suitable revision of its obsolete statements. Do not confound that work with Chamberlin's Law-Book for the People.
July 23,'69-3m.

This INFALLIBLE REMEDY does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs and strong caustic solutions with which the people have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, or drive the disease to the Lungs as there is danger of doing in the use of such nostrums, but it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of chronic catarrh, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the virulence of catarrh, as they all frequently are. I offer in good faith a standing reward of $500 for a case of catarrh that I cannot cure.
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PRICE ONLY 50 CENTS.
Ask your Druggist for the REMEDY; but if he has not yet got it on sale, don't be put off by accepting any miserable worse than worthless substitute, but enclose sixty cents to me, and the Remedy will be sent you post paid. Four packages $2.00, or one dozen for $5.00. Send a two cent stamp for Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh. Address the Proprietor, R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
jl2'69-3m. BUFFALO, N. Y.

$1000 to $2000 PER YEAR SURE. And no Risk. Agents wanted, on Commission or salary, in every County in U. S. and Canadas, to sell our celebrated Patent Improved Shear Cutting Razors, warranted to last a life-time and never need to be set in order. Sample Razor sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address, R. W. DILLARD & CO., Chicago, Ill. "Dillard's Razors are the best we have tried." N. Y. Tribune. "Dillard's razors are all he claims for them." N. Y. Independent. "Dillard's razors are all he claims." N. Y. Christian Advocate.
July 2, '69-3m

BILLIARDS! BILLIARDS!!

WILLIAM H. GILMORE
Has opened a fine Billiard Saloon in addition to his well known RESTAURANT. He has 3 tables with all the latest improvements and in perfect order. He keeps on hand the best
LAGER BEER AND ALE
which the market affords. OYSTERS to be had at all times when in season, also Beef Tongue, Pickled Tripe, Claits, &c., &c.
The public are invited to call, and are promised satisfaction either in billiards or refreshments. His
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
cannot be excelled.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 1,'69.

LEHIGH VALLEY AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL WORKS,
BREINIG & HELFRICH,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BREINIG'S COMPLETE
BONE MANURE.
A concentrated manure combining the reliable fertilizing properties of BONE DUST or GROUND BONE, with the active elements of PERUVIAN GUANO, AMMONIACAL MATTER, AND
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
NOTICE.—We prepare but the one article, guaranteeing it as standard, reliable and uniform. Lower grades and variations in quality to suit different ideas of prices are generally produced by different proportions of adulteration. Farmers can save money by reducing the quality themselves. We use only Bone and the Phosphatic Guano for Phosphate of Lime. Send for "Farmers' Nature Guide." For sale at Manufacturer's rate by
A. J. ALBERTSON, Rohrsburg, Pa.
J. J. ROBBINS & Co. Bloomsburg Pa.
Mar.19,'69-6m. WALTER SCOTT, Catawissa Pa.

OMNIBUS LINE.
The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.
His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.
Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accommodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.
JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.
May 5,'69-1f

THE MISSISSQUOI POWDER actually cures Cancer and Scrofulous Diseases of the Skin. See report to L. I. Medical Society. Statements of Physicians in circular sent free on application to CHAS. A. DUBOIS, 182 Pearl St., New York City. Box 1653. jl2'69-3m

GROCERIES, &c.,

CONFECTIONERY.
The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he has opened a
FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE,
in the building lately occupied by Fox & Webb where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of
PLAIN & FANCY CANDIES,
FRENCH CANDIES,
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUITS,
NUTS, RAISINS, &C., &C., &C.
BY WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
In short, a full assortment of all goods in his line of business. A great variety of
DOLLS, TOYS, &c.,
suitable for the Holidays. Particular attention given to
BREAD AND CAKES,
of all kinds, fresh every day.
CHRISTMAS CANDIES,
CHRISTMAS TOYS.
A call is solicited, and satisfaction will be guaranteed.
Nov. 22, 1869 ECKHART JACOBS.

GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
GRAND OPENING
OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
consisting of
consisting of
consisting of
consisting of
consisting of
DRY GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
DRY GOODS,
HATS AND CAPS,
HATS AND CAPS,
HATS AND CAPS,
HATS AND CAPS,
HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
READY-