The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 36. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1867. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PADDY RUN COAL COMPANY,

OF SHICKSHINNY, PENNSYLVANIA.

CAPITAL $150,000.

JOHN M. STACKHOUSE, President.
CHAS. A. BOONE, Secretary and Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

John M. Stackhouse, Nathl. Campbell,
Chas. A. Boone, Peter Stackhouse,
A. M'Connell.

OFFICE:

MAIN STREET, SHICKSHINNY, PA.

The lands held by this Company, consist of

FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE ACRES,

and adjoining lands of Messrs. Stanton, Campbell and others, situated in Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne county, Pa., in the western part of the Great Northern or Wyoming Coal Basin.

A very careful and thorough examination recently made has proven that the money intended to be expended will reach a very amount of the very best quality of anthracite coal, having every facility that could be desired for immediate operation on all directions. The above tract is crossed by a good road, and also directly in front, and joining it, the Susquehanna & Shickshinny Railroad, and the Wyoming canal, thus affording the very best facilities for carrying coal and canal running to the very points of the waters without expense to the company.

The measurement of the different veins seems already developed was carefully examined and added together the thickness of the veins, including the celebrated "Red Ash," "Black Mammoth," or "Diamond Tunnel" vein, is thirty-one and a half feet, giving every entire yard of which will yield a ton, giving a large amount of the best quality of coal.

The location is such that all the Acres may be easily and cheaply mined, and at much less expense than can be used near collieries operating below water level.

The coal can be mined, at no an time through adits or tunnels without raising the water from the valleys and saves the hoisting of the coal, besides eligibility of the locations for cheap railroading to the markets. Very large the "Diamond Tunnel" or "Red Ash" vein has not yet opened, and is now considered as fine a quality of coal as has ever been produced in the anthracite regions. The [illegible] in application to [illegible] property for [illegible] per day. The [illegible] an unlimited supply of water and the [illegible] [illegible] Where given the [illegible] [illegible] of many acres of land. The [illegible] that should all variable coal lands be taken [illegible] [illegible] to be very valuable of large [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] easily and cheaply [illegible] in the market value, while with the [illegible] [illegible] increasing demand for [illegible] and the diminished and [illegible] there is every reason to be confident of the future, though [illegible] from working [illegible] of the [illegible], Pottsville, Tuscarora, Hazleton, Middletown, Harrisburg and Columbia, to the cities of Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia, to the extent of [illegible] tons, you can easily be convinced of the [illegible] [illegible] to be found in [illegible] lands.

In order to be able to open their works on a more extensive scale, this company has decided to continue their original offer to receive on the following terms, viz: A subscription of [illegible] dollars for every share of stock.

Specific contracts are offered to dealers in coal as agents. Pamphlets and circulars will be sent to any who wish to become subscribers, by addressing

TICKNOR & PHILLIPS, Publishers,
Boston, Mass.

J. H. LONGSTRETH,

PAPER-HANGING WAREHOUSE,
No. 12 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL.

This well-known and long tested and reputable house has been refitted and refurnished in neat style the above well-known House, situated

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

in the northern part of Columbia and Sullivan counties, in one of the most romantic and healthful regions in the country is now prepared to accommodate visitors and sojourners

WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

The food and streams are well stocked with game and fish of many kinds including

TROUT AND PIKE,

and boats for good order will be kept for the accommodation and amusement of guests, either for fishing or pleasure excursions upon this beautiful sheet of water which is

SEVERAL MILES IN EXTENT.

Surrounded by an extensive Forest, there is afforded to the lovers of nature a splendid field for his own peculiar sports, and exercise with his

DOG AND GUN.

His larder will be always provided with the delicacies of the season, and his Bar stocked with Choice Liquors. The House is large and commodious; the Stabling extensive and safe.

The House is reached from several points on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and is a pleasant place to pass the hot months of Summer.

May 17, 1867-1m. E. B. HAYHURST.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and favorably-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that the 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 house for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His bar is specious, and enjoys an excellent business position.

Conveyances to and from all places between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by whom travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to catch the cars.

