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Medical.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

DR. JOHNSTON,

Physician of this celebrated Institution, has discovered the most certain, speedy, pleasant and effectual remedy in the world for all

DISEASES OF IMPRUDENCE.

Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of Liver, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—these terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes of anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons or Young Men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness, (Loss of Procreative Power—Impotency), Nervous Excitability, Palpitation, Organic Weakness, Nervous Debility, or any other Disqualification, speedily relieved.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide 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 the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue. Now, who that understands 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 the pleasures of healthy offspring, 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, Dyspepsia, 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, taking poisonous and injurious compounds, 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 and elsewhere, 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, being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with 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, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

THESE are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Back and Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY—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, Love 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, losing their vigor, becoming, weak, pale, nervous and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

YOUNG MEN

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 nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible, 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 the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons MUST before contemplating

MARRIAGE.

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

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds that he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, noctural pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns."

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., destroy the constitution, and incapable of curing, keep the unhappy sufferer month after month taking their noxious or injurious compounds, and instead of being restored to a renewal of Life Vigor and Happiness, in despair leave him with ruined Health to sigh over his galling disappointment.

To such, therefore, Dr. JOHNSTON pledges himself to preserve the most Inviolable Secrecy, 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 imprudence.

DR. JOHNSTON,
OFFICE, NO. 7, S. FREDERICK STREET.
BALTIMORE, M. D.

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

☞ No letters received unless postpaid and containing a stamp to be used on the reply. Persons writing should state age, and send a portion of advirtisement describing symptoms.

There are so many Paltry, Designing and Worthless Impusters advertising themselves as Physicians, trifling with and ruining the health of all who unfortunately fall into their power, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say especially to those unacquainted with his reputation 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, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted. Skin diseases speedily cured.

April 3, 1874.—1y

LUMBER AND PLANING MILLS.

Third Street, adjoining Phila. & Erie R. R., two
Squares North of the Central Hotel,
SUNBURY, PA.

IRA T. CLEMENT,

IS prepared to furnish every description of lumber required by the demands of the public.—Having all the latest improved machinery for manufacturing Lumber, he is now ready to fill orders of all kinds of

FLOORING, SIDING, DOORS SHUTTERS, SASH, BLINDS MOULDINGS, VERANDAS, BRACKETS,

all kinds of Ornamental Scrowl Work. Turn- of every description promptly executed. Also,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

BILL LUMBER.

LOCK and PINE. Also, Shingles, Pickets, Lathe, &c.

[illegible]s promptly filled, and shipped by Railroad o[illegible]rwise. IRA T. CLEMENT.

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Dr J J John

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

Established in 1840.
PRICE $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

SUNBURY, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1875.

New Series, Vol. 6, No. 52.
Old Series, Vol. 35, No. 52.

Professional.

T. H. B. KASE, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA. Office in Market Square, (adjoining the office of W. I. Greenough, Esq.,) Professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.
Sunbury, March 16, 1872.-1y.

JOSEPH S. ARNOLD,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Liverpool, Perry county, Pa.

All business matters in the counties of Northumberland, Snyder, Union, Perry and Juniata promptly attended to. Consultations can be had in the German and English languages.
april 17, 1874.-1y.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COLLECTIONS.

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Collections and all legal matters promptly attended to.

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ACTING JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Conveyancing, the collections of claims, writings, and all kinds of Legal business will be attended to carefully and with despatch. Can be consulted in the English and German language. Office in Haupt's building, Market street, Sunbury, Pa.
April 9,'75.

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Attorney-at-Law,
GEORGETOWN,
Northumberland Co., Penna.

Can be consulted in the English and German languages. Collections attended to in Northumberland and adjoining counties.
Also agent for the Lebanon Valley Fire Insurance Company. mh15

W. C. PACKER,
Attorney at Law,
Sunbury, Pa.
November 9, 1872.—tf.

S. B. BOYER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Wolverton's Law building, Second street. SUNBURY, PA. Professional business attended to, in the courts of Northumberland and adjoining counties. Also, in the *Circuit* and *District* Courts for the Western District of Pennsylvania. Claims promptly collected. Particular attention paid to *cases in Bankruptcy*. Consultation can be had in the German language. April 9,'75.

