



GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE

TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL, to be located on the corner of Main & Market Sts. L. T. SHARPLESS

A. SOLLEDER'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, [OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.] On Main Street, Bloomsburg.

GOODS AND SHOES

Boots and gentlemen's wear, to suit all families. The quality of the goods, and the price, are such as to make them a favorite.

GOOD ARTICLE

At all prices to suit purchasers. All persons who desire light or heavy work made to order can be accommodated at our establishment.

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

is now offering to the Public his STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS

consisting in part of a full line of

INGRAIN, WOOL & RAG CARPETS.

Finest cloths and cassimeres for Ladies' coats. Hand made Three Grade of all Patterns and qualities.

BALMORAL SKIRTS.

Best assortment of Ladies and children's Gaiters of all kinds.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF FAMILY GROCERIES, AT

JOHN K. GIBSON'S STORE,

BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

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

Groceries and Dry-Goods,

which he offers to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity as low as can be had by any dealer in this section of the County.

CEDAR WARE AND WILLOW WARE;

In which variety of goods he has several new articles of modern invention, extensively used.

French Moroccoes;

and also of Morocco Linings for Shoemakers' work; and a good assortment of

Queensware.

Call and examine. JOHN K. GIBSON, Bloomsburg, Nov. 20, 1867.

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, that he has everything fitted up in his new stand to enable him to furnish them with BREAD, CAKES, CONFECTIONERIES, &c. as heretofore.

ICE CREAM,

which may favor him with their custom. He is prepared to make Ice Cream in large quantities for parties, public or social gatherings, as the season may require. Every thing pertaining to his line of business will receive careful and diligent attention.

RESTAURANT,

at Shive's Building, on Main Street. WM. GILMORE, Citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that desire a New RESTAURANT,

GER BEER AND ALE,

is in this place, viz. Pilsener, Lager Beer, and all the best of the kind. It is sold at the lowest market rates. F. H. is in com. with his Beer, and Con. is in com. with his Ale.

RESTAURANT,

at Shive's Building, on Main Street. WM. GILMORE, Citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that desire a New RESTAURANT,

and Cheating Tobacco

Bloomsburg Democrat.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 4 columns: One square, Two squares, Three, Four squares. Rows for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th.

Speak kindly to Thy Wife.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife, She knows enough of sorrow; Oh! seek not from each petty ill An angry word to borrow.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

"Some years ago, while making a brief sojourn in the city of Bristol, I set out one evening with a friend for a stroll through the city. We had visited several places of interest, and were on our return to our hotel; a female, closely muffled in a coarse hood— which, thrown over her head, was drawn around her face, so as to conceal all but her eyes—hurriedly crossed over from the opposite side of the way, and accosted us in accents of despair:

French Moroccoes;

"Oh, no, sir, no!" she said, shrinking back into herself, as it were. "I never asked for charity before; and though I have not tasted food for two long days, I would sooner perish than ask it for myself now; but I could not see her die, my old friend—oh, I could not see her die!"

QUEENSWARE.

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RESTAURANT,

and Cheating Tobacco

feeling an unusual curiosity to know something more of her.

At the next corner of the street was an oil lamp, which threw out a dim light; and standing near it, in a listless attitude, we observed a man in the garb of a sailor, and evidently just from sea. As our unknown guide drew near him, I noticed that she seemed much agitated; and, on coming up to him, to our surprise, and apparently his, she stopped and looked eagerly into his face for a moment; and then, with a wild cry, she suddenly threw out her arms, clasped him around the neck, and appeared to swoon upon his breast.

"See!" said my friend, making an abrupt halt; "we are duped; this is some trick; that girl is an impostor!"

"Impossible!" returned I, unwilling to believe that such grief and misery as she represented could be a base counterfeit.— "Ha! see!"

"Well, if that is acting, it is the best I ever saw," muttered my companion, as we hastened forward and gave a hurried account of all that we knew of the matter.

"Merciful Providence! is it possible?" said the man, looking alternately at us and at the fair creature in his arms, and clasping his forehead as if to collect his scattered senses. "Mary!" he continued, at short intervals; "my dear wife! my dear wife! And my mother too! Starving!"

