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VOL. XXXIII to 11 , we observe a visit of the control of the contr

BLOOMSBURG PA. Sand Englished at some off the backdary standard of the sound of of the so

NUMBER 6.

CREAT CLEARING OUT SALE TO NAKE BOOM FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL to be erected on the torner of Main & Market Wes. THE LET. SHARPLESS

Now Meritor Cash or Ready, Pay 44 1 2 21 8 12 1

Coffees, Teas, Sugars and Syrups. The balance of our stock comprising all kinds of GOODS CARPETS &x., at proportionally low prices. Country produce wanted. Cabb paid for butter and eggs. Store on Main Street below Market. January 99, 1968.—St.

A. SOLLEDER'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE COPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCHA On Main Street, Bloomsburg.

The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Bloomsburg, and vicinity, that is has on hand a large and fine assestment of BOOTS AND SHOES

for ladies and gentlemen's wear, to suit all fascles. His City work is of the best quality, and from the most triable, meanufacturers ; he being a practical workman and a good judge of · ZEIROUTPER

he is not likely to be imposed upon by receiving werthless material baily made up.

Those desiring anything in his line would do well to give him a catt, betwee purchasing elsewhere. He

GOOD ARTICLE. and at prices to suit purchasers.
All persons who desire light or heavy work made to other can be accommodated at his establishment.

2. Also, repairing will be done with meatness and

despatch.

An elegant assertment of Ladies Spring and Sum ner Show on hand.

April 3. 1867.

J. BROWER, (Cor. Main & Iron ets.) Is now offering to the Public by STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS consisting in part of a fult line of

INGRAIN, WOOL & RAG CARPETS

Fine Cloths and carsimere for Ladles' coats. Handson's treas Guide of all Patternann qualities. Detains and Prints of various gualities and prices. Eleached and Brown Plusitos, Ladles French Corsets.

BALMORAL SKIRTS.

tined assignment of Ladies and childrens' Gaiters and Boots.

Fresh Georgies and Spices. New assortment of

Glass and Queensware.

Ex-No. 1 Mackerel in one half and one fourth Barrels.
Now is the time to make your selections, as I am
offering goods at very low prices and our moto is
fair dealing to als, and not to be undersold by any.
J. J. BROWER. Bloomsburg, April 20, 1867.

PRESH ARRIVAL OF FAMILY GROCERIES, AT

JOHN K. GIRTON'S STORE.

BLOOMERURG, PERMA.

The authoribes has just returned from the easters cities with a large and choice stock of first-class

Groceries and Dry-Goods,

which he offers to the citizens of Bloomeburg and

which he offers to the citizens of Bloomeburg vicinity as towas can be had of any dealer in acction of the County.

Lie stock constats of the best varieties of COPFEE, MOLASSES, TUA, TUA, FIGHT of fine quality.) SPICES, DRIED MEATS (in their season.) BOSTON, AND OTHER CRACKERS, SOAP & CANDLES &c. &c. CHEESE, COAL & LINSEED OILS. COAL & LINEEUP OILS. niso a nice assorbished Dry Goods and Hossery, and a full variety of goods of the above class, and of other kinds. In addition to which he has recently added to his stock a five assortment of

CEDAR WARE AND WILLOW WARE:

in which variety of goods he has several new ertitles of modern invitation, extensivelly used where known, and which must some into wee here the also has a fine supply of French Moroccoes:

and also of Morocco Linings for Mhosmaker' Work ; and a good assortment of Queensware.

#77 Call and examino. JOHN R GIRTON.

5. E. Corner of Main and from Streets
Bloomrburg, Nov. 20, 1807.

NEW BAKERY AND CONFEC-

THE COUNTY OF THE PROPERTY ON THIRD STREET. BELOW MARKET. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. F. FUX. Proprietor of this establishment, would respectfully inform his old and new customers, the behas everything fitted up at his new stand to enable him to furnish them with BREAD, CAKES, AND CONFECTIONERIES, as heretofare.

