

# The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 8.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE COLUMBIAN.

A Democratic Newspaper,  
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY  
BROCKWAY & FREEZE,  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT  
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The principles of this paper are the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors that the requirements of a County newspaper have not been heretofore fully met by their predecessors or contemporaries; and they have determined to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also this paper will aim at a high standard, and hope to cultivate in its readers a correct taste and sound judgment on merely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collated and succinctly given; while that of our own State and section of the State, particular attention will be directed. Important Congressional and Legislative matters will be furnished weekly to our readers in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man, upon whom at last all business interests depend. The friends and family circle will be diligently considered in making up the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. Its Conductors are determined that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any deleterious doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and tendencies. Promising to use their very best endeavors to fill in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Publishers of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully place it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will invariably be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publishers and all payments therefor enforced to their names.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) on three insertions \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; one square one month \$2.00, two squares \$3.00, three squares \$5.00, four squares \$6.00, half column \$10.00, one column \$15.00. Executives or administrators notices \$5.00; Auditors \$2.50. Editorial notices twenty cents a line. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract. Transient advertisements must be pre-paid. Jobbing of all kinds neatly and promptly executed.

NEWSPAPER LAW.—A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the requirement of the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office whether directed to his name or another or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

If a subscriber who is in arrears orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them unopened for a period of time, is evidence of intentional fraud.

It is, in all cases, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed to

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,  
Columbian Office,  
Bloomsburg, Pa.  
Printed at Robinson's Buildings, near the Court House, by  
CHAS. M. VANDEBRIELE,  
FRANK H. NYDELL.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,  
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.  
The undersigned having purchased the Exchange Hotel, centrally located house, the Exchange Hotel, situated on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent location. On a pleasant run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars.  
JOHN F. CARLOW,  
Bloomsburg, March 10, 1867.

## POETRY.

### SONG.

The following exquisite drinking carol is by Mr. Thomas Love Peacock, and is found in a book written by him, called "Hedonism Hall." The lines in italics are admirable. Though the idea is not entirely original, we have never seen it better expressed. As a whole, however, it has been rarely equaled.

In his last bin Sir Peter lies,  
Who knew not what it was to frown  
Death took him mellow, by surprise,  
Through all our land we could not boast  
A knight more gay, more prompt than he  
To rise and fill a bumper toast,  
And pass it round with "Three times three!"

None better knew the feast to sway,  
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;  
The nature had but little clay,  
Ere that of which she moulded him.  
The meekest guest that greeted his board  
Was there the freest of the free,  
His bumper toast when Peter poured  
And passed it round with "Three times three."

He kept at true good humor's mark  
The social flow of pleasure's tide;  
He never made a brow look dark,  
Nor caused a tear when he died,  
Nor sorrow near his tomb should dwell;  
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,  
For funeral song and passing bell,  
To hear no sound but "Three times three!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### IN A BIN.

BY C. SHACKELFORD.

One night, coming out of the theatre, I saw a man vigilantly watching the "gutter-rats," "roughs," and workmen pushing and crowding out of the gallery exit. He was a thin, haggard, whiskered fellow, with a wild glare in his eyes, hair uncombed, and a liberal sprinkling of shavings over his wrinkled clothes. Leaning against a lamp-post, the crowd, as it surged heavily by, jostled him from his position, and I saw, from his empty coat sleeve, that his left arm was gone. There was something peculiar about the man, perhaps the painful eagerness of look and manner he exhibited, that caused me to lounge against the building and await results. The crowd dispersed, and the man and I were left together.

"Were you looking for any one?" I inquired, stepping into the light. His wild eyes scanned my person from hat to boots.

"Yes," he answered.

"A friend?"

"An old acquaintance," and he turned away from me.

"Stop a minute," I said seeing his annoyance. "I am called a queer fellow, and you must excuse me if I ask you if you would like a good warm supper?"

"I am hungry," he answered energetically, and moistening his lips with his tongue.

"And thirsty?"

"Very."

"You shall have something to eat and drink, upon one condition."

"Well?"

"That you tell me how you lost your arm."

"Are you a detective, mister?" he suspiciously demanded.

"No."

"Then I'll go with you, thank you," and he began to brush the shavings from his clothes, and to clumsily smooth the unkempt hair.

