

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEAR COUSIN ANNIE—Should you think the subject of this poem, dear Cousin Annie, worthy of a notice in the Beacon, please position it. D. T. MCK.

EPITAPH ON JOHN BROWN.

Beneath a rock, like Old John Brown's, / Three hundred years, who sought heaven's / A martyr's tomb, who sought a name in the Beacon, / Who never flinched from doing wrong.

But by his evil genius, led / Like a headless ruffian, who had paid, / The forfeit of his bloody trade.

Let Kansas mourners, warning take / Let Brown's bad acts, will not forsake / The guilty land, who should not / And ventured, their own dear John.

But when the hour of trial came / They let him die, now strike his name, / Let "freedom" when they see get free, / They paid about of "Starvation."

Let "freedom" when they see get free, / They paid about of "Starvation." / White fingers, who can faintly show, / And under on, such looks as Brown, / Till Justice strike each morning down.

When we told Brown lies buried under a rock in his own grave, / On a plain, Col. Co., March 1, 1860.

ORIGINAL TALE.

COUSIN ANNE'S STORY. BY SALLIE.

Reader, were you ever at Maple Grove? If you were, you know well all the beauties of the place; and if not, then I will describe it to you.

When I was my thirteenth year, my mother—who in always was a pale and sickly woman—died, leaving me to the care of my father, who was a man of extensive mercantile business, and consequently had little time to devote to the training of his only child; so I was left to the care of servants, who never opposed a wish of their young mistress. I was naturally possessed of a good disposition, but was becoming spoiled by the indulgence of those around me.

One day, when I was in the garden, I received a letter from your mother's cousin, Anne Sherman, stating that she intended spending a few weeks with us, and would be with us by the next evening's train.

"Now Lillian, I wish you to be a very good little girl, and to try to make your Cousin's stay with us agreeable; for she is a most estimable person and was your Mother's dearest friend. I wish also that you would try and correct those exhibitions of temper that are getting the mastery so completely over you, and to be a good little girl for your Mother's sake."

The next time papa's carriage drove up to the door, papa alighted and handed out a lady whom I knew to be Cousin Anne. I had never seen her, and I spent the whole day in wondering whether she would be old or young, beautiful or otherwise, and whether I should like her or not; and when I peered papa with all these conjectures, he only said, "have patience Lillian, till evening, and then you can judge for yourself;" so when the carriage drove up I was undecided whether I should remain in the parlor or withdraw to my room.

While standing still undecided what I should do, the door opened and she came in, followed by papa. I was always a reserved child, and meeting with few beside our own family, I was much more so in the presence of strangers, and consequently stood still, hid by the drapery of the window, till papa observing me, called me to come forward and pay my respects to Cousin Anne. I approached her; and I think I never saw a person who struck me so favorably as did Anne, and I felt as the glance of her sweet hazel eyes fell upon me, that she was destined to wield a powerful influence over me; and when she drew me to her arms and inquiring a kiss upon my brow exclaimed, "and this is Lillian, is it? How like her mother, darling!" I felt my heart drawn out to her with a love that has ever since burned with a steady and brighter glow.

dining room, for she feared aunt Dinah would think her tea spoiled if she had to wait for them. We found a repast ready for us that an epicure might have envied, and we did such justice to the good things before us, that even aunt Dinah was satisfied, for she said she was mighty glad that the supper was not spoiled for Missus Anne and young "Missus Ainslie" as she called me.

The next day Anne took me out walking to view the village and view the surrounding scenery. I think I never have seen a more picturesque place! The cottages nesting down amid the trees and shrubbery, seemed to me—who had never seen anything but the rows of brick and pavements of the city—fit for fairy places. But what particularly delighted me, was the grove just at the outskirts of the village, from whence it derived its name. It was about a mile in extent, and was covered by a thick growth of maples. The grass was very thick upon it, and was of that soft turfy kind that so much resembles velvet.

