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BloomSBurg Democrat.

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THE FINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me"—say it darling; "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips Of my daughter, kneeling, bending O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured. And the curls had drooped low; "I pray the Lord"—"I gently noddled, And the child was fast asleep.

"Pray the Lord"—"The words came faintly, Fainter still—"My soul to keep;" Then the tired head fairly nodded, And the child was fast asleep.

"My patience, Hetty!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, lifting her hands from the moulding-board, as her daughter burst into the room, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Do you think father will let me go?" "Go when?" inquired Mr. Green, as she cut deftly from the edge of a pie the superfluous parts.

"Why, to the new school?" "I hope not, for the sake's sake!" When I was young, girls were brought up to work and want forever a radius and a diameter away three times.

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open door, smoking; and Hetty could see, by the expression of placid enjoyment that was stealing over his face, that it was the favorable opportunity for broaching the subject of which her heart was so full. So she took her chair and drew it close to his.

"School is going to commence in the academy, in September, father." "So I heard," said the old man, shifting one leg uneasily over the other, for he surmised what was coming.

"Can I go?" Mr. Green seemed to be in no hurry about replying; he was deliberate in all his movements, and puffed away at his pipe in silence, though evidently revolving the subject in his mind.

"Father, dear father, say that I may? Mr. Green laid down his pipe. "No, Hetty, I've been thinking the matter over, and I have decided that it aint best. You musn't think, daughter, that it's 'cause I grudge ye the time or expense, though neither time nor money was given us to throw away foolishly. That aint the p'int. It seems to me that the more you go to school, the more you want to go, and that there's no end to it. I always tho't you went to the district school longer than there was any need on; but you was bewitched to go, so I said nothin to hinder you. When you said you wasn't going no more 'cause you know more'n the teachers did, I thought to be sure, that you'd be satisfied; but ye wasn't. When that dandified-looking chap went round givin' lessons nothin' would do but he must come here. But I couldn't see that you was a bit more contented when you got through than you was afore."

"But father, I haven't learned hardly any thing yet, only just enough to find out how little I know."

"Then I should say that it was high time you stopped going to school, if that's all you've learnt," responded the literal matter of fact farmer, as he arose from his seat. "Least ways I've made up my mind on one p'int—and ye know that aint easily turned—that if you want any better education than you've got, you'll have to earn it."

Hetty came out upon the piazza and leaned her head against one of the pillars. It was growing dusk, and her eyes were so blinded with tears that she did not perceive Mr. Rivers, who was standing near by, regarding his father's talk and what had been said between Hetty and her father.

"I'm sorry for your disappointment; no one could sympathize more with your laudable desire to obtain an education than I do. You must remember the old saying 'Where there is a will there is a way.' I am far from considering your case without remedy.—How should you like me for a teacher, in lieu of a better?"

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"At first Mrs. Green looked far from approvingly upon this arrangement; but a little judicious arrangement, on the part of Mr. Rivers, soon set matters right. Then again, she was too shrewd, in manner, pertaining to her pecuniary interests, to risk offending a boarder so profitable as Mr. Rivers. So, with the sage reflection, 'that if he has a mind to throw his time and money away, it is none of her business,' and she turned her attention to affairs, in her estimation, of far more importance."

Hetty was careful to give her mother no just cause for complaint. She was up early in the morning—performing the duties assigned her with a celerity that wrung from Mrs. Green, the rather ungracious commendation, "that if she would only work so all the time, what a help she'd be to her!"

Contrary to his intentions, when he came, Mr. Rivers remained through all the pleasant autumn days, until the sharp north wind, that whistled through the leafless trees, heralded the approach of winter—scarcely acknowledged to himself how dear had become the task that he had undertaken from the most disinterested motives.—But one day there came a letter, summoning him away so suddenly that Hetty had scarcely time to realize the nature and extent of her loss, when he was gone.

A few days after, Mr. Maltby, the principal of the academy, called upon Hetty, offering her the situation of teacher in the 'primary department' of his school. The salary was small, but she had ample time and opportunity to prosecute her studies in the higher branches, and it was gladly accepted.

It was not till some weeks after, that Hetty learned that she owed this opportunity to the kindly offices of Mr. Rivers, who was a personal friend of Mr. Maltby.

Mr. Rivers had told Hetty that he would write to her, exacting a promise from her that she would reply. In the course of a fortnight the eagerly expected letter came. This was the commencement of a pleasant correspondence.

