The Columbian.

VOL. II.....NO. 10. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

J. SOBMETZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n6

A. J. ROBERS, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n6

CLOTHING, &c.

D. GRONEBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above Avery's hotel. vl-n6

J. W. CHRISMAN & SON, wholesale and retail clothiers in clothing, etc., Harrison's building, Main street. vl-n6

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. vl-n6

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and confectionery, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n6

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n6

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., nearly opposite American house. vl-n6

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. vl-n6

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite American house. vl-n6

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church. vl-n6

HENRY KLEIM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. vl-n6

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. vl-n6

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., surgeon and physician, south side Main st., below Market. vl-n6

DR. B. F. KNORR, surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal church. vl-n6

J. S. MCKELVY, M. D., surgeon and physician, southside Main st., below Market. vl-n6

C. GUTTER, M. D., surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. vl-n6

DR. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n6

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Bamset building, Main st. vl-n6

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. vl-n6

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n6

MISS JULIA A. & SADIE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress pattern, southeast corner Main and west sts. vl-n6

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n6

MISS M. E. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. vl-n6

THE MISSES HARMAN, millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. vl-n6

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Lawson's opposite Exchange.

WENTZ & LAUBY, confectionery, fruit and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st.

F. N. & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., below Iron.

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

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

FOX'S HOTEL, by G. W. MAYGER, corner Main st.

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., above court house.

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

W. H. GILLMORE, refreshment saloon, Sloan's block south side Main st.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries Main st., above Court House.

S. D. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, feed, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street.

MCKELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails etc., northeast corner Main and Market sts.

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

C. C. MAIER, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts.

J. J. BLOWER, dry goods, groceries, ring north west corner Main and Iron sts.

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

H. H. HUNSBERGER, agent, groceries, tobacco, and confectionary, Main st., below American house.

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone store, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts.

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionerie, Main st., just above court house.

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and dealer, corner of Main street and Iron st. road.

J. L. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc., Sloan's block, Main st., below Iron.

J. K. GUTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron streets.

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

A. SLOAN, dealer in clothing dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house.

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

J. F. BROBST, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market sts.

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

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

C. FOSTER, Gun Maker, and White and Yankee Tanner, Southside.

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

W. J. SIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st.

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

R. H. RINCLIFF, dealer in pianos, organs, melodeons, etc., at G. W. Corell's furniture room.

T. B. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's build up stairs.

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

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

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash life insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st.

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Chamberlin's alley, near Sharpless' foundry.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc., Chamberlin's alley, back of American house.

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

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

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

BUCK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Benton Doty, corner of Main and Pine st.

SWAN HOTEL, the oldest house in John Snyder, Main st., above Pine.

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

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel.

W. H. SNYDER, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc. Main st., above the Swan Hotel.

SAMUEL EVERETT, Druggist & Apothecary, Main street.

A. & W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and dealers in furnishing goods, Main st., next door to the black hotel.

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

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main st., below Pine.

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill.

H. & G. KEICHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine.

WILLIAM DEGONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Boots, Mill st., west of Pine.

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

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of pipes, Mill St.

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

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy.

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

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle, Main st.

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

[illegible], dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light street.

FERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Coffinmaker.

P. KELLEY, Blacksmith, opposite post office.

H. COMAN & CO., Wheelwrights, first door above school house.

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods.

W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides.

W. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches.

PETER W. COMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes.

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

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

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather bark etc. Madison township Columbia county, Pa.

CAPT. SAMUEL RUMMY, Madison Hotel, Drovers and Strangers entertained.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

LONG POND HOTEL.

We understand having leased and refurnished in good style the above well-known House, state

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

on the borders of Columbia and Sullivan counties, some of the most beautiful and healthful regions in the county, 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 of boating or pleasure excursions upon this beautiful sheet of water which is

SEVERAL MILES IN EXTENT.

surrounded by an extensive forest, there is nothing wanting to the most high spirited relish for his own peculiar sports, and excursions 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 Bloomsburg & Berwick Railroad; and is a splendid place to pass the hot months of Summer.

May 17, 1867-tm. B. R. HAYHURST.

COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY

BERNARD STOHNER.

