BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1867. NO. 14.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Coleman.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners—Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors—Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attroney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley.
Assessors Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor—John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers.

Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster,

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McKINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Price;

at short notice and in the very best and latest styles. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron streets, over J. K. Girton's Store.

Bloomsburg, Oct. 10, 1866.—2m

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customers and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*,") purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY, at JOSEPH SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY, in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the business, as foreman in the shop of Lewis H. Maus of this place, for over nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov. 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa.,

property of E. W. Bugeny, Esq., would say to the friends of the House, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to "Keep a House," with the accommodation and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK,
Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and the public generally, that she has just received from the eastern cities her

Spring and Summer

Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and among the most handsome and cheapest in the market. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Nobody should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order, on the shortest notice, or repaired.

Store on Main street, 3d door below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

NEW TOBACCO STORE.

H. H. HUNSBERGER,

Main Street, below the "American House,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

Where he keeps on hand, and furnishes to the home and country trade, at Philadelphia (lowest) prices,

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCOS,

DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED CIGAR all kinds of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

Snuffs, Meerschaum and Briar Wood Pipes, and all articles pertaining to his trade.

☞ Those small retail dealers in cigars and chewing tobaccos, would do well to give him a call, instead of sending to the cities for every article they need, per purchasing of these country pedlars.

November 21, 1866.—3m.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Pure Medicines, at John K. Moyer's Drug Store, Corner of Main and Market Streets. A good assortment of

PURE DRUGS,

Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, always on hand, and will be sold cheaper than at any other Drug Store in town.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at Moyer's Drug Store.

Ayers and Jaynes Medicines sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

Wishart's Tar Cordial, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, sold at Moyer's Drug Store.

For any reliable patent medicines, call at Moyer's Drug Store.

Leather of all kinds, wholesale and retail, at J. K. Moyer's Drug Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

May 9, 1866.—tf.

THE

Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

TERMS.—$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged. ☞ No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions.....$1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 13.....50

SPACE.	1m.	2m.	3m.	6m.	1y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	5.00	7.00	8.50	12.00	18.00
Four squares,	6.00	8.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column,	10.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	30.00
One column,	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice.....3.00
Auditor's Notice.....2.50

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.

☞ OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.

Address, W. H. JACOBY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

[For the Democrat.]

Lyrics of the Susquehanna No. 9.

THE "BIG RUNAWAY,"

BY RAVEN.

With portentious darkness, the war-cloud had rung,
And filled the whole valley with gloom,
The red skins, the death-cry of vengeance had sung,
And danced out the pioneer's doom.

The hatchet that long had been buried beneath,
With haste, was now dug from the ground,
The war-knife was hastily snatched from its sheath,
And yells made the forests resound.

All painted and plumed, the chiefs took the lead,
Each chief with his blood-seeking band,
And stealthily on, in their mission proceed,
With hatchet and rifle in hand.

Each day brought the tidings of murderous deeds,
To picture, the pen tries in vain,
The Mother, for life and her little ones, pleads,
As the tomahawk sinks in her brain.

The Husband and Father with courage and strength,
His wife and his children defend,
The terrible struggle is over at length,
And he meets with a tragical end.

The torch now, the savage exulting, applies,
To make the destruction complete,
And as the red flames toward Heaven arise,
He gloies in his vengeance so sweet,

The panic now spreads and the settlers depart,
To the fort or the homes of their friends,
Though sad is the moving, and grieved is each heart,
For here, now, their cherished hope ends.

And thus of their houses and lands were bereft,
Where duty forbade them to stay,
The Valley once more in its solitude left,
And they called it the "Big run-a-way."

Still Water, May 29, 1867.

A SUPPLEMENT

To an Act for the Regulation and Continuance of a System of Education by Common Schools, approved the ninth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, together with Comments and explanations by the State Superintendent of Common Schools

