The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 25. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

REV. A. HARTMAN, Stoves, Tinware of all kinds, Spouting etc. First store on West end of South Main Street. v2-n17

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. v1-n43

J. W. CHEMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc.; Hartman's building, Main street. v1-n43

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. v1-n43

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apotheeary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., nearly opposite American house. v1-n43

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite Court House. v1-n43

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church v1-n43

HENRY KLEIM manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. v1-n43

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

D. R. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n16

J. B. M'KELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. v1-n43

DR. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n20

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey building, Main st. v1-n43

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. v1-n43

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. v1-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west st. v1-n43

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. v1-n44

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. v1-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. v1-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintendent. v1-n43

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionry, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. v1-n43

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. v1-n43

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house.

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. v1-n43

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. v1-n43

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. v1-n43

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel. v1-n43

W. H. GILLMORE, refreshment saloon, Shive's block south side Main st. v1-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries Main st., above Court House. v1-n16

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street. v1-n43

M'KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above court house. v1-n43

C. C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

J. J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

REV. A. HARTMAN, dry goods, notions, and groceries., Main st., opposite Correl's Furniture Rooms. v1-n43

H. HUNSBERGER, (agent,) groceries, tobacco, and confectionary, Main st., opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n43

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. v1-n43

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectioneries, Main st., near the railroad. v1-n43

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. v1-n43

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron v1-n43

K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. v1-n44

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, guns, etc., Main st., below Iron. v1-n43

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. v1-n43

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. v1-n43

L. T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. v1-n43

S. CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scottown, south side, two doors above Brobst's wagonmaker shop. v2-n18

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., West of Market st. v1-n43

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. v1-n43

J. F. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

E. J. BIDLEMAN, Agent Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2-n19

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. v1-n43

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1-n47

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers Band dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. v1-n43

W. J. BIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. v1-n43

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. v1-n43

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. v1-n43

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Chemberlin's alley, near Sharpless' foundry. v1n43

S. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, back of American house. v1-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1n47

N. V. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n3

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Saml. Everett, cor. of Main and Pine st. v1n47

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. v1-n47

D. K. SLOAN, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. v1n47

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc. Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the brick hotel. v1-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

MICHAEL G. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. v1-n47

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n47

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n49

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1-n47

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. v1-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n47

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy v1-n47

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. v1-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n5

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v12n11

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostebauder proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2-n12

J. H. CREASY, dry goods, groceries, and general Merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tin-ware, Main Street. v2-n12

WM. H. ABBETT, attorney at law, Main Street. v2-n12

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

L. KEILER, billiard saloon, oysters, and ice cream in season Main Street. v2-n12

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Robbins' Building. v2-n18.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n18.

J. B. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North West Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18.

M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n18.

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. v1-n45

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Chairmaker. v1-n46

JOSEPH WALTER Blacksmith, opposite post office. v1-n46.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. v1-n46

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. v1-n46

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. v1-n46

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. v1-n46

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. v1-n6i

ESPY DIRECTORY.

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v12n11

B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v12n11

J. D. CALDWELL, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, hardware, fish, salt, nails, etc., etc., v12n11

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v12n11

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, groceries, grain, lumber etc., Jerseytown. v1-n46

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. v1-n48

CAPT. SAMUEL RIMBY, Madison Hotel. Drovers and Strangers entertained. v2-n1

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town. v2-n18.

JACOB & WM. HARRIS, dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines. First store in north end of town. v2-n18.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg immediately opposite the Columbia county Court House, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general that their house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. They have spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of their guests neither shall there be anything wanting on their part to minister to their personal comfort. They house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibuses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. KOONS & CLARK.

Bloomsburg, April 3, 1868.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical 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 "*McHenry*") 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.

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 TONGUE, BOILED 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.

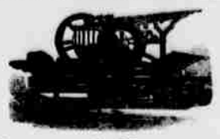
BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

EDWARD EVERETT, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Everett, the Proprietor has put in it permanent repairs and furnished BAR AND LARDER with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His stable is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests [apr26

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
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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 Robbson'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. M. TRAUGH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CATAWISSA, PA.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. [sep29'67.

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. [Jan4'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of plating, silver or gold. [Dec15,67.

AUCTIONEER.

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Crier 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. [mar8'67.

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.

J. B. PURSEL,

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &C.,

which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in this country. Examine for yourselves.

Shop first door below the Post Office Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa. Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,

FASHIONABLE

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON,

Over Widmayer & 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.

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, same side. Bloomsburg, Jan.31, '68 1f

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.

W. M. MONROE & CO.,

Rupert, Pa.,

Manufacturers of

POWDER KEGS,

and dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER,

give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES

Every description of scale warranted to give entire satisfaction. Send for Catalogue and Circular; second hand Scales of other makers taken in part pay for ours, for sale Cheap

HOWE SCALE CO.