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, a

RESTAURANT,

he 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 the finest and stylishest manner. 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 17-6m.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAYGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone the out of changes in its interior arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his fellow countrymen and the travelling public that no effort will be spared to add to the comfort of his guests, to merit a share of the patronage. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantials but with all the delicacies of the season. The wines and liquors served that popular beverage known as "McGregor", purchased direct from the importers, are entirely pure, and free from all admixtures or adulterations. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it by attention to the wants of his guests. may 10-'67-tf. W. MAYGER.

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,

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

FRIED OYSTERS, SARDINES, VIENNA BOLOGNAS SHEEP TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWEITZER CHEESE,

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE. &c.

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,

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.

BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

MILTON H. DAILY, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Creveling, the Proprietor has fitted it up in the neatest and handsome of FAR AND LARGER with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His table is not excelled in the county, and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests. jan 25

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,

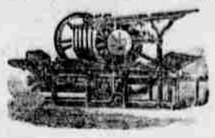
46 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. & W. G. MCKIBBIN, Proprietors.

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 30 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One square	$2,00	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,0
Two squares	3,00	5,00	6,00	9,00	14,00
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Four squares	6,00	9,00	10,00	15,00	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 $2,50; 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 a, in off 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

C. M. VANDERSLICE.

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. ☞ Donation, Bounty and Pensions collected. (apr27-y)

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 Ent nger's Building, Main Street, West of the American House. may 25'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to repair all kinds of clothing, silver or gold. Dec 1'67.

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. may 6'67.

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 28, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,

FASHIONABLE

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING

AND

SHAMPOOING SALOON,

Over Wilmoyer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored black or brown. Hair Tonic to destroy dandruff and beautify the hair. Will restore hair to its original color. Will not soiling the finest linen, constantly on hand. apr12'67.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating, silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.

Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, on the street.

Bloomsburg, Jan. 31, 1867.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR

MANUFACTORY,

NO. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET,

Second Door below Wood,

PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. WARTMAN. E. P. ENGELMAN

Choice Poetry.

"JAM-BO-REE."

BY JOHN HAPPY.

[YOUNG JAM-BO-REE, a boy thirteen years old, was the bareboiler of the Purewell, an Indian remained at his post in the track-room (in a single) on the issue of each car of the party had broken up in a general "blow" and every "Bo P" had been abandoned except himself, and that of one remaining adversary.]

The boy held on to the greasy "deck,"
When all but him had fled;
The lamp threw its light on his last red cheek
And he held a another "rock."

Yet beautiful and bright he sat,
As born to win or lose,
With the ace of triumph hid under his hat,
And a "bower" on two in his clothes.

The game went on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, drunk on the floor below,
His voice not longer heard.

He called aloud—"say, dadsy, say—
Shall I better go it alone?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his woes.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
"I'm playing my best for even,
An I"—but the man on the other side
"Ordered him up on the seven."

His countenance fell when his ear heard that,
But it wasn't a time to grieve;
So he pigeon'd him the ace from under his hat,
An d the "right bower" out of his sleeve.

And he shouted loud once more at last—
"My father! must I stay?"
As over the table thick and fast
He flattering "pasteboards" lay.

The tailor sighs bitterly fitfully wild
And flickered up on high,
And gleam'd in the face of the gallant child,
And nearly blinded his eye.

It flickered up and it flickered down,
And at last disappeared in the socket;
And the man at the table was "sent off from town,"
Stripped of the stakes in his pocket.

And then with a burst of thunder sound,
He kicked over table and chairs
And st-ared the door with a single bound,
And slid down the outer stairs.

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERY.

BY CHARLES H. DAVIS.

RATTLE, clatter rumble, rumble; the train went thundering on, filling my ears with the din, and confusing my eyes as they wandered down the printed columns. I let the paper fall carelessly upon my lap, and yawning for the twentieth time in half an hour, looked into the faces of the little group around me. On the seat beside me sat my wife, submitting resignedly to the distracting annoyances of traveling in a rail car with our youngest quietly sleeping in her arms. Upon the reserved seat in front, and facing us, sat our two eldest cherubs, Susy and Bob, wrapped in cloaks and thick woolen shawls, and chattering away like a pair of magpies, sometimes in their mother's ear and sometimes among themselves. Since the early dusk of the November evening had overtaken the flying train, their busy brains had been turned from gazing out of the window, to speculating upon the probable proportions of grandmother's Thanksgiving puddings and turkey on the following day for the reader must be aware we were on our way to mingle in the festivities of the great annual family reunion at the country farm house.