L. H. KASE, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA., office in Wolverton's Law building, Second street. Collections made in Northumberland and adjoining counties.
April 9,'75.

J. Merrill Linn. Andrew H. Dill. Frank. S. Marr.
LINN, DILL & MARR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Next door to the Presbyterian church, Market Square, SUNBURY,
April 9,'75 Northumberland Co., Pa.

EDMUND DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
SUNBURY, PENN'A.

Office in Masser's Building, south side of Market Square. April 9,'75.

JAMES H. McDEVITT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER. Office with S. B. Boyer, Esq., in Wolverton's Law Building, Sunbury, Pa. April 9,'75.

S. P. WOLVERTON, Attorney at Law. Market Square, SUNBURY, PA. Professional business in this and adjoining counties promptly attended to.

H. B. MASSER, Attorney at Law, SUNBURY, PA.—Collections attended to in the counties of Northumberland, Union, Snyder, Montour, Columbia and Lycoming. apl10-69

SOLOMON MALICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office at his residence on Arch street, one square north of the Court House, near the jail, SUNBURY, PA. Collections and all professional business promptly attended to in this and adjoining counties. Consultations can be had in the German language. July27-1872.

GEO. W. ZIEGLER,
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Office in Haupt's building, Market St., Sunbury, Pa.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to in the Courts of Northumberland and adjoining counties.
March 19, 1875.

DR. C. M. MARTIN, Office in Drug Store, Clement House Block, Office hours: from 11 a. m., to 1 p. m., and from 6 to 9 p. m., at all other hours, when not Professionally engaged can be found at his residence, on Chestnut Street, SUNBURY, PA. Particular attention given to surgical cases. Will visit Patients either in town or country.

G. B. CADWALLADER. Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, lass, Varnishes, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Pocket Books, Dairies, &c.

DENTISTRY.
GEORGE M. RENN,
In Simpson's Building, Market Square,
SUNBURY, PA.,

I prepared to do all kinds of work pertaining to Dentistry. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Teeth, and other Dental material, from which he will be able to select, and meet the wants of his customers.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or else the money refunded.

The very best Mouth Wash and Tooth-Powders kept on hand.

His references are the numerous patrons for whom he has worked for the last twelve years.
Sunbury, April 21, 1872.

Hotels and Restaurants.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, Cor. Third and Mulberry, Business Centre, Williamsport, Pa.
Wm. CRAWFORD, Proprietor.
Dec. 11, 1874.

CLEMENT HOUSE, Third Street below Market, Sunbury, Pa. PETER S. BURRELL, Proprietor. Rooms neat and comfortable. Tables supplied with the delicacies of the season and the waiters attentive and obliging.
Sunqury, Jan. 22, 1875.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, W. F. KITCHEN, Proprietor. Opposite the Depot SHAMOKIN, PA. Every attention given to travellers, and the best accommodations given.
April 5, 1873.—tf

NATIONAL HOTEL. AUGUSTUS WALD, Proprietor, Georgetown North'd County, Pa., at the Station of the N. C. R. W. Choice wines and cigars at the bar.
The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Good stabling and attentive ostlers.

HUMMEL'S RESTAURANT,
LOUIS HUMMEL, Proprietor
Commerce St., SHAMOKIN, PENN'A.
Having just refitted the above Saloon for the accomodation of the public, is now prepared to serve his friends with the best refreshments, and fresh Lager Beer, Ale, Porter, and all other malt liquors.

Business Cards.

W. S. RHOADS. J. PACKER HAAS
W. S. RHOADS & CO.,
RETAIL DEALERS OF
ANTHRACITE COAL, SUNBURY, PENN'A.
OFFICE WITH HAAS, FAGELY & CO.,
Orders left at Seasholtz & Bro's., office Market street, will receive prompt attention. Country custom respectfully solicited.
Feb. 4, 1871.—tf.

