The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Bloomsburg, and vicinity, that he has on hand a large and flut assortment of

ft h.dies and gentlemen's wear, to suit all fancies. His lity work is of the best quality, and from the most reliable manufacturers; he being a practical with man and a good judge of SEPOCIES.

and at prices to suit purchasers.

All persons who desire light or heavy work made to cricir can be accommodated at his establishment.

Also, repairing will be done with neathers and

J. BROWER, (Cor. Main & Iron sts.) te now offering to the Public his STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS

IVGRAIN, WOOL & RAG CARPETS.

Fine cloths and cassimers for Ladies' coats. Bend-ome Uress Goods of all Patterns and qualities, Pelalus and Prints of various qualities and prices, Bearined and Brown Muslins, Ladies French Corsets

BALMORAL SKIRTS.

but toots, <u>frush Groceries and Spices.</u> New assortment of

Glass and Queensware.

RESH ARRIVAL OF FAMILY GROCERIES, AT

JOHN K. GIRTON'S STORE,

BLOOMSBURG, PERMA.

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

Grocerics and Dry-Goods,

a ided to his stock a fine assortment of

CEDAR WARE AND

WILLOW WARE: in which variety of goods he has several new stitles of modern invention, extensively used where known and which must come into use here the also has a fine supply of

French Moroccoes: e id also of Morocco Linings for Shoemaker work; and a good assortment of

Queensware.

NEW BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY 1 manufactual distance on a

ON THIRD STREET.

J. F. FOX, Proprietor of this establishment, would respectfully inform his old and new castomers, that he has everything fitted up at his new stand to enable him to furnish them with BREAD, CAKES, AND CONFECTIONERIES, as heretofore.

Thereafter all persons, who have been furnished with Ale, Lagar Bear, and Forter, by the whole, half, or quarter barrel, will call upon WILLIAM CLIMORE, at his saloon in dirty wheel," said a light, merry voice from

Shives' Block, Main Street.

dress to be soiled against one." ICE CREAM, "Any orders miss?" asked the coachman

touching his hat.

"Why, let me see," said Miss Warburton. You will come in with me, will you not,

Mr. Avery?" "Too happy."

wherever he wishes when he leaves here.

the hested horses. "In for a stay, he is," was the coachman's comment on the length of time he must, in all probability, wait for the conclusion of Mr. Avery's visit.

The conchman must have been a keen observer. The hours had passed by the conchman's great silver watch, on whose large round face the snow-flakes fell as he pulled it out at the moment Fred Avery stepped

on the door-step.

said the coschman, slipping on his indiarubber over his gray livery—for the snow was now falling thick and fust.

"Um-drive down Broadway till I call to you to stop."

Offathey went-down Broadway with a ing, now dashed for madly to put some warmth in their blood.

Outside, the coachman swung his arms and beat his hands to keep them warm .--Inside, Fred Avery, with his feet son the warm fur rug, the lap-robe over his knees, and the collar of his overcont up snugly about his ears, indulged the soliloguy.

"She loves me -loves me dearly! That's plainly to be seen. And I love her-1 do indeed. I shall propose to her at oncepropose to her, and, if she will have me, marry her; and then I'll settle down and

on the hurrying crowd which filled Broadway, and was hastening on through the driving snow. How much more fortunate. he reflected, was he than the generality of the people! With a comfortable fortune, an agrecable presence—oh yes, a very agrecable presence, all these successful flirtations of his could testify to that-and now, best of all, the love of the sweetest, most elegant girl in their set! He could show his gratitude for the many blessing which had been showered upon him by ceasing his frivolous

while the snow fell heavily upon her pretty head!

She had not even an umbrella. Ah, now, this is an exceptional case, and besides, it need not necessarily be a case of

where that young lady is standin." The driver had drawn up before Mr. Avery had quite finished speaking; and before the horses had altogether made up their minds to remain entirely quiescent, Fred Avery

was on the pavement. "My dear Miss! Rowson," he exclaimed. who ever would have thought of seeing

shivering with the cold; "why, the day was fine enough when I came out, not more than a couple of hours ago."

enough when he went in with Florence Warburton, and snowing when he came out. He must have staid a good while, he passed; she was still ill. thinks.

home.