JOHN G. CASLOW.

Bloomsburg, March 22, 1867.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STOHNER,

HAVING lately purchased and fitted up the well-known house on the Diagonal, located at

THE JUNCTION OF THE COURT HOUSE,

on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg and having obtained a license for the same sell

RESTAURANT,

The Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM,

and a little more attention than is usual to be paid to put visitors at their ease. He points to his long tried reputation as a caterer for the public patronage, and promises that every thing shall be conducted in an orderly and liberal manner, and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [apr27-6m.

STEVENS HOUSE,

N. 24 N. & 27 RAILROAD WAY, N. Y.

Opposite Hosting Depot,

BY THE BLOOMSBURG PEAS.

This popular old House is well and widely known to the travelling public. The location is especially desirable to merchants and business men; it is in the business part of the city, in the immediate vicinity of the Depots of Southern and Western railroads and adjacent to all the principal railroad and steamboat depots.

The Stevens House has 300 rooms, and accommodation for 500 guests. It is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its guests. The table is always bountiful and the bills moderately low. Omnibuses and baggage wagons of the Stevens run free to and from all the principal depots, and passengers can be conveyed to the Stevens House at any hour of the day or night by calling at the office of the company, corner of Broadway and Dey street, or at the office on the ground floor of the Stevens House.

GEO. K. CHASE & CO.,
Proprietors.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor,

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone many changes in its internal arrangements, and is now in every respect equal to its former reputation as one of the most popular hotels in the country. The bar will always be found supplied with the choicest liquors, and the table with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors are all purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous adulterations. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will endeavor to merit a continuance of it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

THE SWAN HOTEL,

(THE RUFUS DAVIS)

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken the above well known Hotel, and that he has refitted it throughout in a style second to none in the country. The table will always be found supplied with the best the market can afford, and the bar with choice liquors.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

and a good stable attached. The patronage of travellers and others is respectfully solicited.

JOHN SNYDER.

Orangeville, Pa., March 15, 1867.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

The undersigned has just fitted up a saloon in the above place of business and has now on hand a choice stock of

CHOICE LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

consisting of

WINES, BRANDIES, GINS, WHISKIES, ALE AND PORTER.

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT AND SEGARS.

LAWSON CALMAN,
Superintendent.

Bloomsburg, May 3, 1867.

THE ISPY HOTEL,

ISPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken the above well known House, formerly kept by Jacob Snyder, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

and the best of liquors will be found at the bar. Persons travelling will find this a pleasant place to stop for refreshment.

WM. REMLEY.

Ispy, Pa., April 19, 1867.

BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

SILAS M. PIM, PROPRIETOR.

The above well-known hotel has recently been refitted and refurnished throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to accommodate his friends and the public with good fare, lodging and good attendance. The bar will be supplied with the choicest liquors, and the stable with good provender. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SUSQUEHANNA HOTEL,

Columbia, Pa.

The above Hotel has lately been purchased by HENRY A. CLARK, and has been thoroughly refitted, refurnished, and refitted. It will be kept in good order for the accommodation of travellers. The proprietor will also keep a good Livery attached to the Hotel, and intends to make it the best Hotel in the county. His bar will be supplied with the choicest liquors, and his table with the best the market can afford.

HENRY A. CLARK.

THE UNION HOTEL,

Arch street, between Third and Fourth streets, Philadelphia.

CHRIST & WEBER, Proprietors.

GERARD HOUSE,

Corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets,

Philadelphia.

R. W. KANAGA,
Proprietor.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

S. E. CORNER FOURTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. & W. G. M'KIBBIN, Proprietors.

May 15, 1867-6m.

To Hotel and Saloon keepers of Bloomsburg and Columbia County.—I have appointed Mr. B. Stohner agent for the sale of my ale, porter brown stout, and lager beer, who will supply you at the same price and with the same articles, as I would furnish you from the brewery. Knowing that he will be punctual and attentive to all who may favor him with their trade, I solicit for him your support. Very respectfully,

FRED LAUER,
Steam Brewery, Reading, Pa.

M. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. E. R. ARTMAN.

ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,

No. 236 NORTH THIRD STREET,

(Shortly opposite Jones, Reed, Lentz & Co.)

Wholesale Dealers in

VARNS, BATTING, WADDING, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES, FLY NETS, GRAIN BAGS, CORDAGE, &C. ALSO, WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE, BRUSHES, TRUNKS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC.

May 10, 1867-1y.

THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE principles of this paper are of 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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square	$2,00	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,00
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Four squares	6,00	8,00	10,00	14,00	20,00
Half column	10,00	12,00	15,00	20,00	30,00
One column	15,00	18,00	20,00	30,00	40,00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice $2,00; Auditor's Notice $2,50. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance—all others due after the first insertion.

☞ If 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 job work, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,
"Columbian Office,"
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by CHAS. M. VANDERSLOUS, FRANK H. SNYDER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. LVELLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Archbald, Lackawanna County, Penn'a.

M. E. JACKSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

M. M. TRAUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
CENTRALIA, PA.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. L. B. KLINE,
A graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, having permanently located, offers his professional services to the citizens of Catawissa and vicinity. Office on Main street, second door east of Creasy & Johnson's Building. [apr6'67-6m

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ Office—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. [Jan'67.

J. B. ROBISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Office in Cleaver's Building, Main Street, West of the American House. [may2'67.

AUCTIONEER.

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends that he is ready to cry sales, rightly and sellfree to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [mar8'67.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,
Late Assistant Medical Bureau U. S. Army,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
☞ Office at the house opposite Shive's Brick, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Calls promptly attended to both night and day.
Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, &c.
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

S. C. SHIVE,
CABINET MAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER BY STEAM OF
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, SHUTTERS, MOULDINGS, WINDOW FRAMES, &C.
MAIN STREET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
June 28, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON,
Over Wolfsheyer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Hair freshly and tastefully colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautify the hair; will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. [apr1'67.

C. E. SAVAGE,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELRY,
Main Street, near the Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Constantly on hand a fine assortment of
AMERICAN AND SWISS WATCHES,
Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware and Spectacles.
Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles.
☞ Masonic marks made to order. All work warranted. [apr1'67.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING neatly executed at THE COLUMBIAN Steam Printing Office.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

A MEMORY.

BY RAMON ROSS.

LONELY, in my room, I'm sitting,
In the shades of evening pale;
Whither, wayward thought, art flitting,
Efforts of my pen but fail.

Wherefore, in the twilight musing,
As I look out on the sea;
Bring'st thou, backward, through the gloaming
Visions of the past, to me?

Bringest back the glances thrilling,
That mine eyes but once have met,
And the tones, with rapture filling,
My lone spirit, even yet.

As, with fille pen, I ponder,
Seeking vainly for a theme;
Why, O, thought, will thou still wander
Mid the relics of a dream?

For, 'twas but a dream came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er may'st know again;
Coulder years cannot restore thee,
All the moments lost thee then.

A life for one day's madness given,
Rapture past for future woe;
Yet, in those moments, so near heaven,
Almost they brought its bliss below.

Miscellaneous.

STORY OF A PRECIOUS STONE.