17 licreafter all persons, who have been furnished with Ale, lager Beer, and Forter, by the whole. half, or quarter barrel, will call upon WILLIAM GILLMORE, at his fishoon in

Shives' Block, Main Street, who has been authorized by the undersigned to sell a same. He will constantly have a supply on hand, which will be seld at the lowest market rates. Mr. P. has in counce which his link y and Continuery, fitted up we of the select CE CREAM.

co all who may favor him with their custom ifer also prepared to make fee Cream in large quantities for parties, partie or social gatherings as the case may be. Everything sermining to his line of business will receive careful and diligent attention.

The is thankful to his customers for part favors, and most obtdishly solicits a continuous of the same. April 3, 1867.

MEW BESTAURANT.

In Shive'r Building, on Main Street. WM. GILMORE. Luforms the citizens of Biochesburg and vicinity the RESTAURANT.

in this place, where he juvites his fill friends and enclosiers to call and partake of his refreshments.— It sy his intention to keep the best LAGER BEER AND ALE,

constantly on hand; Also, Porter, Barsaparila. M oral Water, Fancy Lemonades, Brapherry and Le on Byrope, can always be had at his Bestaurant. Le the eating line he presents a PEAR OF TART not suspassed in this place , vin. Pickled Oysters Claims, decision. Finh. Bortosned Chicken, Pickles Trips and Bost Tongue, do. Mc. Me also his a good article of Officers and Chewing Tobacco for his customers. UT Give him a call. Bloomsburg. June 13, 1866.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEOMSDAY IN WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY. TERMS, -92 00 in advance. If not said wiffin SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional wift as charged. The saped slocontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editor.

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THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

W THE BY MRS. ANDY.

FRANK R. SNYDER.

I stood within the cottage door One sunny morn in May, Its feeble inmate, old and poor, In death's embraces lay:
And o'ar the corpse a maiden fair
Inclined her fair young head.
Closely they held communion there—
The Living and the Dead!

The Dead - low rigid was that form How fixed those glassy eyes!
The fiving—the soft cheek was wan
With rich and roseate dyes;
Dark ringlets o'er her forehead white
With wild luxuriance broke. And from her eyes deep asure light
The soul within her spoke.

She dwelt in glittering halls of state. Yet these she valued not. Loving to leave the gay and great, And seek the rustic cot: And often had she kneltand prayed Beside that lowly bed, And now in patient love she stayed, Abiding with the dead.

There, with inquiring eyes she stood.

Those pale changed looks to trace.
While her soft ebon tresses flow d O'er the cold lifeless face;
And earnestly I watched the scene,
Nor moved, nor spok,—in dread
To beak the holy bond between
The Living and the Dead 1

I wept—in heavings I wept;
Not for the cottage dame
Who there securely, calmly slept—
Her worn and feeble frame
Reposed in peace—I knew her mind
Had Christian faith possest, And freely, gladly, I resign'd The weary to her rest.

But she, that gentle girl, might yet Brook dire and bitter wrong, Her name aspersed, her pease beset By slander's serpent tongue; Alas! the world, to work our ill, Forever lies in wait, And they who shun its love, must still, Be followed by its hate.

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

Tears for the maid of noble race.

Who stoood beside the Dead

heated noon of manhood - and now, when

the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and

many children climb upon my knee and call

me "father." I find that the memories of

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.

We were not to see each other for three

long years. This, to me was like a sentence

of death, for Mary was like life itself to me.

I left college in all flush and vigor of my

nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward

and embarrased. I had grown into a tail.

slender stripling, with a very good opinion

of myself, both in general and particular.

If I thought of Mary Moore it was to im-

agine bow I could dazzle, and bewilder ber

But bearts are tough things after all.

youth are strong, and that, even in my gra-

tairs, I am following the music still.

