The Columbian.

VOL. II.—NO. 2. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n47

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n48

CLOTHING, &c.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. vl-n43

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc; Hartman's building, Main street. vl-n45

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. vl-n44

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n45

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., nearly opposite American house. vl-n46

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. vl-n45

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite American house. vl-n43

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. vl-n47

HENRY KLEIN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. vl-n43

DAVID RITZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. vl-n45

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n45

Dr. R. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n46

J. B. M'KELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n45

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. vl-n47

Dr. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n47

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey building, Main st. vl-n48

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. vl-n43

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west st. vl-n48

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n44

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. vl-n45

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. vl-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Dalzier Leacock superintendent. vl-n45

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, Wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n43

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. vl-n43

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by J. F. CASLOW, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. vl-n43

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. vl-n45

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. vl-n43

J. F. CASLOW, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel, Lawson Calman, superintendent vl-n43

W. H. GILLMORE, refreshment saloon, Shive's block south side Main st. vl-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, confectionery, groceries etc, Main st., above Court House. vl-n48

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street. vl-n43

M'KELVY, NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and market st. vl-n46

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above court house. vl-n47

C. C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

REV. A. HARTMAN, dry goods, notions, and groceries, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. vl-n43

H. H. BUNSENBURGH, agent, groceries, tobacco, and confectionary, Main st., below American house. vl-n43

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone cheapstore, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. vl-n43

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionerie, Main st., just above court house. vl-n43

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and limber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. vl-n43

J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc., Shive's block, Main st., below Iron. vl-n43

J. R. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. vl-n43

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, guns, etc, Main st., below Iron. vl-n43

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, House-keeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. vl-n43

L. T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., west of Market st. vl-n43

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. vl-n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

J. F. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

N. W. BARTON, tobacconist, and dealer in stove coal Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court house. vl-n48

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tanner, Southdown.

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n48

W. J. BIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. vl-n43

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture room vl-n48

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. vl-n43

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash mutual fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. vl-n43

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Chemberlin's alley, east Sharpless' locality. vl-n43

I. S. KUHN, dealer in meat tollow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, back of American house. vl-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n47

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. vl-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Israel Mumma, corner of Main and Pine st. vl-n47

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. vl-n47

D. K. SLOAN, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. vl-n47

THOMAS BUCKLE, saddle and Harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n47

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc. Main st., above the swan Hotel. vl-n47

SAMUEL EVERETT, Druggist & Apothecary, Main Street. vl-n47

A. & L. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main st., next door to the brick hotel. vl-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main st., below Pine. vl-n47

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. vl-n47

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Groceries &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. vl-n47

H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n47

WILLIAM BELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl-n49

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n47

ADAM SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co, Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. vl-n47

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy vl-n47

A. R. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. vl-n47

SAMUEL M. PRENTISS, Veterinary Surgeon at the Brick Hotel, corner of Main and Pine Sts. vl-n47

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light street. vl-n45

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker.

F. P. KELLEY, Blacksmith, opposite post office. vl-n46

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. vl-n46

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. vl-n46

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. vl-n46

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. vl-n46

PETER W. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n46.

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, groceries, grain, lumber etc., Jerseytown. vl-n46

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. vl-n46

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL.

THE undersigned having leased and re-furnished in good style the above well-known House, situate

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

in the borders of Columbia and Sullivan counties, in one of the most beautiful and healthful regions in the State; is fully prepared to accommodate visitors and sojourners

WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

The Pond and streams are well stocked with delicious fish of many kinds including

TROUT AND PIKE,

and boats in 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 huntsman 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 Pure Liquors. The House is large and commodious; the Stabling extensive and safe.

The House is reached from several points on the Bloomsburg & Lackawanna Railroad; and is a splendid place to pass the hot months of Summer.

E. R. HAYHURST.

May 17, 1867—6m.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STORNER.

HAVING lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a

FEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE,

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

RESTAURANT,

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

A LITTLE MORE ROOM.

His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up in cool buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [may 17, '67—6m.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone extensive changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*Mr Henry*") purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

THE SWAN HOTEL,

[THE UPPER HOUSE.]