"Isn't Thanksgiving most here, papa?" cried little Bob, seeing my attention disengaged for the first time in a long hour.

I smilingly answered in the affirmative, and pulled out my watch to note our progress.

"My dear, said I, to my wife; "we are due at P—— in three quarters of an hour. If you can manage to make yourself comfortable, I think I will make a short pilgrimage to the smoking car.

My wife never interfered with the enjoyment of my favorite indulgence—the cigar; and laying one more fold of the thick woolen shawl over her shoulders, I quitted my seat, and made my way out of the dimly lighted car.

I stood for a moment upon the platform of the smoking car to get a fresh breath of the outer air. The evening had grown fearfully dark, but the brakesman's lantern, hanging above my head, threw its transient glare on the black outline of flying ledges and steep embankments, as I was whirled past at a rate that almost made me gasp for breath. I stood unsupported by the railing, and striking a match, lighted a cigar. Just then, a man wearing a light, shaggy overcoat, with sinister-looking eyes and haggard, repulsive countenance, emerged from the car behind me. As he stepped between the platforms he darted a quick, peculiar glance at me, and, I thought, entered the smoking-car. In replacing my cigar case in my inner coat pocket, it dropped upon the platform. I stooped to pick it up, when a strong hand grasped my shoulder, and, with a fierce push I was hurled out into the darkness; a wild, fiend-like laugh ringing in my ears. I can only remember the agony of that instant, as, still falling, I hung in the blackness of the air, the train, with tremendous noise rushing past me, and the fearful uncertainty of the abyss below paralyzing my brain.

When I came to myself it was daylight. I felt like one rousing from a horrid dream, and tried to force my senses to act. With difficulty I fixed my eyes on the surrounding objects. I was lying on the side of a steep railroad embankment, a portion of my body embedded in the mud, which filled my mouth and choked me, and stopped up my ears, eyes and nose. With an effort of my benumbed intellect I tried to recollect how I came there. I tried to rise, but my limbs were wrenched and sore as if broken by some great shock. The pain brought a groan to my lips, and then my situation flashed upon me, and the whole startling incident of the preceding night came to my mind with the vividness of a picture of horror, and the derisive, demoniac laugh rang again in my ears.

Who had thrown me from the platform of the smoking car? I could form no idea. I had, to my knowledge, no personal enemies. It could not be the work of a robber, for my money was still about me, and the wild, fiendish laugh that had chilled my blood in that fearful moment, was the outburst of a mad revengeful passion. Had I been mistaken for another victim? With a great physical effort I managed to gain an erect position, glad to find my injuries were only bruises, though severe one at that. Picking up my hat, crushed to a shapeless object, I climbed upon the track, and looked in astonishment on the place where I had been lying. Within ten yards on either side were ledges of sharp pointed rocks, extending for a quarter of a mile in each direction along the track, which would have ground my body to atoms. My falling in that spot was a miracle. The soft, yielding sand had saved my life. The thought of the agony and anxiety of my poor wife, and the fright of the little children on missing me from the train, rushed upon my mind with intense force. I felt that next to a thankful heart for preservation from instant destruction, my next duty was to acquaint my wife with my safety at the earliest possible moment. For a moment I was puzzled what direction to pursue, but the sun was shining gloomily through the heavy, leaden coloured clouds in the east, and I knew that P—— lay in an opposite direction, and probably not many miles away. I started on up the railroad track, and it was not long before I came to a crossing, and in sight of a cottage. My little remaining strength was exhausted even by the few rods I had traveled, and quickly engaging conveyance and driver, I was once more on my way. I arrived at P——, paid and dismissed the driver, and entered a hotel. I felt much better after refreshing the inner man, and taking up a paper while waiting for a carriage, my eye fell upon the following paragraph:

"We this instant learn that Mr. Bradford, a well known merchant of B——, was missed by his family, with whom he was travelling, from the 7 P. M. train last evening, between S—— and P——. His deeply distressed friends suppose he must have fallen from the train while in motion."