COAL! COAL! COAL!—GRANT BROS., Shippers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in WHITE AND RED ASH COAL, SUNBURY, PA.
(LOWER WHARF.)
Orders will receive prompt attention.

ANTHRACITE COAL!
VALENTINE DIETZ, Wholesale and Retail dealer in every variety of ANTHRACITE COAL, UPPER WHARF, SUNBURY, PENN'A.
All kinds of Grain taken in exchange for Coal. Orders solicited and filled promptly. Orders left at S. F. Nevin's Confectionery Store, on Third street, will recieve prompt attention, and money receiptedfor, the same as at the office.

NEW COAL YARD.

THE undersigned having connected the Coal business with his extensive FLOUR & GRAIN trade, is prepared to supply families with the
VERY BEST OF COAL,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Egg, Stove and Nut, constantly on hand. Grain taken in exchange for Coal.
J. M. CADWALLADER.
Sunbury, Jan. 15, 1870. tf.

Miscellaneous.

SUNBURY MARBLE YARD,
Fourth Street below Market,
SUNBURY, PENN'A.

THE undersigned has returned from the Vermont Marble Quarries with **56** Tons of Marble for

Monuments, Grave-Stones, &c., &c.

He has bought at such figures that will allow him to sell better stone, for less money, than heretofore. The best
Sutherland Falls Marble,
which is better than Italian. Rutland is now sold as low as the Manchester.

Those who need anything in the Marble line, for Monuments, Grave-Stones, or other purposes, will find it to their interest to call and examine this large stock, as better bargains can be secured than buying from parties 'huckstering' round the country.

All lettering will be done in the neatest and most improved style.
W. M. DAUGHERTY.
Sunbury, Jan. 11, 1873.

THE KING BARBER SHOP

IS THE SHOP OF THE TOWN — and long has been; ask history and she will tell you

Men have grown old in our patronage—
Babies on their mothers' breast
To bouncing boys at play;
And youths by maidens fair caressed,
To stalwart men with cares oppressed,
And old men silver gray.

And among the honored and lasting impressions of time, and the crash of revolutions in circumstances, we stand a living monumental memento of the ingenuity and perseverance appertaining to the identity of progression, plying our vocation with the highest style of art and perfection, and aspiring to achieve the highest reward of merit attainable in our humble capacity, and the sentiment of respect and approbation which the presence of superior appliances and establishment are always wont to inspire.

Always to please
We shave with ease—
Cut and comb with taste the hair;
Shampoo the head with soothing care,
And color the whiskers black or brown,
To suit the people about the town.
Then allow me politely request you to stop,
And not go past nor from around our shop.

To get shaved on the basis of ability—nor as some have done for our use of the ballot for principle—sacred and right—nor under the common secret and invidious guise of enmity to complexion; for the cut of a man's coat, or the color of his skin, ought not to affect his usefulness nor his qualifications. A fair chance is all that we demand, to give the proof to all the land.
JAMES W. WASHINGTON.
Proprietor.
Sunbury, April 5, 1873; No. 91, Market st.

KEEP IT HANDY!
The Reliable Family Medicine.

DIARRHEA, Dysentery, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Cramps, etc., quickly cured by the use of
JARDELLA'S
Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root and Rhubarb. An old, well tried remedy, entirely vegetable, pleasant to take, quick and certain in effect; can be depended on in the most urgent cases; may be given to the youngest infant as well as to adults. It contains
NO CAMPHOR OR OPIUM.

It is a pleasant extract and readily taken by children. It has often saved life when physicians had despaired. Keep it in the house and use in time. All we ask for it is a trial. Don't let your dealer put you off with something else. Buy it. Try it. Sold by Druggists and Store Keepers throughout this State. Prepared only by HANSELL & BRO.,
jul19,-3m 2000 Market Street, Philadelphia.

TOY & CONFECTIONERY STORE.

