

THE SUNBURY AMERICAN.
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Established in 1840.
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Advertisement for OURS being the leading house on Military work, Sunbury, Pa. Office on Front Street, next door to Haas & Fahey.

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Advertisement for WANTED-Responsible men as Local Agents to sell Fruit and ornamental trees in neighborhoods where they reside. To the right parties very liberal terms and an opportunity to establish a safe and profitable business. Address The Dingo & Conrad Co., Wholesale Nurserymen, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa. Feb. 15, 1873.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
D. L. JOHNSTON,
Physician of the celebrated Institution, has discovered the most certain, speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world for all
DISEASES OF IMPURE BLOOD. Scrofula, Syphilis, Affections of Kidney and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dropsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Mind, Pains of the Head, Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Discharge of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of Liver, Lungs, Spleen, or Bowels, Gravel, Disorders arising from the Biliary Habits of Youth, those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Crete, and the most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

TO FROG MEN especially, who have become the victims of Biliary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant talents, who might otherwise have entered listening Senators with the thunders of eloquence or walked to cotemporary living lyres, may call with full confidence.

Married Persons or Young Men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, Loss of Procreative Power, Impotency, Nervous Excitement, Pains of the Head, Heart, or Bowels, or any other Disqualification, speedily relieved.

Who places himself under the care of Dr. J. Johnston, will find relief in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS. Impotency, Loss of Power, immediately Cured and full Vigor Restored.

This distressing Affection—which renders life miserable and marriage impossible—is generally paid by the victims of improper indulgence. Young persons too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences which attend the least excess, and who determine the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent! Besides being deprived of the pleasures of matrimony, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dropsy, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, Decay and Death.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS. Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders who keep them trifling month after month, with nature and medicine, and who, at the end of the year, find themselves more debilitated, should apply immediately.

DR. JOHNSTON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, graduated from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, New York, &c., has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE. Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, uniting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects of the Biliary Vice, viz: Scrofula, Syphilis, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Back and Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Rigidity of the Neck, Dropsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self-Distrust, Loss of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, looking to their eyes, becoming weak, nervous, and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone, a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are, in a certain order, as follows: first, a general debility, then a cold, and lastly, a consumption of the lungs, which is incurable, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from a regular life, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons, however, contemplating marriage, should apply immediately.

MARRIAGE. A sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; and the mind, in melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

A CERTAIN DISEASE. When the mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness, it is a melancholy fact that thousands die victims to this terrible disease, through falling into the hands of ignorant or unskillful PRETENDERS, who, by the use of that deadly Poison, Mercury, &c., render the cure more difficult, and render the patient more miserable, and incapable of curing, keep the unhappy sufferer month after month, taking their noxious or injurious compounds, and instead of being restored to a regular life, and enjoying the pleasures of matrimony, leave him with ruined health to sigh over his galling disempowerment.

To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most valuable secret, and from his extensive practice and observations in the great Hospitals of Europe, and the first in this country, viz: England, France, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, is enabled to offer the most certain, speedy and effectual remedy in the world for all diseases of impure blood.

OFFICE, NO. 7, F. FREDERICK STREET, BALTIMORE, M. D. Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fall not to observe name and number.

No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should give their names, and the portion of advertisement describing symptoms.

There are so many Puffs, Designing and Worthless impostors advertising themselves as Physicians, trifling with and raising the health of all who unfortunately fall into their power, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say specially to those unacquainted with his real qualifications, that his Credentials or Diplomas always hang in his office.

ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS. The many thousands cured at this Establishment, year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the representatives of the press and many other papers, needless of mention, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted. Such diseases speedily cured.

February 15, 1873.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.
SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

WHAT WOMAN MAKES HIM.
How cheering is the simple phrase!
How well its kindly admonition
To woman's listening ear conveys
The keener edge of her consolation.

She may not mingle with the throng,
When man to busy life bestrides him;
Yet may she prove his shield from wrong—
A man is what a woman makes him.