A little stream meandered gently through it, which gradually extending, formed itself into a miniature lake, which the villagers had dignified by the name of Silver Lake. It was a delightful place, and the resort of the whole village. Rustic seats and arbors were scattered through it, and along the shores of Silver Lake was moored many a skiff and canoe; and many the tales of love that were breathed, and many the vows that were spoken beneath those stately maples, or gliding swiftly over the crest of the Lake. Since I first saw the grove it was my greatest happiness to wander through it after my lessons were through for the day, with my gentle Anne by my side.

I have hinted that she was unmarried, and that had always kept me in a state of wonder, why one so good and so beautiful as she was, should remain in a state of single blessedness. And one day, as we were wandering in our favorite grove, I asked her why it was that one so good and pretty as she was, had not long ere this been married, and if she had not once had as many admirers as those who thronged around the rustic beauties of that place.

I looked up as I spoke, and she was greatly agitated; her whole frame shook with irrepressible emotion, and she spoke to me with a sternness that she had never before used to me. "Lillian Ainslie, do you know what you are asking?" I had never seen her in such a mood, and fearing I had greatly offended her, I buried my face in my hands and sobbed aloud. "O! forgive me Anne, I did not mean to offend you, indeed I did not, I sobbed out, and threw myself on the grass at her feet. She stooped down and raised me tenderly from the ground, and seating me by her side, said, "yes I will, I will tell you what I have never told to mortal; tell you what only God and the angels and myself know; it will remove the weight which is sometimes too heavy to be borne."

"When I was young, I attended the village Academy, where the youth of both sexes acquired the rudiments of knowledge. While there, I became acquainted with a youth apparently about three years older than I was. He was beautiful. Oh! so beautiful! His eyes were of a blackness that, when in a state of calmness, were so beautiful, and drooped, modestly as a lady's beneath the ardent glances that were cast upon him; but, when his indignation was aroused at some petty annoyance the small girls suffered from some of the other boys, his eyes would sparkle and flash and seem to emit sparks of livid fire. Ah! those eyes, no wonder my heart was enslaved! His hair hung in curling locks nearly to his shoulders, and his mouth, always wreathed in smiles for me, was filled with teeth of pearly whiteness. He was the only son of the oldest, wealthiest and most aristocratic family in the State, and who looked upon all else around them as being little else than beggars. But Frank would not or could not understand this; he insisted that others around him were as good as he, provided they did not mean and cowardly action, and I, child that I was, did not know it was a crime to be poor. As we grew older, our childish attachment ripened into ardent and sincere love. He loved me with all the passionate ardor of his life, and I, I worshipped him. As at school he had been my youthful companion, so now he was my most gallant defender, nor would he brook for an instant the sneers of his haughty sister, who taunted him for his love to a PAUPER, as she termed me. But this distressed me not. What cared I for the taunts and sneers of the whole world, as long as Frank loved me; as long as his words were whispered in my ears, or his burning kiss pressed upon my brow? We used to wander in this grove, or glide over the ripples of the lake, by the house, and there, when he told me that I was the sunshine of his life, and that he could not live without me, and if ever I ceased to love him, he would not wish to live; I laid my face on his shoulder and wept for very joy.

"O Frank," said I, "talk not to me of ceasing to love, you who am my heart's idol, I live but in your presence, if you do not love me I die."

"Oh! Anne, say those words again! Tell me again that you love me; I could ever listen to that low sweet voice; tell me that you will be my bride, my wife, my life." "I will, Frank, I will, I am yours, and yours only till death."

A few weeks after, I saw him coming up

my wont, and when I met him I saw at a glance that something troubled him greatly. "Oh Frank, dear Frank, what has happened?" I exclaimed, you look as pale as a ghost!

"Come with me to the grove darling, and I will tell you all." I took his arm and we walked in silence to the grove and seating ourselves, he drew my hand on his shoulder covered me with kisses.

"O! Anne I must have you to go with me on business for my father; I may be home in three years, but oh! Anne I will never cease to love you, and will you promise ever to be true to me and no matter what you may hear about me, to believe that I still love you better than life itself." I will write to you every week and I want you to be punctual in writing in return, for your letters will be my only comfort during my exile from you."

