

**RATES OF ADVERTISING**

One square, (ten lines or its equivalent in nonpareil type) one or two insertions, \$1.50; three insertions, \$2.00.
Two squares, \$2.50; three squares, \$3.50; four squares, \$4.50; five squares, \$5.50; six squares, \$6.50; seven squares, \$7.50; eight squares, \$8.50; nine squares, \$9.50; ten squares, \$10.50; eleven squares, \$11.50; twelve squares, \$12.50; thirteen squares, \$13.50; fourteen squares, \$14.50; fifteen squares, \$15.50; sixteen squares, \$16.50; seventeen squares, \$17.50; eighteen squares, \$18.50; nineteen squares, \$19.50; twenty squares, \$20.50.
Executive or Administrator's Notice, \$5.00; Auditor's or Assignee's Notice, \$3.00.
Local Notices, twenty cents a line by the year ten cents.
Cards in the "Directory" column, \$2.00 per year for the first two lines, and 1.00 for each additional line.

### BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

**STOVES AND TINWARE.**  
ACORN STOVE, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main St., above Court House, VI-143.  
M. BURET, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main St., west of Market, VI-143.

**CLOTHING, &C.**  
LOWMEYER, merchant tailor, Main St., 2d door above Court House, VI-143.  
W. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for the New Fashion Sewing Machine, corner of Main and Third Streets above Miller's Store, VI-143.

**DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.**  
JOHN BROS., druggists and apothecaries, Rupert block, Main St., VI-143.  
J. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Main St., below Market, north side, VI-143.

**CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.**  
JERRY SUPPICKER, watches, spectacles and jewelry, Main St., west of Market, VI-143.  
G. B. VAUGHAN, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main St., just below American Hotel, VI-143.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main Street, opposite Court House, VI-143.  
H. BOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots & shoes, Main St., opposite Episcopal Church, VI-143.

**PROFESSIONAL.**  
H. EVANS, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main St., above Market, VI-143.  
D. R. F. KIRBY, surgeon, dental, teeth extracted without pain, Main St., nearly opposite Episcopal Church, VI-143.

**MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.**  
MRS. B. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods, 2d door above Court House, VI-143.  
MRS. LIZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Bakery Building, Main St., VI-143.

**HOTELS AND SALOONS.**  
J. LEADOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American Hotel, Main St., Butler's Leocock west, VI-143.  
WIDMEYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block, Main St., VI-143.

**MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.**  
H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, and oysters, Main St., above Court House, VI-143.  
J. B. KELLY & CO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and oysters, Main St., above Court House, VI-143.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
JAMES CALMAN, cabinetmaker and chair-maker, Main St., VI-143.  
D. M. CHRISTIAN, cabinetmaker and chair-maker, Main St., VI-143.

**BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.**  
G. W. H. SPOKANE, dealer in dry goods, groceries, and oysters, Main St., VI-143.  
JACOB & W. H. HARRIS, dealer in dry goods, groceries, and oysters, Main St., VI-143.

### ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. C. A. MCGARRIGHER, physician and surgeon, Main St., west door of St. Hotel, VI-143.  
BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Hotel M. Henry, cor. of Main and Pine Sts., VI-143.  
DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grain M. S., and dealer in grain, Mill Street, VI-143.

**CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.**  
SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, Kosterhauer proprietor, south-west corner Main and Second Sts., Main Street, VI-143.  
D. R. BARNER, dealer in stoves and tinware, Main Street, VI-143.

**ESPY DIRECTORY.**  
J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and millinery, Shop on Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, VI-143.  
ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. F. VOGEL, Proprietor, VI-143.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
CHAS. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in the Exchange Building, second story, above the Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Jan. 1, 1869.

**HOTELS & C.**  
F. B. PURSELL, HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MAKER, 2d door above Court House, VI-143.

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### PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORY.

**WILLIAM FISHER**  
WITH THOMAS A. HUNTER & CO. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HOSIERY, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, LINENS & NOTIONS, 20, 22 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1869-70.

**RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NO. 12 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20, 1869.

**JOHN STROUP & CO.**  
Wholesale Dealers in FINE, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FINE, 30, 32 SOUTH WASHINGTON, AND 20, 22 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

**SIEVES AND WIRE CLOTH,**  
MANUFACTURED BY SELLERS BROTHERS, 623 Market Street, Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 1869-70.

**G. W. BLARON & CO.**  
Manufacturers of OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW GLASS, 20, 22 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

**GEORGE H. ROBERTS,**  
Importer and Dealer in HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &C., No. 21 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

**SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,**  
Manufacturers and Jobbers of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, No. 325 Market, and 322 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

**JOHN C. YEAGER & CO.,**  
Wholesale Dealers in HATS, CAPS, SHAW GOODS, AND LADIES' FURS, No. 27 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Mar. 18, 1870-71.