"Come," whispered my friend, touching my arm, "let us withdraw; their meeting should be sacred from the intrusion of strangers."

Though deeply curious to know something of their history, I silently acquiesced in his proposal; and quietly departing, we returned to our hotel, musing upon the uncertainties, vicissitudes and romance of life.

"Heaven bless you!" he exclaimed in a choking voice; "Heaven bless you and your friend, and so says Mary. I've been hunting for you all over the city, sir; but I feared I'd never see you again. Here! let me pay you back your money; and you will be so kind, sir, as to accept these two rings for yourself and friend?"

I took the money—for I saw if I did not he would feel very much hurt; but fearing his circumstances might not justify him in making a present of so much value, I attempted to decline the rings. It was of no use—he would take no denial—and so I reluctantly accepted them, thanking him in behalf of my friend, who was absent. I then drew from him his story, which I will give in a few words.

He and his wife were both natives of a small village, and had often played together as children. His own father was in good circumstances, but subsequently lost his property, and died soon after, leaving himself and mother to struggle along as best they might.

Together the widowed mother and wife

struggled along, both anxiously looking for the return of their only friend, but he came not at the time expected, the mortgage was foreclosed, the property sold; and, almost penniless, they repaired to Bristol, hoping to be able to maintain themselves by the needle.

I need not prolong the story—it is an old tale. Sickness and misfortune followed them, they failed to procure sufficient work for their necessities, and on the night when the wife appealed to us, they were in a starving condition. Charles had just returned from his cruise; and at the very moment when his Mary so unexpectedly met him, he was thinking of home, which he expected to reach the next day. He had been prudent, the voyage had been more than usually profitable, and his share, he said, would enable him to start in business.

"Come what will," he continued, "I'll never leave my dear mother and Mary again while we live. They're happy now, thank God! and it shall be the aim of my life to keep them so."

"Ah! such is life, in this world of selfish and unselfish humanity," mused I, as I watched his retreating footsteps, till a turn in the street concealed him from my view. We never met again.

A REMARKABLE SPRING IN FLORIDA.

There is near Ocala, a remarkable spring, one of the largest of the great number known in Florida. It is called Silver Spring. I found it in the midst of a lone hammock, overflowing its banks. It bubbled up in a basin thirty-seven feet deep and about an acre in extent, filling and overflowing it, and sending from it a deep stream fifty or sixty feet wide, and extending eight or nine miles to the Oklawaha river, into which it empties.

The supplanting of the grey by the red fox is much to be regretted. An ordinary pack of hounds can generally kill the former in from one to two hours, and his manner of doubling in circles and rarely running more than four or five miles from the starting point, affords much better sport than the red fox, who will frequently make a bee line from the spot where he is "bounced."

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—There are no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, "why don't you beg?"

"Surely, it's begging I am your honor."

"You would not take me for twenty!"

said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a few evenings ago. "Then what would you take me for?" "For better or for worse," replied he.

A Survivor of the Minnesota Massacre Kills 108 Indians.

A young man is now stopping at the Key City House, by the name of George W. Porter, whose parents, brothers, sisters and relatives, were all murdered at Redwood, Minnesota, in the great Indian massacre of 1861. He is the sole survivor, and was the only one left to communicate the mournful intelligence to the nearest settlement. Bereft in one brief hour of all that he held dear on earth, and with the victims of savage ferocity extended in death before him, he took a solemn vow of vengeance. How well he has performed that vow, the reader may judge when we state that in six years young Porter has alone, with the assistance of nothing but his trusty rifle, sent to the happy hunting grounds the souls of one hundred and eight Indian braves. He carries a piece of canoe, about twelve inches in length, and whenever he killed an Indian he would make a notch in this. One hundred and eight notches are now to be counted on the piece of cane alluded to, the last one being cut on Christmas, 1866.

Surely young Porter has been an avenging Nemesis on the footsteps of those who slaughtered his kindred. The Indians killed embrace representatives from nearly every tribe on the plains. By night and by day he has followed them through the trackless forests, over desert wastes, by the mountain side and in the lonely glen he has pursued his victims until the crack of the rifle and the death yell proclaimed that another red-skin had been sent to his final account, and sated with blood the vengeance of his pursuer.