There was a restaurant close by, where I ordered a substantial meal for my guest. That finished, and with a pitcher of something warm within his reach, he told the following story, beginning in a moralizing strain, and stopping at times to fill his glass from the pitcher, or to walk the little compartment with a nervous step that seemed to ease his heart a little. I did not interrupt him to question or comment on his story, told in a deep base voice, with a broad accent that made the interview strangely musical. His narrative, pruned of many inaccuracies of expression, began as follows:

"If, as I have somewhere read, (and I have read a little, a man's life is made up of accidents, then the history of my life would, I think, prove the truth of that assertion, for I am scarcely out of one trouble, great or small, before another treads on its heels and trips me up. I am a poor man, always have been, and I have seen many string beads; black and white and red and blue beads held on a needle for a second, then pushed downwards to make room for more. That is the way the thread of my life has been strung with troubles, and there's been very little of the pure white among that kind of beads. It's been tawny white and sooty white, and jet black, and bruised green, and blue, but little that was pure and unsoiled; no beads of amber, pearl, or gold."

"I'm not complaining; for years of trouble have ruined that miserable way of relief. After thirty years of conflict with the world, I am like a blind man in a fight; everybody hits me when I don't see 'em; and accidents and incidents bruise body and soul, and I can not see whether they come or whence they go. What's the use of such a fellow as I am? He's no use to any one—not even himself."

"You wanted to know how I lost my arm. Shouldn't you think that was a pretty bad misfortune? I count that as one of the dingy white beads of my life, for, though I lost my arm, I saved my life, and I cling to life as if it were full of happiness. This may seem unreasonable, yet it's natural."

"If it had not been for England and Chicago, I don't think my left sleeve would be empty. There's a riddle you can't guess. No one can guess it who doesn't know my whole life; and I'm

the only one who know its alphabet from A to—well! almost to Z, for I don't think I've many more years to live.

"Perhaps you'll not think much of my riddle when the story's told; but you must not forget that it cost me my arm, and you'd place a big price on your arm—yes! upon a little bit of your little finger! Mine was a dear adventure, therefore; but, through it, I got something I can't sell; nor can I buy that which went for nothing. I've said that if it hadn't been for England and Chicago I should have what I have not, and should not have what I have—a dangling sleeve. To make this plain, I must go back ten years or so, to show how the whole thing happened.

"My parents, a buxom, hale, and cheer couple, with a heartiness of life and living that sweetened their food with wholesome flavor, were small farmers in England. They were poor, and had six children. Children are the teeth of poverty, and bite hard. But my good parents kept cheerful and worked hard, and the teeth stopped biting after a while. My mother used to say that her children kept her alive; because so long as they were they dependent upon her she couldn't give up; and when they became independent, she could not get out of the old habits. Anyhow, they had the children, of whom I was the eldest. When I was about twenty-two years old, I came to the conclusion that I had trampled the cows and held the plow and milled in its furrows about long enough to prove that I couldn't succeed in life in such a way. It's the hardest kind of an existence, this farm work, and I've always wondered how young men of spirit could endure its dullness when they were working for somebody besides themselves. Shine and storm brings no relief, and finally the boy grows up to be a man, with mighty little spirit, and whose thoughts are all for plowing and sowing the ground and getting out of it food enough to feed the stomach of those belonging to him. I thought it would be me as with my father and his father, and for generations of fathers and sons.

"Even now I cannot decide whether I was right or wrong in going to another country. At that time we had lots of stories of how poor people thrived in America; how they had a little ease and comfort and independence in that country before they died. Here and there I managed to save a little money, and I resolved to leave the home folks and go to America, believing that I should not fail of success. The old people had children to comfort and care for them while I was gone. Ah! those were grand hopes of mine! And you see me now!

"It was all arranged among ourselves, and father out of his little savings, gave me money which I was to return to him if I got along finely in my new home. But I did not intend to set out on this long and lonesome journey without taking with me, as my wife, a little fair-haired lass—as modest and industrious a girl as could be found in the country. This lass was Bessie Tillot. One day I spoke out my love.

"Bessie, dear, will you go to America with me? Do you love me enough for that?"

"She put her arms about my neck and looked up into my face with her great hazel eyes.

"Robert," she said, 'I will go with thee anywhere, and be glad all the time.' Then she kissed me.

