



BloomSBurg Democrat.

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There was a man named Ferguson, He lived on Market Street, He had a speckled Thomas cat, That could not be beat;

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's Was fearful then to see; He'd yell precisely like he was In awful agony;

KATIE NORTH'S ELOPEMENT

Katie North was an angel, but flying like Icarus, too near the sun, her fragile wings melted away from her shoulders and she gravitated earthward.

licity, genius and ugliness, are often paired with each other. Mr. North had taken note of his daughter's worldly disposition, her uncalculating nature, her profusion of youth, beauty, and rags (metaphorically speaking), to age, ugliness and wealth and it troubled him not a little.

The son of an old friend had lately returned from Europe. He was wealthy, intelligent, distinguished-looking, and of polished manners, and Mr. North set his heart on having him for a son-in-law.

At dinner time that day Mr. North informed Katie that one of his clerks would call on him in the evening in relation to business, and that he preferred she would absent herself from the parlor on that occasion.

That evening Mr. Langdon came. Katie saw him as he ascended the steps, and was pleased with his appearance, and determined to see more of him.

Langdon looked sad. Katie posted; but she took the hint and withdrew. The fascinating clerk held the door for her, and as he bade her good-evening, he gave her a look which haunted her dreams.

Katie was smitten, and Langdon was no less so. The old gentleman's talk about business seemed very insipid, and Arthur soon took his leave.

"Really, Mr. Langdon, you are modest. I had not expected this honor. The high alliance you proffer is duly appreciated; but allow me to bid you good-night."

"My poverty is a crime in your eyes, but your daughter has a nobler vision," said Arthur, striking a dramatic attitude.

When all was ready, Arthur led her into the parlor, where was the clergyman and a small company, at which the bride hardly glanced.

"Well, Katie, you have married your choice in spite of your father; but I forgive you, and give you my blessing."

"Forgive me, Katie, for this deception, and it shall be the last," pleaded Arthur.

"My daughter, Mr. Langdon," and then sat down, as if annoyed at the interruption. Katie bowed and took a seat.

The United States Debt.

Secretary McCULLOCH informs us in his last monthly statement that the debt of the United States on the 1st of this month amounted to \$2,527,069,313.

"My home!" said Katie, completely bewildered. "I thought—" "You thought," interrupted her father, laughing heartily.

"My dear little wife, can you not welcome your father to your new home?" laughed Arthur.

"Muskkrats swim under the ice. How muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice." In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.—Why is it that the marriage announcements are immediately followed by the obituary notice in our paper? Does death follow so closely on the footsteps of marriage?

Horse Meat for Bull.

We have received a lengthy circular and letter from A. T. Stewart of New York city, dealer in duck for President's wives; chief monopolist, bond-holder and robber of the GRANT Club of Butcher's organization;

"Never!" "No man who lends his name to the traitors deserving death as do the leaders of the Rump party—no more tool like an Ass led by a market sealer—no man who would consent to be Dictator in once free America—no man who despises the Constitution of the United States—no man who is the candidate of such traitors as make up the Radical party of miserly, snobbish monopolists and bond-holding aristocrats as ask to support him can ever be the candidate of the people!"

We beg pardon, bond-holding Stewart, but the bait is too thin! Under the ears of the Ass we see the point of bayonets! We don't like tobacco smoke—it makes us sick. We do not wish to see a horse occupying the White House, even if a clown did live there and die there!

When the people want a candidate the people will tell you! And the man they want is not the man who has plotted himself to make the infamous Stanton as Dictator over all the States as Grant has. The people want neither a butcher, a horse, a blockhead, an ignoramus, a drunkard, nor a bayonet to rule over them, and people will not be caught by any such bait as is used by snobs, nabobs, monopolists, aristocrats, disunionists, bond holders, usurers, destroyers of liberty, tariff protected manufacturers and half starved applicants for office, all who are fishing with cruel hooks, with Grant for bait!