Starved to Death.

We cut the following from an exchange: A respectable, industrious woman, the mother of nine children, died of starvation, last week, in Philadelphia. Her husband, who worked in a foundry, had been out of work for some weeks, and the poor woman, to proud to ask assistance, had denied herself that her little ones might have food, until nature could endure no more, and she perished.

This is the way it goes. A white woman starves to death in Philadelphia for want of food, while the government keeps up a bureau, which costs the tax-payers several millions a year, to feed, clothe, and educate negroes. This thing goes on year after year and the people quietly submit to it. Congress devotes a large share of its time to the negro, and all manner of ways are devised to make him more comfortable and give him new power, notwithstanding white women are permitted to starve in Philadelphia, under the nose of the Union League. It seems sometimes that justice has taken its flight from this world.—Monroe Democrat.

Afterwards the plate was restored by our government. Upon its restoration, the Earl gave this identical coffee pot as a present to Commodore Jones. She Commodore being a harum scarem fellow and a bachelor, after awhile gave it to his particular friend, Commodore Hopkins, who bequeathed it to his brother, John Hopkins, who in his turn bequeathed it to his wife. At her death it became the property of her niece and a adopted daughter, Miss Mehitable Green, who married Mr. Wm. Simons, for many years the editor of the Republican Herald in Providence. Mrs. Simons dying before her husband, left it by will to him, and he gave it to his daughters, who are now living, and to whom this rare and valuable antique relic now belongs.

MEN ONE WOULD RATHER NOT MEET.—Men who tell stories that run into each other, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of any of them. Men who have quarreled with all their relations. Men who have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends. Men who have been persecuted and swindled by a general conspiracy of everybody. Men who imitate popular actors. Men who are always asking, "Don't you think so?" Men who are always "putting a case." Men who agree with you too much. Men who "feel inclined to join issue with you there."

A Bible class was asked to name the precious stones named in the Bible. After several scholars had given answers, one little fellow called out "Well, Thomas, what precious stones have you found?" "Brimstone," was the reply.

Nigger.

In the U. S. Senate, recently, Mr. Cooklin presented a petition from several hundred negroes of Georgia, setting forth that they are out of money and almost starving. They ask Congress to appropriate one hundred dollars for each nig. Mr. Sumner, after the petition had been read, said he "Hoped the prayer of these poor colored men would be granted without a moment's delay." The nigs have got their \$100 each by this time. White poor men would be laughed at if they presumed to ask for money from the U. S. Treasury, but lazy vagabond negroes, who have been doing nothing for the last two years but attending Radical carousals and "elections," can not only ask but receive the people's money with impunity. How long, oh, how long, must we submit to this unblushing Radical villainy?

Nigger! nigger! nigger! Everything talked of by the Rump Jacobins is for the everlasting nigger; everything planned, schemed and concocted has solely in view the aggrandizement of the "colored cuss from Africa." He stands forth the chief object of Black Republican sympathy and legislation, State and National. He is the big dish at the feast, and he is the done-brown meat in the big dish. He is the main issue and all the side issues—the principle cut a la Africaine and all the side dishes as well. It is nigger a la mode, fricasseed nigger, fried nigger, stewed nigger, baked nigger, with nigger sauce, roasted nigger, boiled nigger, hashed nigger, raw nigger—nigger around the festive board, nigger up stairs, nigger in the garret, nigger down stairs, nigger in the kitchen, nigger in the parlor, nigger in the wood-pile, nigger on the fence, nigger as a man and brother, nigger in and out of Congress, and nigger on the brain!

Good Lord! Is there nothing!—no rights—no interest—no country for white men?

Have niggers and bondholders only the right to claim legislation and to protection of their newly acquired demands? Have the producing and consuming millions of the country no rights, that the pompous and pampered Yankee slave robber and his army of cheated negroes are expected to respect.

