

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF.

This snuff has thoroughly proved itself to be the best remedy known for curing the Catarrh of the Nose and Throat. It has been found an excellent remedy in all cases of Catarrh of the Nose and Throat, and gives a healthy action to the parts affected.

More than Thirty Years' Experience.

Of the use of Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, and Headache Snuff, has proved itself to be the common disease of the Head, and at this moment thousands are suffering from it. It is recommended by many of the best physicians, and is used with great success and satisfaction everywhere.

Headache Snuff.

The undersigned, having for many years been acquainted with Dr. Marshall's Headache Snuff, and sold it in our wholesale store, fully state that we believe it to be the best remedy for the relief of Catarrh of the Nose and Throat, and that it is decidedly the best article we have ever known for all common diseases of the Head.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.

Bryan's Pulmonic Waters.

The original Medicine established in 1837, and the name of "Pulmonic Waters." In this or any other country, all other Pulmonic Waters are counterfeit. The genuine name is Bryan's Pulmonic Waters.

Bryan's Pulmonic Waters.

These Waters have been found to be the best remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Nose and Throat, and are used with great success and satisfaction everywhere.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.

SIR JAMES CLARKE'S Celebrated Female Pills.

Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. This invaluable medicine is the cure of all the female complaints, and is used with great success and satisfaction everywhere.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

It is particularly suited. It is a short time, but is the most powerful remedy known.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

PROTECTED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. SIR JAMES CLARKE'S Celebrated Female Pills.

TO MARRIED LADIES.

It is particularly suited. It is a short time, but is the most powerful remedy known.

LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH.

Hundreds and thousands annually die prematurely, and if they would give the Great French Remedy.

Celebrated Specific Pills.

Prepared by G. A. Bennett & Co., No. 214 Rue Lamoignon, Paris, from the prescription of Dr. J. N. B. Lamoignon, Chief Physician of the Hospital de Nord in Paris.

LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH.

Hundreds and thousands annually die prematurely, and if they would give the Great French Remedy.

INVENTOR'S OFFICES.

DEPINEUIL & EVANS, Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors.

INVENTOR'S OFFICES.

DEPINEUIL & EVANS, Civil Engineers and Patent Solicitors.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

DIRECT ROUTE NORTH AND SOUTH.

Through between Baltimore and Rochester Without Change of Cars.

NORTHWARD.

RUFFALO EXPRESS leaves Baltimore 10 10, daily. Philadelphia 12 20 P. M. Harrisburg 2 40 A. M. For express passengers at Newburgh, 7 30 A. M. For train on Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Rail Road, leaving at 7 00 A. M. Harrisburg 7 30 A. M. Kingston 8 25 A. M. Kingston 10 40 A. M. Scranton 12 00 noon.

SOUTHWARD.

EXPRESS TRAIN, leaves Northumberland 11 30 P. M. (except Sundays) Harrisburg 12 20 P. M. Philadelphia 1 30 P. M. Harrisburg 2 40 A. M. Kingston 3 25 A. M. Kingston 5 40 A. M. Scranton 8 00 A. M. Harrisburg 9 30 A. M. Philadelphia 10 40 A. M. Harrisburg 12 00 noon.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

NEW CHAIR SHOP.

J. H. BATES, Respectfully informs the public generally that he has opened a first-class

CHAIR ESTABLISHMENT.

in Bloomsburg, on Main Street, (opposite Snyder's Hall), where he has just received from Philadelphia, a large assortment of

Bureaus, Stands, ROCKING CHAIRS.

CHURCH CHAIRS, CANE SEATED CHAIRS, Arm Chairs and Windsor Chairs, all of which he has just received from Philadelphia, a large assortment of

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL BOOK.

OF ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION. This book is a valuable and interesting work, and is now being sold in all the principal cities of the United States.

628. HOOP SKIRTS. 628. HOPKIN'S "OWN MAKE."

Are in every respect first class, and embrace complete assortment for Ladies, Misses, and Children of the Newest Styles, every Length and Sizes of Waist.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY, Physician and Surgeon.

(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army.) Office at the Forks Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. Calls promptly attended to both night and day.