I.—THE SELECTION OF SITES FOR SCHOOL HOUSES.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same.* That whenever the board of directors or controllers of any school district in this Commonwealth shall be unable to procure such eligible sites for the erection of school houses therein, as they may deem expedient by agreement with the owner or owners of the land, it shall and may be lawful for the board of directors in behalf of the district, to enter upon and occupy sufficient ground for the purpose, which they shall designate and mark off, not exceeding in any case one acre, and to use and occupy the same for the purpose of erecting thereon a school-house, with its necessary or convenient appurtenances; and for all damage done and suffered, or which shall accrue to the owner or owners of such land by reason of the taking of the same for the purposes aforesaid, the funds of the district which may be raised by taxation, shall be pledged and deemed as security; and it shall and may be lawful for the Court of Common Pleas of the proper county, on application thereto by petition, either by the said school district, through the president and secretary of the board of directors, or by the owner or owners of said land, or any of them in behalf of all, to appoint a jury of viewers, consisting of three discreet and disinterested citizens of said county, who shall not be the owners of property or residents in the school district in which such land is taken as aforesaid, and appoint a time not less than twenty nor more than thirty days thereafter for said viewers to meet upon said land, of which time and place ten days notice shall be given by petitioners to the said viewers and the other party; and the said viewers or any of them, having been first duly sworn or affirmed faithfully, justly, and impartially to decide, and a true report to make, concerning all matters and things to be submitted to them, and having viewed the premises, they shall establish and determine the quantity and value of said land so taken, to be used for the purpose aforesaid, and after having made a fair and just computation of the advantages and disadvantages, they shall estimate and determine whether any, and if any, what amount of damages has been or may be sustained, and to whom payable, and make report thereof to said court, and if damages be awarded and the report be confirmed by the said court, judgment shall be entered thereon: and if the amount thereof be not paid within thirty days after the entry of said judgment, execution to enforce the collection thereof may be issued as in other cases of judgment against school districts; and each viewer shall be entitled to one dollar and fifty cents per day for every day necessarily employed in the performance of the duties herein prescribed, to be paid by such district. *Provided*, That either party shall have the right to have reviewers appointed by said court.

COMMENTS AND EXPLANATIONS.

This Act substantially was first passed as a special law for the counties of Chester and Delaware in 1854. In subsequent years it was extended to the counties of Allegheny, Mercer, Cambria, Indiana, Jefferson, Pike, Westmoreland, Crawford, Wayne, Erie, Fayette, Warren, Potter, and Susquehanna. At the session of the Legislature just closed, the law was asked for by some ten or twelve additional counties, and it was thought the time had come to make it general.

It will be noticed that such land as is taken in the manner prescribed, can only be used for the purpose of erecting thereon a school-house. No ownership to the land is acquired, and when no longer used for the purpose named, it reverts to the original owner.

A board of school directors is so constituted that there is little probability that private rights will suffer any great detriment from their action, and the amount of damages which may be assessed upon the district will always prove a great check upon them.

Directors can have little excuse for selecting, hereafter, improper or inconvenient sites upon which to erect school-houses.—*Pennsylvania School Journal.*

The Radical Emissaries,

Whether that is their real purpose or not, the effect of the teaching of the extreme Radical school of politicians who are just now electioneering the negroes at the South will be to array the two races against each other politically and socially. The blacks are warned by these men not to trust the whites in anything. They are reminded that the whites are their old enemies—that if they could have had their way they would still be holding them in slavery, and that what they are striving after now is to deprive them of all the benefits of their freedom. A Massachusetts emissary named Hayward has been advising the negroes of Richmond to take possession of the cars and of whatever else they wish. In New Orleans, under the same kind of teaching, they have driven the whites out of the street cars. The men engaged in this infamous attempt to stir up a war of races at the South, are not likely to be influenced by any fear or foresight of consequences: so it is probably quite useless to warn them that they are bringing sure destruction upon the class whom they profess to aid. A war of races can only end in disaster to the weaker; and the blacks are not half as numerous as the whiter in the South.—*New York Times (Radical.)*

☞ There is a married couple living in this county whose matrimonial history is rather unusual, the woman having been married four times, and yet is living with her first husband. After sharing the couch of her first "worser-half" a few years, the wife got a divorce from husband No. 1, and was married to husband No. 2. In a little while she applied for and obtained a divorce from husband No. 2, and was married to husband No. 3. In the course of time she became weary of her bonds and was divorced from No. 3. Then her first lover resumed its sway in her heart, and to make amends for her seeming waywardness, she sought out and again met husband No. 1, when they were the second time indissolubly bound up in the tender cords of wedlock, and are now living happily and peacefully together with the company of two children by their first marriage. She was not blessed with any offspring by either her second or third husband, so after years of separation from her first object of happiness, naught now remains to remind her of the past estrangement, save the memory of husbands Nos. 2 and 3.—*Winemac Democrat.*

WHO IS TO RUN THE MACHINE.—We do not exactly see who is to run the radical machine, in the contest in this State, at the approaching fall election, as the principal leaders have left the State. Curtin and "Dead Duck" Forney have gone to Europe, to spend a portion of their share of the war plunder, Kelly has gone South to coax the niggers to vote the Radical disunion ticket; Col. McClure has gone on an excursion to the Rocky Mountains, to look after the Indian vote, we presume, and Old Thad is too feeble to assist much in turning the crank. It looks as if the whole thing had been surrendered to old "wig-wag" Cameron and his satellites. Are these fellows afraid of coming events?—*Pottsville Standard.*

READING THEM OUT OF THE PARTY.—A late number of the New York *Tribune* says:

"Men who hold that none but Whites should vote may be well enough in their place; but there is no room for them in the Republican sparty. Every one who stays in keeps at least ten voters out of it."