"Just step in the carriage and I'll take you home," said Mr. Avery.

She did not require a second invitation. In a blinding snow storm one is not apt to be squeamish about getting a shelter.

She gave it, and he repeated it the coachman, who, Mr. Avery fancied, looked cross. 'As if it were any of his busines," said Mr. Avery to himself with a shrug.

As the carriage rolled smoothly on Edith began to thank him for his kindnes in picking her up. It was so good of him, she said; and, by the way, is this his carriage? How very elegant it is,

No, this is Florence Warburton's carriage,

he wishes.

Little by little it came out. How all the

girls say Florence is crazy for love of Fred Avery, and all the gentlemen say that Fred Avery is awful "spoony" on Florence.

hateful word! Now Edith, can you believe a man like me capable of being "spoony" on any woman?"

His arguments were very convincing. -How handsome he was!

Oh, dear, here's the house in Madison avenue. How short the drive has been! Will Mr. Avery come in with her?

much to say to her. He must beg her to deny all those reports calculated to throw a slur on his manliness. He went in with her and had the driver wait for him again.

short stay, was carcless enough not to trouble himself to cover his horses. But when three-quarters of an hour had passed, and evening came, and the snow kept falling faster and faster, the driver made his horses and himself as comfortable as possible under

At length Fred Avery came out. He had had two or three glasses of wine, and being of a temperament easily affected by the spirituous, the intellectual was not so clear as it might have been.

"Drive to the club!" he said huskily, and in the coachman's face. "Drive there, and hurry—then you can go."

his penchant for Florence. He denied it stoutly, with another bottle open before him. and half of its contents flown from his stomach to his head. And yet, spite of his tipsiness, spite of

the stuff he had taken, Florence Warburton was the only woman he had ever loved. Back at the house the coachman was de-

part some which was not altogether pleasant knowledge for Florence.

She learned of Mr. Avery's having found a lady in the street, whom he took home, and with whom he stayed a long, long time. The number and the street of this house whirl. The horses, chilled with long stand- being given her, she recognized the residence of Edith Rowson, who was known to be as desperote a flirt feminine as Fred Avery's reputation made him a flirt mascu-

The next day was the day of her ball .-Fred did not come to see her; but it was inst as well. She was so busy; and, beside, he would be sure to come early to the ball in the evening.

He came very late. Tom Otis and his friend Gordon had been there dancing away for two hours. At length he came, and Florence met him in the hall-way.

"You are late," she said coldly. "Yes; I met a fellow from the West Indies with whom I was obliged to dine, and couldn't get rid of afterward. Ah. Florence," he whispered in her ear, and meant it too, deeply, "how dearly I love you." Her frame quivered with delight, for she loved him with every fibre of her being.

Fred entered the ball room, and the first person he saw was Edith Rowson. Witching little creature. How piquant she looked in her clouds of tulle and he coral ornaments. He instantly remembered she was engaged to him for the first dance.

The first dance, and the second, and the third. Are they engaged to each other for Rowsan standing there on the corner of all the dances? Florence looked at them Broadway, trying in vanc to induce one of with amazement. With her head and her the overcrowded stages to stop for her, heart throbbing with acutest pain, she whispered to her mother that she was so ill she must go up stairs, but there need be no cession of the festivities.

Up stairs her maid met her and caught her in her arms just as she was on the point of fainting. "Why, miss," she said, "how page you

look! Shan't some one go for the doctor! No, no doctor. Miss Warburton says no doctor can help her.

In the morning Fred Avery reviewed his conduct with supreme disgust. "Was I insane to act as I did? Is there a

fatality which drives me from the woman I love to a woman who is nothing to me, whom despise, loathe, as I do myself?" He shuddered with disgust. "But I will see her," he said, "tell her

that I lave her dearly, in spite of all my folly. She loves me, I know. She will not Fred suddenly remembers it was fine refuse to see me." He went at once to the house. Miss Warburton was too ill to see any one. Days

> "I will write to her," he said at last. He wrote this note, and sent it: "OH, MY DARLING-Can you forgive my

> folly-wickedness? Will you marry me? Answer, if but one word." The answer came very promptly. It was

but one word-"No." No more flirting now for Fred Avery. No: throat!

but there is Lethe in the wine cup, as there is oblivion in opium cating.

the lowest. But long before this stage his failed to take trout. former friends cut him, and in the fashionable circle, where he was once a brilliant a nice sandwich and a peice of boiled cornlight, his name is almost forgotten.