NEW CLOTHING AND GENTLE MEN'S FURNISHING STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to his many friends that he has opened a new Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, in the new building on the corner of Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Fall and Winter Clothing.

and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c. &c. He flatters himself that he can please all. His stock comprises

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

such as DRESS COATS, SACK COATS, OVERCOATS, DRAWERS, COLLARS, NECK-TIES, HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, HANKERCHIEFS, UNBELLAS, &c.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY, Physician and Surgeon.

(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army.) Office at the Forks Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. Calls promptly attended to both night and day.

NEW CLOTHING AND GENTLE MEN'S FURNISHING STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to his many friends that he has opened a new Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, in the new building on the corner of Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Fall and Winter Clothing.

and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c. &c. He flatters himself that he can please all. His stock comprises

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

such as DRESS COATS, SACK COATS, OVERCOATS, DRAWERS, COLLARS, NECK-TIES, HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, HANKERCHIEFS, UNBELLAS, &c.

THE DEMOCRAT AND STAR, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY JACOBY & SHUMAN.

TERMS—\$2 00 in advance. If not paid within SIX MONTHS, 25 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the editors.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ONE SQUARE ONE OR TWO INSERTIONS..... \$1 50 Every subsequent insertion less than 13..... 50

One square, 200 300 400 500 1000 Two squares, 3 00 5 00 6 00 9 00 14 00 Three 5 00 7 00 8 00 12 00 18 00 Four squares, 6 00 8 00 10 00 14 00 20 00 Half-column, 10 00 12 00 14 00 18 00 20 00 One column, 15 00 18 00 20 00 25 00 30 00

Excutor's and Administrator's Notice..... 3 00 Auditor's Notice..... 2 00 Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line. Transient advertisements payable in advance, all other notices, after the first insertion.

For the Democrat and Star.

Lyrics of the Susquehanna—No. 2.

By RAYNE.

Beautiful Otaheite's my eye now turns to thee, Not to describe the glories of thy valley sea, For with the sea as present, my pen has naught to do, But with events that happened, near a hundred years ago.

Waste yet with native forests, thy plains were covered o'er, With scarce an open clearing from the mountain to the plain.

No towns adorned thy borders, or cities decked thy plains, Or locustive whistles, announced approaching trains.

For no untraced lightning, was led on iron strings, Intelligent with messages, from distant places bring.

Of gilded or of busy industry, or trace of human skill, Declared the white man's army, his persevering will.

The Indian built his wigwam amid thy forest wild, And gathered there, his treasures, his towsy wife and child.

And their cloth his family, he roamed thy forest through, Or gilded or of busy industry, or trace of human skill.

Or standing on some eminence, he views the pleasing scene, And thanks the great "Manitou," for this beautiful plain.

And vainly thinks forever, his tribe shall own these hills, These mountains, and this valley, this river and this rill.

At length the white man's arm, disturbs his reverie, For his restless stroke, proclaims his destiny, And as with sudden anger, he sees the toilers fall, To him the gloomy picture denotes the time of all.

Now commenced the struggle, the white man, with the red.

In which both nations, suffered and plentifully bled, The Indians claimed by birth right, the Whites by lawful deed.

And that they came to cultivate, and fill the ground with seed.

That future generations might reap the fruits of toil, And thousands might be fed, by the tilling of the soil.

And the red man felt the pleasure, of being wild and free.

And claimed that God had given him, this fruitless claim.

And every year is proving, the wisdom of his choice, 'Tis but the fruits of knowledge, a far superior soil, That works a glorious destiny, according to his will.

Though pity may prompt us, to take the Indians part, Yet give him in our sympathies, the feelings of our heart.

Yet reason speaks for justice, will decide, That by the will of Heaven, the creature should abide, Hence, though the Red man struggled, his hunting grounds to hold.

That were to him more valuable, than mines of precious gold, Or to strike his wigwam, or leave his father's bed to rot.

Yet from his settled destiny, no power on earth could save, While by resistless power, he's long since passed away.

The white man works his destiny, and holds a glorious sway.

The Indian name for the West Branch.

PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN.

—There is nothing better, nothing safer, nothing so sure of bringing forth the right fruit in the end, than truth. Tell your child the truth.