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

This subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

a Bar well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. JOHN SNYDER.

Orangeville, Pa., March 15, 1867-1m.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

THE Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon has now on hand a large stock of

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, BOLOGNAS SHEEP TONGUES, SOFTED EGGS, SWEITZER CHEESE,

LAGER BEER, ALE, &c.

☞ COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE. ☜

LAWSON CALMAN,

Superintendent.

Bloomsburg, May 3, 1867.

THE ESPY HOTEL,

ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

a Bar well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. C. H. DIETTERICH.

Espy, Pa., April 12, 1867.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an

OMNIBUS LINE

between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

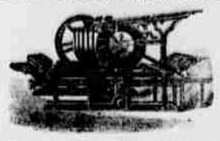
His OMNIBUSES are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accommodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

GENTS Furnishing Goods at CHEM BERLIN'S Store 40—2m.

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 should 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 greatness 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.	1in.	2in.	3in.	6in.	1y.
One square	$2,00	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,00
Two squares	3,00	5,00	6,00	9,00	14,00
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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
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Executor's and Administrator's Notice $3,00; 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.

☞ 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

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"*Columbian Office*,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB

PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill 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.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. [apr29'67.

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.

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 Unangst's Building, Main street, West of the American House. (my24'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of plating, silver or gold. [jan12'67.

AUCTIONEER.

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [mar8'66.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,

(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army,)

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

☞ Office at the house opposite Shive's Block, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Calls promptly attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

S. C. SHIVE,

CABINET MAKER,

AND MANUFACTURER BY STEAM OF

SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,

SHUTTERS, MOULDINGS,

WINDOW FRAMES, &C.

MAIN STREET,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

June 29, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,

FASHIONABLE

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING

AND

SHAMPOOING SALOON,

Over Wilinger & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautifying the hair will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. (apr12'67.

M. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. E. S. RATMAN.

ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,

NO. 22 NORTH THIRD STREET,

(*Nearly opposite Jones, Kent, Souder & Co.*)

Wholesale Dealers in

YARNS, 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.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR

MANUFACTORY,

NO. 513 NORTH THIRD STREET,

Second Door below Wood,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. WARTMAN. H. P. ENGELMAN

EVERY Customer may be sure of a Good Fit or no sale at CHERBERLIN'S Clothing Store. 46—3m.

OUR CO-TENANT AT THE TOWERS.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

I WAS always a stubborn disbeliever in ghostly appearances until I went to live at the Towers, but my experience there was too much for my incredulity.

The first time I ever saw the Towers was on a sweet, summer afternoon, more years ago than I like to think. We had been driving over miles and miles of country road, climbing breezy hills where lonely farmhouses sat overlooking the quiet, pastoral landscape, homelike and happy in their seclusion, swooped down into green hollows where merry rivers ran noisily, and mills clattered, and the horses' feet echoed on the crazy wooden bridge, and the clematis, in full flower, whitened the thickets, and the gentians made the meadows blue, and loitred through dim forests where the birches whispered in the wind, the great oaks uprose, and the silence and religious light awed one like a cathedral; and at last, when the afternoon was in its prime, when the whole western sky was a field of gold, and church tower and tree-top were defined upon it with exquisite distinctness we came upon the village of Landsdowne.

First there came neat white houses set in vines and shrubbery; straggling, moss grown stone walls dividing the pleasant mowing fields; lines of graceful English elms, garlanded about their brown boles with young green leaves, and tempting paths curving prettily between margins of soft turf. And so presently we reached the Towers.

I did not know, at the time, that it owned this soubriquet; afterward I learned that it was the ancestral home of a family more remarkable for influence and wealth than for goodness; a family now quite extinct.

It was a massive three story house, with the end walls of brick; two narrow, tall wings, exceeding the main structure in height, flanked it; the windows were many-paned and old-fashioned; it stood close upon the road, the grass-grown yard, as trim, and green, and velvety as a gentleman's lawn, unclosed. There was a low, insignificant porch over the front door, curiously disproportioned to the height of the building. A girl sat in a chair in front of a porch busy with some needle work.