"But, Bessie, girl, I'm poor, you know. And there's the great ocean to be crossed. When that's betwixt us and the old folks, we'll be among strangers, and have much to suffer. There's hard work to be done, and worst of all, there's fearful loneliness and home-sickness. Eh! Bess, can you bear hunger in many a way?"

"Try me! I'll go with thee, Bob, and help thee all I can, and be a good wife." I knew she was as true as steel.

"One night, going home from a visit to Bess, I met Tom Brinton. He was waiting for me at the big elm just by the turn in the road. An idle fellow given to beer drinking and low companions, he had more money than any one in his station in life. Where he got his money was uncertain. Learned in horses and in jockeying, he had a knack of tickling the pride of owners of nice nags in the neighborhood. He was not a handsome fellow by any means; but his smart ways and speeches made him a favorite with many of both sexes. The way I came to know him was because we lived within a mile of each other and met on the highways and at country fairs and frolics. I had seen him, a half-dozen times at Tillot's house during previous years. I had never liked, only endured him, knowing him as a very muscular fellow, a good wrestler and no mean player with his fists; in fact, a bully, as you call that kind of a man in this country. He was sitting on a log by the roadside.

"Good evening, Bob," he said, as I came opposite him. "Going away soon, I hear?"

"A fortnight hence," I replied, not stopping in my walk. Seeing this, he jumped up from the log and came after me.

"Stop, Bob," he commanded. "Stop! I've something to say to you; and I want to say it to-night, now, because I'm going away in the morning."

"Well, what is it?" I said, stopping. "I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, yes! And your truly going to America?" he asked once more in a musing sort of way, and looking at me from toe to head. "And—and—confound

you! is Bess going with you?" angrily.

"Yes!"

"Do you know, Bob Campbell, that I loved that girl, that I love her now?" and she said—

"There, there, don't tell me your secrets! I cried, with a wish in my heart to get peaceably away from the fellow, who, it was plain to me had been drinking.

"But I will tell thee. Why not listen quietly until I've done. I loved her and told her so. And she refused; but she did not tell me she loved you. That I found out yesterday. She threw me off for your baby-face and the few pounds you've begged of—"

"Stop!" I commanded, pushing him away from me. "I'll hear no more such vile stuff, and walked off. But I had not gone three steps when I felt his arms clasped around my waist, holding my arms close to my side.

"You shall hear me, curse you!" he shouted, close to my ear. "I've waited for you to tell you that I hate you—hate you because you're going to take away from me the only woman on earth I can love. You needn't try to get away. Be still, or I'll kill you. So long as I live you will have an enemy. You'd better remember that."

"Just then I heard the rumbling of a wagon coming toward us. He heard it too, and for a minute stood and listened. Then with an oath, he suddenly whirled me around and struck me three heavy blows full in the face with his huge fist, knocking me senseless to the ground. When I opened my eyes again a farmer, a neighbor of ours, had my head on his knee and was wiping the blood from my face; the rasal had given me one blow that had cut open my cheek, and left a mark until this day. Tom Brinton had run like a deer across the fields, the farmer said. Anyhow, that was the last seen of him in the place as long as I remained. Bess and I were married and came to America as happy and loving a couple as ever crossed the waters. When I landed in New York my pocket was picked of all my money—the few pounds I had saved to buy me a little land—and I was friendless. It was an awful time that followed, sir."

"The poor fellow seemed overcome by the memory. The perspiration beaded from his forehead, his eyes filled with tears and he nervously fingered the glass that still contained a few drops of liquor. Then, with a determined effort showing itself in his compressed lips, with a gulping noise in his throat and a dash of his arm across his face he struggled with his feelings to continue the story.

"After this misfortune, I tried to obtain work. Now and then I got a job that gave me enough to buy us a little food. But what could I, a farmer and a farmer's son, do in a great city that needed artists, not farmers? It was a hard and bitter struggle for life. I had just got a place as porter, at good wages when—when—my dear, darling Bessie—when she—she died."

"His groans and tears and sighs mastered his firmness and he bowed his head upon the table. I could understand the loneliness of his life, and that the dead wife was being worshipped above all else in the world. It seemed so cruel of me to obtain from my guest so sorrowful a story, to recall memories so fragrant with keen, undying grief, that I placed my hand upon the head of the weeper, and tried by words of sympathy and of cheer, to lead him away from the sad story of his life and leave it untold. But after a little while he raised his head the face white and the eyes tearful.