Tell him that obedience requires unpaid sacrifices. Tell him that he need not expect that a purse of gold will drop into his hand the moment he denies himself of a coveted pleasure.

Tell him that the path of duty is an often terrible road, and seldom leads to a soft pillow, or a seat in Congress, or to a brown stone front house.

Tell him that virtue sometimes brings thorns, emities, neglect, and in fact everything in the Clothing or Furnishing line at Very Low Prices.

In addition to the above he has an elegant assortment of

Clothes, Cassimers, and Vestings.

Nothing more to add at the present time. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere, and

SECURE GREAT BARGAINS.

J. W. CHEMELIN, October 10, 1865.

Behind the Curtains, How They go to Bed.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and, with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the door and arranges the window curtains, so that by no chance a passer-by, or a belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement can catch a glimpse of her beauty when in dishabille.

This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment that she may be sure it does not contain a horrible "bugbear," or a "desperate ruffian," in big whiskers and crisp black hair.

Carefully, with her delicate little fingers, she lifts the bed valance, peers into places where even Tom Thumb could not squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a cursory peep into the half-emptied trunk, not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of the silk and linen conventionalities of society.

First, she relieves her glossy hair of the pins and combs which enthrall it, and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little collar and the little vapory cloud of lace she calls under-sleeves, which all the day have been clasped around her white plump arms, by a couple of India rubber straps.

Next the love of a spring silk dress is unfastened in front. The sundry waist strings and button straps are loosed, and lo! what a collapse, like Lowe's big balloon. She stands like Saturn, the centre of the rings. There they lie on the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen underthings, with no more expression in them than there is in the floor beneath the carpet.

She sits now on the side of the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing of garters, and the disrobing of those fair, swelling limbs of their stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee—down drops the garter, off drops the elastic, and her thumb inserted in the top of her stocking, pushes it down—down over the heel, and the cotton rests beside the prunella.

So with the other foot, only involving a change of position. There is a smile that peeps out behind the blushes of her sweet face, now, as standing before the glass, she places on her head the night-cap, and with the quick twist of her finger ties the bewitching bow.

Then the nightgown is thrown over the frothed chemise, concealing the heaving bosom and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are turned back, and the gas is turned down—very, very low—and the little form presses the yielding couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams.

Now, in the room directly above her, is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, grows at the chair which happens to be in the way, pulls of his boots and throws them in a corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lie there, gets off his vest and coat by a quick, vindictive move of the arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly at, rather than on, the table; travels to the window in his shirt extremity to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population of the neighborhood beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light, and then bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up his knees nearly touching his nose, lies a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the tucking in of the bed-clothes, grunts, gets over on the other side, and is asleep.

Then comes in the snoring and the snorting.

TILTING HOOPS.—That there exists an immense attraction about ladies' ankles is certainly no proof of a want of manliness in a community where it is observable. If a woman's delicacy is shocked by the idea of too free an exhibition, so far as her own case is concerned, she basit under entire control; and there is no lack of horrid examples to illustrate the enormity of the practice and to suggest infallible methods for its correction.

On the other hand a pretty foot, a shapely ankle, are indubitably strong attractions in a woman, and if she chooses to show them she will assuredly never lack admirers to appreciate the privilege.

There is nothing intrinsically more in modest in showing the lower limbs than on showing the upper ones, and as the latter are usually revealed without covering, and the former are not, the distinction, if any is on the safe side. Decidedly, there is less suggestion of indelicacy even in a revelation extending to the knee than in the over liberal exposure of the bosom too often seen in society, and which fashion still appears to sanction.

A nice foot and ankle, well booted, and a rounded continuation well hosed, however attractive as we have seen them to be do not convey, save to very morbid and unmanly imaginations, such significant associations as does the brazen revelation of those parts of the figure which decent women even veil as sacred symbols of maternity.

No! Such developments, to a healthy mind, are entirely shocking and demoralizing. There is only danger that, like all pleasant piquant or slightly equivocal things, they may be carried too far—or, to be more exact, that the skirts may be tilted too high.—Round Table.