There was nothing approaching to sentiment in Mr. Rivers' letters—he invariably addressed her as "My Dear Pupil;" but there was not a line in them but that showed deep interest in her welfare and improvement. He not only marked out a course of reading for her, but sent her, from time to time, such of the new books as appeared which he thought would be useful and of interest.

As for Hetty, she wrote to him as she would to a friend, older and wiser than herself, whose goodness and many acts of kindness had called forth the gratitude and reverence of her sympathetic and enthusiastic nature.

Hetty was very successful in her school, not only showing a fitness for her vocation, but making marked progress in her own studies; so, at the close of the year, one of the teachers leaving she was offered her place, together with a salary that far exceeded her expectations.

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ty, raise your eyes to mine, and answer me." Hetty raised her clear, truthful eyes to his face, and said: "My whole heart."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Maltby lost his teacher. Loud were the lamentations among Hetty's scholars. When Mr. Rivers passed through the room where they sat many glances of indignation were directed towards the audacious man who had come to rob them of their dear teacher.

But they were somewhat modified by the liberal presents bestowed upon them by Mr. Rivers on the day of his marriage, which occurred just two weeks from the above conversation.

And this is how Hetty paid for her schooling.

The Fading of the Leaf. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended." To the law of nature there is a melancholy pleasure in wandering forth into the fields and woods, "when the leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the graves of the dead," to note the varied and brilliant tints of the foliage, (which are only seen to perfection in the Northern State, and to listen to the songs, of the few remaining

The indolent inhabitant of the tropics with perpetual summer, knows naught of the pleasure derived by the observer of nature in the North, from her various changes of climate and foliage throughout the year. There is something unspeakably sad in the decline and fall of the leaf during the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," suggesting as it does, thoughts of the death of flowers and fragrant herbs, of the absence of many, many months of the feathered tribes, thoughts of the end of the season, of the year of "the last sad hour," the fading away of life, the cold and narrow house appointed for all the living. Thus the pleasures of youth fade away as the flowers, and the verdure of the forest drapery, and in the advancing years, as with the mature foliage, we fall into "the sear, the yellow leaf."

Thanks be to God for the woods, at all times beautiful! In winter, when the lofty trunks and the delicate tracery of their branches are visible; in spring, when first they blossom and put forth their young leaves; in mid-summer, when they are leafy and aromatic; but most beautiful and gorgeous in autumn, when every species of tree develops its own hue of brown, orange, red, or purple, combined with the unchanging green and other evergreens, to present a picture of surpassing beauty.

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'd Die for You. A matter-of-fact poetical genius says: "I overheard a 'moonstruck, silly lad' the other day remark that he loved a certain young lady well enough to 'die for you.'" Now I love somebody very much.

I'd swear for you, I'd tear for you— The Lord knows what I'd bear for you! I'd sigh for you, I'd sigh for you— I'd drink the Potomac dry for you! I'd 'cuss' for you, I'd 'cuss' for you— Kick up a thundering fuss for you; I'd weep for you, I'd leap for you— I'd go without my sleep for you; I'd fight for you, I'd bite for you— I'd walk the streets all night for you! I'd plead for you, I'd bleed for you— I'd go without my 'feed' for you! I'd shoot for you, I'd shoot for you— A rival who'd 'make 'suit' to you! I'd kneel for you, I'd steal for you— Such is the love I feel for you! I'd slide for you, I'd ride for you— I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for you! I'd try for you, I'd cry for you— But—hang me, if I'd die for you! N. B.—Or any other woman! —Sunday Mercury.

Whipping the Preacher. BY CAPTAIN HOWARD. "He must be tamed, boys." And Harvey lugly brought his clenched hand down upon the large store box beside which he was standing.

"You are right, Harvey," cried Walt Walters, the acknowledged bully of Skiff-ton. "Right! Right!" shouted the others. "We will show those church-going people that we will not submit to bullying from anybody, especially a preacher. Old Buell was sent here to try us," said Will Ashton, a rather handsome fellow of seventeen.

"He will find us hard customers to deal with, I'll warrant! He looks weak, but the muscle may be in him."

"Aye, it is, boys," said stout Bob Clark. "I was at a meeting—a revival—in Clarke county, last winter; Old Buell preached. We attempted to break it up, and created quite a disturbance. One night Jim Sykes and I put cayenne pepper on the stove; Buell saw us, and stopped preaching. He came down from the pulpit, caught us by the collar, shook us like a terrier shakes a rat, carried us to the door and pitched us out."

"The other boys saw what he did, and they didn't interfere. I was once a week afterward, and I assure you, boys that the next time was not broken up. All went on peaceably, and several of the boys joined, among them Jim Sykes."