In childhood's days of grief and joy
She raises his delicate mind—no other
Can soothe and guide the wayward boy
With the calm wisdom of a mother.

The memory of her tender care
Never in his after-life forsake him;
He yields not to the world's wild snare—
The son is what the mother makes him.

And a dear and cherished wife
Takes in his home her honored station;
She proves, and aids the life of him,
His help, support and consolation.

He yields, perchance, to dire distress;
Her loving smile to hope awakes him,
He braves the storm—the tempest succeeds—
A man is what a woman makes him.

Yet to his warning lay attend;
Your own weak follies to amend
Ere you can prove a stay for other
Should you be selfish, worldly, vain,
Or vainly strive to please the world,
Aid from a heartless triferer gain.

Seek ye to serve the Lord, and pray
That He may give you His direction,
How best to win to duty's way
From cold and hurried inclination.
What if, while he's away, the track—
Your influence never quite forsake him?
Your love, your prayers will bring him back—
A man is what a woman makes him!

FOUNDED IN THE SNOW.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "COPIERS," &c.

"Hello! This won't do. Move on." The speaker was a gigantic policeman. The object of his wrath was a boy, who sat on a low stool, with his face buried in his hands as if crying.

"Hello, I say," cried the policeman, angrily, advancing nearer. "No shamming, young man. Get up and move on." But as the lad, even yet did not rise, the policeman stooped down, and shook him. As he did this, the boy fell over, senseless, in the snow.

"Great God!" cried the policeman. "He's dead. Frozen to death, too; perhaps worse." "Poor little fellow!" An orphan, no doubt. Well, I must take him to the station, I suppose.

But as he lifted the body, which he did tenderly, for he had children of his own at home, the seemingly inanimate form stirred.

"Faintly," said the officer, "but not dead yet. If the sign were only wasn't it here. Ah! what a little fellow!"

As he spoke, a close carriage had dashed up to the next house, the footman, while from the box, the coach door was flung open, and an old man, wrapped in a fur cloak, stepped out, and took the servant's arm, to be helped up the high stoop. Seeing the policeman, however, with the boy in his arms, he stopped abruptly.

"What's that?" cried the young tramp. "A beggar. A beggar. No dead yet. Mr. Ascut," said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on the street. "I'm afraid you'll be before I reach the station."

"Not the common sort, eh? Neither is he," said Mr. Ascut, as he looked at the boy's clothes. "Have him in here. John ring the bell—why the deuce do you stand there gaping—don't you see the boy's dying from cold and hunger? I can walk up the steps well enough alone."

"A moment more, and Mr. Ascut himself led the way into a warm, spacious drawing room.

"There's a roaring fire ready," he said. "I always have one waiting for me, when I come home from dining out. Whist! the housekeeper? Did you tell John to bring her at once? Ah! here Mrs. Somers comes. Something to revive him, quick. Gracious heavens! if he should die after all!"

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Somers, as she wiped a restorative down his throat. "There, Jane, give me the blankets, while I wrap him up. Ah! he's coming to."

The boy opened his eyes, looked in a far-off way at Mrs. Somers, and then glanced dreamily, about the room. Evidently his senses had not yet quite come back.

"Mother, mother," he murmured. "I can't find grandfather—and it's so cold. I'm so cold."

"His head dropped on his shoulder, and his eyes closed again. One of his hands, which, up to this moment, had been tightly shut, opened weakly, a note fell to the floor.

Mrs. Somers did not see the note. Something like a boy dived out. Whist! the housekeeper? Did you tell John to bring her at once? Ah! here Mrs. Somers comes. Something to revive him, quick. Gracious heavens! if he should die after all!"

Mr. Ascut, who had been standing by her, full of interested anxiety, did not observe his look, for his attention had been attracted by the note, which he now stooped to pick up. Then he proceeded to take out his glasses, in order to read the super-cription.

"Perhaps this may throw some light on the matter," he said. "The poor lad has been sent on an errand, and has fainting from cold, and perhaps hunger. What! What! Good God! his hands were shaking like a leaf in an autumn wind. In the deep silence the paper rattled with a startling noise. "It can't be—it can't be!" Mrs. Somers, your eyes are younger than mine—read—read—is that address—is it mine—Thorton Ascut?"

