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IMPORTANT NOTICE!

DURING COURT

There will be a Great

CLEARING OUT

OF

WINTER CLOTHING,

CONSISTING OF

Winter and Fall

SUITS, for

MEN, BOYS, and YOUTHS.

OVERCOATS,

at a great reduction.

CALL AND

BE CONVINCED.

D. Lowenberg's.

BLOOMSBURG.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

FALL AND WINTER SUITS

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

W. H. HOUSE, DENTIST.

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J. B. MARCHISI, CATHOLIC.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI, CATHOLIC.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1883.

For Myself, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Dyspepsia, and all diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bile and Kidneys.

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI, CATHOLIC.

PERSONS TRAVELLING OR LIVING IN UNHEALTHY LOCALITIES.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.

FOR WHATEVER THE CAUSE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning.

What the singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things.

Whatever the cause, do not neglect it.

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POETICAL.

That very night there came a light tap at Nora Fitzgerald's door.

It is I, dear," murmured Miss Struthers, in her sweetest tones.

Instantly the door was thrown open, and a woman, with her hair unbound and falling about her like a veil, Nora smiled her welcome.

"Indeed you may," she said, "I could not sleep, and was sitting at the open window, dreaming of my own happiness.

"What a lovely night!" she murmured, "I should have thought he would not have come when you were near?"

"We were fond of each other once," the child's mother answered, "as though innocences of her own words, but—"

"You mean that you and Vere were once engaged?" she asked.

"No—no, no," she replied, hastily, "What have I said? I meant nothing, nothing."

"What truth? what are you saying? Are you mad, or am I?"

"We are neither of us mad. But I dare say you are. I have already said that I am a mad woman, like yourself, Miss Struthers, and I demand from you the truth."

"But I dare not tell you. If they have kept this secret from you, they would never forgive me for revealing it."

"They shall not know the name of my father," she said, "or I will go to them and demand the truth. You say that my mother and I were once engaged, and I demand from you the truth."

"But these years of my mother's absence—who did she spend them?"

"Could it be the sweet innocent voice—"

"What was it?" she asked, "that you said to me when you were engaged?"

"Only what a few words, quizzed the reporter, looking a big handful of the peasant."

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