I could not answer, for I felt that he was now lost to me forever, and my tears rolled untrained down my cheeks and my sob choked my utterance.

"Anne my bride do not weep so, you will unnerve me for doing my duty to my father; business requires the immediate presence of him or myself, he is old and infirm and but ill fitted to bear the fatigue of busy life; and should I not go? Smile upon me dearest and bid me God speed and a safe return too home and adieu."

I tried to smile, and his own dear hands wiped my tears from my eyes, I gave him my promises and pressing me to his breast in one lingering embrace, and imprinting one kiss upon my life he was gone.

I need not tell you how I missed him, how week after week I looked and looked in vain for those letters that never, never came, how I tried to believe him still true, and how many the months before I could believe that he had indeed deserted me, and then the utter desolation that came over my spirit. I need not tell you of this, Lillian, but after three years had passed by since I had parted with him; I received this dispatch "Come to me Anne. I am dying." Dying my God! My Frank; him whom I had so long mourned as faithless; he dying and with his latest breath sending for me. I went, I found him lying near to death, but his reason was not derelict, and as I entered the room where he lay, I heard him ask, "has she not come yet?" "The physician stepped aside and beckoned me to approach. I went to his bedside and there he lay so white, and so still, with the death dew on his brow, that I thought even then his spirit had gone. I pressed his hands, and kissing his marble brow, called wildly on him to look once more upon me and speak to me. He opened his eyes and pressing me to his little remaining strength to which he faintly said. I am so glad you have come. I thought that if you had forgotten me in life, you would grant my dying request, for the sake of our old love. Why did you not answer at least one of the many letters I wrote? And why did you write me that cold letter, informing me that you had ceased to love me?"

Light now began to dawn upon me? I saw now, that he had ever been true even when he deemed me false. He had written and I had never received them, and he had received but one, and that one was forged. I told him how it was, that we had both been deceived, and Oh! How I prayed God, that he would spare him unto me; but Frank said, I would live for your sake my darling, but it is not so to be. But it will be bliss to know that in life and death you are mine; lay my head on your breast and let my last look rest on you, saying this he made one last effort to kiss me and fell back on my breast, and with the word "Anne," on his lips slept the sleep that knows no waking.

We brought him to Maple Grove, and there we laid him to rest; and you Lillian, have often seen the marble slab under which lies the remains of Frank Cremorne, my loved and lost. And now darling you know why I never married. I have other offers but my heart lies with Frank, and in the resurrection morning, I expect to meet him and live with him forever.

AN IMMENSE SPEECH.—The following "immense" speech of a "feller," at a debating club in Jersey, comes to us well vouched for: "The subject to be discussed is 'Whether ardent spirits does any good or not?' I confirm that it don't. (A long pause.) Jist think of our ancestors in futur day— they lived to a numerous and antiquarian age—so I don't think whisky or spirits does any good or not—that I conclude it don't. (Another pause.) I don't think I don't—I can't—don't git hold on the darned thing."

AGRICULTURAL.

THE FARMER. Oh! nothing is so beautiful as an outfit. The quantity of seed is small, but with his weevil of flowers, and small garden hard by. And his wife that sits the well gate. The lattice hold darkened with ivy, or vine. Throws its green shadowed light on the floor; And the porch over-traced with the delicate vine. Makes gay the stone seat at the door.

See the bridge across the brook, or the forest grow old / For the village spread over the green; / When the vale was a common, here desolate, cold, / There the peasant's home of was seen. / Then labor came forth, and wherever he trod, / The waste was a park, and the white harvests nod. / And the orchard now blooms, and the white harvests nod. / And wealth and sure plenty are there.

The palace may another way, stone by stone, / And try to emulate the hall; / The castle, with moss overgrown, / May hold to the storm till it fall; / So the Cottage, the home of contentment and peace, / Look glad in the sun of the fall; / I find not—my strength then shall never decrease— / My country be never another!

HOW TO RAISE GRAPE VINES.