"If he handled you so easily, Bob, he must be a Sampson," said Harvey, as he surveyed from head to foot the giant Bob. "Strong I think he is," resumed Bob. His grip seemed to crush my shoulder blades.

"I think I can handle him," said Harvey rolling up his sleeves to his shoulder, and displaying a mighty arm, the muscles of which stood out like whip cords. "When will we tackle him?" asked young Ashton eager for the encounter.

"To-night," said Harvey, who was the ring-leader of the enterprise. "He knows nothing of us, save what the meeting folks told him, and I know they say nothing good of us."

"Of course not," said the others. "Wasn't that a scolding he gave us the other night?" remarked Joe Gibbons. "He thought so, at any rate," sneered Bob.

"I know I trembled when he said those gentlemen on the back seat. Every person present turned their heads and looked right at us."

"You tremble so often, Joe," said Walt. "You remember when old Ransom caught you in his melon patch? Didn't you tremble then, eh?"

"Don't bring that up there," returned Joe who wished by-gones to be by-gones. "Let's go on with our preacher whipping. What are your plans Harvey?"

The boys gathered closer around their leader to hear his plans. "They are as follows," began Ingly. "We will go to the church to-night in a crowd, and act civil till services are concluded when we will arrange ourselves outside by the door. Old Buell will come out last, as usual, and I will step up and ask him if he thinks our crowd cut his harness. If he says he does I will give him the lie, and follow it up with a good drubbing.—You must be ready to assist me if necessary and attend to members who may want a finger in the pie."

church, about two miles from Skiff-ton. The people thinking the boys would not carry out their impious threat, called a preacher to expound to them the gospel. But the boys went what they had said, and one night a nest of hornets was thrown in a broken window, and the little insects flew hither and thither, stinging a great many of the congregation and breaking up the meeting.

The church was small, seating two hundred, and was never full save at revivals, when the windows and doors had to be opened to allow those who could not gain admittance, to hear God's word from the outside.

As night came on, and Luna showed herself surrounded by thousands of beautiful worlds, the Skiff-ton boys, headed by Harvey lugly, set out for Walnut Grove. They entered the church quietly, and took back seats, as was their wont. The minister had not arrived yet, and a prayer meeting was held.

At last one of the doors opened, and the Rev. Mr. Buell hand entered and walked to the sacred desk. He was a man of medium height, and a beautiful black beard fell to his bosom. His eyes were full and expressive, but a gleam of determination could be seen therein. He was neatly attired, no jewelry could be seen upon his person. He began his discourse in a modulated voice, and as he warmed with his great subject in true backwoods style, he laid aside his coat and went on.

"John! what muscle!" whispered Walt Walters, as Mr. Buell raised his right arm, and pointed to the crucifixion on Calvary. To the delight of the boys, the services were at last concluded, and the members thronged forward to grasp the minister's hand and congratulate him upon his great-est discourse.

"All right, boys?" whispered Walt Walters, as Mr. Buell stopped upon the step a moment to converse with one of the deacons. The next minute he was in the crowd of boys, making his way to his buggy, which stood beneath a giant walnut.

"Did you see the Skiff-ton boys cut your harness, eh Mr. Buell?" demanded young Ingly, stepping before the reverend gentleman, completely blocking his way. "I do not doubt my own eyesight," was the calm rejoinder.

Mr. Buell attempted to move on. "Then you utter a falsehood!" cried the bully, beginning to draw his coat. But he was not quick enough. The minister drew himself up to his full height, his arm shot forward, and Mr. Harvey lugly lay full length upon the green sward.

The rest seeing their leader fall, crowded forward. That arm shot out again and again and two more went down. Deacons Jones and White, seeing the disturbance, rushed to the rescue of their beloved minister.

"Back, brethren," said Buell; "I will chastise them myself. Take my coat; and he handed his coat to Deacon White. "Now then," he said to his presbytery, "let me say a word. This church has been cursed long enough with your unholy actions, and it falls upon me, an humble follower of the meek and lowly, to chastise you. Now you must severally take a whipping or depart peaceably to your homes."

The boys looked at each other, then at the stern minister and concluded to depart. They saw the eye of that man, and had just witnessed his strength. They raised their fallen comrades, and while Mr. Buell put on his coat they were on their way to Skiff-ton.

"Come brethren, we will also depart," said Buell, and soon the grove was deserted. It was a defeated and disheartened crowd that entered Skiff-ton that night.