There is a man in Colorado so thin that when the Sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary

A Long Story.

There was once a certain King who, like many Eastern Kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time, but yet he was never satisfied. The exertions of his courtiers were all in vain. He at last made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever he would make him his heir and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage, but if any should pretend he has such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head cut off.

For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared, and dreadful long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could; but all in vain. Sooner or later they all came to an end; and one after another the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said he had a story that would last forever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. He was warned of his danger; he told him how many others had tried and lost their heads, but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the King. He was a man of very composed and deliberate way of speaking, and after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking and sleeping, he thus began:

"O, King! there was once a King who was a great tyrant and desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon the corn in his kingdom, and put it in an immense granary, which was built on purpose as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, until the granary was quite to the top. He then stopped doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides. But the brick-layers had by accident, let a very small hole near the top of the granary, and there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn, but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

He had gone on thus from morning till night (except when he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted the story with—"Well, well, we have heard enough of the locusts, we will suppose they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted. Tell us what happened afterwards." To which the story teller answered deliberately: "If it pleases your majesty, it is impossible to tell what happened afterwards before I tell what has happened first."

And then he went on again. "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

The King listened with unquenchable patience six months more, when he was again interrupted with: "Oh, friend! I am weary of your locusts. How soon do you think they will have done?" To which the story-teller made answer: "Oh, King, you can tell!" At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared a small space, it may be a cubic foot each way round the inside of the hole, and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But let the king have patience, and no doubt we shall come to the end in time." Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going as before.

"And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

At last the poor King could stand it no longer, and cried out: "Oh, man, that is enough; take my daughter! take my kingdom! take everything—everything, only let us hear no more of the abominable locusts." And so the story-teller was married to the King's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne, and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of the story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts.

How Soldiers Meet.

The manner in which these men who led the great opposing armies during the war, now meet is enough to put to the blush the miserable stay-at-home cowards, who are still endeavoring to keep alive the feeling of hatred between the two sections of our country.

The Baltimore Commercial states that at the Horse Fair, in that city, on Saturday, General Grant was present, and occupying one of the stands, when his attention was called to the fact that General Joe Johnston was upon the other, the question being put, "Would he like to see him?"

"Certainly," was the reply of the General. "There is no man on the ground I would be more pleased to see!"

General Johnston was sent for and a cordial greeting took place. While this was going on, General Stoneman also made his appearance, a like cordial greeting occurring the three occupying the stand for a couple of hours in company.

The Louisville Journal gives the following pleasant account of a recent meeting in that city between General Hood and General George H. Thomas of the United States army:

During the past few days several distinguished Confederate officers have been in the city on business connected with their peaceful avocations. The meeting between

For the Democrat and Star. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY GEO.

Hail thou auspicious morn! Thou day when Christ was born!

We hail thy light; Day of a Saviors birth— Day of good will on earth— Day whose exceeding worth, Has banished night.

Bring unto each mind— Good will to all mankind! Good will in Heaven, Our Saviors natal day, Chase thou our doubts away!

And cast thy rising say, O'er sin's forgiven.

Let Bethlehems rising star Light still a world afar— As time shall roll; And by Christs agony On the accursed tree; Let love and mercy be Graved in each soul.

This day around the heart With loved ones of the earth— We praise Gods love; And as with wife and child, We journey through earths wild, O, Savior! meek and mild Bend from above.

And let thy kingdom come Within each heart and home, Till time shall end; Still lead us in thy way— Still teach us how to pray, Be thou our guide and stay, Our God and friend.

The "Situation" South.

We but utter one of the most obvious of truths when we say that it is impossible for the North and the South to remain permanently or for any considerable time in their present relations to each other. Those relations are anomalous and unnatural. They must inevitably change soon in one way or another. How the change is to be wrought and what is to be its character, time will reveal—we cannot. Our anticipations are not joyous.