"You must excuse me this weakness," he said. "It is nothing new. I suffer every day, as now. I cannot forget my darling. Only when I'm dead will be the trouble end, and the heart-ache stop, and the tears be unshed. It doesn't seem right, perhaps, for a poor man to nurse his sorrow for so many years. Yet many a man does it, and no one knows it but himself. One cannot forget the happiness and misery of the past; the memory of them grows upon him like a cloud. I ask God that it may soon end."

For a little while he was silent, his eyes closed and his lips moving as if in prayer.

"After Bessie's death," he continued, with a shudder, "I took to liquor just to stop thinking, to have an easy spell. But I only made matters worse, and finally, after a touch of the tremens, I went on board ship and sailed to Cape Town, in Africa. It was five years before I got back to America. I was tired of sailing and of life; but not having the cowardice to commit suicide, though I was always wishing myself dead, I struggled along as of old to get my dailies. Drifting hither and thither, working a week in one place, a month in another, I finally brought up as a laborer in an elevator in Chicago. It is not nice work, I must say; but one grows to be proud of the great things that dot the wharves along the nasty creek. To me an elevator always seemed a monster, restless with hungry life; and we poor fellows did nothing but tend to its wants, running up stairs and down stairs through clouds of choking dust, and deafened with the din of rattling machinery—no light job, sir, I can assure you, seeing that an elevator is seven, eight, ten stories high, and big enough to hold the houses of a small village. Ah, they are wonderful things these elevators! And now that I am away from them I feel the strength of their size, and what a little thing I was in such a place. Then the rattle of the cog going up or down with their fill of grain made music to my ears, and started many a queer thought in my mind

as I went through my hours of day or night work. It was strange to see how quick their armies of banded copper would drink to emptiness a car or vessel loaded with grain, and carry it up to giddy heights to be tumbled into huge bins. These bins, sir, are forty to sixty feet deep, and funnel-shaped at the bottom, where there is a sort of valve or gate, which, when opened, lets the grain into a spout. If the gate is opened when a bin has six or seven thousand bushels in it, you can judge, sir, that there would be a whirlpool that would suck the strongest man to a horrible death. Wonderful, terrible monsters are these elevators, with their humps of houses on their roofs, their awkward spouts, their dizzy heights, and dismal, dusty, chasms of empty bins. It makes me sick to think of them now."

"The man really did look a little whiter in the face, and nervously fingered the empty sleeve of his jacket; but he was over with the feeling in a minute, and went on with his story:

"I had been at work about a week in one of the largest of these elevators, when, one afternoon, I was sent, in company with another laborer—a big whiskered, swearing, ruffian fellow, to tend to a bin that was about to be emptied. We were sitting on the edge of the bin waiting for the grain to run, when my companion, who seemed to be under the influence of liquor, called out:

"I say, Mike!

"As I have said, the fellow was a ruffian in appearance. He seemed to have quite a liking for me, as he tried to be with me in my work as much as possible; but I couldn't bear him, and did everything to be rid of him. He knew my name well enough, and it angered me to have him call me in this way, so I said, sharply:

"My name is not Mike!"

"How should I know?" he asked, looking angrily into my face, as if he wished to make me quarrel with one.

"You have heard it more than once, I said. 'You know very well what it is, Joe, and there is no sense in giving a man a name as does not belong to him.'"

"Then don't call me Joe! that ain't my name; it's a counterfeiter. I'm Tom, which is a better name."

"He had a piece of chalk in his hand and began to print with it on the big beam on which we sat. T-o-m, T-o-m, T-o-m, he scratched in large scraggly letters, all the while looking at me from under his heavy eyebrows. Then he made a B, and rubbed his hand across it as soon as it was made.

"'Bob, it's a long way down there,' pointing into the half-filled bin.

"Twenty feet, perhaps."

"'Twouldn't kill a man, the fall, eh?' moving closer to me.

"No!"

"'But it's as good as water to drown him if the grain be moving, and the dust and chaff flying?'

"He wouldn't live long, that is sure!"

"Then go down there!" he yelled, giving me a blow and a push that hurled me headlong from my seat. 'Go down there! stay there! die there! rot there! Bob Campbell; and don't forget when your a-dying, that Tom Brinton sent you.'

