



The High Cattle Powder.

It is warranted to be the most powerful... for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels...

L. LYONS' PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY.

Sparking Cattle Hives. In a report of the... of the State of Ohio...

L. D. ES FANCY FUR I

JOHN FARRER'S FUR MANUFACTORY. No. 718 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Wholesale and Retail. The undersigned would have their friends and the public generally...

RE-OPENED. THE DANVILLE HOTEL.

CHARLES N. SAVAGE. Late of the Pennsylvania House, has purchased the above well known Tavern...

COYSTERS!

EATING AND DRINKING SALOON. THE subscriber respectfully gives notice to the public that he has at the Saloon on Main Street, Bloomsburg, constantly on hand...

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

From the American Monthly. (Reprinted.) THE SUSQUEHANNA. O River of the wondrous shore!

L. LYONS' PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY.

Sparking Cattle Hives. In a report of the... of the State of Ohio...

L. D. ES FANCY FUR I

JOHN FARRER'S FUR MANUFACTORY. No. 718 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Wholesale and Retail. The undersigned would have their friends and the public generally...

RE-OPENED. THE DANVILLE HOTEL.

CHARLES N. SAVAGE. Late of the Pennsylvania House, has purchased the above well known Tavern...

COYSTERS!

EATING AND DRINKING SALOON. THE subscriber respectfully gives notice to the public that he has at the Saloon on Main Street, Bloomsburg, constantly on hand...

CORRESPONDENCE.

As I am sitting here to-night, I have been thinking about the Abolition party, and thinking how they are serving the good old Union Democrats...

A SOLDIER'S OPINION.

A brave soldier of company C, 207th regiment, Pa. Volunteers, in front of Petersburg, writes as follows to his father in Clinton county, viz:

A SOLDIER'S OPINION.

"To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church ever time you get a new dress."

THE CANADIAN P. ESS.

STARTLING OBSERVATIONS OF THE REPORT OF INTERVENTION—THE DISCUSSION OF THE UNITED STATES TO BE OFFICIALLY AFFIRMED BY LORD RUSSELL.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT—NO ORDERS YET ISSUED TO THE TROOPS.

A veteran officer presents a memorial to Napoleon, soliciting a pension. "We shall see," was the Emperor's reply. "Sire, you may see now, if you will deign to look," said the soldier, uncovering a breast scarred all over. The pension was granted on the spot.

HOW MUCH.

A deserter from the Army of the Potomac executed for desertion, mounted the scaffold smoking a cigar, and taking hold of the rope gave it a pull to see if it was strong enough to hold him.

A STARTLING RUMOR.

England & France to Recognize the South on March 4th. IMPORTANT UTTERANCES OF THE RICHMOND PRESS. England Preparing for War. Troops Held in Readiness to Embark for America. THE CANADAS IN ARMS.

HOW AN OIL WELL IS BOARED.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from the oil regions of Pennsylvania, gives the following description of the manner in which oil is found:

LITTLE GIRLS.

That home seems incomplete in which there are no little girls to stand in that void in the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and draw all hearts within the magic circle by the nameless charm of their presence.

BABES IN THE WOODS.

The following touching story is told by the Melbourne (Australia) correspondent of the London Times. "Some weeks back, at the station of Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl aged respectively the eldest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mothers as they had often gone out on the same errand before to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost blood hound instinct in following up the very faintest track. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent crotches of the objects of their search. "Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down, no able to rise, fall flat on his face." The accuracy of the readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. "On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever again being seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all in a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awake the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only feebly groan 'Father.' The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, 'Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were crying for you.' The sister who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' "The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and by their own account had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all, nine days and eight nights."

HOW AN OIL WELL IS BOARED.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from the oil regions of Pennsylvania, gives the following description of the manner in which oil is found:

LITTLE GIRLS.

That home seems incomplete in which there are no little girls to stand in that void in the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and draw all hearts within the magic circle by the nameless charm of their presence.

BABES IN THE WOODS.

The following touching story is told by the Melbourne (Australia) correspondent of the London Times. "Some weeks back, at the station of Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl aged respectively the eldest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mothers as they had often gone out on the same errand before to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost blood hound instinct in following up the very faintest track. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent crotches of the objects of their search. "Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down, no able to rise, fall flat on his face." The accuracy of the readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. "On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever again being seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all in a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awake the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only feebly groan 'Father.' The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, 'Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were crying for you.' The sister who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' "The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and by their own account had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all, nine days and eight nights."

HOW AN OIL WELL IS BOARED.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from the oil regions of Pennsylvania, gives the following description of the manner in which oil is found:

LITTLE GIRLS.

That home seems incomplete in which there are no little girls to stand in that void in the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and draw all hearts within the magic circle by the nameless charm of their presence.

BABES IN THE WOODS.

The following touching story is told by the Melbourne (Australia) correspondent of the London Times. "Some weeks back, at the station of Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl aged respectively the eldest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mothers as they had often gone out on the same errand before to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost blood hound instinct in following up the very faintest track. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent crotches of the objects of their search. "Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down, no able to rise, fall flat on his face." The accuracy of the readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. "On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever again being seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all in a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awake the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only feebly groan 'Father.' The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, 'Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were crying for you.' The sister who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' "The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and by their own account had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all, nine days and eight nights."

HOW AN OIL WELL IS BOARED.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing from the oil regions of Pennsylvania, gives the following description of the manner in which oil is found:

LITTLE GIRLS.

That home seems incomplete in which there are no little girls to stand in that void in the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and draw all hearts within the magic circle by the nameless charm of their presence.

BABES IN THE WOODS.

The following touching story is told by the Melbourne (Australia) correspondent of the London Times. "Some weeks back, at the station of Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl aged respectively the eldest boy five, the children of a carpenter named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mothers as they had often gone out on the same errand before to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbors in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost blood hound instinct in following up the very faintest track. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig, flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent crotches of the objects of their search. "Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again; big one kneel down, no able to rise, fall flat on his face." The accuracy of the readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. "On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever again being seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all in a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awake the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only feebly groan 'Father.' The youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, childlike demanding, 'Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were crying for you.' The sister who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Cold, cold.' No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, 'to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold.' "The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and by their own account had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week, in all, nine days and eight nights."