There are some Republican in this County who have always said they could not stand negro equality, political or social. Are they ready to be read out of the party for not embracing caffie? Don't all answer at once.

☞ A young lady residing in the vicinity of Brooklyn complains that she became so interested in a young man who visited her that while in his society she lost her diamond ring and found a brass one on her finger instead, and adds "that if the ring is returned she will ask no questions."

☞ A Boy of six summers surprised his mother with the remark, 'I have three fathers!' 'Who are they?' was the maternal inquiry. 'My father who buys my clothes is one, George Washington the father of our country is another, and our Father who art in Heaven is another.

Fashions and Follies of Hair.

"A woman's glory is in her hair," has often been quoted. If it be, she is determined to dim it in these days of artificiality and fashionable folly. Now she twists not only her own hair, but as much as she can purchase, into the most unseemly and grotesque shapes, marring, as if with premeditated bad taste, every graceful curve and every line of beauty. A fashionable woman's head at present is a wonder of unsightliness. One would not think so many of the sex could, without positive genius for the hideousness, so deform themselves, as they do, in a single sitting. They rise in the morning, go from the bath comely and charming as nature created them. They appear two hours later, fresh from the hands of their maids, or their own manipulations, elaborately wrought out of all symmetry and attractiveness, especially in regard to the hair.

Ingenuity appears to have been exhausted of late years, to make woman's hair look like anything else; to give her head a size and form and proportion little less than repulsive. Curls, crimps, bands, waterfalls, and we know no what, vie with each other in destroying the fair semblance of the human head. The more homely a fashion, the more likely it is to be a favorite; the more unbecoming, the more apt it is to endure. One cannot go into company that pretends to be elegant, without having his eyes pained by the uncouthness of the hair dressing, and distortion of all that good taste would suggest. He is reminded of stage goblins, or of his childish notions of the monsters of the Arabian tales. O, for a brave, sensible woman, who would dare to be natural, dare to defy the dictate of fashion, when fashion arrays itself against simplicity, fitness and grace. Those few could reform the follies and insanities of dress. What others did, they would be bold to do, and beauty begin again.

The present style of wearing the waterfall on the top of the head—it was bad enough behind it—is simply a deformity. It destroys the proportion of the head, and is an excrescence that no one can refrain from desiring to see removed, even by violence. A woman might as well have a hump on her back, or walk on stilts, as it is said she died in the early days of Venice, or cover one of her soft cheeks with a black plaster, or wear rings in her nose. But she will not believe it; for no woman would consciously mar her beauty, or diminish the grace she had inherited. Who does not long for the simple arrangement of the hair, as we see it in Grecian statues, plainly put back from the face or falling over the ear and cheek, with a neat coil behind, or a braid, if variety be needed?

No woman has a right to spoil her appearance for fashion's sake. She owes more beauty and to nature, then to the mantumaker or to caprise; and we must believe the time will come when the really fine woman will consider carefully the extent and sacredness of her debt and discharge it conscientiously and religiously.

Religious Instruction at Home.

A recent writer offers the following suggestion to parents.

"We must not forget the importance of striving to cultivate a frank confidence and sympathy in the relations of home. It has seemed to me, in many cases to which I have given some study, that the great privileges and opportunities which parents enjoy, are often destroyed by their allowing great walls of spiritual distance and alienation to arise between themselves and their children. It is sad to see the children of a family growing up into manhood and womanhood, and we often see them, having as little acknowledged communion or religious life with their parents as if they were a parcel of bears' cubs; never hearing from father or mother a simple, earnest avowal of religious faith, much less the simplest words of worship, trained by their parent's reserve to keep to their own bosoms whatever religious emotion the Spirit of God may have quickened there; and finding the first sympathy and mutual confession which will fan the faint sparks of worship and consecration on their hearts' altars into a blazing flame—finding this for the first time after they have gone from their childhoods home.—While I appreciate the power of a religious atmosphere and of religious observances in Christian nurture, it seems to me that this habitual religious confidence is the most efficient and indispensible. Gain the perfect trust and affection of your child, in the early years when it looks to you with such religious awe as you look to God, and when the quiet home is its only temple, opens the heart to yours in the deepest religious confession, and keeps it open through the changing years, and you can accomplish everything with that child for nurture and blessing. No Alladdin's wonderful lamp, no magician's potent wand could be more sovereign in controlling the spirits of the vast deep, and in working miracles of beauty and majesty, than can the child's love and confidence become in controlling its most turbulent passions and building up in its soul the loveliness and grandeur of Christly character.