AN ANTIQUE CURIOSITY.—They have, in Providence, R. I., a rare specimen of antiquity. It is a quaint shaped old coffee pot, of solid silver, and very heavy, beautifully emblazoned one side with the coat of arms of the Earl of Selkirk; with the lions rampant, and the expressive old family motto—"Prangas non Fleetes." The history of the coffee pot, as far as is now known, is a curious one, being at one time the property of the famous Commodore John Paul Jones. It seems that when Commodore Jones was a boy, his father was gardener to the Earl of Selkirk. The Earl had a queer peculiarity, which was a passion for uniformity.

If he planted a tree, he must have another to match it; if he had a window he must have another to match it; also in furnishing a room the same similarity must be preceded to the letter, and another furnished precisely like it.

He carried his passion to that extent, that if he had to punish his son by shutting him up in one of the summer houses, the gardener's son must be shut up in another, and when he resorted to harsher means and used the birch on his own son, the gardener's son received an equal share.

These things rankled in the heart of the embryo Commodore, and when in 1777 he made his famous descent upon the coast of Scotland, being familiar with all the paths and by-ways of the country, he "made a raid" and took his revenge, by seizing all the plate of the Earl of Selkirk, which had been in the family for, no knowing how many years.

ASSUME A VIRTUE, IF YOU HAVE IT NOT.

—"Mr. Butler—I assume one theory, Mr. President, and the counsel assume another."

Goes Back on Him.

Grant's daddy, who has been writing the life of his remarkable boy, Ulysses, for the New York Ledger, has discontinued the truly comic and laughable papers. It will be a sad and irrepairable loss to the history of our country, and we deeply regret this sudden stoppage of the letters of old man Grant. There is a report that Bonner got sick of the egotistical stuff, while others say that Grant's keepers protested that it was doing their Presidential candidate a great deal of harm and insisted that it should be stopped. So far as he had progressed with life of his boy, it was demonstrated that he would have made an excellent hostler, as he was always very fond of horses, but he never showed any aptness for anything further. Grant is a remarkable man and he has a queer old daddy, who is not above turning an honest penny.

A RELIC OF ARNOLD.—An interesting relic of Arnold's march through Maine to Canada has just come to light in a strange place. This is a piece of paper with the inscription "Dunkirk—with Arnold—1776." It was found in a maple tree, which was probably cut in the town Vassalboro," and, while being sawed at the mill at Augusta, a pine plug was cut into which was covered by about nine inches of the tree, and being removed a scrap of paper bearing the above in pencil was found. A correspondent of the Boston Traveler says that it, without doubt, is genuine, being on paper such as was manufactured in the last century; and the outside end of the plug was entirely grown over, being covered by about ninety rings of the wood that could be counted. This is now in the hands of the Rev. Wm. A. Drew, but it is hoped that it will be placed in some public collection, this bit of paper being of so much interest as bearing the name of Arnold written when at the zenith of honorable glory; and, as this writer finely says, the tree which had it clasped in its heart is of interest as the last living thing that enshrined the name of Arnold as a true man.

A TEACHER had been explaining to his class the points of the compass. All were drawn up in front to wards the north.

"Now, what is before you John?" "The north, sir." "What is behind you, Tom?" "My coat tail, sir," said he trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.

LITTLE Frank was taught that every one was made of dust. One day he was watching the dust in the street as the wind whirled it into the eddies. "What are you thinking of?" asked his mother. "Oh," said Frank, with a serious face, "I thought that the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy."

PROFANE swearing never did any man good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the friend; abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society.

The immortal hero of the Dutch Gap Canal is to be set to music. A Lowell poet has written the first verse and will soon finish the remainder: Ben Butler was a soldier brave, A soldier brave was he; He had for silver spoons and sich, A parti-al-iv.

Butler speaks of the "issues hanging on the decision of the hour." When his turn comes, he will be hanging upon the decision of justice.—New York World.

IS IT NOT RATHER PROBABLE THAT "THE BEAST" WILL SOME DAY BE FOUND HANGING WITH A ROPE AROUND HIS NECK?

A Leavenworth papersays: "A Kansas City editor went skating the other day, and slipped into an ice hole. His ears caught on the edges of the ice, the hole not being big enough to let them through. They partially froze and will be amputated and used for door mats."