The by another's dying bed, Unwearied love had shown Oh! might she not bereafter need Some triend to smooth her own? I started-strangers came around. They viewed my streaming eyes, And said that her I mourned had found A refuge in the skies; And silently I left the place, Nor rocked they that I shoul

MARY MOORE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY. All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her. answered in a sweet, bird like voice: Our mothers were 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, not quite a year old. That boy of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester was myself-Harry Church; that blessed baby was Mary Moore. Later still. I see myself st the little school-house, drawing my little chair up to me. This was the child-his child and the door that Mary might ride home. Ma-

Mary'a ny a beating had I on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her of blood. The hale one gazed at me. grievpinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How sweetly her blue eyes looked at me. How gaily rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from my childhood till I grew an awkward, pleasant voice saying :blushing youth-I followed it through the

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweetneed made n of twenty; not much changed from he dear hills free I had loved so well. Llooked at her for a moment, and then stilling the turnult of my heart, by a mighty

"Lizzie don't you know me?" "Harry ! oh, my brother Harry !" she oried, and threw heself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break. I could not weep. I drow her gently into

There was a rush and a cry of joy. and then my futber and mother apring toward me, and welcomed me home with hearticle tears. Oh, strange and passing swest is such a greeting to the the way-worn traveler. And as I held my dear mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Linnic clung beside me. I felt that all was not with my good looks and wonderful mental Lizzie clung beside me. I felt that all was not attainments, and never thinking she might yet lost, and although another had secured

looks have fled: I trust that I may be below-An advantageous proposal was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all ides of a profession, and prepared to go to

days, I saw nothing of Miss Moore. She had huridly retreated, when my name was had gone to a boarding School at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered out a sigh to the fell to the floor. memory of my little blue gred playmate. and then call myself." a nian" again-

In a year, I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door, in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why, then, perhaps I may marry her. And thus I settled the future of a young

lady whom I had not seen for four years I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me-never dreamt that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me in the secreted and affected atudent she might of found plenty of sport: but as for loving me. I should have perhaps found myself mintaken. India was my salvation, not morely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the ovil in my nature, and has made me a bettor man. When at the end, of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself which I knew had taken place.

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

I packed up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet; the gift for Mary Moore. I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and her's engraved inside that was all, and vet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled as I blanched it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small. plain circlet suggesting thot's, perhaps, by its clerance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me-how much beautiful face-low words of welcome-s ring of gold.

Tall, bearded and sun-brouze. I knocked me that company was assembled there. I manage those ferceious mustaches of yours hoped that sister Lisza would come to the door, and I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking carlessly on.

But no-a servant answered my sum mons. They were to merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this run smile on the servant's face.

self known or asking for any one of the looking out of the window. family. And while I stood silent a strange apparation grew up before me; from be- tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanhind the servant peered out a small golden derer?" head, a tiny delecate form followed and a sweet childish face, with blue eyes, was lit- and said hurridlytle to mine-so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I door.

" Mary Moore-" "And what else?" I askedquickly.

She lifted up her hands to shade her eyes. had seen that very attitude in another. in my boyhood, many and many a time-and

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child. My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and had won her away from

I sank, hody and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands. I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears ed and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to ory, while the perplaced servant stepped to the parlor door, and called my sister out to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a light

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?" effort. I opened my arms and said :

the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

dansle and bewilder me still more. I was a life's choisest blessing, many a joy remained coxcomb, I know, but as youth and good for me in the doar sanctuary of home.

There were lour other innintes in the ed when I say that self-concest has left me room, who had rissen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue aved child whom I had already seen, and who now stood bewife Frank Chuster, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lissie Moore, Mary's eldest India. In my hurried visit home of two sister, and in a distant corner, to which she spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that

> When the first rapterous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my boy !" he said, with loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that -your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently, "to be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went nway, but his eyes and shiles are the same an ever. It is a heavy then she would have despised me. Perhaps heat which changes him. He is my boy will.

"Ayo, mother." I answored sadly, "I am, our boy still."