Everybody is invited to come and buy of the handsome assortment of
TOYS AND CONFECTIONERIES
SAMUEL F. NEVIN'S STORE,
in frame building, adjoining Moore & Dissinger's building, THIRD STREET, SUNBURY, PA. Just opened a fresh supply of Confectioneries of every description.
TOYS OF ALL KINDS
constantly on hand. The best RAISINS, FIGS, CURRANTS & DRIED FRUIT.
PURE RIO COFFEE, TEA & SPICES,
fresh Bread, Buns & Cakes, every morning
FANCY CAKES, BISCUITS, CRACKERS, &c.
ORANGERS, LEMONS,
FRESH FISH EVERY DAY
will be sold at the lowst rates. The best of *Albemarl Shad* will be delivered at the residence of purchasers in any part of the town.
Call and see the excellent assortment of goods and ascertain prices.

JUST OPENED!
The Fall and Winter styles
OF
LADIES DRESS GOODS,
Fancy Goods,
WOOLEN GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
A splendid line of Notions,
Ladies goods a specialty. Gents' Gloves, Neckties, Hankerchiefs, &c. Call and see the immense stock at
MISS KATE BLACK,
Market Square, Sunbury.
Sunbury, Nov. 13, 1874.

LADIES TAKE NOTICE!
New Millinery Goods
have just been opened at the store of
MISS. M. L. GOSSLER,
Fourth street, below the Shamokin Valley R. R.
SUNBURY, PA.,
Where all kinds of Millinery goods of the latest New York and Philadelphia styles are now open for inspection.
HATS, BONNETS,
Laces, Flowers, Ribbons, Feathers, Trimmings, Notions,
Gloves, Hankershiefs, and every kind of goods usually found in a Millinery store.
Ladies are invited to call and see the immense stock.

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THE SUNBURY AMERICAN

The Largest and Most Complete Establishment

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NEW TYPE,
NEAT WORK,
IMPROVED PRESSES,
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ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

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CIRCULARS.

Everything that is needed in the printing department will be executed with promptness and at low prices. All are invited to call and examine our samples. No trouble to give estimates and show goods. We shall cheerfully do this to all, who call for that purpose, without charge.

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☞Orders for Subscription. Advertising or Job Printing, thankfully received.

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SUNBURY, PA.

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IS THE

BEST ADVERISING MEDIUM

In the Central part of the State,

IT CIRCULATES

In one of the Most Thrifty, Intelligent and

WEALTHY

SECTIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Sample copy of paper sent to any address free of charge.

Select Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hours left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory;
And follow in the wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by Affliction
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that locks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Tales and Sketches.

A SMALL MARTYR.

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

It was almost impossible to tell the material of which Tommy's pants had been originally made. Patch by patch is said to be neighborly, but patch upon patch, beggarly. Poor, little, beggarly Tom!

There was a hungry look in the boy's great honest eyes—for despite his rags it was known to the neighborhood that Tom was honest—that no amount of good food could banish. Heaven knows the poor child needed food sorely enough, but the lonely little heart longed for something more than this. Could you have seen him all alone in the great church-yard, laying his poor, tired head down on his mother's grave, and wetting the green sod with the bitter tears, wrung from his tortured heart in his lonely agony, then you would have understood that Tom's greatest need was to be gathered up into some one's great, warm, caressing love.

He was only a baby now—this seven year old boy—prematurely old through his woeful experiences of the great world about him. How he came into this world, and the reason of his coming, was as much a mystery to him as it is to the most profound philosopher that ever undertook to elucidate the subject.

Neither could he understand the reason that one white, sweet face that had been lovingly over him, should have been laid away forever with the damp ground lying heavily and immovably about it. He remembered the last words those pale mother's lips had said, and in his baby heart had treasured them as a sacred trust.

'Tommy, stay by father; be true to him; try to make him better so that we may be all together there.'

Then, with the white face turned toward the open window, through which the distant blue sky was visible, the last spark of life went out, and Tommy's head rested upon the bosom of the dead.

An unsteady step had come up the walk through the broken gate, and a dark shadow had fallen upon the sunlit floor. Tommy lifted his head.

'Hush!' he said, with his small finger on his lips; 'after so much pain, she's asleep at last.'

Over the bloated face a look of horror came, and into the bleared eyes the hot tears gushed and rolled slowly down the coarsened cheeks.