Rev. D. J. WALLER, in the month of last March, presented the Editor of this Journal, with a bundle of some twenty-five cuttings of the "Bloom Grape." We made a trench in our Garden, about ten feet long, six feet wide and near six inches deep, into which we planted the cuttings, two abreast, some six inches apart, leaving only one eye or sprout, above ground.—Now, we have the satisfaction of owning about twenty beautiful growing GRAPE VINES, (out of the twenty-five cuttings,) in good order for transplanting, and only state the fact, that others, wishing a supply of these valuable esculents, may emulate our example with similar success.

TRANSPLANTING WHITE CEDARS FROM THE SWAMP.—This may be done in winter. Select those most exposed, so that the change to the windy upland may not be so great. Cut off the roots and sod in a circle from one to two feet from the trunk, according to the size of the tree. The best time is when the ground in the swamp is but little frozen. The freezing of the earth about the roots after removal does no harm, and the trees may be left on the surface where they are intended to be planted the next spring.

HOW TO MAKE EXTRA BRANCHES GROW ON PEAR TREES.—A writer in the Virginia Farm Journal states that he has succeeded in starting branches on his pear trees wherever he wishes a limb to grow. He says: "A careful examination will show plenty of dormant eyes, or knurls, on the stock. To produce a shoot, a slit or gash is made over the eye, and into the wood, with a knife or fine saw, which, by checking the flow of sap, starts these dormant eyes into life, and in three cases out of four a branch shoots forth."

INSECTS ON STOCK.—The Country Gentleman says: Well kept stock, housed in clean, well-littered, whitewashed stables, are rarely, unless they take them from other cattle, troubled with vermin—but pulverised copperas and sulphur, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of copperas and two of sulphur, with a little salt—mix in half a bushel of meal, given twice a week for three weeks, to 110 head of cattle or hogs, is said to be a complete remedy.

During February and March all tender trees and shrubs will be liable to injury from frost. In the earlier months of the Winter they were in so deep a slumber, that there was little danger of their being awakened by the bright and warm sunshine. But now, they have had a good nap, and are ready to be aroused; and the sun has risen higher in the heavens, and shines with greater power. For these reasons, tender vegetation is liable to injury. Therefore, if any one has hitherto neglected to protect his tender trees, shrubs and vines, let him now do so without delay.

DEEP CULTIVATION.—Deep cultivation turns the drouth itself to good account, and renders mulching and irrigation comparatively useless—or, if used, more efficacious. During a dry spell, and in trenched ground, roots strike deeper in search of food and moisture, becomes more extensively ramified, and soon find the rich loam and manure intermingled deeply with the soil. The leaching process, as it is called, is reversed, and takes place upwards more than at any other time—or, in scientific phrase, capillary attraction is increased. As each particle of moisture is evaporated from the surface, it is succeeded by another, and the whole soil is filled with the ascending moisture and gases, which are appropriated by the numerous rootlets, as they have need.

A shrewd farmer urges the expediency of keeping sets of farm accounts, and gives his own experience: "Every evening during the past 'working season' I have 'posted up' a record of the labors of the day, giving my best estimate of their money value to each item of work, and to everything used on the farm. As each crop was committed to the earth I gave it an appropriate heading, and transferred to its page in my book the items of labor, seed, manure, &c., belonging thereto, and since harvest have 'closed the account' with the several crops, or brought them so that I can see very nearly their cost and value. I find this a very convenient as well as economical course of procedure. In any other business it would be a waste of words to argue in its favor, for men seldom engage in other operations, even of trifling extent, without keeping an account of outgo and income. Why should not the farmer do so? There is no good reason, and the amount of time and thought it requires cannot be better employed in furthering the success of the enterprise in

THE ROLLER, FOR SPRING USE.

Mr. Editor:—As the season is approaching when the roller should be brought into service, permit me to call the attention of the readers of the Farmer and Gardener to its use. The time was, when, if a farmer possessed one plow and a heavy toothed harrow, he was equipped for cultivating the soil; but that time has passed away, and to a thorough agriculturist the roller is now almost as indispensable as the plow.