Heaven help me ! at that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her tosom, as I had done in infancy. But I kept down the beat of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked into his full handsome Ace-

"You have changed too, Feank, but I think for the better. "Oh, yes-thank you for the compliment,

he suswered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day. His wife. Could I hear that name and

keep silent still? "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 forwas embodied there! A loving smile on a gotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe she and you used to be playmates in future home and a sweet smiling face-all your younger days-yes, Harry!" and he these delights were hidden within that little slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her at the door of my father's house. The once-but mind, old fellow, you are never lights in the parlor window, and the hum of to repeat the ceremony. Come-here she conversation and cheerful laughter showed is, and I for once want to see how you will

> in the operation." 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 shought, "Not

It must have betrayed my scoret to every through my mind as I heard the sound from one in the room. But nothing was said, with her hands. "I have thought so, and the parlor and -aw the half suppressed even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this I have tried to school myself to the thought, time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the but my poor heart will not bear it." I hesitated a moment before making my- young wife, and hurried to the ailent figure "Don't give up, Susan," softly urged the

"Mary- Mary Moore," I said, in a low

She turned and laid her hand in mine.

"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 .asked, while the wondering servant held the For there was the happy home group and the dear home fireside, here sweet Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night, were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until

that moment. Many years have passed since that happy right, 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 happy, and I bope well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shined also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly, from s brow that has a slight furrow upon it is still the Mary of other days. To me she can ever grow old or change. The heart that reld her infuncy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it Not even then, for love still lives above.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls.-One is the kind that appears best abroad the girls that are good for parties, rides, visite, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home, the girls that are use ful and cheerful in the dining room, sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often tor nent at home, the other a blemming; one is a moth consuming everything about her. the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right education will modify both a little, and thus unite the good qualities of both in

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? Distiller- 'Making whisky without a floons,' Beat-'Give us your hand, brother; there is a pair of us. I'm in for dripking it."

A Sketch From Life. Ah. Jacob, now you age how all your hones are sone. Here you are, all our bildren removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be inmates of

the poor house. Where, now, is all the read that you have east upon the water?" The old, white haired man looked up at his wife. He was indeed bent down with yours, and age sat upon him trembling Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listoning car and helping hand to the cause of distress; but now misfortune

was his. Of his four boys, not one was left. Sickness and failing health found him with but little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo on the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and guant poverty looked them coldly sought his wife.

in the face. 'Dan't repine, Susan.' said the old man. True, we are poor, but we are not forsaken.

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?" Jacob Manfred raised his trembling finger

towards heaven. Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend, but we ought to have friends here, Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters, with a free hand, but it

has not been returned to you?" "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 want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I have done. If I have belped the unfortunate. I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh! of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of good done in life that makes old age happy.-Even now I hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended and again I can see their smiles."

"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 starve.

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg!" he replied, with a quick shudder. 'No. Susan, we are-He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down

his furrowed cheek. "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

old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in fruitless

repinings. Come, Come." But when shall we go?"

"Now-to day."

"Then God will have mercy upon us." "He will."

The old couple sat for awhile in silence: When they were aroused from their pain ful thoughts it was by the stopping of a wagon at their door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor house.

"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. Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and number of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep group he sank into his sent.

"Come, be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper. At that moment a heavy covered carryal drow up to the door.

"Is this the house of Mr. Jacob Man-The question was asked by a man who en ered from the carryall. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the "Are you the keeper of the simshonse? he continued, turning towards the man.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

Are you after these people !" "Yes"

Manfred Then you may return. Jacob Manfred

roes to no poor house while I am living." The speaker gazed inquisitively into th feetures of the man, and then left the house. "Dont you remember me?" exclaimed the new comer, taking the old man by the

"I cannot call you to my memory now.

