

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FRIDAY MORNING, AT BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

TERMS: \$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Single Copies, 5 CENTS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. E. WALLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C. R. BECKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

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

FRANK ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

G. E. ELWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

PAUL E. WIRT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

KNOX & WINTERSTEEN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JOHN C. YOCUM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

A. K. OSWALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

R. HAWK & ROBINS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

W. E. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. H. BARKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician.

A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH.

D. R. J. C. BUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

D. R. WM. M. RIBBER, Surgeon and Physician.

J. E. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician.

W. H. HOUSE, DENTIST.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, Etc.

ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS.

THE COMPLETE HOME.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE COMPLETE HOME.

THE NEWEST, LATEST AND BEST WALL PAPER.

Examined thoroughly before you buy your summer clothing.

Our goods will stand a severe inspection.

LOWEST POSSIBLE RATES.

G. A. Buckingham, MARKET ST., Berwick, Pa.

L. A. SHATTUCK, M. D., Medical Superintendent of the Sanitarium.

Invalids' Home.

Devotes special attention to Epilepsy, Nervous Affections, and Diseases of Women.

Patients received at the Sanitarium on reasonable terms for board and treatment.

P. S.—No charge for first consultation.

B. F. SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY.

Manufacturer of First class ranges in different styles, cook stoves, parlor stoves and stoves for heating stores, school houses, churches, &c.

CALL AND SECURE BARGAINS.

The Science of Life, Only \$1 BY MAIL POST-PAID.

KNOW THYSELF.

A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility.

Physician, Office corner of Rock and Market streets.

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1884.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVIII, NO. 24.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for advertising rates: One inch, Two inches, Four inches, Quarter column, Full column, and Yearly advertisement.

SELECT POETRY.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE BARK.

She rose at the early daybreak, With a sick and aching head...

And the children went to school, And every one knows on washing days...

But as soon as breakfast was ready, Father came in from the yard...

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—Healed like a magical charm.

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

SELECT POETRY.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE BARK.

She rose at the early daybreak, With a sick and aching head...

And the children went to school, And every one knows on washing days...

But as soon as breakfast was ready, Father came in from the yard...

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—Healed like a magical charm.

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

SELECT POETRY.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE BARK.

She rose at the early daybreak, With a sick and aching head...

And the children went to school, And every one knows on washing days...

But as soon as breakfast was ready, Father came in from the yard...

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—Healed like a magical charm.

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

SELECT POETRY.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE BARK.

She rose at the early daybreak, With a sick and aching head...

And the children went to school, And every one knows on washing days...

But as soon as breakfast was ready, Father came in from the yard...

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—Healed like a magical charm.

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

SELECT POETRY.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE BARK.

She rose at the early daybreak, With a sick and aching head...

And the children went to school, And every one knows on washing days...

But as soon as breakfast was ready, Father came in from the yard...

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—Healed like a magical charm.

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

SELECT POETRY.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE BARK.

She rose at the early daybreak, With a sick and aching head...

And the children went to school, And every one knows on washing days...

But as soon as breakfast was ready, Father came in from the yard...

And the coffee or kiss—which was it?—Healed like a magical charm.

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...

And the father, sitting down in the fire-light, The baby asleep at her side...

And the mother forgot her pain, Bridget did not mind her aching...