☞ A Boston paper says the barbers in that city are discussing the question whether it will be lawful to finish shaving a customer after midnight on Saturday night. The half-shaved individual would await the decision with interest.

☞ A country editor, who, with a single boy, does all the work of his office, says he does not know how he can shorten his expenses, unless he cuts off the boy's legs.

A Ship of Death Floats into a Port of the Shetland Islands.

Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the cruise-laden ship, with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whale ship Diana, that recently drifted into one of the Shetland Islands.

A year ago she left the Shetlands on a whaling voyage to the Artic regions, having on board fifty men. From that time nothing more was heard of her. The friends of those on board became alarmed. Money was raised and premiums offered to the first vessel that would bring tidings of the missing ship, but all to no avail. Hope was almost abandoned.

On the 2d of April the people near Roma's Voe, in one of the Shetland Isles, were startled at seeing a ghastly wreck of a ship sailing into the harbor. Battered and ice-crushed, sails and cordage cut away, boats and spars cut up for fuel in the terrible Artic winter, her decks covered with dead and dying, the long lost Diana sailed in like a ship from Deadman's Land. Fifty men sailed out of Lerwick in her on a bright May morning last year. All of the fifty came back on her on the 2d of April, this year; the same, but how different.

Ten men, of whom the captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick, and some dying, two retained sufficient strength to creep aloft, and the other three crawled feebly about the deck. The ship was boarded by the islandere, and, as they climbed over the bulwarks, the man at the wheel fainting from excitement, one of the sick died as he lay, his death being announced by the fellow occupant of his berth feebly moaning, "Take away this dead man." On the bridge of the vessel lay the body of the captain, as it had laid for four months, with nine of his dead shipmates by his side, all decently laid out by those who soon expected to share their fate.

The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades into the sea, but kept them so that when the last man died the fated ship that had been their common home should be their common tomb. The surgeon of the ship worked faithfully to the last, but cold, hunger, scurvy and dysentery were too much for him. The brave old Captain was the first victim, and died blessing his men. Then the others fell, one by one, until the ship was tenanted only by the dead and dying. One night more at sea would have left the Diana a floating coffin. Not one of the fifty would have lived to tell the ghastly tale.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.—A Western editor shows how the thing is being done in the following encouraging style. He says: "Several years ago, a couple of persons had a fight. One's name was Roderick Dhu, and the others Jeemes Fits James. They fought on the bank of a creek. Mr. Dhu weighed about two hundred and forty, while his antagonist was a small sized man, but a gritty cuss. Mr. Dhu had whipped everything in the neighborhood, and J. F. J. tried to compromise the trouble with him. But it was no use: nothing would do but a contillion, and at it they went. They fought three rounds, in each of which the big fellow came off considerably second best. It was against the rules to "clinch," but the big fellow, knowing his gigantic herculean size would give him the advantage in a rough-and-tumble, (and not just knowing what else to do,) *he grabbed under holts* and crushed Mr. James to the earth. He fell on his back. The said Dhu then proceeded to put his knee on the breast of the game little fellow, and to take him by the throat with his left hand, while with his right he draw a first-class bowie knife. The bystanders all thought the jig was up with Mr. James, but it wasn't. On the contrary, just as the big pursy chap was about to strike the finishing blow, he found that he had overdone himself, and suspended specie payment—yielded up the ghost. Mr. James then got up, brushed off his clothes, picked up his hat, and turning on his heels, was soon out of sight."