**J. H. WALTER,**  
Importer and Dealer in CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE, No. 21 N. Third Street, Philadelphia.

**H. W. RANK'S**  
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE, No. 146 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

**WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,**  
TOBACCO, SNUFF & SUGAR MANUFACTORY, No. 213 North Third Street, Second Floor below Wood, PHILADELPHIA. J. W. WARTMAN, F. ENGELMAN.

**WAINWRIGHT & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS, N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA. Dealers in TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES, RICE, STARCH, AND CANNED GOODS, &C. Orders will receive prompt attention. May 10, 1867-71.

**C. H. HORNE, W. S. KING, J. B. SEYBERT,**  
HORNE, KING & SEYBERT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 42 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. Orders filled promptly at lowest prices. January 3, 1868.

**ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS IN CARBONS, OYSTERS, YAKS, BAITING, OIL SHADES, GREEN BAGS, TOWERS, WORK YAKS, WINDOW PAPER, COVERERS, &C. WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE, BROOMS, BRUSHES, LOOKING GLASSES, TUCKERS, Feb. 5, 1867.

**W. A. PAPER, WIND UP SHADERS**  
FLETCHER, WIND UP SHADERS, ALL THE NEWEST AND MOST IMPROVED PATTERNS OF THE DAY ARE ALWAYS IN STOCK IN THE STORE, 213 NORTH THIRD STREET, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Jan. 15, 1867.

**J. B. PURSELL,**  
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### Choice Poetry.

**The Closing Scene.**  
BY THOMAS HUGHAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the London Dramatic Review to be "one of the finest American poems ever written." Within the sober realm of the leafless trees, The sunset year inhaled the dreary air, Like some faint vapor in his hours of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray bars looking from their heavy lids, Over the sun waters widening in the vale, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills. On the dull humbler of alternate fairs, Allights were mellowed, and all souls subdued, The hills seemed further, and the stream same low.

As in a dream the distant woodman heaved His winter log with many a moanful sigh, The cabin folk, ere while armed with gold, Their banners bright with every martial hue, Now stood like some sad, beaten boat of old, Withdrawn afar in Time's recanted flood.

On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers Were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips on the other profound silence reigned.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day, The heavy door seemed to open of itself, To allow a little old woman to go out, with her back hunched in a semicircle, her dress fitting light about her hips, an enormous basket on her arm, and her hand contracted against her breast.

It seemed to me that I saw at a glance, as I looked upon her, a whole existence of good works and pious meditations. The physiognomy of this old woman had struck me more than once; her little green eyes, long thin nose, the immense bouquets of flowers on her shawl, which must have been at least a hundred years old, the withered smile which puckered her cheeks into a cockade, the lace of her bonnet falling down to her eyebrows—all this was fantastic, and interested me much. Why did this old woman live in this great deserted house? I wished to explore the mystery.

One day, as I passed in the street and followed her with my eyes, she turned suddenly and gave me a look, the horrible expression of which I know not how to paint; made three or four hideous grimaces, and then, letting her bushy head fall upon her breast, drew her great shawl closely around her, and advanced to the heavy door, behind which I saw her disappear.

"She's an old fool!" I said to myself, in a sort of stupor. My faith, it is the height of folly in me to be interested in her!

However, I would like to see her grinning again! Old Toubac would willingly give me fifteen florins if I could point it for him.

I must confess that these pleasantries of mine did not entirely reassure me. The hideous glance, which the old shrew had given me, pursued me everywhere. More than once, while climbing the almost perpendicular ladder to my loft, feeling my clothing caught on some point, I trembled from head to foot, imagining that the old wretch was hanging to the tail of my coat, in order to destroy me.

Toubac, to whom I related my adventures, was far from laughing at it; indeed, he assumed a grave and solemn air.

"Master Christian," said he, "if the old woman wants you, take care! Her teeth are small, pointed, and of marvellous whiteness, and that is not natural at her age. She has an 'evil eye.' Children flee from her, and the people of Nuremberg call her Fledermause."

I admired the clear, sagacious intellect of the Jew, and his words gave me cause for reflection.

Several weeks passed away, during which I often encountered Fledermause without any alarming consequences. My fears were dissipated, and I thought of her no more.

But, an evening came, during which, while sleeping very soundly, I was awakened by a strange harmony. It was a kind of vibration, so sweet, so melodious, that the whispering of the breeze among the leaves can give but a faint idea of its charm.

For a long time I listened intently, with my eyes wide open, and holding my breath, so as not to lose a note. At last I looked toward the window, and saw two wings fluttering against the glass.