"That fall didn't hurt me a bit, and I began to crawl toward the rope ladder hanging against the side of the bin, thanking God that the grain hadn't begun to move, else I'd be a dead man in no time; but as soon as the ruffian saw what I was after, he went round and pulled up the ladder.

"Let that alone!" I shouted, feeling how little hope of escape I had with the ladder out of my reach. He laughed, and flung the ropes over the beam.

"Do you mean to murder me?" I cried.

"No! I'm going to leave you there, Bob. You've fallen in you see; that'll be the verdict when they find your body. You'll want your shovel man, to make the thing look natural; I'll throw it to you in a minute."

"I felt quite sure that it was so dark in the bin that he couldn't see me very plainly, if at all, and that he tried to hit me with the shovel. I crawled close to the side, with one cheek against the side. Looking up, I could see him, directly above me, peering down into the gloom, and with that shovel in his outstretched hand, ready to spear at me as if I were a fish. There followed a stillness that continued for five minutes during which he stood on his guard. Suddenly, I heard the muffled rattle of machinery, and felt a strange power pulling at my feet, while my whole body seemed to be sliding gently down a bottomless pit. In an instant I knew what was happening.

"The grain was running!"

"I madly flung out my arms, and my fingers clutched one of the upright beams. As I drew up against the receding torrent, I heard a laugh above me, and the words:

"Remember Bessie Tillot, Bob Campbell, and that I loved her, and the words I spoke to you by the big elm! Good-by!"

"When I looked up the man was gone from my sight. I don't know exactly how I managed to climb that big beam. I think there were nails here and there that helped my feet and hands, for after I was rescued, my body was found to be covered from head to foot with great gashes or scratches. Anyhow, slowly and painfully, I managed to reach the top, and threw my left arm over the edge of the bin, and gasped for breath. Then when I was

so near to safety, to hope, to life, I felt a horrible, sickening blow upon my arm—a blow from something neither dull nor sharp. I seemed to feel the cutting of the flesh, and to hear the breaking of the bone. The arm, battered and broken, lost its grasp, and I fell back into the horror and darkness of the bin. Hardly had I touched the yielding wheat when my shovel was thrown from above, and struck within a few inches of my head. Though my arm hurt me terribly, I didn't faint, I was helpless; the dust was stifling, the grain was whirling, and tumbling and hissing, as it slid towards the vortex a few feet distant. I heard the murmur of machinery in motion, and the rushing sound of the wheat as it poured into the spout. Where I lay the grain had not yet begun to move into the little whirlpool; but I knew it would only be a minute or two before I should be tossing and struggling in that treacherous quicksand, and then stifled, mutilated, and dead, at the spout. The dust seemed to circle above me, and leave me a little air to gasp.

"Lying thus, hopeless and helpless, a carelessness of death came upon me. My life came to me in all its details, its joys and sorrows. I had visions of green fields, and heard the soft gurgle of brooks and the songs of birds, and the rustling of leaves. Then Bessie's sweet face, as it was when we were married, smiling and pretty with dimples, seemed to be above, and close to mine, as if waiting for a kiss, as in the olden time, before she was taken from me. I forgot all else but her face. I had only a consciousness that I was going to her—that she was waiting for my release that she might go with me on the last great journey. It seemed as if the great relief would never come and give me to my darling.

"I must have been growing unconscious, I think, for a sudden throb of pain in my arm robbed me of my wife's face, and brought back the old feeling of resistance against death. I felt that I was going downward, gently, but irresistibly—that every grain beneath me was moving and shifting and slowly descending. The circle of the whirlpool had reached me, and was dragging me down to torture and to death. I couldn't—I wouldn't submit to such a death! It was horrible agony of soul and body, sir. I screamed for help; but the dust, entering my mouth, nose, and eyes, strangled and blinded me. I looked for the shovel; it had disappeared. I was going, too. Maimed and gasping for breath, I fought against the power that was slowly, but surely, dragging me down. I plunged my arm deep into the wheat, and tried to pull myself up. In the dismal, murky light of this hideous den, I struggled as but few men have ever struggled. I was a giant in my battle for life. I thought no more of my broken arm. I was burning with heat, parched with thirst, blinded and choked with the fine dust; but I fought and shrieked for help all the time. In my fierceness I tore my clothes from my body and flung them away, and the grains of wheat scraped my wounds and pierced my naked flesh as I tried to spring forward; but nothing hurt me, not even my arm.