Mrs. Warburton wondered if her daughter had forgotten it. She knew Fred Avery once proposed to Florence, and that she rejected him.

"Do you think Florence ever loved him?" seked Florenco's aunt of her sister, Mrs. Warburton.

"Never. She never mentions his name, and she wrote 'No' to him when he proposed to her."

One day they were at breakfast, and they read in the morning paper of a handsome young man who, crossing Broadway in a state of intoxication, was knocked down by heavy truck and killed.

"What name?" asked Florence. "Frederick Avery."

Florence said nothing further. They ordered a carriage and went out.

She went through the routine of visiting and shopping, and visiting galleries of paintings and a matinee of the opera. But everywhere she set off alone and said nothing.

"Do you think sho could have loved him?" asked the mother now in turn, of the aunt "I cannot say," she replied. In less than a month Florence was stricker

with a fever. "Is there no hope, doctor?" camo the mother's last agonizing question.

"No. There is no hope. Frame too emaciated by a previous, silent wasting away to resist this hot tyrant of a typhoid.' An aniversary came and found Florence

which took place five years ago. Just as the clock pointed to the hour when Fred Avery came that night, so late, and meeting Florence in the hall way whispered pfling a breath laden with wine odor straight in her ear, "how dearly I love you!" she turne dto her mother and said:

still alive. It was the aniversary of the ball

"Yes, dear."

"Mother!"

"Mother, good bye. Come, dry your tears. Kiss me; good bye, dear mother, I am dying!"

in Washington, express apprehensions of an sirous of knowing whether Miss Florence Indian War before summer. The Indians had any further orders; and, while seeking are said to be discontented at the delao in Angling for Dogs.

A Sporting Editor thus relates one of his adventures-viz: Another time we were traveling on grounds we had no right to tramp over. The only

excuse was like that of military necessityit was better fishing through the farms the day by various parties in the metropolis. where the trout had been preserved than in the open flats where all could fish.

risen at 3: ridden ten miles, and struck the to the great political questions now agitating, creek as the trout were ready for breakfast. dividing, and perplexing the public mind: Looking carefully for a sheltered place to I know that it is considered improper, as hitch our horses, we slyly crept on behind well as impolitic for public artists to intrude stream not generally fished. A farm house where they are expected only to amuse; but stood a quarter of a mile away. We saw as I have never adhered to this rule or fearthe morning smoke curling lightly from a ed to raise my humble voice when my duty stovepipe; saw a man and two boys come as an American citizen compelled me to about the yard.

If ever we fished close, it was then-not plause.) a whisper to disturb the birds or the owners of the land. We crawled through the grass and dodged behind clumps of elders, lifting large speckled beauties out of the wate until our baskets were full.

trout were so large and bit so readily, that "Sage of Ashland," "I ask no favors, and we could not withstand the temptation, so we decided to string and hide what we had, and take another basketful. No sooner Councils of the Nation such men as a Clay, had a trout. We forgot the house, the man and boys and the dog.

Suddenly there was a rushing through an oat field as if a mad bull were coming! We looked toward the house, and saw the farmer and his two boys on a fence, the women in the door, and the bull dog bounding towards us. We saw it all-we had been discovered. The well trained dog had been sent to hunt us out, and as the matter appeared, it was safe to bet that he was doing that thing lively.

To out run the dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared a fence and came for us just as we reached a tree and by great activity, took a front seat on a limb above his reach.

Here was a precious go! A vicious bul dog under the tree, and a farmer and two name of the people," for I know the people, big boys ready to move down upon our and I tell you they will not permit you to works. It was a fight, foot-race or fangs! The farmer yelled to his dog-"Watch him, Tige!"

Tige proposed to do that little thing, and keeping his eye on us, seated himself under the tree. Then spoke the ugly farmer man-" Just hold on thar, till we get breakfast, stranger;

then we'll come and see you! If you are in a hurry, showever; you can go now! Watch him Tige!" We surmised trouble; quite much; for twice had the bold man of bull dogs and agriculture elegantly wollopped innocent tour-

ists for being seen on his suburban premises. His name as a peace man was not good. and there arose a large heart toward our Time is the essence of contracts, and the saving ordinance for those in troub-We had a stout line in our pocket, and

And, as good luck would have it, we had ed beef in our pocket.