☞ The Nevada *Transcript* tells the following story of a fellow up in that region: "A boarder who had run behind in payment of his bill, being out of money and nearly out of credit, determined to "play" the landlord. He had a good wardrobe, which it would be difficult to remove in the ordinary way without arousing the suspicions of the landlord, so he decided upon the strategic plan as follows: His room was in the second story of the hotel. He secured the services of a friend, who promised to go on the outside and catch the clothing as it was thrown out, and the delinquent hash-eater expected to get away with his wardrobe. At the appointed hour he went to his room, and seeing, as he supposed, his friend below ready to receive his property with open arms, he threw out his fine coat, pants and other articles of dress, not one of which was suffered to reach the ground. He then went down, and was surprised when he discovered that he had been throwing all his worldly goods into the arms of the landlord."

☞ A Wisconsin paper, the *Baraboo Observer*, has observed a bearded woman, whose name is Holmes, whose head is as bald as a billiard ball, and whose chin is fringed with a beard three inches long.

☞ A carpenter working on the top of a house, happened to fall down through the rafters. "Oh!" says a stander-by, "I like such a fellow mightily; for he is a man that goes through with his work."

THE STAIN ON THE CARPET.

Mary, an orphan, was hired by a lady to help do housework. "I pity you" said a girl whom she met coming from the door, as she was going to her new place. "Why?" asked Mary—"She's just the most particular body you ever saw. She turned me away only because I spilled a little oil; but I wouldn't stay if I could." Just then the door opened, and the girls separated, one to look for a new situation, the other with many forebodings to commence service.—The parlor door was partly open as Mary entered the hall, and she overheard the lady of the house exclaim "If it wasn't for servant girls I might have some comfort, I do believe they are all alike!" The poor girl's heart sunk within her, but she immediately resolved that she would try and prove that one at least could be faithful. During the morning she was sent up stairs to sweep a room. In moving the furniture she overset a small bottle which had been carelessly left near the edge of a table, it fell to the floor broke, and spilled some ink on the carpet. She stood aghast. What could she do? She hastily gathered up the pieces, threw them out of the window, whiped up the ink, and then stopped to think. "She won't see it very soon, and when she does she may think it was the other girl," was the first thought. "But you did it, and you ought to tell her of it," whispered conscience. "I'm sure she'll turn me away what shall I do?" "Go and tell her, you can't help the stain on the carpet, but you can keep the stain of a lie from your soul," said conscience. "Yes, and I will," said Mary aloud, and without stopping to think further, she went to seek the lady whom she met coming up stairs and to whom she related the accident. "I believe I can trust you Mary," was the reply so kindly made, that the girl could not keep back her tears. "You are the first girl I have had," continued the lady "who would confess a fault, and I have deceit. Try and be careful, but above all, be truthful." Mary did not forget the lesson, she kept her place until her marriage several years afterward, and found that though her employer was strict, yet she had no better friend. When tempted to untruthfulness to hide a fault, let our young readers remember the "stain on the soul," and dread that more than any bodily punishment feared.

Glorious Victory in Pottsville.

The Radical majority in Pottsville usually is between four and five hundred. Last week an election was held for borough officers, were almost ingloriously defeated.—The Radical candidate for Chief Burgess, John C. Harper, was beat 383 votes, by M. B. Bell; and the Radical candidate for High Constable, John Bindley, was beat by B. Barr, 606 votes. Every election that is held in the last few months goes against the radicals. Even their strongholds are captured. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and soon the very name and remembrance of that party will be as a stench.—*Leb. Advertiser.*

☞ The Pharisees are decidedly in favor of free speech, when the Radicals are on the stump, but the same shoe does not fit when a Southern "copperhead" attempts to express his sentiments. The *Press* yesterday announced that a Northern man, or any other man "speaking for freedom in the South," must be heard, "*no matter what he says, nor how he says it.*" But the speaking must be for "freedom," which means the Radical doctrine—the Congressional usurpation—the platform of Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Butler, and Kelly! If any man, however, opposes those "glorious" sentiments, and advocates the principles of constitutional government, the Pharisees immediately set up a terrible howl, and "free speech" is at once trampled in the dust. How long will the nation be deceived by the shallow sophistry of these miserable charlatans?—*Valley Spirit.*

☞ The eight hour law is working disastrously in Illinois. In Chicago some of the men insist on a day's full pay for eight hour's work, whilst others are willing to consent to a reduction of pay, and others still adhere to the old hours and old pay. Some employees refuse to reduce the hour; others are willing to reduce the hours but want also to reduce the pay. Large assemblages of workmen have been held, and mobbish demonstrations have been make upon establishments that have not reduced the hours of labor and upon workmen who continue to work in such establishments. Serious trouble may result before this revolution in laboring interests becomes accomplished.

☞ Daniel Webster was right when he remarked of the press; "Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper; amply rewarded its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a printed sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.