It seemed, then, that search had been made for me. I cleansed my clothing, and replacing my damaged hat, ordered the hostler to drive me over to the farmhouse, five miles distant, where even then my family and a host of relatives, were awaiting distractedly some tidings of my fate. It was on the stroke of four o'clock P. M., when I drove up to the gate; the house dog came running noisily out to greet me; the door opened, and in a moment I was in the arms of my wife and little ones, with a score of friends overwhelming me with questions.

I had a strange story to tell, but my appearance fully corroborated it. I was, after all, in time for the grand annual dinner; and as we drew around the ample board, a fervent prayer of thanksgiving went up from the lips of the reverend head of the household. The next day the train bore me to the city and to my business. I consulted a lawyer, and acquainted the police with the facts of my adventure, but to no purpose. I could get no light as to my would-be murderer. It was a mystery—unfathomable. Business often necessitated railway travel, but I took unusual precaution when I stepped from car to car in a dark night. Only the evil features of the men who passed me as I stood on the platform of the smoking car haunted me.

One day, a little past noon, as I sat in my counting-room alone, the teller of a neighboring bank entered.

"Mr. Bradford," he said, "you overdrew your balance this morning. We were just closing, and I took the opportunity to step over and inform you of it."

I thanked the young man for his courtesy, and bidding me good-day, he was hurrying off.

"Hold on, Jones!" I cried, "stop and take a cigar with me, won't you?" And I fumbled in my pocket for a couple of Havanas, but without success. "I declare," said I, a little irritated, "I believe I have mislaid them."

"Allow me to offer *you* one," said he, politely.

I thanked him, but as I lighted mine, my eye fell upon the purple morocco cigar case which he had produced. It was wonderfully like one I formerly possessed. A curious impulse seized me.

"Excuse my curiosity; but will you allow me to examine that cigar case?"

"Certainly."

I took it in my hand, turned it over, opened the under lid, and there tucked away in a corner not easily discovered, were the letters of my own name, "*Martin B. Bradford*," in red India ink. Suddenly the idea flashed full upon my mind. This was the veritable cigar case I had lost on that dark night when I was pushed headlong from the rushing railroad train. Now I had a clue to the mystery. I grew pale with excitement, and trembled from head to foot. With an effort at self-control, as calmly as I could, I said:

"Jones, how came this in your possession?"

"I believe I had the good fortune to find it," he replied blandly, regarding me with an inquiring stare.

"Found it? Where? where?" thundered I.

"I picked it up on the platform of a railroad car, while making a trip to the city of P——, a few months since. Why, sir, is it yours? I should have looked for an owner long ago, had I thought—"

I cut short his astonished speech, by a fierce pull at the bell-rope by my side.

"John," cried I, as the porter made his appearance, "run to Mr. Clarke's office, and bring him here instantly."

The servant was off in a jiffy, and I rose to my feet and strode up and down the room, in a state of intense excitement, while Jones stood staring at me, like one out of his senses.

"What does this mean? There is some mystery—"

"Yes, there *is* a mystery, which I propose to ferret out," I cried; "and my conduct means exactly this, that you will not dare to leave this room till an officer arrives."

"What do you mean sir? Do I come here to do you a favor, and receive an insult in return?" he cried, stepping angrily forward.

My reply was prevented by the entrance of Mr. Clarke, who hurried to a chair, and depositing his green bag on the desk, and crossing his short legs in his brief, business style, inquired:

"Well, Mr. Bradford, what is it?"

"I have found it," I cried, rushing forward with the cigar-case. "Here is the clue to my assassin."

Mr. Clarke took the cigar-case in his hand, and examined it carefully, without a particle of expression on his phlegmatic features.

"This young man has had it in his possession for months!"

Mr. Clarke, adjusted his spectacles to his nose, and looked over them at Jones, who stood glaring at us with astonishment and indignation depicted upon his countenance. The lawyer then put a few questions to the young man, which the latter answered with very bad grace, at the same time relating to Jones the circumstance of my adventure.

"When did you find it?" asked the lawyer.

"The night before Thanksgiving, a year ago."

"Was any one with you on the train whom you knew?"

"No, I did not even know that Mr. Bradford was on the train."

