

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD. This great line traverses the Northern and North-west counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

Lackawanna & Bloomsburg Railroad. AND AFTER JAN. 15. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS: MOVING SOUTH.

National Foundry. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA. THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for:

NEW DRUG STORE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. THE undersigned would inform their friends and the public generally that they have taken the stand formerly occupied by G. M. Hagen, in the Exchange Building, on Main street, Bloomsburg, where he has just received a full supply of:

THE NEW GROCERY STORE. MORE FRESH GOODS. Just received at Erasmus' New Store. Molasses, Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Spices, Fish, Hats and Caps, Salt, Tobacco, Segars, Candies.

NORTH CENTRAL RAILWAY. Summer Time Table. TWO TRAINS DAILY to and from the North and West Branch of the Susquehanna, Eliza, and all of Northern New York.

S. H. DEWOLF'S CLOTHING HALL. No. 202 North Second Street, Phila. CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of Ready Made Men and Boy's Clothing and Wagon Finish for Goods, at Wholesale and Retail.

POETRY. SPRING. Merrily the streamlet glideth. On its rocky bed along. While the woodland voices echo Back the murmur of its song.

The Doctor Pilgraric. Last fall as the clock struck six The Doctor called around. To see if he could find some ignorant man, That stood on Curtin's ground.

Select Story. THE CAPTAIN'S STORY. When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship Petersam. She was an old craft, and had seen fall as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety.

spoke to him to bring up my quadrant.— He was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me; the next time I spoke I ripped out an oath and intimated if he did not move I'd help him.

antenn; the ship has sprung a leak! I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone, 'Make haste, I will try and hold it till you come back.'

He answered me in a faint, weary tone: 'Yes! help me! Bring men and bring a

Breaking an Engagement. BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON. Robert Ingalls, M. D., a young practitioner of medicine, sat in his room, second story front, one morning running his eye over a medical book, when a knock was heard at the door.

He stopped at the post-office where he found a letter from his tailor asking for the payment of "that little bill."

Miss Jones rose and deliberately left the room. Bob (excuse the familiarity, but I knew him when a boy) sat plunged in sorrowful thought, and then putting on his hat left the house for a short walk.

The Bewitched Clock. BY THE OLD 'UN. About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Cephus Barbery's kitchen window.

"Good?" said the young doctor. "I'll follow suit." Thereupon he threw his receipted board bill into the fire.

"None at all!" Miss Jones drew out the marriage agreement and threw it into the fire.

He stepped at the post-office where he found a letter from his tailor asking for the payment of "that little bill."

"Who does yez mean, sur?" asked Bridget, starting. "I sint a quack at all, at all. I'm Bridget McClosky as yez ought to know."

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally. "I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that then stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Who does yez mean, sur?" asked Bridget, starting. "I sint a quack at all, at all. I'm Bridget McClosky as yez ought to know."

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally. "I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that then stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally. "I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that then stood in the corner, he set it at five.