I thought, at first that it was a bat, caught in my room; but, the moon rising at that instant, I saw the wings of a magnificent butterfly of the night delisted upon her shining disk. Her vibrations were so rapid, that they could not be distinguished, then they reposed, extended upon the glass, and their frail fibres were again brought to view.

This misty apparition, coming in the midst of the universal silence, opened my heart to all sweet emotions. It seemed to me that an airy sylph, touched with a sense of my solitude, had come to visit me, and this idea melted me almost to tears.

"It's tranquil, sweetly, but to be tranquil," said I, "your confidence shall not be abused. I will not keep you against your will. Return to heaven and be cheered in a moment!"

"Well, well, Master Christian, have you anything?"

"To which I replied: 'Come in. Why in the devil don't you come in? I am just finishing a little landscape, and you must tell me what you think of it.'"

### THE INVISIBLE EYE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERKMANN-CHATRAIN.

About this time (said Christian), poor as a church-man, I took refuge in the room of an old house in Minnesager Street, Nuremberg, and made my nest in the corner of the garret.

I was compelled to walk over my straw bed to reach the window, but this window was in the gable-end, and the view from it was magnificent, both town and country being spread out before me.

I could see the cats, walking gravely in the gutter; the storks, their beaks filled with frogs, carrying nourishment to their ravenous broods; the pigeons, springing from their coverts, their tails spread like fans, hovering over the streets.

In the evening, when the bells called the world to the Angelus, with my elbows upon the edge of the roof, I listened to their melancholy chiming; I watched the windows as, one by one, they were lighted up; the good largesses, the young girls, in their red skirts, with their pitchers under their arms, laughing and chatting around the fountain "Saint Sebald." Inensibly all this faded away, the bats commenced their rapid course, and I retired to my mattress in sweet peace and tranquillity.

The old curiosity-seeker, Toubac, knew the way to my little lodging as well as I did, and was not afraid to climb the ladder. Every week his ugly head, adorned with a reddish cap, raised the trap-door, his fingers grasped the ledge, and he peered out in a nascent tone:

"Well, well, Master Christian, have you anything?"

"To which I replied: 'Come in. Why in the devil don't you come in? I am just finishing a little landscape, and you must tell me what you think of it.'"

Then his great back, seeming to elongate, grew up, up to the roof, and the good man laughed slyly.

"I must do justice to Toubac; he never haggled with me about prices; he bought all my paintings at fifteen florins, one with the other, and sold them again for forty each. 'This was an honest Jew!'"

I began to grow fond of this mode of existence, and to find new charms in it day by day.

Just at this time, the city of Nuremberg was agitated by a strange and mysterious event. Not far from my dormer-window, a little to the left, stood the Inn Beef-Gras, an old inn, once patronized throughout the country. Three or four wagons, filled with sacks, were always drawn up before the door, where the rustic drivers were in the habit of stopping on their way to the market, to take their morning draught of wine.

The gable-end of the inn was distinguished by its peculiar form. It was very narrow, pointed, and on two sides, cut in teeth, like a saw. The carvings were strangely grotesque, interwoven and ornamenting the cornices and surrounding the windows; but the most remarkable fact was, that the house opposite reproduced exactly the same sculptures, the same ornaments; even the sign-board, with its post and spiral of iron, was exactly copied.

One might have thought that these two ancient houses reflected each other. Behind the inn, however, was a grand old oak, whose sombre leaves darkened the stones of the roof, while the other house stood out in bold relief against the sky. To complete the description, this old building was as silent and dreary as the Inn Beef-Gras was noisy and animated.

On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips on the other profound silence reigned.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day, the heavy door seemed to open of itself, to allow a little old woman to go out, with her back hunched in a semicircle, her dress fitting light about her hips, an enormous basket on her arm, and her hand contracted against her breast.

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On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips on the other profound silence reigned.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day, the heavy door seemed to open of itself, to allow a little old woman to go out, with her back hunched in a semicircle, her dress fitting light about her hips, an enormous basket on her arm, and her hand contracted against her breast.

It seemed to me that I saw at a glance, as I looked upon her, a whole existence of good works and pious meditations. The physiognomy of this old woman had struck me more than once; her little green eyes, long thin nose, the immense bouquets of flowers on her shawl, which must have been at least a hundred years old, the withered smile which puckered her cheeks into a cockade, the lace of her bonnet falling down to her eyebrows—all this was fantastic, and interested me much. Why did this old woman live in this great deserted house? I wished to explore the mystery.

One day, as I passed in the street and followed her with my eyes, she turned suddenly and gave me a look, the horrible expression of which I know not how to paint; made three or four hideous grimaces, and then, letting her bushy head fall upon her breast, drew her great shawl closely around her, and advanced to the heavy door, behind which