

DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF.

This snuff has thoroughly proved itself to be the best article known for curing the Catarrh of the Head. The situation of the nasal cavity during the attack is relieved by its use. It has been found to be a certain remedy in many cases of Sore Eyes, Discharge from the nose, and other diseases of the head. It is a fragrant and agreeable, and gives immediate relief to the most distressing cases of Catarrh of the Head. It is recommended by many of the best physicians, and is used with great success in all cases of the kind.

More than Thirty Years' Experience. The undersigned, having for many years been acquainted with Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff, and having used it in all cases of the kind, can testify to its efficacy. It is a certain remedy for the cure of Catarrh of the Head, and it is recommended by many of the best physicians, and is used with great success in all cases of the kind.

Relief in Ten Minutes. The original medicine established in 1837, and first article of the kind ever introduced into the United States. It is a certain remedy for the cure of Catarrh of the Head, and it is recommended by many of the best physicians, and is used with great success in all cases of the kind.

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

TERMS.—\$1.00 in advance. If not paid within three months, 25 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the editors.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Ten lines constitute a square. One square one or three insertions, \$1.00. Every subsequent insertion less than 13 lines, 50 cents.

For the Democrat and Star. Lyrics of the Susquehanna, No. 6.

BY RAVEN. A pleasant theme demands a pen, We sing of those courageous men Who in our valley's forest wild First ventured with both wife and child.

As yet there was no pleasant road On which to drive their precious load, But travelling on from day to day Along the new made road, bride-way.

At length they reached their journey's end, The place in which their lives to spend They here resolve to make a stand, To build a house and clear the land.

Some mansion now may mark the spot Where stood the woodman's lowly cot, But doubtful if its spacious room Gives pleasure as that cabin-home.

The stream and forest gave them meat, Their clearing gave them corn and wheat, They made the garden that they wore And soon enjoyed a bounteous store.

'Tis true, no mills as yet were seen, A few there were, but far between; With thanks to God, both night and morn, They ate their milk with pounded corn.

Here labor thrived and children grew, Here each and all had work to do; The boys they chopped, and grubbed and the girls they spun, and knit and sewed.

With busy hands and robust health These were their merchandise of wealth; With hope looked forward to enjoy The peaceful fruits of their employ.

One thing above was anxious thought, One cloud above with danger fraught, And from that threatening danger near, God save the noble pioneer.

With tomahawk and scalping knife The Indian sought the whiteman's life, For this he roamed the forest through, And watched when he might strike the blow.

IN THE ARBOR. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, There comes the horse car, Dick—hurry, if you are going out to May Street.

Dick jumped from his stool in the little office, seized his hat, and pulled it down over his eyes, and rushed out into the street and into the crowded car. Only just room enough for him in one corner, where he crunched in and almost disappeared, except his head and shoulders, amid the great mass of crinolines carried by the lady beside him.

He thought to himself that he had grown small very suddenly, and wondered if he was really five feet nine, with a "manly breadth of shoulder," or not. Once he looked at his friend, Sam Dorrage, who stood in the office door, just to assure himself that he had not been swallowed up by some awful monster, but was still a denizen of this earth, this world of woe, this vale of tears. Yes, it was all right. Sam was there; but where was he? He felt very much like a chicken about to be gathered under the wing of its mother—"only more so," he thought.

When the conductor came into the car, Dick began to fumble around for a pocket which he knew must be somewhere, and at last was successful, though he wasn't positive whether the pocket belonged to him or the lady beside him. However, as it contained a ticket, it answered every purpose, and so passing it to the conductor, he looked up out of his nest and—well, he whistled, very low, almost under his breath; and then he said, "Jehū!" in a whisper, for right opposite him, enmeshed in one of the neatest, sweetest blue bonnets—only a tiny shell of blue silk and lace and flowers—was the most wondrously beautiful face that was ever seen (yes, and Dick was willing to bet on it) in a horse car since the first tramway was laid.

