

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL...

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SOLLEDER'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE. On Main Street, Bloomsburg.

HARRY'S HORSE. The baby lies in its mother's arms, Quiet, and pale, and thin...

GOOD ARTICLE. All persons who desire light or heavy work made to order...

The Old Soldier's Darling. I had waited long beside the little farm yard gate for the evening stage from...

J. J. BROWER, (Cor. Main & Iron Sts.) is now offering to the Public his STOCK OF SPRING GOODS...

There's a touch of paint off the bright green stick; And a chip off the horse's ear; But Oh! not that to the boy's blue eye...

BALMORAL SKIRTS. Good assortment of Ladies and children's Gaiters and Boots.

Before I disgraced myself in my own eyes, by any such show of weakness I heard the stage wheels rattling down over the mountain road...

FRESH ARRIVAL OF FAMILY GROCERIES, AT JOHN K. GIBSON'S STORE, BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

Some writer has said "no woman can withstand the siege of a handsome uniform." I plead guilty to this amiable weakness of my sex...

WILLOW WARE; French Moroccoes; QUEENSWARE.

Three years passed away. My grandfather, who, in life, had never even given me a kind word, died and left me mistress of a splendid fortune...

NEW BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY ON THIRD STREET, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

So, when the gallant officer, willing to relieve the monotony and embarrassment of our forced journey, talked to me with the kindly freedom he might use towards a young child...

ICE CREAM. To all who will favor him with their custom he is prepared to make Ice Cream in large quantities...

To hear of the gallant May, whose soldier-like figure had won my childish heart, from the lips of one who had fought by his side...

NEW RESTAURANT. In Shive's Building, on Main Street. WM. GILMORE.

My new friend looked out of the window, and then took his cloak upon his arm. "Almost home," he said with a cheerful smile...

LAGER BEER AND ALE. Solely of the best quality, Lager Beer, Pilsener Beer, etc.

"Only for the night," I answered. "My season here has expired; I have said goodbye to the little farm house where I have been boarding, and to-morrow sees me on my way to New York."

"Ah?" He looked thoughtful for a moment. Was the same thought stirring in his breast that we two should have met before?

"I am very sorry," he said, after that short pause, "that I am not to have the pleasure of seeing you again..."

"Only for a little time. I am on my way to New York, and am going to meet my wife who is spending the summer with some of her relations here."

"What was there in that simple speech that should make me blush? I could not tell, but blush I did, to the roots of my hair."

"And what Harry lives he will still be glad that he left her his horse that day; For the baby has gone where never again Can he ask with his toys to play."

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The Ku Klux Klan. What are the meaning of these words? The New York Herald says they mean the "White Man's Band."

Such associations will spring up where tyranny reigns. They have done so in all ages and in all countries.

From that evening he was constantly by my side. Younger men trying to win my notice, and only rewarded now and then with a languid smile...

A careless word from an officious friend aroused me. And then the thought tormented me—that I—who had been so long cold and unmoved, I who had grown cold in the hypocrisy of the world...

The thought was maddening to one so proud as I. I bore the keen torture for a day, and kept aloof from him; but when evening came my resolution was taken.

It was empty, and leaning from the window, I could see the gay party just leaving the grounds for a moonlight stroll before the evening dance commenced.

My sigh was echoed back again, and looking up I saw General Underhill standing beside me. I dared not give myself time to think, and exclaimed:

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Where Street Musicians Come From. Every few days our town is favored with peregrinating street musicians—organ grinders, harpists and violinists...

The centre of operations of this slave-trading company in Italy, is on the Papal territory, but close to the Italian frontier, across which agents are despatched into the poor mountain districts of the Modenese, Parmesan, and Bolognese Apennines...

CARELESS BUSINESS MEN.—It is impossible for a man to be careless in his business affairs, or unmindful of his business obligations without being weak or rotten in his personal character.

Errors of War. Since the creation of the world fourteen thousand millions of human beings have fallen in the battles which man has waged against his fellow creature—man.

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Days Without Nights. Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of the night.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all.

DISCOVERIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.—Lewinhook tells us of insects seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would equal a mite.

Too BAD.—Miss Betty Pearl is "fair, fat and forty," and unmarried. She manages to get an honest and comfortable living by keeping a small shop of "notions" in the lower part of the city.

"No," exclaimed a waggish bystander, just as the worthy dame was about to reply in the affirmative; "I can assure you it is old maid beer."

THE Baltimore American says: "About 11,000,000 bushels of oysters are now annually taken from the Chesapeake Bay and tributaries."

News from Dr. Livingstone. The Transvaal (Cape of Good Hope) Argus of January last, publishes the following intelligence on the authority of Captain J. F. Wilkinson:

The Captain informs us that he has just arrived from Marico, where he had seen Mr. Martinus Swarts, an elephant hunter, well known in this Republic, and who had just returned from one of his annual shooting excursions in the interior, near the Zambesi.

THERE is a story of a celebrated French clergyman, who, on delivering a sermon on the duty of wives, said: "I see opposite me in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband; and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will sing my breviary at her head."

A NATURALIST.—Two countrymen seeing a naturalist in the field collecting insects, thus spoke of him: "Yot's that 'ere german?" "Yy, he's a naturalist."

A WARRIOR editor says that a girl lately sent him word, that if he didn't shut his mouth about bishops, she'd wrap him up in a rag and make a bundle of him.

IN CHICAGO, there were 5184 deaths during 1867.

Does a cow become real-estate when she is turned into a meadow?