ABOUT the beginning of the eighteenth century, a poor Arab, unable to earn a comfortable subsistence by labor, who possessed neither house nor lodging of any kind, after working all day in the fields, habitually passed the night among the tombs. Once when the summer was hotter than usual, he happened to be engaged in the cornfields by a wealthy peasant, who lived near the ruins of Achoris. As soon as night fell, the south-west wind blowing like the breath of a furnace across the Great Desert, drove every person to seek for shelter within doors, or behind some walls or rocks. The individual of whose indigence we have spoken was called Sibbi, and he had no friends or relatives to whom he could apply for assistance in his distress. When the hour for closing the doors of the cottages arrived, therefore, he found himself excluded from every dwelling, and wandered away sorrowfully in the dark towards the mountains which overhung the valley on the eastern side. Arrived at the rocks, panting and half-stifled by the hot wind, he climbed up a little in search of coolness. The higher he mounted the pleasanter it became. Through the great gaps in the rocks which at times brought down a current of east wind upon the city, nothing now came but a sort of eddy of the night air, less scorching than the fierce furnace-blast upon the plain below. Sibbi felt refreshed by this slight improvement in the state of the atmosphere, and continued filling up through the rents in the face of the precipice till he reached the edge of the great cistern which once supplied twenty thousand persons with their daily allowance of water. Here he sat down, thinking the air absolutely delicious. Even the wind of fifty days was tempered into sweetness by that elevation, and sported and played among the honey-combed crags like a breeze of Enna or Arcadia. Refreshed and soothed, Sibbi at length slept; and the sun was already lighting up the desert, and sheathing the broad river with gold, when he awoke. Sibbi was not a worshipper of the picturesque. He was hungry, and hunger is insensible to the charms of scenery. The hour, he knew, would soon be at hand when he must descend into the hot valley, and moisten his coarse black bread with the sweat of his brow; too happy even so to ward off the threatened visit of death. But as he sat in this quiet and breezy spot, he experienced extreme reluctance to renew his labors. Why not enjoy hunger and illness for one day? He could lie in the shadow of the cliff, and look down proudly upon the slaves, scorching and frying among the dhourra stubble below. He resolved to enjoy this luxury, and remained sitting on the edge of the cistern, gazing at the heaps of whitish dust with which two thousand years had nearly filled the mighty reservoir. His eye at length alighted on a small object that immediately rivited all his attention. It looked like a fragment of lunar light gleaming softly and serenely in the rich sunshine. What could it be? It was by no means easy to descend into the reservoir, and when there it might prove still less easy to climb out again. But the love of adventure is generally the feeling uppermost in the mind of an Arab. Without taking much counsel of prudence, Sibbi leaped into the cistern, and with beating heart approached the object which had lured him into the gulf. There, flanked by two pieces of chalky stone, it lay drinking in the morning light, and then reflecting it upon the eye softened and subdued as if by magic. With the experience which seems common to all orientals, he understood it was some rare gem, and the word which he beheld engraven on its surface might for aught he knew, be the Great Name by which Suleiman transported the treasures of Kaf into his regal palace among the cedars.

Sibbi had some scruple about touching this wonderful amulet, whose powers might shake the mountains, and call up around him all the terrible legends of the Jinn. But courage came to him as he gazed. If it be not supernatural, he thought, it may still sell for a great deal in Cairo; and emboldened by this practical consideration, Sibbi picked up the gem and concealed it carefully in his bosom. The next question was how to escape from the reservoir. The rock all round was smooth, polished and perpendicular, and little less than three times his own height. But everybody is acquainted with the mother of invention, who now came to the aid of the captive Arab, so that by heaping up great stones and quantities of dust against the smooth and slippery rock, he contrived to escape from his prison.

Sibbi now believed himself to be in possession of wealth, and his heart was elated accordingly. He descended hastily into the valley, and without noticing whether the wind that blew was hot or cold, hurried along the path by the river's side towards the Mother of Cities. No one who has ever considered the oriental mind can fail to have been struck by its strong propensity toward building castles in the air. Half the pleasures of life in the east spring from this faculty, which levels mountains, dries seas, fills up valleys, and creates at the least touch a paradise in the desert. During his first day's journey, Sibbi was indebted to his imagination for immunity from hunger and thirst; but on the second morning he was fain to have recourse to the proverbial hospitality of his country-men, and beg a little bread to preserve his stomach from a complete collapse. The more he pondered on his situation, the less enviable did it begin to appear. Who would be the purchaser of the gem he had found? Might he not be suspected of having stolen it, be bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet till he should be half dead? Who would give credit to story of the cistern and the ruined city? "Verily," though he, "they will say it is an imposture; and I may be condemned and put to death as a thief." Being, nevertheless, persuaded that nothing can happen but what is written, he comforted himself with the reflection, that if he were hanged, it could only be in accordance with destiny. On, therefore, he went, and in due time arrived at Cairo.