'Mary, O, Mary darling! speak to me once more! O God! too late, too late:

He cowered down over his dead—he clasped his hands in agony, tore at his uncombed hair—but there was no awakening; as poor, little, motherless Tommy has said, 'she was asleep at last!'

Such a little time it had been since she was a happy laughing girl, her step as light as a fawn's, roses blooming in her cheeks, and her glad young heart full of life and love. And now? Lying there cold and still, with her thin, pulseless fingers laid over her broken heart!

Through all the indifference those years of drinking had imbued him with, the fact appealed to him, clearing his brain of its indistinct ideas, and bringing his mind face with the terrible truth. He had killed her. He didn't need twelve men to assure him of this; his conscience was a faithful accuser. He looked back over the few years of her married life—remembered how she had come to him, with her heart full of love, and her hands willing to give all needful help; remembered too the beast he had made of himself. He had scoffed at temperance stories—reiterated warnings—at friendly words implying that there was danger to him. He was strong and great—his nerves steady, his brain clear—what harm could there be in taking a glass of wine?

From one glass it went to two, then more than two from one night out with a party of friends, it went on to two nights, then more than this; from laughing pleasantly at his wife's gentle remonstrances, it came to rough words spoken unkindly; from one business loss through growing incapacity, it came down to utter failure—total ruin.

He knew all of this; and now that Mary was dead he had grown so sober that he could think it over clearly. Even he hadn't heard her last words. Had there been any thought of him?

He was too remorseful in this the first hour of his grief to think of Mary's child, but the thought came to him at last. He was not entirely alone. The boy, with his mother's dark grey eyes, was looking wistfully up to him. How often had he seen that look in the eyes once bright and loving, now dim and forever closed.

'Poor little Tommy,' he said, and folded the lonely little fellow to his bosom.

'I will never go away from you,' the boy cried, his heart full of gladness at the unwonted caress.

'She said—be true to father, and try to make him better, so that we may be all together there.'

He pointed with his little finger toward the blue sky, and the man shuddered, for to him the gulf lying between his present life and the one which he felt assured she had entered seemed impassable.

For a little time he kept sober; but there came a night when Tommy waited his coming in vain. The old life had not faded from the boy's mind. When he heard his step, he cowered down in silence, his little heart beating painfully, for well he remembered the cruelty of the heavy hand, and she was not here to turn aside the unmerited blow. Ah! it is an old story; no words are pathetic enough to do it justice.

The house in which Tommy lived, and when the father slept in drunken stupor, was near the levee in the great city. Among the many neglected children, houseless and uncared for, it is no wonder that Tommy should be destitute. And yet the small bit of humanity struggled bravely for his livelihood. It was his own small fingers that had so carefully repaired the worn pants, that now and then washed the tattered shirt, and tried in memory of the sainted mother, to make himself whole and clean, as she had loved him. And yet the poor little effigy of older humanity, with his old ways often made a caricature of himself, and the passer by would turn with a smile to catch another glimpse of the strange creature.

Brimless hat, old shoes, immensely too large, clothes repaired with all the colors of the rainbow, great hollow eyes, hair long—and if combed hanging in lank strings—this was Tommy, as the street knew him. But, as the angel mother, smiling down in unutterable compassion upon his baby struggles, watched him, who shall dare say how glorious he seemed to her?

While the summer lasted it was not so great a struggle to live, but when the winter came on with its fierce winds, which searched through and through the miserable dwelling, finding all of the crevices, and sending in with its icy, whistling breath the cold, then it was that little Tommy drew his rags closer about him, and carefully replenished out of his miserable store of water-soaked wood his scanty fire.

Then it was, too, that he would look out through the falling snow, and listen with one little hand held to his ear for his drunken father's step. And, finally, if the hour grew late, he would hurry away toward the town, and watch along the road or linger in front of the low gruggery where he was sure to be, for the nights were cold; and had not she said, 'Tommy take care of the father?' If he should fall down by the way and die by himself, what would the mother say to him—Tommy—who had let him die unfit to be there?