"My eyes will be shut for a week," said Walt, putting his hand to his visual orbs, which were fast closing. "I believe you Walt," said Harvey; "he strikes like a sledge."

They sought their respective couches, wiser and better young men, for each and every one had secretly resolved in his heart never to try to harm a minister of God again.

The next night the 'set' returned to the church and took front seats, Walt with a bandage over his eyes. The congregation was astonished at their conduct, and thought they intended taking revenge upon Mr. Buell; but when the services were over, they walked up, shook their conqueror by the hand, and asked his forgiveness, which was freely granted.

The meetings closed, and more than one half of the boys who had attacked Mr. Buell was added to the church, and ever since have walked in the straight and narrow way.

BloomSBurg Normal School and Literary Institute.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

ENRY CARVER, A. M., Principal. Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science, and Theory and Practice of Teaching. Miss Sarah A. Carver, Preceptress. Sister of Friends, Pottery and Ornamental Branches. Isaac O. Best, A. B., Professor of Ancient Languages and English Grammar. J. W. Ferree, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Practical Astronomy. Rev. David C. John, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Physics. F. M. Bates, Teacher of Geography, History and Book-keeping. James Brown, Assistant Teacher of Mathematics and English Grammar. Miss Alice M. Carver, Teacher of Music on Piano and Melodeon. Mrs. Hetrie L. Best, Teacher of Vocal Music, and Assist. Teacher of Instrumental Music. Miss Julia Guest, Teacher of Model School. The Winter term will commence November 2d, 1868, and until our Boarding Hall is ready for occupancy, on application to the Principal, students will be furnished with homes in pleasant families. It is better for students to commence at the opening of the term; but when this is impracticable, they can enter at any time.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

BLOOMSBURG, CO. LUMBIA CO., PA. All kinds of Machinery, Mill, Flouring, Stationary Engines, Steam, Trimming, and all sizes and capacities prepared to make. Also, all kinds of castings, and repairs usually made in well equipped shops. The extensive facilities and practical workmen, was an advantage in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms. Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for the same. This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot. PETER GILMYER, BloomSBurg, Sept. 12, 1863.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of BloomSBurg, and the public generally, that he is running an OMNIBUS LINE, between this place and the district of Columbia, on the following route: (Sundays excepted) to connect with the several Trains of the South West on the Capital and Washington, and from there and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna Railroad. His omnibuses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charge reasonable. Persons wishing to meet or attend friends distant, can be accommodated, upon reasonable charges, by leaving timely notice at any of the following places: JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor. BloomSBurg, April 27, 1864.

NEW OYSTER SALOON,

in the basement of the AMERICAN HOUSE, BILTZER LEACOCK, SEPT.

Fresh Oysters served up in every style and at all hours; with all the other "fixes" found in first class saloons. XX All constantly on hand, together with choice Liquors of every brand. Everything in this order about this Saloon, Kodwiny not tolerated. Step in and find my Saloon in clean neat order. BloomSBurg, Nov. 13, 1867.

Coopering! Coopering!

The undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to manufacture BARRELS, TUBS, BUCKETS, CHURNS,

and everything in the line of Coopering. REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER, and short notice. 17 1/2 St. shop is located on Main Street, BloomSBurg, near the Iron Company's Millroad. M. S. WILLIAMS, BloomSBurg, April 22, 1868.

NEW HANDED SHOP.

The undersigned respectfully announces that he has just received one dozen Meyer's Drug Store, in the Exchange Block, where he is prepared to conduct the business in all its branches. He is selling the best quality of soap, and notions, and is led by him most skillfully. He also cleans, dyed, making them look nearly as good as new. He is also prepared to receive orders for the services of a fashionable hair dresser, he is prepared to visit families in cases where it is desirable to have the most reasonable terms, and in goods not being sold here. Hair Tonic of the very best quality, and for cleaning hair, kept constantly on hand, and for sale. S. C. COLLINS, BloomSBurg, April 1, 1868.

FALL AND WINTER.

Millinery Goods At the Finest Store of AMANDA WERKHEISER, (SUCCESSOR TO MARY BARLEY.) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

The public are respectfully informed that they can be furnished with everything in the Millinery line upon the most reasonable terms, and in goods not being sold here. Her special styles in hats, bonnets, and other articles of millinery, and notions, are beautiful, and well calculated to suit the tastes of the most fastidious. Dress Making will receive special attention. Dressing has just returned from the city her goods are all the latest. 17 1/2 St. shop is located on Main Street, BloomSBurg, near the Iron Company's Millroad. M. S. WILLIAMS, BloomSBurg, October 14, 1868.—3w.