In that great city, which, in miniature represents the whole east, he found a caravansary suited to his wants, and entering, was waited on by a young woman, who served all travellers, especially the poor and humble, for charity. At first, he had some thought of imparting his secret to her, and taking counsel of her—and well would it have been for him had he done so—but he reflected that the owners of great wealth are surrounded by snares, and that this woman might be in league with the children of the wicked. Accordingly, he accepted her kindness, held his peace, and departed on the morrow, bestowing on her nothing but his blessing, which, in fact, except the gem, was all he had to bestow. With many doubts and much trembling he approached the shop of a lapidary in the southeastern angle of the great bazaar; and, taking out the jewel from his bosom, which he did with the air and aspect of a convicted thief, he presented it to the master, and inquired what he would give for it. The jeweller was one of those crafty and cruel men who built up their own opulence on the ruin of others. He immediately said to himself: "This Arab is a robber, who has broken into some mosque and stolen this marvellous opal from the sacred treasury. I will threaten to take him before the cadi; conscious of guilt, he will effect his escape, and the gem will become mine." But the delight imparted by this guilty scheme could not repress the jeweller's admiration for the extraordinary beauty of the opal, amid the streaks of whose clouds the cunning hand of some ancient engraver had interwoven, as it were, the letters of the Great Name.

Sibbi, though no proficient in physiognomy, yet saw enough in the jeweller's face to warn him of his danger, and while he turned around and loudly gave orders to a slave to fetch the *cadi*, or police magistrate, the poor Arab snatched the opal from the jeweller's hand, and rushed forth into the street, followed by the wicked master of the shop, and a whole posse of slaves shouting "Thief, thief!"

Sibbi's worst fears now presented themselves to his mind, and lent wings to his feet. Dashing along without looking before him, he overthrew three donkeys, two blind men, and an old female cake seller, who called him pig and an infidel, and preferred sundry accusations against his innocent mother, now in her grave. Sibbi heeded her not, but plunging into the crowd, he found himself in the midst of a procession of dervishes who struck him with the palms of their hands for interrupting their public devotions. Escaping from these ostentatious penitents, he slipped into a dark passage, but upon emerging at its further extremity into the street, he found himself face to face with the jeweller, who was in the very act of laying his complaint before the wali.

"Ha!" exclaimed the wretch, "behold there is the thief: seize him, and you will find the gem upon his person."

An aged dervish, with long white beard and majestic countenance, stood by chance close to Sibbi as the words of this accusation were uttered. He did not speak, but giving the Arab a look, unperceived of the bystanders, held his hand half open by his side. Understanding his meaning, Sibbi put the opal into his hand, upon which, calm and unperturbed the dervish passed on.

Reduced to his original penury Sibbi felt his courage revive. "Are you mad?" he exclaimed, addressing the jeweller with a fearless countenance. "What do you talk of? Gems! I am an Arab so poor as not even to possess an asper. Search me," he continued, to the wali, "and you will immediately perceive the truth of my statement."

The worthy magistrate had learned, in the course of his dealings with mankind, to distinguish an honest face from a false one. "I believe your words," he said to Sibbi; "but be frank with me: something has passed between you and this jeweller; explain what it was, and you have the assurance of a believer in the Book that no harm shall befall you on account of your confidence."

Thus appealed to, the unfortunate Sibbi related his whole story; upon which the wali's countenance assumed a terrible expression, and he exclaimed: "Verily, the wickedness of mankind is great! I took you to be an honest man, whereas it seems you are a shameless impostor. Produce the gem instantly, or prepare for a dungeon, the bastinado and the bow string." In spite of his protestations, Sibbi was dragged to prison, and the jeweller, with all his friends, was invited to witness his torture and execution on the following day.