And so Dick sat looking at the beautiful face, and growing very much in love with it, till the tender blue eyes that belonged to the beautiful face did the same when they both looked away, and he nestled down further into the corner, just stealing a glance occasionally when he thought she was looking the other way, only to become more and more bewitched, until at last he was almost tempted to rush out and cut away one of the car horses, spring upon the back of the noble (?) steed, implore the young lady to fly with him—which of course she would do—when they would gallop off with the speed of the wind on a calm day, to some bright little isle of their own.

But just then the lady beside him arose, pulled the strap, the car stopped, the lady got out, followed by the angel with the beautiful face and the tender, blue eyes, who were the blue bonnet with the little white

flowers in the back of it; and Dick, looking out after them, saw that it was the corner of May Street, and remembering that his sister lived on that street only five doors from the corner, and also having a faint idea that this was the place he started for, he arose and followed too.

And he walked up May Street behind them, noting the light, graceful form of the angel, her easy carriage, the neat little foot—ah! wasn't it a beauty? Dick couldn't help thinking so, thinking too that the soft pit pat of those little boots on the pavement was the sweetest music he ever heard—a sort of bootee solo, I suppose, far superior to G. Swain Buckley on the bones; but just then she looked back at him, and Dick got a gush of volubility right in his face and eyes just before she disappeared up the steps of the tall brick house next door to his sister's.

He stood still just for a moment to recover himself from the flood of beauty that had almost swamped him, and then remembering that it was tea time, and that his sister always waited for him Saturday evenings, he hurried on and found her standing in the door; and little Jennie his niece, came out to the gate to meet him. So he took her in his arms and gave her a kiss, saluted his sister Mary and her "dear John," as she always called him, who, according to her account, was one of the best husbands that ever lived, patted the dog Booz just for a minute, and received a welcome from that animal after the fashion of dogs, and then, looking up at the brick house next door, thought he saw a face at the upper window, though he wasn't positive, and it was all the same for tea was ready, and Dick was just a little bit hungry. So he went into the house and sat down to the table between John and Mary, and commenced talking and eating just as if he hadn't lost his heart fifteen minutes before, and couldn't tell for the life of him who had it, except that it was a beautiful young lady with melting blue eyes and golden hair, with cheeks like peaches, and lips of roses bright with dew, who wore a blue bonnet and had the neatest little foot in the world.

But after tea was over and Mary had washed up the dishes and put little Jennie to bed, though she had to kiss Uncle Dick twice before she would go, Mary came into the parlor and sat down beside Dick on the sofa, and began to give him a dolorous account of a young lady whose cruel parents were about to force her to marry a man she did not love. An old fellow aged enough to be her father, ugly as sin, who would make her miserable all her life if he didn't die, and the probability was that the cross-grained old fellow wouldn't if he thought it would please anybody. He was rich, and so the girl's parents thought it would be an excellent match.

"And who is the distressed maiden?" asked Dick, feeling very much like appearing as champion for the young lady, and running the old curmudgeon through with a butter knife and marrying the maid in spite of the old folks.

"Why, it's Katie Weaver—she lives next door in that brick house."

"Oh, ho! You don't!" exclaimed Dick, starting in his feet.

"Don't what?" asked his sister in some alarm, grasping his arm.

"Don't say so; but why?"

"Then—I've seen—her!" replied Dick, in a very solemn tone, resuming his seat.

"Yes, these eyes have seen her, and—"

"Well, that isn't very strange."

"No! oh, no, it's nothing to see the most beautiful woman that ever trod the earth—nothing to behold the light of her radiant countenance, perhaps; and those eyes, so blue, so tender, and so—oh, yes, that foot, that bonnet—oh, no, 'tis nothing—perhaps."

"Are you crazy, Dick?"

"No," after a pause, "I'm only in love; but that is quite as bad, perhaps. And she is to be married?"

"Yes," replied Mary, looking very sad, while poor Dick felt very much like crying; and John said if he was a young man he would see what could be done; and Dick asked what that would be, and John said he didn't know, and Mary said she couldn't think, and Dick said it was a great shame, and Mary and John said so too. And Mary said he ought to be tied up and whipped; and John thought State prison too good for him, while Dick said he should be hung up as high as Haman; and though they talked till ten o'clock, they didn't conclude what they would or could do about it but went to bed in a very sorry frame of mind.

