

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL...

A. SOLLEDER'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE, [OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH]...

GOODS. It is not likely to be improved upon by receiving...

GOOD ARTICLE, and at prices to suit purchasers...

J. J. BROWER, (Cor. Main & Iron Sts.)

SPRING GOODS consisting in part of a full line of...

INGRAIN, WOOL & RAG CARPETS. Fine cloths and cutwork for Ladies' coats...

BALMORAL SKIRTS. Good assortment of Ladies and children's Gaiters...

FRESH ARRIVAL OF FAMILY GROCERIES, AT JOHN K. GIRTOS'S STORE...

BLOOMSBURG, PENN. The subscriber has just returned from the eastern cities...

Groceries and Dry-Goods, which he offers to the citizens of Bloomsburg...

CEDAR WARE AND WILLOW WARE; in which variety of goods he has several new articles...

French Moroccoes; and also of Morocco Linings for Shoemakers' work...

Queenware. 27 Call and examine. JOHN K. GIRTOS, 8 E. Corner of Main and Iron Streets.

NEW BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT ON THIRD STREET, BELOW MARKET, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. F. FOX, Proprietor of this establishment, would respectfully inform his old and new customers...

Shives' Block, Main Street, who has been authorized by the undersigned to sell...

ICE CREAM, to all who may favor him with their custom...

NEW RESTAURANT. In Shives' Building, on Main Street.

W.M. GILMORE. Inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he has opened a new RESTAURANT.

LAGER BEER AND ALE, constantly on hand at the BREWERY, on Main Street.

RESTAURANT. In this place, where he invites his old friends and acquaintances to call and partake of his refreshments...

LAGER BEER AND ALE, constantly on hand at the BREWERY, on Main Street.

Cigars and Cheating Tobacco for his customers. Give him a call. Bloomsburg, June 15, 1868.

Bloomsburg Democrat. PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY WILLIAMSON B. JACOBY.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. BY MRS. ARDY.

I stood within the cottage door. One sunny morn in May, Its looks immense, old and poor, In death's embrace lay;

There, with inquiring eyes she stood. Those pale changed looks to trace, While her soft eyes tremble flow'd;

I wept—in boaviness I wept; Not for the cottage dame, Who there securely, calmly slept—

But she, that gentle girl, might yet Brook dire and bitter wrong, Her name aspered, her peace beset

Or worse, far worse than wrongs or taunts, Temptation's spell might win, Those footsteps to the treacherous haunts,

I started—strangers came around, They viewed my streaming eyes, And said that I mourned had found

Later still, I see myself at the little school-house, drawing my little chair up to the door that Mary might ride home.

When I was fifteen the great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary.

My life had been a dream of happiness. I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her.

My mother was old playmates and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed a sunny haired, blue eyed baby.

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looks have fled. I trust that I may be beleived when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

They loved me as I was, I murmured to myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I packed up many a token from that land of rousance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet; the gift for Mary Moore, I selected with a beating heart;

To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet suggesting that, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it.

Tall, bearded and sun-brown, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there.

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, "Not Mary."

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said, even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent.

"Mary—Mary Moore," I said, in a low tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?" She turned and laid her hand in mine, and said hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words, and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up at that moment for an emperor's crown.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then, is fast turning gray. I am now grown to be an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope well spent life.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly, from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it is still the Mary of other days.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls.—One is the kind that appears best abroad. The girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things.

A whisky distiller and a "dead beat" met in the cell of a California jail, when the following conversation ensued: "Beat—Well, old boy, what brings you here?"

They were four other inmates in the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand.

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When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

Heaven help me! at that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy.

"You have changed too, Frank, but I think for the better." "Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh.

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arm, and kissing her crimsoned cheek, "I tell you, Harry, there is no such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered. "Hallo!" cried Frank with a suddenness which made me start violently, "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe she and you need to be playmates in your younger days—yes, Harry!"

"No, Susan, we are—" He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are going to the poor house!" "Oh, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands.

When they were aroused from their painful thoughts it was by the stopping of a wagon at their door. A man entered the room where they sat.

The question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob. "Then they told me truly," uttered the newcomer.

"Are you the keeper of the almshouse?" he continued, turning towards the man.

"I cannot call you to my memory now." "Do you remember Lucius Williams?" "Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up, and gazing earnestly into the stranger's face.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy, whom thirty years ago you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you so kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on one of your vessels."

A Sketch From Life. "Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here you are, all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and are long we must be inmates of the poor house."

An oppressive embargo on the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession.

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from utter woe; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I have done.

"Yes, Jacob," returned his wife, in a lower tone. "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is the present upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features. "Beg!" he replied, with a quick shudder.

"We are what, Jacob?" "We are going to the poor house!" "Oh, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," said he, "the Selectmen have managed to crowd you into the poor house. The wagon is at the door, and you must get ready as soon as possible."

"Come, be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper.

At that moment a heavy covered carryall drove up to the door.

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found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and that led me to the sweet waters of moral life in happiness.

"Susan," he said, in a choking tone, "my bread has come back to me."

A MAGICIAN'S TRICK.—Anderson not dead—An Elopement but no Murder, no Suicide and no Money.—The Meadville Republican says: On Tuesday we reported the news of the elopement of Prof. Anderson's wife with a man named Norris,

By later advice it appears that Professor Anderson is not the "dead duck" that the telegraph had made him out to be.

Suffice that the Professor with an eye to the "finances" of the lately dissolved "firm" directed the professor's would-be successor to fork over what stamps he might have belonging to the late Mr. A.:

The Professor seems to have been satisfied with the blood already shed, as he did not proceed to blow out the brains of the man who had run away with his wife.

John Norris, or "Johnny" as he is called by his chums, is from Williamsport, Pa. He had been traveling with Anderson ever since he last performed in this city.

Mrs. Anderson is quite good-looking, and young. She appeared greatly dejected when the news reached her of the death of her husband and child, and as she returned on her way East, she was a forlorn object.

The following account of an interesting female sleep walker, is taken from the Augsburg Gazette. It occurred some few years back.

"Dresden was the theatre of a melancholy spectacle on the 20th ult. As early as seven in the morning, a female was seen walking on the roof of one of the loftiest houses in the city, apparently occupied in preparing some garlands as a Christmas present.

The house stood as it were, alone; being much higher than those adjoining it, and to draw her from her perilous situation was impossible. Thousands of spectators had assembled in the streets. The scene was thrilling!

In a few minutes the streets were thickly strewn with straw, and beds were called for from the house; but the heartless father, influenced by the girl's stepmother, refused them.

The young ladies approach—our hero's heart thumps—they stop beneath the tree that holds him, and very naturally start with surprise when they see a man's clothing on the ground and no wearer about.

"And are you—" "Yes, I am the man you made. You

An Extraordinary Creature Discovered in Mississippi. THE "WHAT IS IT?" QUESTION. About twenty-five miles from this city is a small stream known as Bear Creek, which empties into the Big Black River.

This extraordinary creature had often suddenly presented himself among the negroes in the early twilight, causing great consternation among them.

The hair on the body of this singular being is very stiff, and grows to the rear, parting at the angle of the breast-bone, growing back, and uniting with a long stiff growth on his spine, which extends back about one foot like the spinal fin of a fish, or the bristles on the back of a bear—the hair on his arms is parted, and grows in the same way, making a long, thick brush on the back of the arms, extending from the shoulders to the point of his middle finger.

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