"And yet, if I recollect rightly, you were seen in town here the following morning?"

"Very true; I was to meet a friend at the hotel at P——, who disappointed me. I then took the return train next morning."

"A very plausible story, young man," said Mr. Clarke, shaking his head. "There's not sufficient evidence to warrant your arrest, but enough to warrant your being carefully watched." And muttering something about circumstantial evidence he took his leave, while Jones bounced out of the door, apparently highly enraged at the treatment he had received.

The more I reflected when I became cool, the more absurd it seemed to suspect a young man of Jones's position of complicity with so foul a crime as murder. I felt sorry now that, in a fit of unreasoning excitement, I had wounded his feelings, when the only ground for suspicion was the innocent possession of the cigar-case. I had further cause for regret; for the affair got wind, and, in spite of my intercession with the president and trustees, Jones lost his place at the bank, and with a widowed and sickly mother to support, his lot became a hard one. My partner, in his misguided pity, did the young man the indignity to offer him employment in our store, which he scornfully rejected. Jones's business prospects were about as good as ruined, and I apologized, and exerted my efforts in his behalf, but to no avail. To crown all, he was suddenly taken ill, and for days he lay in his little home, tended by his poor mother, his life hanging by a thread. But the mystery remained as unfathomable as ever.

The twenty-ninth of November came round once more, and with it came the old New England festival, Thanksgiving. This year I celebrated the occasion in my own house with my family, in the city. In the evening I attended a levee at a friend's.

"Mr. Bradford," said my host, "allow me to give you an introduction to Mr. Jacobs?"

The stranger turned his head. I stood riveted to the spot. Great heavens! It was the man whom I saw on the platform of the smoking car—the same features, eyes, hair; and he recognized me, for he grew deadly pale, and his lips became white and compressed as he involuntarily extended his hand, which was cold as ice. I could not regain my speech. The next moment he fainted, and fell into the arms of a friend, and was borne to a bedroom. Disengaging myself from the arms of my wife, without explanation, I followed. Entering the room, I ordered the door closed to all save the lost and the gentleman who tended the fainting man.

"Who is he?" I demanded, pointing to the man upon the bed.

"Why do you ask? Your appearance here has affected him strangely," said the astonished gentleman.

"Because he has attempted my life."

"Attempted your life?"

The man upon the bed opened his eyes slowly till they fell upon me. With a long shriek, so shrill and unearthly as to make us all start from the bedside, he cried in raving accents:

"O, take him away! Ha, ha! I did the deed—I threw him from the train! O, will his goblin haunt me always? Back!" And he leaped up in bed, his features glowing like those of a demon.

"For Heaven's sake, leave him!" cried my host, drawing me out of the room too much bewildered to speak. "He is a madman! What does all this mean?"

I then related my mysterious adventure a year ago that night, and told of the man who passed me at the moment, and whose strange excitement now corroborated my supposition of his guilt.

"Mr. Jacobs was formerly a dangerous maniac," said he "and it is not at all improbable that, in a mad fit he pushed you from the car. Of late he has been kept secluded; he had recovered his sanity, and entered society again. When he came here to-night, he was as sane as you are now. The doctors have predicted that his next attack would be incurable."

Of course no shadow of public suspicion or calumny could now be attached to the character of Jones. He recovered from his illness, got back his old place in the bank, with one thousand dollars per year addition to his salary, and became beloved by all who knew him and, I may add, by none more so than by the fair young niece of my wife, who visited at our house frequently.

Poor Jacobs died in a mad-house within one year.

A SUGGESTION.—If anybody wants to know how a horse feels on a bitter morning when a frozen bit is placed in his mouth, let them first place a piece of frosted iron upon their own tongues. Having done this, let the coachman or driver see that the bit is warmed before being fixed in position. The horse will look, though he cannot say, "thank you."

The President's View of the Situation.

WASHINGTON February 21, 1868.

YOUR correspondent, had an interview with his Excellency to-night after the state dinner and found him not stricken with fear or trembling, but smiling and radiant, in better humor and spirits than for many months. The President received your correspondent after the usual hour for visitors, and granted him half an hour's interview. After the customary salutations your correspondent remarked that the country was somewhat taken by surprise by the sudden removal of Stanton and the appointment of Thomas as Secretary *ad interim*.

