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Editors and Proprietors. C. B. BROCKWAY, J. H. BELL, D. E. BELL.

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Table with 4 columns: Space, Length, Width, Rate. Includes rates for 100 words, 100 lines, 1000 words, 1000 lines.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William B. Powell. Clerk of the Court—John H. Bell.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—O. A. Herring. Clerk—Paul R. Witt.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

St. Paul's Church. Rev. J. P. Taylor, Pastor. Services—10 a. m. and 6 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Taylor, Pastor. Services—10 a. m. and 6 p. m.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Taylor, Pastor. Services—10 a. m. and 6 p. m.

SCHOOL ORDERS.

Blank orders on hand and ready for sale at the Columbia office.

BLANK DEEDS.

Blank deeds on hand and ready for sale at the Columbia office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.

Marriage certificates on hand and ready for sale at the Columbia office.

RESIDENCE NOTES.

Residence notes on hand and ready for sale at the Columbia office.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

Professional cards. C. G. PARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Dr. J. C. RUTHER, Physician & Surgeon. Office, North Market Street.

DR. L. L. RABB, PRACTICAL DENTIST.

Dr. L. L. Rabb, Practical Dentist. Office in Hartman's block.

W. H. WELLS, DENTIST.

W. H. Wells, Dentist. Office in Hartman's block.

LAWYERS.

L. E. WALLER, Attorney-at-Law. Office, Second door east of National Bank.

N. U. FUNN, Attorney-at-Law.

N. U. Funn, Attorney-at-Law. Office in East's Building.

B. ROCKWAY & ELLIOTT, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

B. Rockway & Elliott, Attorneys-at-Law. Office in East's Building.

C. R. W. J. BUCKALEW, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

C. R. W. J. Buckalew, Attorneys-at-Law. Office on Main Street.

JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

John M. Clark, Attorney-at-Law. Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

F. P. BILLMEYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

F. P. Billmeyer, Attorney at Law. Office in Hartman's Building.

H. & R. R. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

H. & R. R. Little, Attorneys-at-Law. Office in Hartman's Building.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C. W. Miller, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brower's Building.

HERVEY E. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Hervey E. Smith, Attorney-at-Law. Office in A. J. Evans' New Building.

B. FRANK ZARR, Attorney-at-Law.

B. Frank Zarr, Attorney-at-Law. Office in USASSO'S BUILDING.

W. M. L. EVERETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

W. M. L. Everett, Attorney-at-Law. Office in USASSO'S BUILDING.

W. H. ABBOTT & RHAWN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

W. H. Abbott & Rhawn, Attorneys-at-Law. Office in USASSO'S BUILDING.

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.

Manufactured by Snyder's Tannery. Strictly pure white leather.

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G. A. Herring, Snyder's Tannery. 54 North Street.

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Green hides on hand and ready for sale at Snyder's Tannery.

MONTOUR SLATE PAINERS.

Montour slate painers on hand and ready for sale.

MONTOUR METALLIC WHITE.

Montour metallic white on hand and ready for sale.

MONTOUR METALLIC BROWN.

Montour metallic brown on hand and ready for sale.

PURE LINED OIL.

Pure lined oil at lowest market rates.

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

Gray's Specific Medicine. A single trial will convince.

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H. T. HELMBOLD'S.

DER SHNÆ. (Changed to the Pennsylvania Dutch system of spelling.)

Yetz kumt der shun, Der shun, wees shun, Os we des laub, Des blumliche laub, Wo dautset-wes füllt fur maple laub oh.

Doh kumt der knecht, Der feidlich knecht, Dar showkelt a weon, on maadit olles recht; Er sortitl shun fer, Fer's oremus fer, Wann er un de weng is suiff't es ne.

Cuck yucht de fence! De ol postia fence, De pudla ben oppa, de rigle lun sheutz, Esoll shir dautch, Des hut au sei seuch, Un de berglin sin deekt, 's ward olles gons flauch.

Der oltscher Goot, Sin sin breich laub, Der lauch sin fan weitem—er is goot tau moot, Sei deekt gelawid, Un sine he ol wunda, Kunt er shun so freidlich mit chrishtliche dawta.

Un guck de school kinder, Sin grev de witer, Belin shunshorts dach hochsa—gahn au fer g'shwiner, Se shprings sich mood, Un wermus gebied, Un d'no wanne dot kin, singe se's leing.

My Anne kumt 's shprings, We mine hortz-seize klinge! Se kummt meiner mooda a metzel-soup brin: Der wind yawgt de flucka, Derich de gelliche lucka—Ich wey yucht tau meer we se aw net fer shruka.

At dawn the call was heard, And boys reapers stirred, Along the highway leading to the wheat, 'Till near the mill they said, 'I'm tired and shookey my head, 'Disturb me not,' said 'My dreams are sweet.'