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting

up, and gazing carnestly into the stranger's

found me a rough stone from the hands of Am Extraordinary Creature Dispoverty and example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and first led me to the sweet waters of moral life in happiness. I have profitted by the lesson you gave in ear-

lighter and brighter ever since. With an told by the negroes of an extraordinary aninfluence for life. I have actiled down to enfor the remainder of my days in peace and hanniness. I have heard of your losses and hereavements. Come : I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, happier and brighter. Come my more than father and you, my mother, come. You made my youth more bright, and I will not let your old age be

doomed to darkness." Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were to heavy inches; his right foot points directly to the for words. When he looked up again, he

"Summa" he said in a choking tone. my bread has come back to me." " Forgive me Jacob."

"No. Susan : it is not I who must forgive-God holds us in his hand." "Ab," murmured his wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never

doubt him again." A MAGICIAN'S TRICK.—Anderson dead-An Elopement but no Murder, no Suickle 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, and the Telegraphic statement that Anderson had killed his child and committed sui-

By later advises it appears that Professor Anderson is not the "dead duck" that the telegraph made him out to be. The message was only a ruse to decoy the happy birds" into the hands of the "fowler," and it did. The guilty "twain" took the back track, and at Middletown, Ohio, behold the unfortunate husband who (by report) murdered his little child and blown out his own brains, appeared before the as- commencing their attention was attracted tonished couple, and took a seat in the omnibus opposite them. The seems can be soft soil :upon examination it was discovered better imagined than described.

Suffice that the Professor with an eye to the "finances" of the lately dissolved "firm" directed the professor's would-be successor The Professor seems to have been satisfied who had run away with his wife. The unfortunate woman passed through this city wiser and better woman. As for the Professor he has performed a little piece ofdown in this " posure."

John Norris, or "Johny" as he is called signed a position on the Philadelphia and opposite the Herdie House, Williamsport, and are among the most respectable people of that town. But Johny is rather inclined to fast life, and managed to pursuade Mrs. personal property to abandon the fortunes of the handsome showman.

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. She is cast off by her husband, and has lured her away.

Somnam bullam

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

spectacle on the 20th alt. 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 occupred in preparing some garlands as a christmas presen The house stood as it were, alone; being much higher than those adjoining it, and to

"Dresden was the theatre of a melancholy

draw her from her perilous situation was impossible. Thousands of spectators had assembled in the streets. The scene was thrilling! The object of the most anxious solicitude of the increasing crowd, was a young woman of much beauty, the daughter of a gentleman who lived in the house above described. She had lost her mother, who described. She had lost her mother, who had bequeathed to her a small independence. She continued her terific promenade for hours, at times sitting on the parapet and dressing her hair. The police came to the spot and various means of preservation were laughter, and looking up, he saw—hourst.

resorted to. out in the streets were thickly In a few minutes the streets were thickly strewn with straw, and bods were called for from the houre; but the heartless father, influenced by the girl's stepmother, refused them. Nets were suspended from the ball cony of the first floor, and the neighbors fastened sheets to the windows. All this time the girl was walking with perfect unconsciousnes, sometimes gazing towards the moon and at others singing or talking to herself. Some persons succeeding in getting on the roof, but dore not approach her, for fear of the consequence if they awoke her. Towards eleven o clock, she approached the very verge of the parapet, leaned forward secure, moves cautiously higher up, but ac-

covered in Mississippi.

About twenty-five miles from this city is a

THE "WHAT IS IT" OUTDONE.