The President smiled and inquired, "Well, what do the people say? I suppose they are surprised; but I have only done what I had determined upon long ago."

Correspondent—The removal, then, is not in pursuance of a recent determination on your part, Mr. President?"

The President—"Not at all sir. The people seem to have mistaken my course altogether in this matter. I never had but one determination on the subject, but I have acted carefully, prudently and moderately. Perhaps I have been too slow about removing Mr. Stanton, but not because I feared the bugbear of impeachment, or that I dreaded anything that Congress might do. Nothing that body could attempt or carry out would intimidate or surprise me. I know they are capable of doing anything. I delayed final action solely to let the country see and understand the position of Mr. Stanton. We first intimated to him that we would like him to withdraw from our privy council. He did not take the hint. We then requested him to resign. He refused. We then suspended him, under the constitutional power which we have to suspend or remove a member of our Cabinet. The act of suspension was also not in conflict with the Tenure of Office bill, though we did not therefore recognize its constitutionality. As a matter of courtesy we sent reasons for our action to the Senate. That body pretended not to consider those reasons sufficient, and assumed to reinstate Mr. Stanton in office. Well, we still waited, hoping Mr. Stanton would see the propriety of resigning himself. General Sherman and General Grant offered to go to Stanton and advise him to resign. Here is a letter which indicates what they proposed:

The President here allowed your correspondent to read the following letter to him from General Sherman:—

322 K STREET, WASHINGTON,
Jan. 18—Saturday.

I neglected this morning to say that I had agreed to go down to Annapolis to spend Sunday with Admiral Porter. General Grant has to leave for Richmond on Monday morning, at six A. M. At a conversation with the General after our interview, wherein I offered to go with him on Monday morning to Mr. Stanton and say that it was our joint opinion he should resign, it was found impossible by reason of his going to Richmond and my going to Annapolis. The General proposed this course:—He will call on you to-morrow and offer to go to Mr. Stanton to say for the good of the service and of the country he ought to resign. This on Sunday. On Monday I will again call on you, and if you think it necessary I will do the same—call on Mr. Stanton and tell him he should resign. If he will not, then it will be time to contrive ulterior measures. In the meantime it so happens that no necessity exists for precipitating matters.

Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN, Lieutenant General.

The President then continued. "After waiting a reasonable time we thought proper to-day to order the removal of Mr. Stanton and to appoint General Thomas Secretary of War *ad interim*. This is the whole story."

Correspondent—"Was this step discussed in the Cabinet Council, Mr. President?"

The President—"No, sir; not precisely. A general policy was agreed upon some time ago, and the removal to-day is in accordance therewith. I have just received a copy of the resolution adopted by the Senate to-night in executive session." The President here read the resolution printed elsewhere.

Correspondent—"What will the Senate do Mr. President, under that resolution, if you still insist upon having General Thomas act as Secretary *ad interim*.

The President—"I don't see that they can do anything. The resolution itself is the end of the matter, so far as the Senate is concerned, unless the House presents articles of impeachment and the Senate undertakes to try the Executive and resolves itself into a high court of impeachment."

Correspondent.—"Do you think Congress really will attempt impeachment, Mr. President?"

The President—"I don't know, indeed; nor do I care. It would make very little difference to me."

Your correspondent here asked what the President would do in the event of the passage of Mr. Edmunds' bill of suspension, to which the President answered, substantially, "Sir, I would not obey the law if they attempted to suspend me. The law is clearly unconstitutional. There is a point against it which you gentlemen of the press seem to have altogether overlooked. The bill of Senator Edmunds to suspend pending trial would undoubtedly be an *ex post facto* law so far as my case would be concerned. Such a law is declared unconstitutional by the very language of the constitution itself. My offence, we will suppose, is the removal of Mr. Stanton. That is an accomplished fact. Any law prescribing a penalty for that act would be *ex post facto*, and therefore unconstitutional. How, therefore, can Congress legally pass a bill of such a character?

Your correspondent remarked that certain radicals might argue that persistence in keeping Mr. Stanton out of office after the Senate declaring his removal contrary to law, and after the proposed passage of Mr. Edmunds' suspension bill, would be bringing the question out of the operation of an *ex post facto