Meanwhile the dervish, who lived at the college of the Mosque of Flowers, shut himself up in his oratory, and placed the opal before him on a table of black jasper. Never had he beheld anything so magnificent. Nature, when making this stone, seems to have chosen as a pattern one of those pearly clouds which, filled with soft light, hover about the rising moon, veined, streaked, and fretted with the pale glimmer of the dawn. It has upon the sight the effect of a section of the sky when beauty is filling it to overflowing. But in the estimation of the dervish, the loveliness it had received from the hand of the great Archetype was nothing compared with the charm of the great Archetype's name, composed of four letters the—tetragrammaton of the western world—by pronouncing which, with suitable rites, man may command the services of all spirits. The dervish, as might be supposed, was no connoisseur in precious stones, but being possessed by a strong sense of beauty, his admiration increased as he placed the opal in various lights, and held it up between his finger and thumb towards the sun. Sparks of crimson, purple, and violent appeared to flash from it as he gazed, till they were concentrated and lost in a ruby-colored flame, which glanced and coruscated into all the hues of the rainbow as he changed the position of the stone.

Quitting the Medresi, the dervish proceeded to the house of an honest jeweller with whom he had long been acquainted, and showing him the opal, demanded to know its value.

"It is worth the revenues of a pachalic," replied the lapidary; "but there is no jeweller in Cairo sufficiently wealthy to purchase it."

"Supposing it were shown the Governor," inquired the dervish, "might he not, since he is extremely rich, be inclined to buy it at its full value?"

"I would not be the man," whispered the lapidary, "to manage the negotiation—he would certainly seize upon the gem, and bastinado me to death."

"What, then, is to be done?" said the dervish in perplexity.

The jeweller mused awhile, and then exclaimed:

"There is here in Cairo a rich merchant from India, who leaves to-night with the caravan for Syria; he will buy the opal, and enrich its owner with fifty thousand dinars of gold."

"It would endow a college," exclaimed the dervish.

"It would purchase a pachalic," rejoined the lapidary.

These suggestions were merely parenthetical. The jeweller carried the opal to the merchant, who gave for it a still larger sum than had been named. The dervish, when he had received the money offered to reward the jeweller for his trouble; but unless he could purchase the office of a pacha, he was already sufficiently opulent to be regardless of gain: he therefore refused the dervish's offer. The latter, causing the gold to be tied up in two leathern bags, had it borne before him by slaves to his apartment in the college, where he carefully locked it up. He then proceeded to the house of the wali, who was asleep, and his slaves, apprehensive of his severity, refused to wake him. Being questioned, however, they informed him that their master had left with his lieutenant orders respecting the Arab, who, according to the best of their belief, was to be strangled in the morning. Having received this cheering information, the dervish hastened to the lieutenant's house, and found him surrounded by spies and executioners, and furiously intoxicated with bang. With such a man he perceived there was nothing to be done; so he repaired to the prison, and through the influence of his sacred character, easily obtained admittance. Having consulted with Sibbi, it was agreed that escape from injustice should be purchased with money. The jailors were bribed; and the Arab found himself at liberty with a fortune larger than that of any other man in Cairo. Leaving the bulk of his property in the hands of the dervish, he proceeded to Constantinople, where he purchased from the sultan the office of cadi, and returned to reform the manners of his native country. He received his reward. Having pronounced a righteous judgment in a difficult cause, he was stabbed by the unsuccessful suitor, and was soon followed to the grave by the old dervish. The bags of dinars became the property of the Mosque of Flowers, and were employed in building that beautiful oratory at the door of which two hundred poor persons still receive a loaf daily by the posthumous charity of Sibbi.

What became of the opal? The merchant who had purchased it was killed near Alexandria, among the ruins of which the gem was lost; some years later it was picked up by a fellah, who sold it for two or three piasters to Robody, the dragoman of the French Consulate. This man, who understood nothing of its value, asked Hasselquist, the Swedish traveller, how much it might be worth, but received no satisfactory answer. It afterwards passed into the hands of Lirancourt, French Consul at Cairo, who carried it to Constantinople, where it seems to have been bought by the French Embassador. Lastly, some time before the great Revolution, it became the property of the famous Duc de Nivernois, who used to exhibit it to admiring visitors at his gorgeous soirees in London. According to some, it afterward passed into Russia; but we are altogether unable to trace its fortunes beyond the troubles which broke out in France after the storming of the Bastile.