All around there were homes which must have been the centres of warm, happy life, but the town was utterly still, as if the people were all locked in a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

From far-off mowing fields came the clink of the whetted scythe, now and then an audacious bird dropped a song into the silence; but nothing else stirred.

Years after, when I was soul-sick of noise and worry I did not forget that picture of idyllic quiet. And one day when I happened upon a newspaper with an advertisement setting forth that the house called the Towers, with all its appurtenances was to let, I seized upon it as I thought at once.

We are a large, rollicking, fun-loving family, and we have countless relations. I remembered the long stretch of front wall, and was sure of bedrooms adequate to our bestowment. If I could secure it, one summer was happily provided for.

I wrote to the agent, leased the house, and the first of June we migrated countryward. In an incredibly short space of time we had scattered ourselves all over the house, explored to the attic, taken an inventory of closets—it being a theory of mine that houses are built chiefly to contain those convenient apartments—and made a raid on the orchards and garden. But there being, as Charley said, no fruit ripe except a few green currants, we did not prosecute our investigations any further in that direction.

Returning to the house, we renewed our adventures within it. There was a low wing, joining the main body of the house, where the humbler parts of the work could be performed. It was divided into apartments, the largest and most remote of which had once been used as a kitchen. This was in a pretty dilapidated condition. The plastering was cracked, and in some places falling from the walls. The huge beams that crossed the ceiling were black with ancient smoke, and tapestried with cobwebs. There was a wide, open fire-place with ponderous crane and foot-hooks.

"And what's this?" cried Charlie, laying hold of a rusty iron door. It yielded to his urgent hand and disclosed a yawning entrance to a dark cavern.

"Why, it's the oven, Charlie."

"Sure enough! Hold your candle here, sis." I did so.

"Why, the place is large enough to roast an ox whole," Charlie said.

It was, indeed, and at the further part lay a pile of rubbish, of what sort we could only faintly discern.

"Who knows but there are treasures hid there?" said Charlie, with enthusiasm. "I've a great mind to creep into the den and see."

"No indeed, Charlie! With your best clothes on, too," I remonstrated.

"Whew!"

Charlie looked down at his new grey suit in dismay, then cast a longing, lingering glance at the mouth of the oven.

"There are only ashes there I dare say, Charlie, and you may not get another new suit of clothes when you want them."

"No! It's just possible I mayn't," and Charlie turned heroically away.

"Stay!" he said. "We must put up the door first. Help me, Lu."

I stooped with him and lifted one side of the heavy door.

"Why you needn't try so hard, Lu," said Charlie, looking at me in surprise.

"I? I was thinking that I wasn't lifting a bit," I returned, also surprised.

Charlie stared at me.

"Didn't you breathe hard and fast, and lift almost the whole weight? I thought you were trying to show your muscle."

"Nonsense!" I answered, with indignation. "It was you who breathed like a locomotive, and tugged and strained with every sinew."

"Upon my word it wasn't, Lu!" said Charlie, vehemently.

We looked at each other in a sort of confused surprise.

"You look as if you had seen a ghost, Lucilla," cried Charlie, at length.

I shivered. I felt an unaccountable, sudden depression.

"Come! Let's go away!" I said hastily.

We turned to go out. Charlie passed first into the next room, and I had stepped over the threshold, my hand upon the door, just ready to close it, when it was wrenched from my hand and slammed violently upon us.

"My God—what was that?"

It was Charles's exclamation. The young, red blood had left his face. I was trembling too much to speak, but I tottered out somehow, and holding to Charlie's hand made my way into the light, airy room which we used as our kitchen. Patty, our maid of all work looked up from the biscuit she was moulding and exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Lu, your cheeks are like snow, and it's ill you'll be, after all this work."

I looked at Charlie; he was discreetly silent.

Just then mother's bell rang, and I ran upstairs to her. Mother was the invalid of our family. She was not our own mother, but a little delicate woman whom my father had taken to his heart during the last years of his life, and dying, left on our hands. There were three children to, the youngest a merry morsel of fun. The others were respectively six and eight. Then we had a Sophia and May, the twins, just sixteen, and Hugh who was twenty-one, and a tall, blue-eyed, moustachioed fellow whom we called the colonel. He was then marching and countermarching between the Potomac and Richmond.