3 Park Place, New York 131 Federal St. Boston. April 24,'68-3m.

Choice Poetry.

SPRING CLEANING.

"TIS melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,"
Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top,
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they're turned all upside down, that suite of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round at sixes and at sevens'
While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago,
The carpet shook, and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—
Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights;"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman on the stairs, that harbinger of ill—
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afoot,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

Interesting Story.

THAT SPECULATION.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I BOUGHT him of Johnson, the horse-doctor, and he said he was dammed by Flora Temple, sired by Black Hawk, and desired by all the horse jockeys in the State. I wished they had got him.

He was fourteen and a half hands high and one finger over. His color was a dun, and his purchaser was about in that condition also.

He was slightly sprung in the knees, and his tail had once been cut, so that it stood right on end, and looked more like a bunch of straw nailed on to the end of a log than anything else.

But he was rathera fine-looking horse, and the man warranted him kind.

But it was a poor kind, I afterwards found.

He said he could make his mile inside of 2.35 without an effort. It was two hours and thirty-five minutes he moant, unless he intended to deceive me. But he could make a mile inside of that time if he exerted himself and didn't get one of his fits on him.

He was a peculiar horse, and was subject to a variety of complaints that would have killed an ordinary animal; but he seemed to stand them well enough.

The first night I had him, I put him in the stable and gave him feed. The next morning my wife remarked that she didn't sleep a particle on account of some locomotive or other out on the railroad, that was puffing and blowing all night, trying to make headway. I heard it, too, and it struck me as queer that the engine couldn't get past that place.

I went out to see about it. It wasn't a locomotive, it was my horse. He was breathing and sighing unlike any other horse I ever heard before, and I was alarmed about him. I was afraid it would blow the whole end of the stable out. I unbitched him and took him around to Johnson.

Johnson seemed surprised, but said he only had a slight attack of the heaves. "All horses most has it. It'll pass off" said he; so I drove him home and created an impression in the town that the wind was freshening for a hurricane. About half way up the main street he came to a dead halt; I clicked my tongue for him to go on. He never budged. I touched him with the whip. He began backing, and backed the buggy right upon the pavement and through a plate glass window, worth 200 dollars.

Then he started down the street like lightning, and ran over two boys, breaking their legs and crippling them for life. I won't mention the expense I was to, as you wouldn't believe me if I was to give the figures.

I was so busy attending court for two weeks that I hadn't a chance to use him; at the end of that time his lower jaw had swollen up until you couldn't tell whether he had got his head on upside down or not. So I drove him over to Johnson to see what was the matter with him.

Johson seemed to feel hurt that the animal should behave so. But he said it was only a little touch of the glanders. "It don't hurt a hoss a bit to have'em now and then, it does'em good; but it'll pass off," said Johnson.

So I was more hopeful, and drove home again without any serious accident, except that the horse shied at a chicken in the road, and took the wheel off by running the buggy into the fence. Still I didn't blame him much for Mr. Johnson told me that "it was good for a hoss to be timid; it's a sign of pure blood."

The glanders did't affect his appetite any. He ate more oats and hay than would have run an ordinary livery-stable, and not satisfied with that, he chewed the feed box all up, and tried to gnaw down a yellow pine partition.

Johnson said it was "a good thing for a hoss to be a heavy feeder."

I never owned a horse before, and I was a little set up about it. So I thought I would drive my wife and family in town to church the following Sunday. He went along e all right until he came in front of Ferguson's house. Mr. Ferguson is jealous of my having a horse, and our girls don't speak to the Ferguson girls, because they said they were "stuck up" about our horse.

When this animal arrived there he suddenly began to stagger from side to side and bolt around like a drunken man, butting his head into tree boxes and one thing or another like some old ram. At last he fell over the bank at the side of the road, turned three or four somersaults, dragged the carriage after him, and then lay stretched out there apparently as dead as any dummy.

The women had on their best clothes, and they were completely spoiled, while Augusta sprained her wrist so that she couldn't do a stitch of work for a month. And the whole Ferguson family stood at the window and smiled.

I walked two miles to get Johnson to come and look at the horse. He came along and appeared as if he was provoked at the horse for his conduct. Then he stooped down and stuck a knife into his neck and let out a barrel or two of blood, and the horse gradually got better.

"It's nothing but an attack of blind staggers," said Mr. Johnson. "Every hoss has got to have it. It's just like the measles in children. It'll pass off, and he'll be better for it."

We got him home by easy stages to the stable, and there he staid for three weeks, until he seemed better, except that he still had a touch of the heaves and the distemper.

Shortly afterwards I had to drive over to Deleware City to see a man, and I gave Mr. Johnson ten dollars to go with me, in case the horse came to pieces on the road, or anything of a serious nature happened.

We started at daybreak, and had progressed about a mile and a half by dinner time, when the horse suddenly stopped short, and would not budge an inch.

