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E. WALLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in National Bank building, second floor, corner of 4th and Main streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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PAUL E. WIRT, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Columbia Building, room No. 2, second floor.

S. KNORR, L. S. WINTERSTEEN, KNORR & WINTERSTEEN, Attorneys-at-Law. Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Maize's building, over Billingsley's grocery.

C. B. BROCKWAY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in his building opposite Court House.

JOHN C. YOCUM, Attorney-at-Law. Office in New York building, Main street.

A. K. OSWALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5.

RHAWN & ROBINS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office, corner of Third and Main streets.

W. M. H. SNYDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor.

W. E. SMITH, Attorney-at-Law, Berwick, Pa. Can be consulted in German.

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MISCELLANEOUS. C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brewer's building, second floor.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, Broadway Building, 2nd floor.

J. R. MCKELVEY, M. D., Surgeon and Phys. Office, north side Main street, below Market.

A. L. FRIEDT, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Columbia Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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D. R. J. C. BUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office, North Market street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

D. R. W. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market streets.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Phys. Office and residence on Third street.

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For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Cholera, Typhus, and all Contagious Diseases.

Small-Pox. For the treatment of Small-Pox, whether in the form of a rash or a pustule.

Diphtheria. For the treatment of Diphtheria, whether in the form of a membrane or a sore throat.

Scarlet Fever. For the treatment of Scarlet Fever, whether in the form of a rash or a pustule.

Cholera. For the treatment of Cholera, whether in the form of a diarrhea or a vomiting.

Typhus. For the treatment of Typhus, whether in the form of a fever or a delirium.

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POETICAL. OVER THE BARS.

Two muffled tines and the cows came out, From the meadow sweet with clover, And stood in the lane, while pretty Jane Had a quiet chat with the cowherd out.

The cattle stood at the lower gate, Without any show of vexation, As though impressed with a five-barrest And a part of their restoration.

And as Jane looked to the note, that came, Right under the bars and over, His heart took wing, the silly thing, And hustled up close to the driver.

She heard him say his home was poor, The farm had nothing but a cowherd, And she smiled content, as though he had meant, "Every arrow he had in his quiver."

With voices of birds in the air, And her lips confessed that a lover's name, Should never present her to a man.

So over the bars the lovers ran, Now under the bars, and now on, And the birds sang, as though they had meant, "Where pretty Jane, in the fragrant lane, Prettily the heart of a lover."

SELECT STORY. HALLUCINATION. The masters of Penny Royal School were very jolly set of young fellows in the particular year when Septimus Lacy joined the community.

They were eight or ten of them, all men in their prime, fresh from college, wearing the bloom of their honors gaily; strong, vigorous, athletic fellows for the most part, accustomed to work and as ready for play as they had still been among the boys that swarmed into the cricket field when school was up and the matches on Septimus Lacy—a grave, sensible looking young man of 23 or 24—brought his sister with him, and took a quiet lodging of the room in the high street of Penny Royal.

Miss Lacy was several years older than her brother, and had already acquired the formed manner and easy bearing of a well-educated woman of the world. Though not regularly handsome, there was some distinction in her features, her eyes were blue and molded, and graceful in action or repose. She carried her head well, and had the free, gliding motion proper to a person well proportioned and sensibly clad. Her dress, never remarkable, was always in line taste—and as ready to perfection—she did not tight lace. Her bright eyes, shoe or tight boot cramped her action in walking. Her complexion was clear and good, with a disposition to freckles in the summer time; her hair, of a shade of ruddy brown, lay plentifully about a low, broad brow, betokening thought and the same color haunted her brown, sun-freckled eyes. She had a way of partly closing them when talking, which made some people nervous, and her conversation was agreeable, particularly to men. It was easy, suggestive, animated, and there was a peculiar tone in her voice that was very attractive to the young men. Prepared by a woman.

She picked a large rosebud out of the saucer and tossed it to him lightly. "The sweetest of all roses," cried she, "La France." Will that do instead.

What made her say this? How could she have said that? Of course it was accidental, yet it was the name of the woman he loved; Frances Lorraine was always "France" to those who loved her. He smelt the rose, and owned that it was sweet. And he felt very kindly to Septimus Lacy's sister at that moment. What lovely creatures women were, to be sure, he mused—how fresh and sweet and orderly the rooms they inhabited!

He leaned forward, and began to chat pleasantly. "I have often thought lately I should like to ask you a question, Miss Lacy," said he—"you are always talking of your brother, yet I wish I had the courage to do it now." "I continued, beginning to blush and to stutter, and vigorously smelling his nose.