As he spoke, in choked, convulsive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned forward to read. The motion raised the boy again, and he opened his eyes, then with more of consciousness in them, and he fixed a long, questioning, puzzled look on Mr. Ascut.

"Merciful heaven!" the latter said, staggering like one struck with sudden palsy, "is her eyes—her eyes—"

With these words, he fell back senseless, the half-open letter fluttering from his fingers to the floor. Fortunately, the policeman was in time to catch him, and lay him on the sofa.

For a moment the boy was forgotten, every one pressing around the master of the house.

"Is it a stroke?" asked the policeman, anxiously. "What does it mean?"

At any other time, Mrs. Somers would have been reticent about family affairs; but she was too flurried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself, she took her audience, unemotionally, into her confidence.

"No, it's not a stroke," she answered, with the experience of long years of nursing. "His face isn't awry, you see; and he's only limp, not paralyzed. There, I've opened the cravat, and now, Jane, bring some water. It's but a fainting fit; he often has 'em when he's worried; often, I mean, since his daughter went away. She ran off, you know, most ten years ago. He's never forgotten her. Or rather she's never, leastways of late years, asked to be forgiven. The last time was when she came herself, just after she was married; all this while Mrs. Somers was busy in trying to revive her master, chaffing his limbs, holding smelling-salts to him, even ordering the window opened, 'on a night as bad as this. He turned her from his door in a perfect rage. I never seed him so angry, before or since. But let's be sorry for her, for the sake of the child, but she heard nothing but the roar of the storm. At last her anxiety and fear rose to phrensy. She was sure now her boy was dead. Eleven o'clock struck. Her candle had burned down to the socket, and she was fast asleep, when she heard the sound of a carriage wheels, muffled by the snow, was heard. The carriage stopped. Surely that was the opening of the street door; there was stopping against the stairs; yes! she could not be mistaken, they were the steps of her boy. The door of her room flew open, and her son rushed in.

"Mother, mother," he cried, flinging his arms eagerly about her, "I come as soon as I could. And, oh! mother, I have brought grandfather!"

She looked past her son, scarcely believing what she heard. There, just behind her boy, stood her father. She rose up in bed; she held out her arms.

"Father!" she sobbed.

"Margaret! My child!" And then they were locked in each other's arms, and both were in tears.

"I can die in peace now," she murmured, after awhile, as she clung to her father's breast. "Since you have forgiven me, you will promise to take care of Thorton!"

"Die," cried the father, rising bolt upright, and fairly lifting her from bed, all the strength of his youth coming back in that supreme moment.

"You are coming home with us. We have brought blankets, food, everything; the risk is not so great as remaining another night here; physicians, the best, shall be called in. No! you shall not die. You have not come home to die.

"Our simple tale has already been too long in the telling, or we might narrate how the season of rest and peace that grew up in her now, the skillful care of the best physicians, and the knowledge that her boy's future was assured, all combined to work a cure that, even now, as she lies in her bed, regarded as almost miraculous.

"To-day there is no more beautiful woman of her years, in that great city, than Margaret Ascut. You are coming home with us. We have brought blankets, food, everything; the risk is not so great as remaining another night here; physicians, the best, shall be called in. No! you shall not die. You have not come home to die.

"Where's the note—the note? Order the carriage," said Mr. Ascut, incoherently, rising to his feet. "Is it from Margaret? Did somebody say she was starving? His poor, weak shaking hands varied tried again to unfold the paper, which the policeman handed to him. "I am not as strong as I used to be. I think I am getting old," and he looked pitifully at Mrs. Somers, and sank again on the sofa.

"Drink this, sir," said the housekeeper, "it will do you good. Ah! it is her writing," speaking to himself. "She is a widow. Her only child is named—after—"

He stopped reading, and turned to look at the boy.