a small stream known as Boar Creek, which ly youth; and the warm spark which your supties into the Big Black River. For kindness lighted up in my bosom, has grown some time past strange stories have been imal seen near this creek. These storier were laughed at and derided by the citizens no one believing in any such statements --This extraordinary creature had often suddenly presented himself among the negroes in the early twilight, causing great consternation among them. He is described by the negroes as being about eight feet high, cach eye, in their language 'as large as hen's egg," with no nose and no upper lip, his two eye teeth as large as a man's thumb. extending down over his chin about eight front and his left to the rear, and the measurement of the track is just twenty three inches in length; his fingernails are about six inches long; the hair on his headwhich is stiff and wiry-sweeps, the ground as he walks, and is parted in the rear and brought down in front on each side of his singularly formed chest, which is not round or flat, but is angular like that of a fowl --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 still 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 boar-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. The same poculiarity is observable on his legs. No white person has ever seen him until recently, when he was discovered by a hunting party. Several gentlemen-acquaintepances of ours-met on last Shurday week with a view of bear hunting in this swamp. They were accompanied by about fifteen welltraided bear dogs. They prepared for the hunt early in the morning, and when about to an unusually large human track in the that the track was constantly being reversed. In an instant the stories of the negroes occurred to the party, and at once it was determined to pursue the greature which must look; there is a reality upon which to fork over what stamps he might have be- had made this track. The dogs were inwe must dwell. We must beg for food or longing to the late Mr. A ; whereupon, as stantly called and encouraged to follow the report hath it, he shelled out some \$3,500. truck, which they did promptly. The gentlemen, mounted upon good horses, found with the blood already shed, as he did not but little difficulty in keeping well up with proceed to blow out the brains of the man the hounds. In a few minutes an object was presented to their view which sent a chill to the heart of every member of the going East on her way home, it is hoped a party. They had unearthed the nondescript. A being-apparently human-suddenly rose from his lair, turned and for a moment stood slight-of-hand which oclipsed anything laid in silept inspection of his pursuers, and then instantly, with a yell truly terrific, wheeled and with the speed of the fastest borse. by his chums, is from Williamsport, Ps. rushed away before the dogs. This wild He had been traveling with Anderson ever | and exciting chase was continued for a dissince he last performed in this city. The tance of nearly ten miles, when at last the engagement was made here, and Johny re- terrible monster, feaming with rage, was brought to bay upon the bank of the Big Erie railroad to axcept a place with the Black, and turning with a fury unparalleled, magician. His family owns a fine property it seized the formest dog with both hands. and by the exercise of superhuman muscular strength, buried its long talons in the body of the howling brute and literally tore the dog asunder. Dropping this, it instant-Anderson and \$3,500 more of her husband's ly seized the next and sent its two immense tusks through the skull of the doomed dog. One of the hunters became alarmed for the safety of the party, drew his revolver and fired twice at the monster, but evidently without effect other than to frighten it by the report, when, turning, with a hedious yell, it plunged into the river, diving and remaining under water fully five minutes. been abandoned by the graceless scamp that when it would suddenly spring high into the air, screaming with the voice of a regiment of soldiers. It finally swam to the opposite side and disappeared in the neighboring forest, since which time it has only been seen twice by white persons. Several attempts have been made to capture it. but up to the present time without success.--What this strange creature is, no one can conjecture. The gentlemen with whom we have conversed represent it as a black man about six feet high, but in other respects resembling, to a great degree, the description

A Young man of Liberty County, Miss. who, a short time previous, won the heart and hand of a neighborhood girl demided himself of the fig leaves for the very pleasant object of taking a bath in the crock, dum monstrum !-- the object of his affection ing on the ground and no wearer about. Our friend above shudders at their curiosity, and desiring to make his retreat more secure, moves cautiously higher up, but accidentally puts his whole weight on a decayed limb, which breaks, and drops him, with all his blushing cherms, pop in the miles of the girls! He of course spins of at a terminal like a bursted shall in one direction, and Towards eleven o'clock, she approached the cy, and desiring to make his retreat more sevent 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 result."

Towards eleven o'clock, she approached the cy, and desiring to make his retreat more secure, moves cautiously higher up, but accidentally puts his whole weight on a decay and grand upon the multitude bolow.—

Every one felt that the moment of the cathat rope had arrived. She rose up however, all his blushing charms, pop in the midst of
the size of the widow by
which she had got out. When she saw
which she had got out. When she saw
which she had got out. When she suttered a
they retreat a course.

given by the negroes. It has broken the ne-

groes from attending Loyal Leagues at

night in that section of country. - Vicks-

burg Herald.