"Hard as I struggled I could not get clean away from the whirlpool. If I leaped forward, or crawled a little way over the treacherous surface, I found, when I stopped, that I was swiftly sliding back again to my old place. It seemed as if I struggled in this way for hours, yet I accomplished nothing. Tired and breathless, I looked around, and felt sure that in less than three minutes I should be in the spout, and a dead man. My efforts were in vain; there was a certain circle beyond which I could not go. Once the thought came into my mind that, to save myself from the horrors of the death before me, I had better open a vein and bleed to death; but I could not find my knife, and had I found it, I might not have been able to use it. Well, I saw everything plainly. There was no hope for me; I must die, and must look and wait for my death. When hope deserted me, a kind of resignation to my fate succeeded, and I closed my eyes warily, never thinking to open them again.

"Gradually my body slid downward. The noise of the grain rushing through the valve or gate became louder and louder; and the stifling dust was thicker and heavier. A thousand unseen, irresistible forces were drawing me to destruction. Suddenly my body fell several feet. I felt the tremendous suction of the whirlpool. The grain crept up my breast and back as if to squeeze the life out of me; it ascended higher and I clasped my throat. Then I closed my eyes and waited for death. I no longer feared its terrors.

"At this moment I felt that there was a strange silence; even in my half-conscious condition I realized a change in my surroundings. The dust began to settle. I realized what had happened.

"The valve was closed."

"At the very gate of death opened to receive me, there was an obstacle, and I fainted away with joy. When I became conscious again, I heard a voice crying out:

"Is anybody down there?" said this voice. That question was twice repeated before I could answer, and so faintly that it was but a husky whisper.

"It's all humbug, a false alarm, Jim," said another voice. "We are fooling by travelling up and down these twenty stories. We can't stop work for such nonsense."

"It's not a humbug," said the one who had first spoken. "You saw as well as I, the shovel, and hat, and shirt come through the spout. There's a man to follow, this way or that. Hilloo there!"

"It seemed to me as if I had the nightmare, so hard did I try to speak out, but I didn't make a noise. Yet, when I heard them going away, leaving me to my horrible death, the noise in me got the better of my throat, and I yelled so that I myself was frightened. The men came back.

"I knew he was there," said Jim. "Are you hurt man? Of course he is, or he would not be there. Where the devil is the ladder? That looks strange—it's hanging over the beam. Give me the rope and lantern."

"I saw the light, a blessed star of relief, come slowly down against the wall of the bin. A little later, I was raised, as tenderly as possible, to the top of the bin and thence carried to earth. A surgeon was soon obtained. He looked at my arm that was making me cry with pain.

"Mortification. Amputation," was the judgment, and the arm was cut off. "That is all," said my guest, drinking his liquor and raising from his seat.

"And what has become of Tom Brinton?" I asked as he reached the door.

"I'm looking for him," he answered with the old ugly look about the eyes and mouth, and he stalked out of the door into the night."—Beadle's Monthly.

## ARTEMUS WARD'S THRESHING MACHINE.

My wife's a exceedingly practical woman. I love her much, however, and humor her little ways. It's a reckless falsehood that she henpecks me, and that the young man in our neighborhood who said to me as I was darning my shirt with a gentle cocktail at the village tavern—who said to me in these very langwidge, "Go, home, old man, unless you want another tea pot thrown at you by B. J.," probably regrets having said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle youth, and I permit no person to allude to her as B. J., outside the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must polish you off." He was a able-bodied young man, and removin his coat he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said yes, if there was a powder grinder handy, nothin' would afford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin' me to make a rapid retreat into the Breplace.

I hadn't no idea that the enemy was so well organized. But I rallied and went for him in a rather vigris style for my time of life. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes had only elapsed after the first hit, when he was carried home on a shutter. His mammy met the sollum procession at the door, and after kearily lookin' her offspring over, she said: "My son, I see how it is distinguished. You've been foolin' around a thrashin' machine. You went in at the place where they put the grain into the thingamajig, and let the hosses tread on you, didn't you son?" The pen of no livin' orther could describe that unfortunate young man's situation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and nussed him till he got well. His regular original father had been sent to the war. I told him I would be a father to him myself. He smiled a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wuss than two fathers to him.

## THE MISERIES OF A BACHELOR.