The first use for the roller in the spring of the year, is to smooth down the inequalities of the mowing ground, and settle the earth around the grassroots which have been loosened by the frosts. All mowing ground should be rolled as early as the ground gets settled, so that cat's feet can pass over without sinking their feet into it.

The oats ground should be rolled immediately after the harrow or drill. It is quite an advantage to the crop, and greatly facilitates harvesting, particularly if the oats should fall.

Another and one of the most important uses of this valuable implement is to crush the clods after plowing the oats stubble, and I have always found it best to have the roller follow the plow pretty closely, as the clods crush much more easily than after they have been exposed to the sun.

In preparing ground for wheat, the roller should be used repeatedly, or so long as any clods remain, and by all means let the ground be rolled before the drill. No field is in complete order for drilling without it.

Wool.—Mr. C. E. Wethered, of Baltimore, Md., communicates to the Rural Register, some information upon the subject of preparing wool for the market, the substance of which is as follows: "First, remove the tag and leg locks, then shear, and spread the fleece on a clean floor, or table, with the sheared part down; then fold the belly parts to the centre of the fleece, and repeat the operation till the fleece is ten or twelve inches wide; now roll the fleece, pressing hard at the same time; when the fleece is nearly rolled, make a rope of the neck and upper part of the shoulders by twisting ar d drawing, till long enough to reach one round, and turn the end under the twisted rope. The use of pitch is rejected, and farmers are advised not to wash their wool, unless they can do it properly."

HUMOROUS.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

A woman's tongue, it is said, never runs down but it is now and then ill-used and valuable enough to run down almost everything else.

A lawyer, on his passage from Europe, observed a shark, and asked a sailor what it was, who replied: "We call them sea lawyers."

Weak doses of wash-boards are now recommended by physicians for ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a preparation of sawhorse.

A Yankee has succeeded in tanning a hide with the bark of a dog. He is now engaged in constructing a machine by which he hopes to be enabled to obtain new milk from an old cow.

A man named Oats, was had up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

Papa reading in hearing of an intelligent child: "The men were mustered on the deck preparatory to a disembarkation." Oh, papa, said the child, how funny the men must have looked all over mustard.

A countryman who went into one of our fashionable rooms, and was surprised at seeing nothing on the table but, cloth, knives and forks and—

"What will you have?" asked the waiter. "Giles stared like a stuck pig, and said I dun know."

"Thank you, I don't care if I do take a small piece."

A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

An old woman, who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of any unusual event that she predicted it, was one day very cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many another we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so."

Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, wife! wife! what—what—do you think? The brindle cow has gone and eat up our grindstone!"

The old woman was ready; and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so, her old fool! I told you

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease or disturbances of the bodily functions; but, with the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of plain common sense, they may be able to regulate the system as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired object, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of things at the least hazard of vital strength and life. For this purpose, Dr. Hostetter has introduced to this country a preparation bearing his name, which is not a new medicine, but one that has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters operate powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, and liver, restoring them to a healthy and vigorous action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the system to triumph over disease.

For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaints, arising from a morbid action of the Stomach or Bowels, producing Cramps, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

Diarrhea, dysentery or flux, so generally contracted by new settlers, and caused principally by the change of water and diet, will be speedily regulated by a brief use of this preparation. Dyspepsia, a disease which is probably more prevalent, in all its various forms, than any other, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangement of the digestive organs, can be cured without fail by using HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, as per directions on the bottle. For this disease every physician will recommend Bitters of some kind; why then not use an article known to be infallible? All nations have the Bitters as a preventive of disease and strengthener of the system in general; and among them all there is not to be found a more healthy people than the Germans, from whom this preparation emanated, based upon scientific experiments which tend to prove the value of this great preparation in the scale of medical science.