It was a great care on the boy's young hands. And often he was cursed, and beaten, and kicked, and bruised, and his little loving heart tortured and lacerated, until it would have been a mercy had God taken him from the world!

Who Tommy was seemed to have faded from the faithless father's mind. It was in the spring that we knew him. Attention had been called to the sadness of his case, and several ladies took it upon themselves to make him an offer of a better home.

'Thank you, madam, but I have him to care for. He isn't much to me, as you say, but he was a great deal to her, and if he fails to meet her up there, I'm sure she don't care to stay. I am to make him better. I don't know—I can't see how I am to do it—but somehow it must be done. He doesn't care for me, I know, and he'd be glad if I was dead; but I can't die now, though I am awful tired of trying to live without her. Thank you all the same, but I can't leave him.'

No amount of persuasion could turn the little fellow aside from his resolution. He adhered to it with a stubbornness that was exasperating to the kind hearts that were longing to aid him.

Often the child went supperless, that the father might have a crust of bread, and the only thanks he received for his sacrifice was a curse because it was not better or more.

The spring came on, with its warm rains, and the snows had melted on the mountains and the uplands, and had filled the great river to overflowing. The people were talking in the streets, of the great embanking; of the fearful consequence should the levee break away.

Tommy's father had come staggering home at twelve o'clock, and, too much intoxicated to undress, he had laid down in his clothes. It was raining fearfully, but above the noise could be heard the mad roar of the river; as it dashed onward, past the alarmed city.

Of a sudden, a bell sounds, ringing out clearly above the storm—above the deafening roar. There is a wild shout in the street—and voices crying out:

'Back! back from the river, for your lives back! the levee is giving away!'

White faces, Tommy hears this, and tugs with all his might at the drunken man sleeping so near death's door.

'Oh, father?' he cries; waken! waken!

A muttering curse is the only answer.

'We'll be swept away! Father, the river is overflowing the town!'

Not a word of reply came to the boy's frantic appeal.

'Come, father, come! I hear the water rushing along!'

He clasps his father's hand, and tries, in his puny strength, to pull him up from his miserable bed. He falls back himself, helpless and discouraged.

'Oh, mother!' he cries, 'he isn't fit to go! I've done my best! I've tried to save him—to make him better; to make him better; to make him good enough to come with me to you, up there; but he will not listen! Give him a little longer time. O, father, waken, it is almost too late!'

'Too late, too late! The river is growing more fearful, the clamor of voices dying away, the streets, by all living beings, are deserted. Under the door some cold and creeping thing is fast coming. It steals in slowly, a little stream at first then rushes on faster, crosses the floor and laps about the little bare feet.

Oh, father, father, it is here!' and yet the faithful child stands firmly.

'Upward, upward the water rises. It covers the cold feet, eddies about the bare ankles. It strikes a chill through the unclothed limbs—a deep chill through the child's heart. He knows then that it is death coming! For himself he is not afraid; but, O God of mercy! must he go, and her wish not fulfilled? He thinks then of that unknown future; of the great gulf between the good and bad; of the fearful wickedness of his unkind father; of the angelic goodness of his blessed mother; and though he is too much of a child to clothe the thought in words, yet his baby heart realizes the terrible tragedy, and he cries aloud once more,—

'Father, oh, father, do not die, and so forever be kept away from mother and me!'

The sleeping man turns heavily.

'He is awakening at last!' the child cried, eagerly.

The water comes up to his waist. It creeps over the edge of the bed and wets the mouldy straw. It reaches the sleeping man. He mutters wearily,—

'Curse the cold! If I had a drink of whiskey I might drive the chill away, but the last dime is gone.'.'

'Oh, father, come quick, come! The levee's broken away! It is the water that you feel—it is that which sends the chill over you. Come, father, come!'

'What! water roaring all about us? The cursed river in the room, and not a stream of old Bourbon flowing by as I dreamed! Why didn't you waken me, Tommy? You know I am not fit to die! Here, let me rest my hand on your shoulder.'

He staggered heavily to his feet. Crossed the room unsteadily; unlatched the door and went out into the fearful flood. In going out he went down two steps. It brought the water to his shoulders. Tommy followed him closely, went down the steps also. It brought the water over Tommy's head.