I sat with folded hands, And saw across the lands The waiting harvest shining on the hill; I heard the reapers sing, Their songs of harvesting, And thought to go, but dreamed and waited still.

The day at last was done, And onward, one by one, The reapers went, well laden as they passed; Theirs was no mispent day, No long hours dreamed away, In sloughs that ring the soul at last.

A reaper lingered near, 'What's eried he, 'Hile here? Where are the sheaves your hands have found? 'Alas! I made me try, 'I let the day pass by, 'Till too late to work, I deemed the hours away.'

'Oh, foolish one!' he said, 'And only shookey in head, 'The dreaming soul is in the way of death, 'The harvest soon is o'er, 'Rouse up and dream no more! 'Act, for the Summer fester like a breath, 'What if the master came, 'Tonight, and called your name, 'Asking how many sheaves your hands had made?'

If at the Lord's commands, 'You showed 'em empty hands, 'Condemned, your dreaming soul would stand dismayed, 'Filled with strange terror then, 'Last sloughs you'd not again, 'I sought the wheat fields while the others slept, 'Perhaps ere break of day, 'The Lord will come this way, 'A voice kept saying till, with 'I, I wept.'

Through all the long still night, Among the wheat fields white, I reaped and bound the sheaves of yellow grain, I dared not pause to rest, Such fear possessed my breast, So for my dreams I paid the price in pain.

But when the morning broke, And rested reapers woke, My heart leaped up as sunrise kissed the lands; For come he soon or late The Lord of the estate Would find me bearing not the curse of empty hands.

INQUISITIVENESS.—The man who wants to know about things. We have all seen the "Have Well" there, as they say in the beautiful West. A dear son of New England having plied a new comer in the mining region of Nevada with every conceivable question as to why he visited the gold region, his hopes, main prospects, etc., finally asked him if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, was the reply, "I have a wife and six children and never saw one of them. "Then there was a brief silence, after which the bore commented: "Was you ever blind?"

"No, sir. "Did you marry a widow?" "No, sir. "Another pause. "Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?" "Fact."

"And how can that be?" "Why, when the reply, "one of them was born after I left," Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for April.

Melville Minniger, confined in the Wilkesbarre jail for a year, has become insane, believing that he is to be hanged. He begs piteously for a preacher to lead him with prayer, and is on his knees almost constantly to prepare for his end.

When the rain began to patter so familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back.

A great many years ago a poor beggar boy explained his ragged appearance by observing: "I have no money to buy new clothing, and I can't cut."

And his class have been called mendicants ever since.—Boston Transcript.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

March 1, 1879.

Poetical.

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March 1, 1879.

Select Story.

JIMMY AND JERRY. From The Churchman.

"If you'll shut the door, Aunt Sadie, and won't light the gas, and if you'll truly promise that you'll never tell anybody, I'll sit here in the corner by the fireplace, where you can't possibly see my face, and tell you all about it. That is, if you are sure you won't forget and tell anybody; for I'm just ashamed of it—as ashamed as if I'd stolen a bird's nest that had young birds in it, or as if I'd been in school, or skipped the day, or told another a wrong story, or—any of those things that's the meanest, yes, just the very meanest thing a boy can possibly do."

"You don't believe it's anything very bad? Well, it's just, Aunt Sadie; and before I get down, you see if you couldn't say Jimmy or Jerry'd make a great deal better nephew for such a nice aunt as you are, than a boy who could be such a sneak as I was."