The next day was Sunday, a long, dreary, rainy day. Dick went to church in the forenoon, but in the afternoon he staid at home and read part of the time, and thought about Katie Weaver, and how he might love her, and how happy they could be—that is, providing she could love him, and there was no old curmudgeon of a rival in the way—ah, that was the rub.

And so he laid there on the sofa in the back parlor, the shutters all closed, with only a dim light in the room, holding a book in his hand, with his eye fixed on the toe of his slipper, thinking, thinking, till he became very desperate, and was almost willing to undertake anything for the sake of Katie; but there wasn't anything for him to do that he could think of except to wait, and just then some one called:

"Tea is ready, Uncle Dick," and little Jennie was standing in the doorway waiting for him. So he took her up in his arms and kissed the little round, rosy face and carried her out to supper, thinking to him-

self how happy sister Mary and John ought to be with such a sweet little bundle of sunshine to gladden their hearts, for Dick loved children.

One evening more in the parlor, Dick sitting at the window looking across the garden at the tall brick house, and John lying on the sofa with little Jennie in his arms listening to her innocent prattle, and Mary reading there in the little rocking chair, swaying to and fro, and looking up at John and smiling occasionally. By and by she put down her book and turned to Dick.

"John didn't tell you we were going to Savny's Pond next Wednesday?" she asked.

"No, I haven't heard anything about it before," replied Dick, turning away from the window.

"Well, we are, and Katie is going with us. Couldn't you drive out there alone, say about four o'clock?"

"Don't know but I could," and he twirled his moustache for a moment, and then bro't his hand down on his knee very hard—"and I will," he added. "It's just what I've been wanting."

"Yes, and Katie wouldn't be there if you went with us, you know—Mrs. Weaver wouldn't allow it."

"No, of course not," said Dick; "but I shall be there all the same."

And so it was settled, and Dick went back to the office and his seat on the high stool next morning quite cheerful, keeping an image of Kate in his mind, all the time with thoughts of her that made even the dingy old office look bright.

But Sam Dorrage didn't know what to think of him, he seemed so happy all day long; and when he questioned him his only reply was—" 'tis all right, my boy. Just wait awhile."

"Of course it's all right, Dick. I know there's nothing wrong; but what makes you so happy?" asked Sam.

"Why, don't you know?" putting on a very serious look.

"No."

"Well, then you can tell no one," and Dick laughed and went back to his ledger; but Sam didn't ask any more questions.

So Wednesday afternoon came, and a splendid horse with a top carriage to match, and Dick Vernon inside, rattled over the road towards Savny's Pond.

John, with Mary and Katie had gone on before; but while John was fastening his horse to the stump of a tree near the lake, and the ladies were sitting in the boat by the shore, Dick drove up in a cloud of dust, with his horse all flecked with foam, and breathing very hard, as if the grass had not a chance to grow under his feet.

"Well, John, you didn't get much the start of me," said Dick, jumping out of the carriage and proceeding to fasten his horse; after which they walked down to the boat where the ladies were, and Mary introduced Dick to Miss Weaver; and there was a conscious blush on Katie's face when she gave him her hand, and he thought she remembered seeing him in the horse car, trying to flatter himself that she did.

But whether she remembered him or not I do not know, and she didn't tell, though she made herself very agreeable to Dick and he did every thing in his power to please her, and they became excellent friends in a very short space of time. And they rowed all around the lake and filled the boat with lilies, and Katie sat down and made a wreath of them when they got ashore, and put it on Dick's head; but he thought it would be more becoming to her, and so crowning her with the lilies, he whispered, "My queen!" and looked so very much as if he meant it that Katie blushed, she didn't know why, but I think she was trying to fancy how Mr. Stevenson, that old man that her father wanted her to marry, would look on his knees before her, crowning her with lilies, and whispering "My queen!"

But Dick wasn't thinking of rivals then; and when John said that it was time to start for home, Dick stood up, and looked down at Katie sitting there on the grass, and asked her if she didn't think it would be more comfortable to ride home with him than to go with John and crowd them into one carriage; and she said she thought it would though of course she didn't think anything about the pleasure of Dick's society any more than he did of hers.