The drunken man rushed on, making toward the bluff that lay back from the river. There was a faint, drowning cry of 'Oh, father,' ending in a hoarse gurgle—a lifting up for a moment of a white face and two white, childish hands, and then the hands and face were gone—lost amid the rushing, boiling water.

A fearful buffeting against the mad stream, a terrible struggle for a worthless life, and the sobered inebriate reaches the bluff. Then the horrible truth rushes upon him. Then he understands the faithfulness of his dead child—realizes to its fullest extent that he had sent that child to his death.

The morning came. Backed on the swaying branch of an uprooted tree, they found the little martyr, his white face gleaming in the spring sunshine. But the pure young soul had entered on that everlasting spring of which he had so often dreamed, with his head lying on his mother's grave. Two graves then in the churchyard—two deaths in the household—and he responsible for both! Could he ever become, through his terrible penitence, good enough to meet them up there? He seemed to see Tommy's tiny hands reaching out to him through the terrible gloom that had settled swiftly over him; he seemed to him.

Let us hope that the child's death has not been in vain, for he for whom he died has turned his feet away from the road along which destruction markes the day, and his old haunts, where death still lurkes know him no more. Heaven help him to become worthy of poor little Tommy, the martyr.

Miscellaneous.

A Marvelous Snake Fight.

The Santa Rosa, California, *Democrat* of February 20, tells this story:

Last August, as Mr. Wooldridge, who lives just above Cloverdale, formerly of Petaluma, was going to his work in the early morning, he saw a strange sight, something which he could not at first define—whirling, writhing and turning on the ground. On a nearer approach what was his astonishment to discover two immense rattlesnakes engaged in deadly strife. They were wrapped around each other from tail to within six or eight inches of the head, and never for a moment did they take their eyes off each other.

Now and then they would slowly uncoil to within one or two coils of the tail, when with an instantaneous movement they would again become involved to the neck, and with jaws distended and fangs exposed one would strike at the other, his antagonist invariably dodging the blow, when in turn he would be foiled. After repeating their manœuvers for a time, they would lie panting in each other's coils, and then slowly and cautiously unwind only to repeat the involvement and striking again.

So fiercely did they embrace each other that one would think surely the life would be crushed out. Strike after strike was made on both sides, but never once was an adversary so far caught off his guard as to receive a blow. They had been fighting over a space of fifteen or twenty feet as was evidenced by their tracks in the dust. To all appearances they had been fighting all night, every inch of the ground bearing marks of the conflict.

After looking at them for some time Mr. Wooldridge cut a pole some eight or ten feet long, and just then a Mr. Murphy came up. He took the pole and approaching the snakes, they simultaneously discovered him, when, loosening their hold of each other with marvelous rapidity, the larger one rushed at him perfectly furious; it required the second blow to stop him. In a moment after the other started after Mr. Murphy, as his now dead antagonist had done, when he, too, was slain by a well directed blow. One had sixteen and the other fifteen rattles.

Springtime and Friends.

Spring sunshine! How welcome its warm genial rays after the severe winter we have just passed through. How the air rings with the songs of the little ones as they skip along the pavements enjoying the glad sunshine; how they frolic and shout in a wild out-burst of freedom and joyousness; how the lambs in the meadow seek out the sunniest spot, and the chickens cackle and how pleasant *we* find it to sit at the window and look out over the far away hills still clad with snow, and "revel in poetic dreams." And wherefore? Is it not because spring, beight, beautiful, joyous spring is at hand? Soon the leaves and blossoms will unfold and expand in the caressing air and warm spring sunshine; birds will flit in and out through the branches of the perfume-ladened trees, and breezes rock in their embraces; soon, the flowers long hidden under their snowy bed protected by frost and snow, will burst their bonds, and stretching their heads toward

Rates of Advertising.

One inch,(twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1,50; three insertions $2.00.

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One inch..............	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches...........	3.00	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches.........	5,00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches..........	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
Quarter Column......	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
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Yearly advertisements payable quarterly—Transient advertisements must be paid before insertion, except where parties have accounts.