☞ A Radical candidate in Georgia promises forty acres of land to every negro who shall vote for him. The devil once made equally brilliant promises, but, as in the Georgia case, the "old boy" didn't own a foot of land in the universe.

☞ A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

The Last Man in the Barber Shop.

We have seen many illustrations of misery, many that move the hardest heart to pity; but nothing can be more touching to an observer, nothing better defines misery, than a man in a barber shop, with a dozen or so ahead of him, waiting to be shaved. It is impossible for any one who never has experienced it to know how much nerve is required to pass successfully through this ordeal. Different natures, of course, experience different degrees of misery as they wait. "The poor but virtuous young man, struggling with a moustache" (the fading hue of which has brought him again to the tansorial artist), having an engagement with Susan—who has told him, "anything but a feller as isn't on time"—can probably be put down as the subject of most abject wretchedness and despair, as he enters and looks around upon "less miserables" who are "ahead" of him, the last of whom mingles with his misery a grim satisfaction that some one comes after him.

The young man would rather "dye" at once than be subjected to the suspense he must endure. Talk of ambition; of fame, as she becons from afar to the midnight porer over volumes filled with learning and wisdom, or to the warrior as he cuts his way with his sword and wades through seas of blood to her shining goal! The scholar's ambition fades to insignificance, and the soldier's dream of glory vanishes before the mighty yearnings of the last man in the barber shop, waiting for his turn. No goal but the cushioned chair does he see, "so near, and yet so far."

There is music to him in the barber's "next," as it lessons the distance between him and his ambitious goal; and when it finally appeals to him, he experiences as joy that the honied words of flattery fail to bring to him who has found fame. Enforce the Maine law prohibiting tilting hoops, make good street crossings, &c., and we will submit, but deliver us, good Lord, from being the last man in the barber's shop.

☞ During the war the Richmond papers were full of the grossest abuse of Abraham Lincoln, "the Yankees," and so forth. When we got a batch of them we always published the most violent of their articles, and had a good laugh at them for the next two days. We never got angry. We took their attacks in the best of humor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Singular! but we did precisely the same thing. Whenever the *Herald* came to hand with articles abusive of Abraham Lincoln we copied them and never thought of getting angry. The *Herald's* famous "smutty joker" article had an unprecedented run in the southern press, and they all took it "in the best of humor."—*Richmond Whig.*

THE SAME EVERYWHERE.—A radical paper says that "under the garb of excessive loyalty, the Treasury of New York has been plundered and the State disgraced." This is true of every Northern State, and of every town and city where loyal radicalism has held sway. One half of the debts and taxes under which the States, towns and people of the North are now weighed down, are the result of this swindling "under the garb of excessive loyalty." And this plundering is still going on. How much longer is it to be tolerated?

POTTER COUNTY WITNESSES.—Not long since, a lawyer friend of ours had occasion to arbitrate a cause, on the East Fork of the Sinnemahoning, in Potter county. The tough swearing of the witnesses, on the other side prevailed against him, and he lost his suit. He was condoled by a native, who said to him: "Wh'n h—ll didn't you let me know you was comin'? Knox," (the other lawyer) "he come on here a week ago, and *had his pick of witnesses!*"

LOST HIS HOUSE.—The following notice is said to have been written by a gentleman from Germany:

"Von night de oder day, ven I was been awake in my sleep, I hears something vat I finks vas not just right in my barn, and I ust out shumps te bed, and runs mit de barn out, and ven I vas dare coom I sees dat my big gray iron mare he was been tied luse and runs mit de stable off, and every who vil him back bring, I ust so much pay him as vot bin customary.

LUCID.—A Dutchman being asked how far it was to the next town, said:

"You yust go up dat little hivel, den you see the stettle."

☞ A darkey was sent to jail for marrying two wives, excuses himself by saying when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

☞ The following is an epitaph on Mr. John Childs, former president of the Philadelphia Typographical Society:—

"His last form is locked up in eternity's chase.
His composition's corrected above;
His proof was not foul, nor imperfect his case,
Say the angels of Omniscient Love."

☞ A Western man, speaking of the Pacific Railroad, says it is one of the "funniest coincidences in the world, that almost every alternate section of land, on either side of the road, belongs to some member of Congress."

☞ A railroad conductor ran away with a $50,000 heiress from Springfield, Illinois, a few days since, but they were captured at St. Louis, as they were about to be married, and given separate lodgings in the station house.

☞ New York, it is said, devours $2,000,000 worth of eggs a year.