We called the dog pet names, but he wasn't on it! Then we tried to move down -when he'd move up! At last we trebled our bass line, fastened the great limerick to it, baited it with the corned beef, tied the end of the line to a limb and angled for

Tige was in appetite. He swallowed it. and sat with his eyes for more, but with no friendly look beaming from his countenance. Not any!

Then we pulled gently on the line-it was fast! Tige yanked and pulled, but 'twas no use! The attention of the canine was diverted from us-his business was being done by another line!

We quickly slid down the tree-coming near blistering our back doing it-seized our pole, and straightway went thence somewhat lively! We found our string of fish and reached the buggy, and a commanding spot in the road in time to see the sturdy yeoman move forth

We saw him and his coherts, male and female, move slowly, as if no haste. We saw them look up the tree. We saw an anxious group engaged about the dog. We came home quickly, and kindly feft the bass line and hook to the farmer.

In Adams county, Iowa, they have a colony of those queer birds, the Icarians They have over one thousand seven hundred acres of fine land, a saw and grist mill. Their residences form a little village of separate log houses. But cooking, cating, washing etc., are done in a large building, centrally situated. The community has thirty-six members-sixteen men, nine women and seven youths and children, nearly all of whom are French. They do not interfere with the marriage relation, nor with political or religious opinions; but when a member joins he gives to the community all his money and other property that may be suitable for common use, on condition that, in case he should withdraw, the community shall pay back the exact amount, without interest, which he put in. They are regularly incorporated under the State laws, and are represented to be in a reasonably proper condition.

EacH mement makes theo dearer," as the

Colonel Dan Rice's Speech.

There being a very large attendance, Colonel Rice was called on to define his position on National affairs, in conformity with a rumor that had been put in circulation during Mr. Rice said: I understand that it has been intimated, and I presume that I am It was early in the morning. We had expected to express my views with reference

fences, etc., till we reached the part of the as it is termed, their individual opinions to do chores; saw woman busy about the speak, I will not now hold my peace when door; and a ferocious bull dog wandering I see such a disgraceful furce as is being enacted in this, the Nation's capitol. (Ap-

niary advantages shall restrain me from raising my voice in protest against this outrage upon the people's rights. I can say, as was said by Senator Foote to General Cass, in This was the time to have gone, but the reply to an attack made by him upon the fear no assaults." (Applause.)

would the hook touch the water than we as a Webster, men of massive intellect, of exalted worth and purity of purpose, before of the present day appear as "insignificant

But alas! alas! they are gone! and I fear much "we shall never look upon humanity, and equity, by consummating the tion and an honest man. (Applause.)

self heard, if there are any Senators within the sound of my voice, I hope they will hear and read my protest, made "in the go unrebuked, if you allow partisan necesbear in mind.

if you do not wish to break up and destroy 'the great Republican party,' you must abandon this whole scheme, for the removal of President Johnson sounds its death knell

(Here the Colonel made a movement as though to retire, when some one in the audience cried out, "Go on, Dan, you have a

to speak! I am not a partisan, but the friend of the people and the soldier! I love the Union! I honor its defenders! and to the extent of my means I have ever contributed one grade to another until he has reached a large hook intended for rock bass, if we to its support and defence. I gave the first fit out to a regiment raised in my county, three months, on being asked by an acquainthe gallant 83d Pennsylvania, led by the immortal Col. McLean. Those men went forth to enforce obedience to the Constitu-

> now? They have been wrenched from the hands of President Johnson, (who hung on in a strong box at the War Office. Who has the key? General Grant did have it, but he gave it up to Stanton, the first time. by the way, that I ever heard of General Grant surrendering. (Laughter and ap plause.)