FEVER AND AGUE.—This trying and provoking disease, which fixes its relentless grasp on the body of man, reducing him to a mere shadow in short time, and ending his physical and mentally useless, can be driven from the body by the use of HOSTETTER'S RENOWNED BITTERS. Further, none of the above-stated diseases can be contracted, even in exposed situations, if the Bitters are used as per directions. And as they neither deplete, nauseate nor offend the palate, and render unnecessary any change of diet or interruption of ordinary pursuits, but promote sound sleep and healthy digestion, the complaint is removed as speedily as is consistent with the production of a thorough and permanent cure.

For Persons in Advanced Years, who are suffering from an enfeebled constitution and infirm body, these Bitters are invaluable as a restorative of strength and vigor, and need only be tried to be appreciated. And to a mother while nursing these Bitters are indispensable, especially where the mother's nourishment is inadequate to the demands of the child, consequently her strength must depart, and here it is where a good tonic, such as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is needed to impart temporary strength and vigor to the system. Ladies should by all means try this remedy for all cases of debility, and, before so doing, should ask their physician, who, if he is acquainted with the virtues of the Bitters, will recommend their use in all cases of weakness.

CAUTION.—We caution the public against using any of the many imitations or counterfeits, but ask for HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, and see that each bottle has the words "Dr. J. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters" blown on the side of the bottle, and stamped on the metallic cap covering the cork, and observe that our autograph signature is on the label.

Prepared and sold by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa., and sold by all druggists, grocers, and dealers generally throughout the United States, Canada, South America, and Germany.

October 1, 1859. 12-200.

DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the Trade, and more especially the Physicians of the country, to two of the most popular remedies now before the public. We refer to

Dr. Chas. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.

We do not recommend them as universal Cure-alls, but simply for what their name purports, viz.:

THE VERMIFUGE, For expelling Worms from the human system. It has also been administered with the most satisfactory results to various Animals subject to Worms.

THE LIVER PILLS, For the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS, all BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS, SICK HEAD-ACHE, &c. In cases of

FEVER AND AGUE, preparatory to or after taking Quinine, they almost invariably make a speedy and permanent cure.

As specifics for the above mentioned diseases, they are Unrivalled, and never known to fail when administered in accordance with the directions.

Their unprecedented popularity has induced the proprietors, FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURGH, PA., to dispose of their Drug business, in which they have been successfully engaged for the last Twenty Years, and they will now give their undivided time and attention to their manufacture. And being determined that Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills shall continue to occupy the high position they now hold among the great remedies of the day, they will continue to spare neither time nor expense in procuring the Best and Purest material, and compound them in the most thorough manner. Address all orders to FLEMING BROS. Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros. should be careful to specify that they are ordered by Dr. M'Lane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa. To those wishing to give their friends the benefit of these Pills, we will forward them free of charge, on receipt of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve (12) cents postage stamps, or one dollar for twelve (12) cents postage stamps. All orders from Canada must be paid for in advance.

August 30, 1859.

REMOVAL OF C. C. SADLER & CO., Commission Merchants and dealers in FISH, CHEESE & PROVISIONS.

No. 103 Arch St., 2nd door above Front.

GREAT EXHIBITION ALL OVER EUROPE AND ESPECIALLY AT BLOOMSBURG!

McKELTY, NEAL & CO., IN THE FIELD WITH AN INCREASED FORCE.

Bloomsburg Head Quarters! We would announce to the public and our friends, that we have just returned from the City with a very large assortment of

NEW WINTER GOODS, Our stock of DRY GOODS comprises the largest, cheapest and most desirable assortment in this town! We are determined to compete with the

"CHEAPEST," and all those wishing to buy cheap, can save money by giving us a call. We have all kinds of Goods and Ware to supply the wants of the people. A large lot of

Ladies' Dress Goods, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, WHITE GOODS OF ALL KINDS, Shirts, Collars, Specers, Handkerchiefs, Frockings, Bands and Trimmings, Laces and Edgings, Bonnet Ribbons and braids, Kid, Velvet, &c.

ALL KINDS OF SHAWLS, BROCHE, Black Silk, Cashmere, Etc., &c. Also a large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Outlets, Vestings, Trussings, Jeans, Beaver Cloths, &c.

