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Job Printing and Descriptive Catalogues with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

Bloomsburg Directory. STOVES AND TINWARE.

M. RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, 111-113 North Third Street, below Market.

JOHN METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware, 111-113 North Third Street, below Market.

CLOTHING, &c.

W. L. LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main St., 24 door above American House.

M. MOHR, Merchant Tailor and Agent for New York Fashion Sewing Machine, corner of Main and 1st St., below Miller's store.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary, Main St., below the Post Office.

DR. H. C. FLETCHER, Druggist and Apothecary, corner of Main and 1st St.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

E. SAVIDE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main St., just below the American House.

W. B. HENNING, Watch and Clock maker, 111-113 North Third Street, below Market.

JOHN ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles and Jewelry, 111-113 North Third Street, below Market.

CATHART, Watch and Clock Maker, Main Street, below Main.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Centre Street, rear of Robinson & Eyer's Store.

JOHN BERTZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main St., below Hartman's store, west of Market.

JOHN KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main St., Bloomsburg.

PROFESSIONAL.

H. C. FLETCHER, Surgeon, Dental, Main St., above the Court House.

W. M. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block, West of Market.

B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon, Dental—Teeth and all dental work, Main St., below the Episcopal Church.

R. KREIER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 21 door in Exchange Block, near the Exchange Block.

R. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 21 door in Exchange Block, near the Exchange Block.

R. MCKELVAY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Northside Alley, below Market.

R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Southside Alley, below Market.

R. BUTTER, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Market Street, above Main.

R. ROBINSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Hartman's Building, Main Street.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main St.

M. LIZZY, Millinery, Main St., below Market.

M. A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, and Millinery, Exchange Block.

M. S. DEBRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main St., below Market.

M. S. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main Street, below Market.

M. S. JULIA A. SADE, Millinery, Ladies' Caps and Dress Patterns, Southside Alley, West of Market.

M. S. MISSISS HARMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main St., below American House.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

AMERICAN HOUSE, by John Leacock, Main Street, west of Iron Street.

COLUMBIA HOTEL, by B. Stiller, Main Street, west of Iron Street.

W. S. HOTEL, by T. Bent, Taylor, east end of Main Street.

LEACOCK, Operator and Fatigue, American House, Main St., below Leacock apartment.

W. S. HOTEL, by T. Bent, Taylor, east end of Main Street.

Orangeville Directory. A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and

Philadelphian Directory. EAGLE HOTEL, 247 NORTH THIRD STREET,

ESTABLISHED 1793. J. H. A. & BROTHER,

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grain Mill, and Dealer in Grain, Mill Street.

H. H. & C. KEFCHER, Cabinetmaker, on Mill Street, near Post Office.

J. M. HARMAN, Saddle and Harness maker, 21 door, opposite First Church.

SCHUYLER & LOW, Iron Founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of Pumps, Mill St.

MILES A. WILLIAMS, S. C. Tinsmith and Manufacturer of Leather, Mill St.

CAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Haystack Grain Cradle, Main St.

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Dress Shoes, Mill St.

Catawissa. B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St.,

D. L. K. ROBINSON, Surgeon and Physician, 21 door, above the Court House.

OLBERT & KLINE, Dry Goods, Groceries, and General Merchandise, Main Street.

G. B. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets.

K. KELLER, Billiard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice, 21 door, above the Court House.

M. N. BROAD, Dealer in General Merchandise, 21 door, above the Court House.

QUIGLIANO or Brick Hotel, S. Koster, 21 door, above the Court House.

S. D. RISARD, Dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware, 21 door, above the Court House.

W. M. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at Law, Main St., 21 door, above the Court House.

Light Street. H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes.

J. J. LEISER, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office at Keller's Hotel.

PETER ENT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., Main Street.

R. S. ENT, Dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware in all its branches.

WAINWRIGHT & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS,

DEALERS IN HOISERY, MEN'S FINEST GOODS, LINENS & NOTIONS.

W. W. EDGAR, Suspender and Planing Mill and Saw Manufactory.

Buck Horn. G. & W. H. SHOKEMAKER, dealers in dry

Business Cards. M. M. L'VELLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ROBERT F. CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

E. H. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

E. J. THORNTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

J. B. PURSELL, HARNES, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

BENTON HOTEL. W. F. PLATT, Proprietor,

D. I. M. P. L. S. The undersigned will cheerfully mail (free)

W. M. MONROE & CO., Manufacturers of POWDER KEGS,

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER. W. M. MONROE & CO.,

NO NEW DISCOVERY!!! It has long been known that the old established

H. C. HINGLER, dealer in fine, organs and

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Wood Worker,

W. H. BARKLEY, dealer in fine, organs and

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Choice Poetry. Lines. BY GEO. D. FRENCH.

Sweet moon, I love thee, yet I grieve To gaze on thee from night to night;

Hill, vale and wood and stream were dyed In the pale glory of thy beams;

My fond arm was her living zone, My hand within her hand was prest;

And many a high and fervent vow Was breathed from her fair heart and mine;

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A noble looking man, dressed in a gray military coat, who had been writing at a table near the window, rose as I entered. He was tall, straight, and soldier-like, with crisp hair turned white; short trimmed beard, pointing at the chin, and dark imperial looking eyes, very keen and searching. It was Robert E. Lee, the old Confederate commander.