By and by, speaking of General Grant, I have an undying regard for the heroic General, whose military achievements will ever illume the pages of "our country's glorious record," and I cannot believe that General Grant will be so unwise as to become the tool of designing politicians who desire to

Grant is a great General, but a "sick old politician," (laughter) but don't deceive yourselves, he is not as weak in the upper story as many of you suppose. (Laughter.) He is not going to give up a "sure thing' for an uncertainty. "A bird in the hand is worth two on the bush," and he knows it, you bet-unless he is a greater fool than I take him to be. (Profound laughter and

applause.) (The Colonel again attempted to retire

He then resumed: The condition of my voice is such, my friends that I shall be compelled to bring my remarks to a speedy conclusion, but before I bid you farewell you may desire to know where I live. My home is in Girard, Pennsylvania, where I cordially invite you, one and all, should you pass that way, to call and see me. In the words of General Harrison, "You will always find the latch-string of my door hanging out," or it may be that the voice of the

Until then I must say farewell. God bless you all. Good by. The Colonel then retired, followed by host of his friends, who passed around, con-

A BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITION BY GEN. JACKSON. - The following beautiful lascription is engraved on the tombstone of the wife of General Jackson, creeted over her grave in Tennessee. It was written by the brave old General himself, and for terseness and brevity of expression has seldom been

exceeded by any similar monumental record: "Here lies body of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, who died on the 22 day of December, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in releiving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress, to the rich she was an example, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament, her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

A Bosom Pin.-A young gentleman from the country stepped into a country store and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom pin emblematic of that profession. The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and, finding nothing else. showed him a very fine Masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully. "Yes," said he, "there is the compass

and the square; I use both of them; but,

why didn't they but a saw in it? It's firstrate as far as it goes. Hallo! there's G. there-what does that stand for ??' The jeweler didn't know. The man studied it carefully for a moment, and a bright idea struck him. His face flushed as if he

had made discovery. "I have it," he said; "It'sall right. G. stands for gimlet, Compass square and gimlet! That will do-I will take it.

There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat. and went away muttering:

"Compass, square and gimlet. I do

wish there was a saw, though." DAN RICE ON THE SITUATION.—Colonel Dan Rice, the great showman, who has been entertaining the people of Washington for the past week with his circus and menagerie, took leave of them last Friday evening by a breef speech, wherein he allud ed to the political situation, and the folly and danger of the conflict precipitated upon the Executive by the Legislative branch of the government, and he declared it to be his conviction that the Sen stors, sitting as the highest of courts, could not be so forgetful of their solemn oath as to perjure themselves and ignore all justice, humanity and equity, by consummating the highest of all wrongs to both a nation and an honest

A Few days since an old gentleman in Missouri, where the drouth has been severe. and who had been hauling water for the last tance if he thought it would rain, remarked: "I hope not for if it does it will spoil the roads so I can't haul water."

man. The large audience manifested their

appreciation of the Colonel's views by giv-

ing him three hearty cheers.

Profune swearing never did any man good. No man is the richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It is disgusting to the friend; aboutto them as long as he could) and locked up | inable to the good, insulting to those with whom we associate, degrading to the mind, unprofitable, needless, and injurious to so-

> SENATOR Sherman admits that the ex penses of the army for the current year will not be less than one hundred and twenty-three millions of dollars. A nice sum to be taken from the people, for the army in

A WORKMAN in a coal mine near Peoria. Illinois, using a stronger blast than the occasion warranted, had every rib torn from his spine and died a horrible death. When a man and woman are made one

by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one? Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled. A Wrr once asked a peasant what part he

performed in the great drama of this life. I mind my own business," was the reply. "I no not say," remarked Mrs. Brown

'that Jones is a thief; but I do say if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep.' FEMININE sentiment-Love is a light

ger is. Instead of avoiding we sail to it. and are lost. If you have gone half crazo at not having

house in life's ocean to show us where dan-

you had succeeded. A penson who is considered landless has soctimems two or three achres in his mouth.

WHAT is it that makes every person sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

that his wife one day exclaimed. "I wish I were a book that I might always be in your

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE TO NAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW JOWN HALL

to be erected on the corner of Main & Market Sta.

Now offers for Cash or Ready Pay—

PRENCE MERINDER at 85 cis.

WIACK ALPACAS at 69 and 85 cis.

AMERICAN MERINDER at 46 cis.

ALLI THE ABUVE from 10 to 30 per cent. below the regular prices.

OALICOES from 9 cis. to 124 for best.

BLECH'D & BROWN MUSLINS 9 to 18 cis. best, GUOD bleached and brown Buslins at 124.