I had plenty of things to worry about, mother's ill health, Charlie's flightiness, the problem as to how the twins were to be educated, and whether Hugh would ever be anything but a dreamer; then Winnie, and Jack, and Jamie were always encountering frightful perils by field and flood. And when these all failed I could always be miserable about Will.

I was never called up stairs by mother's bell without suspecting a letter containing bad news. I ran up hastily, therefore, and my complexion wasn't any ruddier when I presented myself at her door.

This little step-mother of ours was a wonderfully delicate creature. She was past her fiftieth birthday now, but her cheeks were as fair as a girl's, and had that wavering pink color in them which is so delicious. Her life was always on the point of going out, and she required to be guarded from all rude shocks with the tenderest care. So when she exclaimed at my pallor, I made out to smile and said I supposed I was tired.

"I'm sure you are, dear, and no wonder. But now we are here in this fine old country-place you ought to begin to pick up. You must insist on the twins doing more—such great, red-cheeked girls ought to do half the work."

I smiled, thinking that if I did'nt get rested till Sophia and May began to help me I should wear out first.

"The girls don't like housework, you know, mamma. But never mind. I dare say we shall do very well. Patty says the house is so convenient that it will be only fun to do the work."

Mamma drew a little sigh of satisfaction, and glanced around her room. It was a large airy south chamber, having an outlook over cheerful green fields with blue hills in the distance. All our pretty things somehow gravitated to mamma's room, and it had already, though we had not been twenty-four hours in the house, a cosy home look.

"I really think I shall begin to mend here," sighed mamma. "You know Dr. Vassar said a room with a southern exposure was what I needed. There is, though, just a little too much sunshine here. Don't you think you could manage to furnish up those old green chintz curtains? You might darn the rents, I should think—you do such things so nicely."

"I might line them with something, I suppose."

"With rose colored cambric," said mamma, eagerly. "That would be so pretty, dear. Do go and get them, Lu, and let's see what can be done."

So in discussions over the faded curtains the rest of the afternoon waned, and I did not get a chance to speak to Charlie alone again after tea.

But the first moment I had I said:

"What could that have been Charlie?"

Charlie drew his paper-cutter between the leaves of "Ballou," and replied coolly enough:

"It seems there is a co-tenant in the house."

"A co-tenant!" I echoed.

"No need of being frightened, Lu. We can't be hurt—only scared at the worst. I don't remember knowing a ghost to have done positive harm. Do you?"

I did'nt think I did, but what difference did that make?

"I'd as lief be murdered outright as scared to death!" I said sitting down quite helplessly.

"O, never mind, Lu. I think it will be capital fun."

"Fun!"

I shuddered.

"And then it mayn't be anything after all. The wind may have shut the door."

"Wind! There wasn't a breath of wind stirring, and no way by which a draught could have been in the room."

"Well, well! It can't hurt us, whatever it is."

I reflected and came to the same conclusion.

"Only Charlie, not a word to Patty. Remember. And mother must not be frightened either. So don't forget that it is a secret between our two selves."

A little calm consideration soothed my fears wonderfully, and it was with more curiosity than fear that I lay down to sleep the first night in the new, or rather old house. But, to my surprise, I am afraid to my disappointment, I was utterly undisturbed, and rose in the morning ready to laugh at my whimsies of yesterday.

Six weeks passed away as quietly as is compatible with two young ladies practising on the piano all day long, and three small imps, whose ideal of delight includes unlimited noise. But I was in spite of my cares, "picking up," as mamma said. Mamma was better too. Charlie had settled down to reading law with the village squire. Hugh was writing a novel from which we all confidently expected great things. And all was quiet along the Potomac.

And so, the chintz curtains having been a success, I was at work upon thin white muslin that should adorn the parlor. I was in my own room. It was past eleven o'clock at night. Everybody in the house except myself was sound asleep.