They became very well acquainted on the way home; and though they knew there was no one to hear, still they talked very low to each other, and Dick found out all about his rival, Mr. Stevenson, and I don't know but he went so far as to hint that the old gentleman never could love her as a "certain young man" always would, for the simple reason that he couldn't help it.

But I know that Dick thought that the ride home was very short. Even Katie made the remark that Dick had a very fast horse, though John and his wife had been at home half an hour at least.

If old Mr. Weaver had been awake he might have heard something out by the gate that sounded very much like kissing; but then it might not have been that, though I don't think Dick Vernon's conscience would have ever troubled him if he had kissed such a pretty girl as Katie Weaver, even if the old folks had been unwilling.

After that Dick and Katie met very often. It was generally at the house of Dick's sister Mary, though sometimes they had stolen interviews in the garden by moonlight; and Katie came to think very much of her younger lover, and was almost persuaded to run off with him in spite of the old folks; but she always said wait till she was of age, and then she would have a right to do as she pleased—that was only three months longer, and so Dick tried to be as patient as he could.

And at last the three months had nearly expired. "Only a week longer," said Dick, as they sat on the seat in the grape arbor. Katie trembled just a little, and Dick put both arms around her and pressed her to his bosom and kissed her, just as he thought he had a right to; but Katie looked up then, gave a little shriek, and fell back into Dick's arms again.

What was the trouble? Nothing, only Mr. Stevenson had appeared, at least Dick thought it was he. And now he stood in the arbor doorway looking very sternly at the lovers, though he didn't speak at once.

"Walk in," said Dick, determined not to be frightened till he saw some cause to be so.

The old gentleman advanced a few steps toward him, drew out his snuff box, took a pinch, put up the box, took out his handkerchief, and then spoke:

"Young man," said he, "do you love that girl?"

"Better than my life," Dick replied, drawing Katie closer to him.

"And Miss Katie, do you love this young man?"

"Yes, Mr. Stevenson," answered Katie, in a trembling voice.

"And you never cared anything for me? Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because you never asked me," was the simple reply.

"And when I asked you to be my wife, your mother answered for you."

"Yes."

"What a fool I've been."

"Exactly," replied Dick, "you've been the fool on the head now."

"It isn't my nature," said he, after a pause, "to marry a woman whose heart is already another's. I don't think I could ever be happy with such a woman. I could not be happy with you even, Katie, after what I know now. Adieu!" and Mr. Stevenson passed out of the arbor toward the house.

What he said there I don't know, but the next day Dick received a letter from Katie, saying that he could visit her at the house now whenever he pleased. But the visiting did not continue long, for a month from that night when Mr. Stevenson met them in the arbor, there was a wedding at Mr. Weaver's, and Mr. Stevenson gave away the bride; and Dick Vernon said that it was the happiest day he ever saw, though, by the by, he has seen a great many happy days since.

Rules for Courtin'.

Having had much experience in the science of courtin', I have determined herewith, to lay down some definite rules for the guidance of my young friends. You see, I had a good many unsuccessful courts before I met my present wife—the females whom I loved having gone emphatically back on me. But bless you, did it harm me? No, it didn't; I was benefited thereby, and when I met my present love, I knew the ropes, and gathering up my affections, made one fell swoop on Sally's heart, and the door thereof banged wide open and let me in. I will give you the rules, and shed the sunny light of illustration upon them from my own life.

1st. Never go courtin' the girl's parents. You'd better edge up to the charmer herself at once, for you can't marry her, if you try, unless she wants you, and you may be able to treat if the old folks are hard on you.

This is the policy pursued by myself in my last attempt.

2d. By all means get the girl's ma as much down on you as you can. If the old lady is always blowing against you, the little dear begins to take your part, and can't help loving you.

I did this way, and my present mother-in-law used to throw brooms and washboards at me, and teach the dogs to bite me. N. B.—She's got over it now, and lives at my house without paying board.

If remorse fosters in her soul in consequence of her conduct, however, I haven't noticed it yet.

3d. If you see any other fellows prowling around always eulphre them if you can. If you see one of them buying tickets for the opera, go right up and make an engagement with the girl, and get yours afterwards. And when they visit the house always act as if you were at home and they were only visitors, and never leave first.