Att wool Cassimeres at 31.00 to 31.25 & 31.75.

Bloop Fight is, Carsets, & notions low down HATS & CAPs at bargains.

BLOTS & SHOMS for Men. Women.

& Children at greaty reduced prices.

To lot Gaiters & Shoes, your choice, at 38.00, worth 32.50. One lot Ladies' Glove-itd Balmorals and Gaiters at \$3.25, worth 34.89.

Coffees Thes. Suppose and Surveys.

Coffees, Teas, Sugars and Syrups. The balance of our stock comprising all kinds of GIODS, CARPETS Ac., at proportionably low prices, Country produce wanted. Cash paid for batter and eggs. Store on Main Street below Market.

(anusry 29, 1868.—9t.

A. SOLLEDER'S

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

BOOTS AND SHOES,

h, i not likely to be imposed upon by receiving u-retiless material badly made up. I be selesiring anything in his line would do well to plue him a call, before purchasing claewhere. He GOOD ARTICLE,

d Trustch.
An elegant assortment of Ladies Spring and Sum of Shoes on hand.
April 3- 1807.

e insisting in part of a full line of

G and assortment of Ladies and childrens' Gaiters and Phots.

Fv. No. 1 Mackerel in one half and one fourth flarrels.

New is the time to make your selections, as 1 am off-ging goods at very low prices and our motto is fest dealing to all, and not to be undersold by any.

Bloomburg April 30, 1867.

J. J. BROWER. Ulcomsburg, April 30, 1867.

JOHN K. GIRTON.

8. E. Corner of Main and Iron Streets.
Bloomeburg. Nov. 20, 1807.

BELOW MARKET. BLOOMSBURG, PA. J. F. FOX, Proprietor of this catablishment, would

who has been authorized by the undersigned to sell the same. He will constantly have a supply on hand, which will be sold at the lowest marker ries. Mr. F. has in connec with his flat y and Con-tionery, fitted up , re of the sale o. to all who may favor him with their custom He is also prepared to make ice Creaming large quantities for parties, public or social gatherings, as the case may be. Everything pertaining to his line of business will receive careful and difficult attention.

The is thankful to his customers for past favore, and most cordinly solicies a continuate of the same.

April 2 2002

same . April 3, 1967. NEW RESTAURANT,

WM. GILMORE, Informs the citisens of Bloomshurg and vicinity the he has opened a Naw RESTAURANT, n this place, where he invites his old friends and castomers to call and partake of his refreshments.—
It is his tutention to toop the best
is his tutention to too the best
constantly on hand; Also, Perter, Parseparilla. Min
ural Water, Parcy Lemonades, Rassbarry and Lem
en Syrangi, can always be had at his Restaurant.
In the eating line he presents a

In Shive'r Building, on Main Birect.

BILL OF PART not surpassed in this place; viz, Pickled Oysters Clams, dardines. Pish, Barbscued Chicken, Picklet Tripe and Bost Tongue, &c., &c. He also has a good article of Cigars and Cheming Tobacco

rhis customers. 13 Give him a call. Bloomsburg, June 13, 1866.

One square, 2.00 | 3.00 | 4.00 | 6.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00 | 10.00

Ploomsburg Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN

WILLFAMSON II. JACOBY.

TERMS.—22 00 in advance. If not poid within SIX MONTHS. Se cents additional will be charged. If No paper discontinued until all arrearages tre paid except at the option of the editor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

cents per line.

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

Printed in Shive's Block Main Street by FRANK R. SNYDER.

A PERFECT MATCH.

BY W. A. KENDALL. The jewels dangle in her ears,

Her waist is but a single span:
And as she swings along, she says,
"I'm going to catch a dandy man." His hat is in the latest style, He totes his cane with dainty hold;

They come together at the ball,
They dance and jig, waltz, and whirl,
Her dress is fine, "demnition soin,"
His purse is lank, his hair is curl.

And as he struts about, he says,
"I am going to wed a fool for gold."

He lacks for cents, she lacks for brains; He flatters her, she dazzles him, They call each other "pretty names." With gouty course papa says "yes;" Mainina says naught-mamma is dead; His debts is large, her purse is deep, -

The fop and fool together wed.