Local notices twenty cents a line, and ten cents for every subsequent insertion.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column $3,00 per year for the first two lines, and $1.00 for each additional line.

the sunshine, will flourish and grow, adding beauty to the charms of spring.

Does it not seem, dear reader, as though this season of the year rivets more closely the bonds of love between friends? Sang the poet (and truthful indeed is the song,)

The friends that are new, may be kind and true,
But give me the old friends still.

Is it not generally known that there are beings in the world known as *summer friends*? Transcient indeed is their friendship, and from all such may we be preserved. While prosperity blesses, they cling to one and are never more friendly and pleasant, but let adversity hover over and around one, their friendship flees away and they prove themselves fickle and inconstant. We have found many new friends; friends who have indeed been kind and true; friends who can and do sympathise with one in trouble and sorrow; whose helping hands have kindly been extended to alleviate one's suffering; whose hearts are full of sympathy for the afflicted and sorrowing; friends whose love exists not only during the summer of prosperity, but through the spring, summer, autumn and winter as the years go by, whether prosperity or adversity be one's lot.

It is a blessed comfort to have good. kind, *substantial* friends. How double welcome they are when sickness overtakes one. What a halo of brightness their presence sheds around and about the room. How they draw at one's heart-string as they minister to your wants, smooth the pillow, bathe the fevered brow and in a hundred ways express their friendship. Yes! they come to us even *more* welcome than the spring sunshine. God bless them.

How many prayers ascend from stricken ones for friends. May they, when life's pilgrimage is forever ended, obtain an abundant entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom, and may the loving voice of the Master welcome them with the works He spake to those of old, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

HAWTHORNE.

* * *

Chinese Culinary Skill.

The Chinese cigar makers of California recently gave a banquet at which the 'display pieces' on the table are said to have even exceeded those of the famoms 'French cook's banquet' in New York. The first course was served at half-past four and was the most elaborate of the series. Every luxury of the 'Melican man's market,' as the interpreter expressed it, was served upon this table for the purpose of tickling the palates of the American guests. Turkey, chicken, quail, goose, duck, pigeons, prairie chicken; deer, antelope and numberless other game was served, together with the usual allowance of champagne and a dozen other varieties of imported and California wines. In the upper room, where the principal banquet was progressing. fifteen round tables were spread, with twelve Chinamen at each table. In a sort of alcove leading from the main room, a long table was spread in magnificent style for fifteen American guests. During the course an orange was laid at the plate of each guest. The orange itself seemed like any other orange, but on being cut open was found to contain within the rind five kinds of delicate jellies. One was first puzzled to explain how the jellies got in, and giving up that train of reflection, was in a worse quandary to know how the pulpy part of the orange got out. Colored eggs were also served, in the inside of which were found nuts, jellies. meats, and confectionary. When the reporter asked the interpreter to explain this legerdemain of cookery he expanded his mouth in a hearty laugh. and shook his head and chucklingly said, 'Melican man heap smart; why he not findee out?'

After feeding upon birds' nests. succulent seaweed, and a variety of Chinese vegetables. the reporter—who liked the course as far as it went, and was determined to go through the balance—informed the waiter that he was ready for the cats, rats, mice. &c., which he expected would be part of the entertainment. He was informed, however. that such questionable game did not form an article of Chinese diet. and the interpreter stated in his peculiar way, 'Newspaper men heap lie about us.'

The second course began at 9 o'clock and was principally devoted to drinking and music. Tea, coffee, and rice-brandy were the principal drinks indulged in by the Chinamen. The tea was such as one seldom gets outside of a Chinese restaurant. The coffee was good, and the rice-brandy particularly delightful. A Chinese wine, resembling champagne, was also introduced, which had a peculiar odor like the scent of roses. Pyramids of flowers twelve feet high adorned the tables.

* * *

The Mental Condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally rupposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health; or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

* * *

The bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out; and since for a moment of mirth we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and flowers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit were it not watered by the tears of sensibility, and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

* * *

POETRY reveals to us the lovliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderist and loftiest feelings, through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.