A BOLD and extensive robbery and attempt at murder, was committed last Saturday night at Horseneer's mill, on Tulpohocken creek, about three miles from Reading. Charles Long, the miller, was attacked in the mill, about 2 a. m., by a party of four men, two of whom were disguised; was shot with pistols, and robbed of \$1500, which he had upon his person.

REFORM LEGISLATION FOR IRELAND.—A new reform bill for Ireland is announced by the English government, and is thought that some conciliatory measures, though not in the most conciliatory spirit, will be adopted by Parliament.

Odds and Ends.

EDITOR.—A poor wretch who empties his brains to fill his stomach.

No man will ever be able to build a house by carrying bricks in his hat.

Is it right to describe a man who is pelted with rotten eggs as "bowing his head to the yolk?"

The first thing a hen says to her brood and not the last thing a child says to his father—"Shell out."

WHAT is the difference between a hen and an idle musician? One lays at pleasure and the other plays at leisure.

If the happy days of wedlock are called the honeymoon, why shouldn't the unhappy ones be styled the lunar costies?

A DANCER once said to Socrates, "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can." "True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can."

A LITTLE BOY seeing a man prostrate before the door of a saloon, opened the door and said to the proprietor, "See here, sir, your sign has fallen down."

A Wisconsin girl, who became crazy at the death of her mother, was immediately restored to reason when matrimony was proposed. That's what "fetched her."

A DANCING master in New York has introduced a "Kiss Cotillion," in which the gentleman always kisses the lady as "swing corners." Our imp of the ink keg says he will take stock in that kind of cotillions.

An awkward man attempting to carve a goose dropped it on the floor.

"There, now," exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner."

"Oh no, my dear!" answered he, "it's safe; I have got my foot upon it!"

"HUSBAND, I wish you could buy me some feathers."

"Indeed, dear wife, you look better without them."

"Oh, no, sir, you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

BONTANIEL.—A group of school-boys were endeavoring to determine to what species the "Tree of Knowledge" should be assigned.

VERY AFFECTING.—A farmer going to "get his grist ground" at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors.

"Well, John, did you take that note I gave you to Mr. Snithers?"

"Yes, sir, I took the note, but I don't think he can read it."

"Cannot read it! Why so, John?"

"Because he is blind sir. While I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

MISUNDERSTOOD THE TEXT.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer, and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to church-going—to accompany the family to church, on the first Sabbath of his stay.

"I don't like to hear any minister preach politics," said the deacon.

"I am very sure you heard no politics today," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passage," said the deacon.

"I will," he said, "if the Democrats scarcely are saved, where will the Republicans appear?"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you mistake. These were the words: 'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"

THE WORKING PEOPLE.—The New York Evening Post states that it is conceded by those best informed upon the subject that, with the exception of the very hard winter 1854-55, destruction was never so general in that city as at present.

HEAVY SENTENCES.—In the Superior Court yesterday afternoon, six men were sentenced for the crimes of highway robbery, for the aggregate term of sixty-four years and six months.

MICAWBERS.—We have never seen so many Micawbers (occupationless men "anxiously waiting for something to turn up") as are now to be met with daily on the streets.

The Philadelphia Ledger has the following, which will serve, at the present time, "to point a moral" if not to "adorn a tale."

ACCIDENTAL AND SAD DEATH.—Michael Hannon, son of Lawrence Hannon, Esq. of this place, met with a sad and sudden death at the Colliery of Loudon Beadle, on Monday last.

A WESTERN HOOSIER called on a boat captain to sell him a saddle of mutton: "Say, Captain, don't you want to buy a nice saddle of mutton to-day?"

DETROIT, which is now concrete pavement in Detroit, is not slippery, noisy or rough, costs \$1 25 per square yard less than Nicholson, requires no stone curbing, and is claimed to be superior in durability to any other pavement in use.

POTATO CAKES.—To a scant half peck of potatoes grated, add two eggs, salt, thicken with a little flour, and fry in a spider, or bake. Boiled grated potatoes may be used, but are not quite so nice.