I had ceased to be troubled by any hypothetical ghost, and I sewed quite contentedly. But suddenly (the room having that perfect stillness which is so noticeable at night) I seemed to become aware of somebody breathing at my elbow. For a minute my heart stood still, and I felt the cold sweat start upon my forehead. But presently Charlie's consolation recurred to me.

"They can't hurt us anyhow. The most they can do is to give us a scare."

I would not be scared. So I shut my teeth tight, determined not to scream, till I felt my strength coming back, and my blood flowing regularly. All the time this slow, steady breathing went on close at my side.

I mustered courage presently to change my seat. The sound followed me. And I had moreover an awful sense of oppression. I am sure it was not terror. Was it the impalpable atmosphere which encompassed my spiritual visitant?

I changed my seat two or three times but I could not get away from that sound. I was losing my self-control again. Suddenly a thought struck me. I would go to Charlie.

But could I? I could try. I got up and crossed the floor, but the invisible presence went with me. Along the entries I passed, and there was a rustle of garments that were not mine. My own slippered feet made no noise, but there was a light footfall beside me all the way.

A strong draught of wind met me—met *us*, should I say? Just at Charlie's door. If my light goes out, I thought, I shall die. But it did not. I reached the door, pushed it open. Charlie was awake and up, but I did not think of that. I cried out and he caught me in his arms as I fell, for I swooned away. When I woke Charlie was bending over me.

"Did you hear it?" I whispered.

"Yes! it is not gone yet. But don't be frightened, Lu."

I was braver now for I was not alone. For half an hour we sat holding to each other; then the room was still; the oppression, the nightmare which we had both felt was gone. Charlie spoke first.

"The co-tenant has made us a pretty long visit," he said, with a smile which seemed ghastly enough.

"Did you hear anything before I came?" I asked.

Before Charlie could speak there was a sound as of rapid running along the entry; swift steps descended the stairs; there was something like a struggle; and then a heavy fall.

We both sprang to the door. The bright light of the kerosene lamp was flung over the entry and staircase. But there was nothing to be seen.

While we stood hesitating, a new series of sounds commenced further off—a medley which we could not well define.

"We'll follow it up. Can you come, Lu?"

I could not stay alone, and I followed timorously, along the dark, narrow entries, through the kitchen, and finally through the narrow passage-way which led to that room in the wing which had been the scene of our first singular experience. And here I laid my hand upon Charlie's arm and implored him to stop. For there were strange sounds within—a confused tramping about the floor, so hard and heavy that the walls beside us shook; presently a fall, with a sharp, metallic ring.

"There goes the oven door!" exclaimed Charlie.

There followed a sound as of a heavy body drawn over the floor; then came the strain and tug of lifting a weight, and then the iron door was slipped into its grooves with a clang.

Simultaneously Charlie flung open the door of the room. It was quite empty, of course. A pale moonlight shone in at the unshuttered window and revealed the cobwebs on the wall—revealed, too, something which we both shuddered in looking at—a dark, irregular stain upon the floor which inevitably suggested a pool of blood.

"O, come away!" I cried, and dragged Charlie away, almost, until we were well into the body of the house again.

Just as we reached the head of the stairs the clock in the dining-room struck two. Charlie sat with me half an hour, but there was no further disturbance.

"I guess the entertainment is over for to-night," said Charlie. "You go to bed Lu, and I'll finish the night on the sofa in mamma's sitting-room.

This arrangement was adopted. After a while I fell asleep. I thought I was in my first nap when Patty's voice at my bedside awoke me.

"O Miss Lu, who do you think is come? I was never to tell you, but you was to come down stairs, and find him there, and be beside yourself in your surprise. Hurry then, for sure it's eight o'clock, and that's late enough for you," And with this Patty hurried away.

I dressed hastily, ran down and there was our darling old Will, alive and well. All my long heart-sickness was over.

Home on a furlough! Ah! the meaning compressed into those words. O, but it should be a holiday! And it was.

We were all as merry as birds. Will was, in himself, enough to bring sunshine anywhere. My load was inexpressibly lightened. He was older than I, while all the rest were younger, and so I slipped off upon him many a care that I had borne unessily.