AN unmitigated wretch compiles the following memoranda for young ladies: "Have a good piano or none. Be sure to have a "dreadful cold" when asked to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding, but don't faint. Always scream at a spider. Never leave your curl papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are "engaged" if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. Never faint unless it is convenient to fall into the arms of the young gentleman you love. Remember, it is vulgar in the extreme to know what your mother is going to have for dinner. When you go shopping be sure you take your ma along with you to carry the bundles.

"TIME is money" only when it "passes."

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

THE following story—only the concluding portion of which we give—is told by Judge J——, of Jackson, Texas, of John Rolfe, a backwoods man. Rolfe, a tall hunter, dressed in deerskin and armed with a revolver, rifle and bowie knife, visits Jackson, calls on the Judge at his residence, (with the narrator) and thus relieved his mind:

"You see, Judge, early day before yesterday morning, I started for this place, and as I wouldn't chise! I went without eating the whole day. I slept in the woods, and yesterday morning I got up as hungry as a panther; and as I walked along, thinks I, what am I to do? I never see game so scarce; there wasn't so much as a squirrel to be found. I'm above cheating and man out of his dinner, but I felt that a dinner I must have. Just then a fellow comes riding along the road. I talked to him, and tried to borrow, swearing to pay at any place he might name, in a week; but the fellow told me he paid his way out of his own pocket, and he'd too little to to divide.

"How much have you got?" said I.

"Two-fifty," said he.

"Now, thinks I, that is too little to divide. So, while he's looking another way, I shoots him through the head, and gin him as decent a burial as I could under an old log, and took the two dollars and a half. But it won't do; my conscience misgives me. I'm sorry for it, and wish the fellow could have his money back, if he could be alive. Between you and me, as it's too late for that, I think I ought to be hung."

The Judge called his little black boy, ordered three papers of tobacco, and we smoked in silence.

"Then you really think you ought to be hung?" he said with compassion, as he whiffed a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"I do, in fact," answered Rolfe, emitting a similar volume of vapor.

The Judge smoked, and considered again.

"Well, we'll try to hang you," he added.

There was an expression of gratitude in Rolfe's eyes as he replied:

"Thank you. That will ease my conscience."

The Judge again knocked the ashes from his pipe, and spoke:

"Well, come here again in an hour. I'll try to get a jury."

Rolfe and myself having laid our pipes on the table, were about leaving, when the Judge asked us to take a drink, which, having done, we bade him good morning.

At the expiration of half an hour, we returned, when we found some twelve men drinking and smoking with the magistrate, awaiting us. We were politely requested to sit down.

"Now," said the Judge, addressing himself to Rolfe, "tell the gentlemen what you have already told me."

Whereupon, Rolfe repeated the statement he had before.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the first speaker, "I wish you to say if this gentleman—Mr. Rolfe your name is, eh? Well, there's some fine brandy; make yourself perfectly at home; gentlemen, do you find John Rolfe guilty, or not guilty of murder? In addition to what he said, I will observe for your information, that I have sent out and found the body just where he stated it to be."

The jury smoked, rose up, took a little brandy and water, and then sat down again, and smoked in silence for some time. At last one of them, who appeared to be the foreman, said:

"The case is tolerably clear, and we rather think he's guilty."

"There's more tobacco on the table," said the Judge to Rolfe, "the best you can find anywhere. You have heard what these gentlemen have said. Well," he continued, a little uneasily. "I don't like to tell you in my own house;—"

"Let that be no hindrance," said Rolfe, filling and lighting his pipe.

"Well, then," continued the Judge, "come here at ten o'clock in the morning, and I'll have you hung."

Rolfe looked discontented, and appeared mortified at the idea of asking a favor.

"You—you have been so kind to me," he said, hesitatingly, "that I hardly like to ask you for anything more."

"Not at all," replied the Judge. "Out with it: you are welcome to it before you ask."