I always did this, and have frequently sat until day break, while the fair one snored away on the sofa. You can't bluff me. No, sir. Ha! ha! I guess not. I would have been there yet if the fellows had staid.

4th. If the old man has worldly wealth, express a dislike of greenbacks and a hankering after love in a small house.

5th. If you are alone in the parlor you may sometimes try whether your arm fits well her waist.

I tried this once and called forth a piercing scream, which induced her father and two brothers to chuck me down the front steps. So be careful.

6th. When you inquire whether she will have you, don't fall on your knees—it's ridiculous, besides being rough on trousers. Just take her hand and speak out like a man.

I behaved similar to this to a female and said: "Will you be mine?" She replied, rather abruptly, "Not much, I won't." It is likely she would have been a little; but I didn't care about pursuing the subject further.

7th. When you are engaged, don't go off like an old jackass, and begin buying teaspoons, and wash-boilers, and cradles.

Why, I recollect, I was so glad that I went right off and purchased a baby jumper and a gum ring. It was a long while ere these things were necessary, and then the baby jumper had shrunk so that when we put the first of the little Quills into it, it suddenly jerked up, and came frightfully near battering the devoted child's brains out against the ceiling; while the gum ring, having been kept in a box with cockroach poison, threw the baby into fits, and he had spasms in the crib for four days. It was dreadful.

8th. If a girl refuses you, don't give it up, but try again. Because two negatives make an affirmative in grammar; however, don't consider yourself accepted when a girl jilts you twice.

I asked one female forty-one times, and at last she got to expect it whenever I came, and sometimes would holler out, "No!" from the top of the stairs before I got fairly in the house. This is unusual, however, let me here remark.

9th. Kiss all the little children in the house, even if they are dirty, and do smear molasses candy through your hair. Let the boys play horse with you, and make a fool of yourself generally. This always works. It's a trump card, if you play it right.

10th. And finally, if there are two sisters, and the old one is jealous, get some of your friends to choke her off, while you go in for the younger.

I did that once, and used to get my friends to ask the senior girl out, every evening, but she found me out, and used to arrange hair pins in the sofa cushions before she went out, so that it was extremely uncomfortable.

This it is to be seen that when courtin' is alluded to, I am right there, and if any further information is wanted, send me a letter, enclosing a stamp (fifty cents), and I will cheerfully give it gratis.

"La me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I've been sufferin' the pignimies of death three moral weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me inflammation of the borax, and now I'm with the chloroform morbus.—There's no blessin' like that of health, par-

A woman was testifying recently in court in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on the farm ever since he was born." The lawyer who cross-examined her said: "You assert that your son has worked on the farm ever since he was born." Says she "I do." "Then," said the lawyer, "what did he do the first year?" "He milked."

A Mr. Wilkenson writes to a western paper, informing the public that he thinks the newspaper record of his death is incorrect. To the best of his knowledge he is still alive, and would be kicking, if he

About a Chicken.

A dispute has arisen between John Sullivan, of Peebles Township, and Patrick Finn, of Pitt Township, in regard to the ownership of a game chicken. Sullivan, the other day, made an information against Finn, before Alderman Lynch, charging him with the larceny of said chicken, and a partial hearing of the case took place yesterday. The value of the property alleged to have been stolen is, perhaps, fifty cents—not above that sum. Counsel have been employed by the contestants, whose fees will reach at least twenty dollars. This evinces a determination on both sides to fight it out on that line. On his arraignment the defendant averred that he had not stolen the chicken, but had only taken what belonged to him. The hen—feminine gender—was his property, and he was prepared to establish the fact by producing the parents of the bird. The prosecutor thought the averment was defective; for the matter of that he could bring into court "two own sisters" of the hen, which he thought would go as far toward the establishment of his claim to the property as the production of the parents themselves, counsel having no chance to get in a word. It was adjourned over till two o'clock this afternoon, when a full hearing will be given.—Pittsburgh Post.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate. Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put into one placed next to captain, who after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely for examining the china, he said, "this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish; I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as in perfect innocence, and he put down the dish with the plum end