BOOTS & SHOES OF ALL KINDS and Sizes, for Men, Women and Children. We have a large stock of Boots, Caps, of latest fashions—We have also, Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, Cantonware, &c. Very Cheap.

MUSLINS, FLANNELS, TICKINGS, Diapers, Towelings, Drillings, &c. in abundance. Also, a large assortment of New York Cheese, a large quantity of Salt.

WE invite our friends and the public generally, to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. We have bought our goods at the Lowest Cash Price, and will not be undersold by anybody, or the rest of mankind. Bloomsburg, Nov. 19, '59. (June 4, 1859—Y)

GREAT ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS, AT THE Light Street Store.

Creaty, Brother & Co. have on active duty. WE would inform our friends and customers, that we have just received an unusually large assortment of

NEW GOODS, Which we offer at lower rates, for ready pay, than any ever before offered here and will be sold "cheaper than the cheapest."

We shall not attempt to enumerate the various articles—any one who enters our store will find a large stock of Goods, including the following:—Dresses, Shawls, Ribbons, &c. &c. We are to be found the Great Variety Store, in the city of Bloomsburg, Pa. We have a large stock of Goods, and will be undersold by anybody, or the rest of mankind. Bloomsburg, Oct. 22, 1859.

THE SECOND ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS, THE OLD ARCADE.

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with an unusually large stock of Goods, and will be sold "cheaper than the cheapest."

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, Choice styles and latest fashions. Also, a large stock of Goods, including the following:—Dresses, Shawls, Ribbons, &c. &c. We are to be found the Great Variety Store, in the city of Bloomsburg, Pa. We have a large stock of Goods, and will be undersold by anybody, or the rest of mankind. Bloomsburg, Oct. 22, 1859.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! NEW GOODS, WE would respectfully inform the citizens of Light Street, and vicinity, that they have just received a large assortment of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, which they will sell at a sacrifice. They have a large and country variety; all that is constantly found in a Country Store, and are determined to sell cheap. To the selection of the goods, they have paid strict attention; therefore, their merchandise will bear recommendation and will be of the first class.

The proprietors would solicit a liberal share of patronage. Customers would do well to call and examine their goods, and see that they are of the first quality. Country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price. MARTZ & ENT. Light Street, October 22, 1859.

Fowlerville Store. NEW GOODS, I have undressed, thank'd for past patronage, respect fully returned his friends and customers that he has received his fresh stock of

NEW GOODS, At his New Store, at Fowlerville in Centre township, Columbia county, to which he invites the attention of the public, and to which he has a large stock of Goods, including the following:—Dresses, Shawls, Ribbons, &c. &c. We are to be found the Great Variety Store, in the city of Bloomsburg, Pa. We have a large stock of Goods, and will be undersold by anybody, or the rest of mankind. Bloomsburg, Oct. 22, 1859.

NEW GOODS AT Sharpless' Store. THE present age is one of progression! This truth is clearly demonstrated by the fact that the undersigned has just received fresh from Philadelphia, a large supply of

SPRING GOODS, which he will sell at his Store on Main Street, Bloomsburg, at the lowest living prices.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price. JOSEPH SHARPLESS. Bloomsburg, Sept. 17, 1859.

CLOTHING, I have undressed, grateful for past patronage, respect fully returned his friends and the public generally, that he has just received from the most extensive cities, the largest and most select stock of

SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING, That has yet been opened in Bloomsburg, and which he invites the attention of his friends, and assures them that they are of the first quality, and at great bargains. His Stock comprises a large assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING, Consisting of FASHIONABLE SUITS OF COATS, of every description; Pants, Vests, Shirts, Cravats, Stockings, Cotton Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Rubber Goods, &c. &c. We are to be found the Great Variety Store, in the city of Bloomsburg, Pa. We have a large stock of Goods, and will be undersold by anybody, or the rest of mankind. Bloomsburg, March 10, 1860. (June 1859)

MADE "NITROGENIZED" SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME. R. W. P. ALLEN, 14th Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.