"I'm your grandfather?" said the latter, timidly. "I think you must be, for mother has a picture she looks at, and cries over, and it's like you."

"The letter fell again to the floor, but this time he opened his arms, and the boy, catching his meaning, came to him.

"You're my grandfather," said the boy, looking intently in his face.

"Die, die!" cried the old man, rising up, and his voice and air were that of youth.

"I will go at once. She shall come home to-night. The carriage, I say," he cried aloud, and he turned toward the door, where the footman appeared.

"The carriage waits, sir," said the servant, obsequiously.

A few blankets—a bit of food—there's not a minute to lose. Great God, Margaret, my dear, and we waiting our time here. No, no, my little fellow," he said, "your mother shall not die!"

In a few minutes, during which the thoughtful Mrs. Somers had provided a basket, and some hot tea for the boy, the little party set forth. While the carriage is rolling over the snow, its destination being one of the most distant and obscure streets of the great city, let us say a few words about the daughter.

Margaret Ascut had been one of those sweet tempered, sympathetic natures, that everybody loved. Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and well-born, she had crowds of suitors; but at nineteen she turned from them all, and gave her heart to a penniless lover. This was not because she was slightly romantic, like so many others, but because her suitor was worthy of her in every way, except in riches. He was only a poor music teacher, an Italian exile, for this was in days, now, fortunately, long ago, before Italy was free, and when to be an Italian patriot meant banishment, or even death.

Her father, Mr. Ascut, had, in the insurrection of '48, and had been compelled, after its failure to fly the country. He had come to America, and being penniless, had been compelled to take up the first pursuit that offered itself. In his own land, nearly every body has some knowledge of music; and his idea was an Amateur of more than ordinary merit, and he naturally became a teacher of singing. Margaret Ascut was his favorite pupil. He saw in her everything that youthful manhood, in its highest type, admires; he saw in him a hero and a martyr; he compared with the present young men of business, or the cold, calculating lawyers, or the idle men of fashion, who constituted the bulk of her admirers, he was a prince in disguise—a young god! Parents do not sufficiently make allowances for the imaginative element in their daughters; they fancy that, at nineteen, girls can feel as their mothers do at forty; that the dry husks of a matter-of-fact life are sufficient for them. It is not so, and Mr. Ascut, though a sensible man in other respects, could not understand why his daughter was cold to her worldly lovers, and had given her heart to the exile.

When Margaret, hopeless of altering his opinion, finally closed with her lover, he wrath knew no bounds. He refused to answer her letter announcing the marriage, and when, a few weeks later, she came in person, he had her literally thrust from the door.

After trying vainly to get some other employment, Mr. Ascut's influence prevailed. America of all his pupils, the young couple went abroad. For awhile they lived in London, but after Magnesia, Au-

rea returned to Italy, and there struggled on until he died. She had only money enough to pay her passage to America, while she had resolved to come, in hopes by a last appeal, to soften her father's heart. It was a winter voyage, and Margaret caught a violent cold, which threatened an inflammation of the lungs. She could only crawl feebly to the nearest lodging on the night she landed, a miserable attic. The next day she wrote a note to her father, trusting to her boy to deliver it, as she was too ill to go herself. Knowing that Mr. Ascut would be out during the day, she deferred sending the lad until toward midnight; but hardly had he left, before she began to think of the perils he ran, alone in that great city. Perhaps, she said to herself, he had fallen down some open area. Perhaps he had sunk chilled and insensible, in some bank of snow. When eight o'clock struck, from a neighboring street, and still her boy did not return, she became almost wild with fright. Ten o'clock came, but still no son. She looked out into the night, and saw no sign, but she heard nothing but the roar of the storm. At last her anxiety and fear rose to phrensy. She was sure now her boy was dead. Eleven o'clock struck. Her candle had burned down to the socket, and she was fast asleep, when she heard the sound of a carriage wheels, muffled by the snow, was heard. The carriage stopped. Surely that was the opening of the street door; there was stopping against the stairs; yes! she could not be mistaken, they were the steps of her boy. The door of her room flew open, and her son rushed in.

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