"I tell you every single thing about it, I'll have to go a ways back to last summer, when I was walking with Harry Allen one day (he's the richest boy in our school, you know, rides to school every day with a groom behind him, and has all the money he wants, and he's only twelve). Well, I was walking with him, and we met Jimmy and Jerry. Somehow I wished we hadn't but they smiled and nodded, and of course I did, though they were very ragged, and I did wish that Allen would have known they were my friends. "Who are those boys," he said, "printing at you? And when I told him how they had saved Ponty's life, and wouldn't take anything, and what nice boys they were, he only laughed and said, "Before I'd be seen speaking to such boys! What if they did save your dog? That was last summer; I wouldn't speak to them now, if I was you." Aunt Sadie, after that I need not try to see Jimmy and Jerry when any of Mr. Harris's boys were with me and I couldn't begin to tell you how many times I've dodged around a corner or down a alley so as not to meet them. It makes me all over now to think of it. "You know Turner's hill, Auntie? What splendid moaning there always is down there whenever there is a coasting anywhere! And whenever there's good skating all winter, there wasn't a speck of a coasting for a sled till Wednesday morning. When I played when I woke up and found it snowing! There was my new sled, such a prime one, that father gave me on Christmas, never'd been out of the house yet—Didn't I just hurry it out after breakfast, though! "It was just the right kind of snow. Soft and lots of it, and coming down all the time in great double handfuls. Before school was out it cleared up and was freezing hard, and it didn't take us boys very long to make a beautiful track down the hill after we got there. "I'd only been down the hill three times (pleaded sick they were, because the "B" ladies go like a bird), and was just starting up again, when she should I was standing close together at the top of the hill, and Jimmy and Jerry, smiling and looking anxious to have me see them, were sliding down the hill and the boys said they hadn't any overcoats, and their pants were patched in two or three different places. They had old tippets around their necks, and their caps were so ragged; but they looked just as happy as if they'd been Harry Allen in his fur-lined overcoat and red skin cap and gloves. In a minute I remembered how they came to be there. "You'll see the hill when I was off skating with them, but I began to get about sliding down-hill and the boys said they had always wished for a sled, but they didn't suppose they'd ever have one, and that as most of the sleds they'd ever had were on pieces of boards and barrel staves, I said I thought it was a real shame; and then I went on: "Now, boys, you remember—the very first time it's good coasting next winter you come over to Turner's hill, and we'll make turn's with my sled—turn and turn about regularly—and see if we won't have some fun. Now don't you forget!" "The boys promised not to, and sure enough there they were, and there I was. "What do you think I did, Auntie? Kept my promise? But I didn't. I sneaked away, I hid on the other side of the hill, and pretended not to see them at all. Allen had told the story about my friends in Mill-lane, and I did want to have them see me speaking to them. But do you think I had a good time? "I felt hot and mean and uncomfortable every time I caught a flutter of Jerry's tippet, or saw how disappointed and surprised they looked when I didn't notice them. "Once I fell off my sled, halfway down the hill, and rolled down the rest of the way, bumping my head every turn. I saw ten million stars before I got to the bottom, and I was lying there trying to make up my mind where I was, when Jimmy and Jerry came running down, and Jimmy says, "Are you hurt? Shall I help you up?" And Jimmy says, "Shall we draw you up the hill? We'd just as lief as not." "What do you think I did? This is the meanest thing of all, Auntie, I just pulled the sled-rope away from Jerry, and never even looked at them, when I grasped out, "You leave my sled alone!" and raced off up the hill. When I looked around again they were gone, and away down South street I could see them walking slowly away, with their caps down over their eyes, never saying a word to one another. "I thought I was going to have a good time after they were gone. I did about as much as I could, but somehow my stomach ached, I guess, and I couldn't help thinking about how disappointed the boys had looked; and don't you remember you wondered how I came to get home so early, and what made me so cross? "I couldn't get to sleep for ever and ever so long. I was awake when mamma came up stairs, and then I couldn't stand it any longer, so I called her, and she sat on the bed while I told her all about it, she was just as sorry as I was. We made up our minds that I'd better do, and that I'd get a great deal better. Isn't it funny how much better a boy feels when he has told, and said he's sorry?" "But this afternoon, when I went around after school to look for them, the man feeding came back again when I saw Allen and two or three boys taking the short cut through Mill-lane to the hill, and all I said to Jimmy and Jerry was, "Boys, don't you stomach ache? I guess, and I couldn't help thinking about how disappointed the boys had looked; and don't you remember you wondered how I came to get home so early, and what made me so cross?" "I thought I was going to have a good time after they were gone. I did about as much as I could, but somehow my stomach ached, I guess, and I couldn't help thinking about how disappointed the boys had looked; and don't you remember you wondered how I came to get home so early, and what made me so cross?" "I couldn't get to sleep for ever and ever so long. I was awake when mamma came up stairs, and then I couldn't stand it any longer, so I called her, and she sat on the bed while I told her all about it, she was just as sorry as I was. We made up our minds that I'd better do, and that I'd get a great deal better. Isn't it funny how much better a boy feels when he has told, and said he's sorry?" 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AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE BY DEAN STANLEY.

In the course of a sermon to children in Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley told the following story of an Edinburgh street arab:

Not long ago, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a thin yellow face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said: "Please, sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box; the poor little fellow pleaded."

"Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I'll give you two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last, and so to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story, says, "I bought a box; but then I found I had no change. So I said, 'I'll buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I'll run and get the change for me, I am very hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I didn't like to think of him. Late in the evening I was told a boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but if possible, still more poor and ragged and poor than he. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then he said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches for me?' "Yes," I said, "well, then here's four pence out of your shilling; I bought a box; but then I found I had no change. So I said, 'I'll buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I'll run and get the change for me, I am very hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I didn't like to think of him. Late in the evening I was told a boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but if possible, still more poor and ragged and poor than he. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then he said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches for me?' "Yes," I said, "well, then here's four pence out of your shilling; I bought a box; but then I found I had no change. So I said, 'I'll buy a box to-morrow.' 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