As the first words of greeting passed between us, there was a hidden sadness in his look which impressed me painfully. He was suffering from ill health at the time; but it was not a look of physical pain. Perhaps it was only my feeling, but it seemed as if the shadow of the past was over him—as if you could read behind the vigilance of his dark eyes the fate of the South, and the myriads who lay sleeping on the battle fields.

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"He began to speak about Scotland, and said: 'You will meet with many of your countrymen here. The Valley of Virginia is peopled with Scotch-Irish—people who have come from Scotland by way of Ireland. They are a fine race. They have the courage and determination of the Scotch, with the Irish dash and intrepidity. They make fine soldiers.'

"He said it was an old wish of his to visit this country; but it would never be realized now. Stonewall Jackson had been in Scotland before the war, he had heard him speak of it.

"When some reference was made to the old against which the South had fought, and the want there was of accurate statistics, I told him it was understood on my part that I was preparing a history of the war himself.

"I have had that in view," he said; "but the time has not come for an impartial history. If the truth were told just now it would not be credited."

"When the books that had already appeared were spoken of, and I mentioned one, the proofsheet of which, it was asserted, had been submitted to General Grant and himself for revision, he said: 'It is a mistake. I never read a history of the war, nor the biography of Lee. Don't mistake me for a man who has been written for; I have never looked into it.' He added after a pause, 'I do not wish to awaken memories of the past.'

"He spoke highly of Sherman's abilities—said Sherman had always been a good soldier.

"He seemed much gratified when I told him of the estimation in which he and Stonewall Jackson had been held from the first by the British people, irrespective of Northern and Southern sympathies. He said, after a pause, 'Jackson lies in the Presbyterian burying ground at the other extremity of Lexington.'

How People Take Cold. Not by tumbling into the river and dragging home as wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out in the snow in slipping shoes; not by walking for hours over shoe-top in mud; not by soaking in the rain without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnameable sticking to you like a wet rag; not by being potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat. These are not the things which give people colds; and yet they are all the time telling us how they "caught their death of cold by exposure."

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting house, and the cause is a draught of cold air, not the getting cold too quick after the exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch the omnibus, or to make the time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat and feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done.

At August, Wisconsin, the clergymen have recommended the people to regulate their private devotions by "the blowing of the half-past 11 whistle at the steam mill."

Mr. WASHINGTON, in New Hampshire, still has snow banks twenty feet deep.

Attention, Girls! We do not know who is the author of the following excellent "maxims for girls" but whoever he is, he must have had his welfare warmly at heart or he would never have succeeded in giving so much good advice in a small space. We trust the girls will read them and profit by them.

Never make your appearance in the morning without having first bathed, if only with a sponge and a quart of water, brushed, and arranged your hair, dressed yourself neatly and completely.

Keep your clothing, especially your underclothing, in perfect order. Never let pins do the duty of buttons, or strings take the place of proper bands. Examine every garment as it comes from the wash, and, if necessary, mend it with neatness and precision.

Never carry coarse embroidered or lace handkerchiefs. Fine plain ones are much more ladylike.

Avoid open worked stockings and very fancy slippers. Fine plain white hose and black kid slippers, with only a strap or rosette in front are more becoming.

Train yourself to a useful occupation. Remember it is wicked to waste time, and nothing gives such an impression of vanity and absolute silliness as a habit of idling and never having anything to do.

If you are in your father's house take some department of household labor upon yourself, and a part of the sewing, and make it your business to attend to it. Do not let a call from this idle girl or a visit from that, or an invitation from the other, interfere with the performance of your duty.

Let your pleasures come in with a reservation—not as the business of your life. If you can, cultivate some art by which you can gain an independent livelihood. Do it whether there is necessity for it or not. Do it quietly if you will, but do it. There is no telling when or under what circumstances you may need it.

A Flea For Little Folks. Don't expect too much of them; it has taken twenty years, it may take to make you what you are, with all their lessons of experience; and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials; sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them.

Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," said the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unflinching sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children being tried to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime.

Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thievish and liars, so hard, did they display these unadmirable traits, yet we have loved to see those same children become noble men and women and ornaments to society. We must confess that they had very affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give what it most values—plenty of love.

How HIGGINS GENTLY BROKE THE NEWS. "Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice and the old look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Malby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to his poor wife, Mrs. Bagley. But finally the news was put into Higgins's wagon and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but to do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said: "Does the widder Bagley live here?" "I'll bet she does. But what's your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?" "Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?" "No, not at present."

"I'll just expect as much. Because, you know—take hold of suthin, mum, for I'm going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe I'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge carried up over here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge, yourself, that that could be a comfort to him?" —Galaxy.

A NOTABLE POST OFFICE.—A German paper says that the simplest post office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For years past, a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outside rock of the mountains overhanging the straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuogo. It is lashed by every ship that passes the Straits, either to place letters in or take letters from it. This post-office, therefore takes care of itself; it is confined to the protection of sea-farers; and there is no record of any breach of this trust having occurred.

A YOUNG LADY.—A young lady who went away from home, leaving her waterfall in one take letters from it. This post-office, therefore takes care of itself; it is confined to the protection of sea-farers; and there is no record of any breach of this trust having occurred.

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