And first Charlie and I took him into our confidence. Of course Will was incredulous, and when we had scornfully routed the whole battalion of natural causes which he had brought into the field—nerves, fancies, fears, illusions—he stubbornly declared himself unconvinced.

"Well, you will see," I retorted.

And that night he did so, and hear also. The whole performance of the preceding night was repeated, with scrupulous adherence to the letter of the programme.

Only I had taken the precaution to install Will in a room next my own, so that at the first call he was beside me. With him near, I was not much afraid, and of course a soldier who has faced the cannon's mouth is not to be routed by an invisible army.

There is a great deal in use. Even the supernatural becomes divested of its terrors when we become accustomed to it.

These singular manifestations were frequently repeated. We became in a measure habituated to them. All the older members of the family heard the sounds, also, except mamma, and most fortunately she was never disturbed.

At last I would wake, hear the sounds betokening the presence in my room, and fall asleep again. Will declared it was a gentle ghost that haunted me—not the one, he was persuaded, who made the racket in the old kitchen.

One night there was a peculiarly curious phenomenon. Little Jamie had showed symptoms of the croup, and I had taken him into my bed. In the night he woke and cried—not violently but sleepily, and as if disturbed and uneasy. My coaxing did not still him. But, by-and-by, there was a low sh—sh, prolonged as a mother sometimes hushes her babe.

"Will?" I called.

He came to me immediately, and we both heard the low, soothing noise, continued till Jamie dropped off into a quiet sleep. He was quite well in the morning, and at breakfast time startled us all by turning on me his round, blue eyes, and demanding, in his childish, peremptory way:

"Who was the pretty lady?"

"What lady?" I asked, astonished.

"Don't you know?" he said, impatiently. "The pretty lady that got me to sleep!"

"What is the child talking about?" said mamma.

"He has been dreaming, I suppose," I had to say. But was it a dream?

Autumn came. Will's furlough was to last till Christmas, and we had determined to retain the house till December, and keep our Thanksgiving there.

Patty regarded this plan with favor, and had a project of her own.

"We'll heat the brick oven in the back kitchen and do our baking in it. You don't know how much better the turkey will be, baked in the oven."

"But, Patty, it will take an ocean of wood to heat it."

"O, there's plenty of dead wood lying around, that had better be out of the way," Patty said, and clung to her plan so persistently that I told her to do as she liked.

So she impressed Will into the service and with a long-handled hoe and a superannuated broom he was set to clean the oven.

I was making cake in the kitchen, and had heard the scraping and shoveling going on for ten minutes or more, then Will came to the door saying:

"Lu, can you bear a little more and not be frightened?"

"I don't think anything would startle me much now," I replied, half guessing at his meaning.

"Come, then, and see what we've found."

I followed him into the empty, desolate room which had been the scene of the strange phenomena.

There, lying upon a heap of ashes I saw some pale, disjointed bones,—human bones—small and delicate—exhumed at last from their long resting-place.

"It is the skeleton of a woman," said Charlie, lifting up the bones of the hand. "And see here, Lu!"

It was a plain gold ring that could only have fitted a lady's finger.

That night the remains were quietly buried under a great elm in the pasture.

Patty could never understand why I had so suddenly changed my mind, and determined to have the cooking done by the stove. I had to put up with some sharp innuendoes, but I did not mind them.

After this discovery the midnight noises ceased, and, for the six weeks that we remained, there was no disturbance. During this time we made cautious inquiries in the neighborhood, and a weird, interesting story, but too horrible to repeat, came to us from the lips of an old crone who had outlived her generation—a story of betrayed love, and cruel murder, whose details may as well be spared.

The law never laid hands on the murderer; though he went down to his grave attended by dark suspicions. And now, after the lapse of half a century, the ashes of the victim testified to his guilt.

Smoking in Prison.

THE "Amateur Casual" writes to the London *Evening Star* that the first treat which prisoners give themselves when released is a pipe. An incident showing the strength of their attachment to tobacco was related to him by one of the officers of Portland Prison: "Somehow a bit of tobacco and a