A marriage of "convenience quite,

A very recherche affair;

He is "so nice," she is "so rich,"

They live "up town" in free-stone front The halls are grand, the rooms are high; The bean monde from their coaches trip,

And enter with an envious sigh.

Their only bonds are those of law;

They do not love, they do not hate,

It's just the thing," his friends aver:
"It's just the thing," his friends de

They frequent operas and plays,
And scorn the "dirty ramble, awh:" He held the card, she held the stake, The lead was brass, the trump was gold, A perfect match, an even pair,
For he was bought, and she was sold!

"Isn't that the Warburtons' carriage?" sked Tom Otis. "Yes," replied Gordon. "Who was in it?"

"Florence and her admirer, Fred Avery."

"Is Florence Warburton going to marry

A Woman's "No."

that atrocious flirt, after having refused the best men in New York?" Tom Otis was one of these be "I don't know; but I scarcely think Fred

tons' pall to-morrow?" "Oh, of course. Everybody will be there. "Good by, then. I stop here-my tailor.

"Oh, yes. You'll be there for the rest of

"Of course you are going to the Warbur-

Avery is much of a marrying man."

the afternoon. But I suppose you'll come out quite new for the ball? "Ugh!" groaned Tom Otis; "what can a man wear to a ball that's fit to be seen? We are condemned to a solemn livery like a

pack of restaurent waiters."

ervant."

"Opera to-night?"

"What would you have?" "Why, colors, of course. Rich velvet onts and satin breeches, and-" "Bless me, vou'd look like an actor." "That's better than looking like a man-

"A very nice style of dress," said Gor-

I think so. But club afterwards, sure. And these two gentlemen separated .-The carriage which they had noticed stopped at the door of a handsome house in Thirteenth street. "Don't let my dress brush against that

"Well, good-by to you then, once more."

inside the carriage, as Fred Avery sprang upon the pavement and extended his hand. "Oh dear, no. I'd rather be broken on wheel a dozen times than permit your

"Then the carringe may as well wait for you. Stay here, Jones, and take Mr. Avery The man said nothing but deliberately getting down off his seat, unfolded a couple of blankets, with which he carefully covered

"Where shall I take you, sir, please?" that knowledge he, also took oscasion to im- fulfilling treaty stipulations.

stop flirting." As he spoke he looded out of the window

life of flirtation. Could it be possible that that was Edith

flirtation. "Driver, stop, there-draw up that curb

you out on such a day?" "On such a day!" returned Miss Rowson,

"The worst of it is," said Miss Rowson, 'all the stages are full and I can't get

"What is your number now-Madison avenue?" asked Fred.

which she has lent him to take him where "Ah!" and Edith Rowson bit her lip and became suddenly pettish.

"Spoony, indeed," ejaculated Fred. "A

Yes, Mr. Avery will. Mr. Avery has The driver thinking this would only be a

the uncomfortable circumstances.

At the club he was again "chaffed" for

That night she died whispering; "Bury me by his side." PARTIES from the Indian country, arrived

> parsimoneous tradesman said to an extravagent wife.

In Washington, Saturday, April 4, 1868.

Neither personal considerations nor pecu-

Would to God that we had now in the whose giant minds the miserable tricksters

their like again!" I am free to admit that there are in the halls of legislation, men of undoubted integrity, who, I cannot believe, will be so forgetful of their solemn oaths as to purjer themselves, and ignore all justice, "greatest of wrongs," against both the na-Although I can with difficulty make my-

sity or political prejudice to prevail in your councils, over justice, patriotism, or that "grave sense of duty," which you must feel, and which your States expect you will ever The eves of the world are upon you, and

right to speak;" cries of "that's so, "go on, go on." The Colonel resumed: Yes I have a right

tion and laws! Where are the Constitution and the laws

use him for their own base ends.

but the audience testified their non-concurrence by repeated cries of "go on, we want to hear more,")

people will call me to the White House. If such is to be my fate-call and see me.

gratulating him upon his success. "Age our girls fitted for wives?" inquires husbands?" retorted a young itemizer.

won your sweatheart for a wife, remember that you might have gone the other half if

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books

society." "I wish you were an almanae, a sober exchange. "Are they fitted for so I could change you every year." he un-

. L T. SHARPLESS Now offices for Cash or Ready Pay-