"Well," said Rolfe, "I wish—to-morrow is my ague day, and the shakes come on at ten—would you be so good as to hang me at nine?"

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the good-hearted Judge, shaking Rolfe by the hand. "Nine it shall be."

Accordingly John Rolfe went to the inn, paid his bill, and the next morning was hung as the clock struck nine.

THE EDITOR'S TRIALS.—Few persons have a just conception of an editor's trials. They are as numerous as the sands upon the sea shore. He is expected always to have something funny. If he does not his paper is dull and prosy. If he does not have it full of accidents, elopements, or murders, it is uninteresting. If he does not publish every nonsensical communication, he is a blockhead and not fit to be an editor. If he does not give everybody but the fault finder a rub occasionally, the paper is stale and unworthy of support. If he does, everybody else is mad and threatens to stop the paper. If too much or too little truth is told he is threatened with a libel suit. If it contains no political matter he is a coward; if a little political information it is all wrong. Some say more attention should be given to miscellaneous literature, others to finance, others to markets, others to improvements, and a thousand others have their mind made up how a paper should be conducted, and no two of them can agree. Under such circumstances how can it be expected that the editor of a paper can suit everybody.—*Scranton Register.*

THE great art of life is to play for much and stake little. In other words, "to buy cheap and sell dear."

BROTHER CRAWFORD'S SERMON.

A SOUTHERN exchange gives this as the first sermon of a new minister in a village in that section. He began apologetically as follows:

"You don't see me to-day in the dress I allers wear; I come among you as a stranger and am now tricked out in my store clothes. I am not a proud man, but I thought it would be more becoming among strangers."

After this he raised a hymn in which the congregation joined. He then began his sermon.

My dear brethren and sisters, first and foremost, I'm gwine to tell you the affecting partin' I had with my congregation at Bethel Chapel. After I had got through with my farewell sermon as I come down outen the pulpit, the old gray-headed brethren and sisters who listened to my voice twenty years, crowded around me and with sobbing voices and tearful eyes, said—Farewell, brother Crawford!

As I walked down the aisle, the young ladies, tricked out in their finery, brass jewelry, gewgaws, jim-cracks, paints and flounces, looked up with their bright eyes, and pronounced with their rosy lips—Farewell—brother Crawford!

The young men, in their tight pants, new boots, high collars and dashy waistcoats—smelling of pomatum and cigar-smoke—with shanghai coats, and striped Zebra pants—they too said—Farewell, brother Crawford!

The little children—lambs in the fold—lifted up their tiny hands and small voices, and with one accord said—Farewell, brother Crawford!

The colored brethren of the congregation now came forward (black sheep who had been admitted to the fold under my ministry) with tears rolling down their cheeks, they too said—Farewell, brother Crawford!

As I got on my horse and bade adieu to my congregation forever—I turned to take a last look at the church where I had preached more than twenty years, and as I gazed at its dilapidated walls and moss-covered roof—it too seemed to say—farewell, brother Crawford!

As I rode through the village the people who poked their heads outen the windows and the servants who leant on their brooms, all seemed to say—Farewell, brother Crawford!

As I passed along down the highway, through the forest, the wind, as it sighed and whistled through the tree tops, playing on the leaves and branches the burden of salvation, it seemed to say—Farewell, brother Crawford!

Crossing a little creek that was gurgling and singing over the pebbly bed, as it rejoiced on its way to the great ocean of eternity, it too seemed to say Farewell, brother Crawford.

As I rode along down a hot dusty lane, an old sow that was asleep in a fence corner, jumped out of a sudden with a loud broo-too, broo-too; she too seemed to say—Farewell, brother Crawford!

My horse got frightened and jumped from under me, and as he curled his tail over his back—kicked up his heels and ran off; he too seemed to say—Farewell, brother Crawford!

TOUCHING PASSAGE.—"There is a God!" The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him; the insects sport in his beams; the elephant salutes him with the rising of the day; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares his immensity. Unite in thought at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers and forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing upon that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star which is sinking and fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dews of morning? At every instant of the day