"Take courage," she said very softly, looking at him with half-closed eyes. "You are so sympathetic, you see, and so clever, and so—"

He paused, looking up at her to see if she were laughing at him; but, no! her face only wore a look of half-maternal interest.

"I know so little of the ways of ladies," he said, "that I am always afraid of putting my feet into it. I do believe you would help a poor, blundering fellow out. You see, Miss Lacy, I've something on my mind—"

"Yes?" she said, quietly interrogative. "I suppose I shall have to set up my head, and be content with a terrible undertaking for a bachelor."

"Well," said she, encouragingly, "this is a ready remedy."

His face brightened, but he shook his head. "Now, do you think, do you really think, said he, 'that I might venture to think asking a lady, clever and witty as you are, to be my wife, would be a good thing?'"

"I don't know," she said, looking down now, and lost a fitting expression in his companion's face which beautified it wonderfully. "It's so much trouble for a lady, you see."

"Trouble?" said Miss Lacy. "Dear me, no! You are too modest, Mr. Percival. The right sort of a lady will not mind trouble."

He rose uneasily and came nearer. Her heart beat a little quicker than usual. "Well, perhaps not, if I only knew how to put it to her! It isn't every lady who would care to share—"

"Well," laughed Miss Lacy, "you can only find out by asking her."

"To be sure, and if you think, Miss Lacy, you who know the place and the people, and the kind of life and all that—"

She had pillowed her cheek on her hand, and was watching him with curious tenderness. "I think the woman would be a goose that refused you," she said, and then she opened and Septimus came in, in his last, dreamy way.

"Pshaw! what follows you are," he would cry, good-naturedly enough. No one could offend Percival. But Miss Lacy was not of so easy a temper. It annoyed her excessively to detect furtive smiles on several faces when she passed the young master in

THE SCHOOL COURT ON HER WAY TO CHAPEL OF A SUNDAY MORNING.

Old Mr. Scatcherd was intolerable, with his roguish eye always on the watch for something to feed his sense of the humorous. How wicked he looked, and how absurdly shy Percival was, for a man of his standing. Some men were, and Percival was not, but he was perhaps often. He would shake it off under the influence of a sensible woman. The next vacant boarding house was promised to Percival. He would have to marry, Miss Lacy liked boys, and was easily at home with them. A home of her own would be very comfortable to her, for Septimus was going to be married, and then she would be very lonely and not too well off. She was a sensible woman, and liked the prospect of a lone maiden life in lodgings but little. Nothing would be more suitable than a proposal from Percival, and she was perhaps a year or two younger than herself, but would doubtless see the expediency of asking a young, giddy girl to be mistress of a household of schoolboys. When the mind of man or woman is possessed of a fixed idea, it is astonishing how soon all accidental surroundings accommodate themselves to the situation devised by fancy. Mr. Percival became Miss Lacy's fixed idea. She arranged herself, so to speak, mentally and bodily—postured befittingly. But all this in secret; no whisper, no blush, no girlish airs, no unbecoming confidence even in the ear of her chief woman friend—perhaps her only woman friend—Mrs. Urquhart—loyal, unconventional, warm-hearted, hot-tempered, outspoken little Mrs. Urquhart, who never watched or suspected anybody, and for all her sharp tongue had a sweet, disarming truthfulness and honorableness rare in women.

Now, as Miss Lacy sat at home one afternoon, reviewing her position, in her easy way, with small luxurious surroundings denoting the temperance and style of the woman—the great saucer of roses, the cushion, the chair, the slipper, the stocking, the dainty slipper, staked in the warm fur of a huge Persian cat, curled up like a footstool—there came a knock at the door, and Percival put in his handsome head.

"Oh, Miss Lacy, excuse me; I thought your brother was here, and I want—but I won't disturb you—any time will do."

"Pray, pray, come in, Mr. Percival," said she in the quiet, pleasant, reassuring way that always put him at ease, and drove all memory of his friends' jokes out of his mind. "What do you want? I want somebody to talk to, so don't be afraid of disturbing me; I'm perfectly idle this morning."

There was a delightful air of the delf for niente about Miss Lacy and her classic, and she had a comfortable chair so close at hand that he had simply to sit down in it. He sat down and felt very much at home. "It was only the second volume of 'Froude,' Miss Lacy, which I was going to borrow for half an hour."

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