There can be no doubt, that the South, oppressed, humiliated, treacherously wronged, cruelly disappointed in all her rational hopes and just expectations, treated contumeliously and in bad faith, and beholding no reliable indication of future justice on the part of the North, is yielding gradually to the natural influences of strong and outrageous provocation. Her resentment toward the North is continually growing deeper and more intense. Her feelings in regard to that section is tending towards antipathy, and even revenge. Her dislike of those whom she considers her tyrants and despots is greater than it was a year ago and far greater than it was two years ago. Her patience has been extraordinary, but it has not proved indomitable. Though she is neither blustering nor noisy, the fire of her nature is not quenched. Every month she cares less and less for restoration, and, if it be deferred for any long period, she will in all probability be utterly indisposed to accept it at all.

The majority of the Northern people, if the Radicals constitute the majority, are blind. Prejudice and passion have covered with a thick film their sightless orbs. They cannot discern what the nation's prosperity and safety require. The country's condition is at present most wretched. It is almost exactly the condition which, at terrible sacrifices, we fought nearly four years to avert.

We carried on war to prevent the Union from being divided, but virtually and for nearly all practical purposes it is divided. We are scarcely better off in respect to Union now than we should have been, if the Confederates had won a triumph, established their independence, and accomplished all their purposes. If the existing state of affairs is to endure, all the sacrifices of the war were in vain. The ten excluded States are of no benefit to us. We derive no advantage from our connection or quasi-connection with them. As a distinct nation, they would, if a Southern nation and Northern nation could keep the peace toward each other, be as advantageous to us as they are now, if not far more so. Therefore, by holding them as they are, we grossly wrong not only them, but also ourselves.—Louisville Journal.

The Early Home of Jesus.

Four miles south of the strong Greek city of Scythopolis, hidden away among gentle hills, then covered from the base to the crown with vineyards and fig trees, laid a narrow nest or basin of rich red and white earth, star-like shape, but a mile in width and most drowsily fertile. Along the sacred and chalky slope of the highest of those hills sprang a small and lovely village, which, in a land where every stone seemed to have a story, is remarkable as having had no public history, and no distinguished name. No great road led up to this sunny nook. No traffic came into it; no legions marched through it; Trade, war, adventure, pleasure, pomp, passed through it, flowing from west to east, from east to west, along the Roman road, but the meadows were aglow with wheat and barley. Near the low ground ran a belt of gardens, fenced with stones, in which myriads of green figs, red pomegranates and golden citrons ripened in the summer sun. High up the slopes, which were lined and planted like the Rhine at Bingen, hung vintages of purple grapes. In the plain, among the corn and beneath the millstone, the wild figs shone daisies, poppies, tulips, lilies and anemones, endless in their profusion, brilliant in their dyes.

Low down on the hillside sprang a well of water, bubbling, plentiful and sweet, and above this fountain of life, in a long street straggling from the fountains to the synagogue, rose the homesteads of the millstone, the shepherds, craftsmen and vine-dressers. It was a lovely and humble place, of which no ruler, no historian of Israel has ever yet taken notice. No Racheal had been met and kissed into love at this well; no Ruth had gathered up the sheaves of barley in yon fields; this height; no camp had been pitched for battle in that vale. That one who would become dearer to the fancies of men than either Ruth or Racheal, then walked through these fields, drew water at this spring, passed up and down the lanes of this hamlet, no seer could have surmised. The place was then an obscure spot.

The Arab may have pitched his black tent by the well, the magistrate of Sephoris must have known the village, but the hamlet was never mentioned by the Jewish scribes. In the bible, in the Talmud, in the writings of Josephus, we search in vain for any record of the homestead of the millstone, the shepherds, craftsmen and vine-dressers, whose lives were spent in the synagogue and the olive grove, away from the bright Greek cities and the busy Roman roads. No doubt it had once been possessed of either an Arab name or a Hebrew name, but we know none of them except in its Hellenic form. The Greeks called the town Nazaret or Nazareth.

How Soldiers Meet.

The manner in which these men who led the great opposing armies during the war, now meet is enough to put to the blush the miserable stay-at-home cowards, who are still endeavoring to keep alive the feeling of hatred between the two sections of our country.

The Baltimore Commercial states that at the Horse Fair, in that city, on Saturday, General Grant was present, and occupying one of the stands, when his attention was called to the fact that General Joe Johnston was upon the other, the question being put, "Would he like to see him?"