I suggested that perhaps the barbed steed had forgotten something and wanted to go back. Mr. Johnson said, "No, it was only one of his little tricks. Most every horse has some eccentricity or other. Just let him alone for a minute and he'll get over it."

We waited three-quarters of an hour. Then Johnson got out and undertook to pat him on the neck, and the horse got frightened and kicked until he got one leg through the dasher and couldn't get it out.

I asked Mr. Johnson what he thought we had better do now. He said "It was all right. All really good horses kicked. He wouldn't give a cent for an animal that hadn't pluck enough to kick. It was a sign that he felt his oats."

So we loosed his leg and got in, and before we had time to pick up the lines he gave a jerk and started down the road at lightning speed—lightning for him, that is—say about four miles an hour, ran the buggy into a ditch, and then tried to jump over a fence, but failed miserably, and got another blind stagger on him, and laid there until nine o'clock that night.

I didn't get to see that man at Delaware City, and, in fact, haven't seen him yet. Johnson said it was a good thing anyhow, for they had the fever down there, and I ought to consider it a providential thing that the horse was taken just as he was. If we had gone to Delaware City we might both have been dead men.

It is singular how Johnson always looks on the bright side of things when that horse is concerned.

Then I thought that perhaps after all I had better sell the horse, he was so much trouble, so I advertised him. The man who came to buy him was not so hopeful as Johnson. He said the horse was spavined, foundered, and distempered. He had the glanders, and heaves, and blind staggers, and bots, and ringbone, and a number of other infirmities, that I don't care to mention. He said the horse was too hard in the mouth.

"And I don't like to pull too hard on a horse, you know," said he, "for I know a man who split a horse in half jerking at him."

So I told this man I wasn't much at driving a bargain, but still if he would take the horse off my hands for any reasonable sum he might have him. He said he wouldn't assume the risk of driving him for less than ten dollars. So I gave him that sum, and he took him away. But he hadn't gone more than half a mile before the horse got another blind stagger on him, and laid down, and gasped, and stretched his legs out and then died, and broke for horse heaven for all I know.

Mr. Johnson was called in, but he couldn't do anything for him. He only said he considered it a good thing, "for the horse, you know, must have suffered a good deal, and now he's out of his misery, and as you're a kind-hearted man, Quill, you ought to be glad." So I was, but didn't feel exultant when Johnson handed in a bill of one hundred dollars for professional services. It didn't seem fair. But I never had any luck with horses, anyhow, and I don't care to speculate again.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Hiram couldn't be Scared by a Monkey.

(From Grant's Early Life, by his Father.)

ULYSSES stepped forward, and mounted the pony. The performance began. Round and round and round the ring went the pony, faster and faster, making the greatest effort to dismount the rider. But Ulysses sat as steady as if he had grown to the pony's back. Presently out came a large monkey and sprang up behind Ulysses.—The people set up a great shout of laughter, and on the pony ran; but it all produced no effect on the rider. Then the ring-master made the monkey jump up on to Ulysses's shoulder, standing with his feet upon his shoulders, and with his hands holding on to his hair. At this there was another and still louder shout but not a muscle of Ulysses's face moved. There was not a tremor of his nerves. A few more rounds and the ring-master gave it up; he had come across a boy that the pony and monkey both could not dismount.

Our First Baby.

BLESS its dear little bald head! Was there ever such a baby since the world began? Only look at the wonderful little red face! all puckered and twisted and twisted and wrinkled, looking first like a head of magenta colored cabbage!—a startling contrast to the smothering quantity of laces, frills, tucks, and puffs in which the little highly tinted wonder is arrayed. Its little head is not looking exactly "careless and happy," but decidedly hairless and cappy and like the proverbial Irish roll of butter which had "only here and there a hair." If there is one point on which the "ma" is touchy it is concerning baby's hair, so the least said about canary colored down the better.

Our first baby! Heaven bless the little red lump; what a dear little nose it has—not a bit bigger than a good sized wart! and such eyes—oh, such eyes—"beautiful eyes," mamma says, but in reality the "twin beauties" generally look like a pair of badly worked button holes, for fresh babies seldom incline to open their "peepers" wide enough to let any one see whether they are green or yellow. All babies look alike to most men, though woman have a peculiar talent for distinguishing between them. Babies are generally supposed to resemble either of the parents, though I must conscientiously say that I never could see any great likeness to either one in the little pursed up phiz presented for inspection. The common expression of countenance would indicate that "baby" had been sucking a large size pickle, and didn't like it much, either.

When the first infant comes, its "pa" has to take a back seat. The newly invested "ma" has no time to waste in caresses on anything else, and in fact pa is looked upon as a sort of intruder if he presents his bill for a kiss now and then. He does not come in for the attention of departed days, for "ma" has positively no time for such nonsense now. She has to see to the making of "pap," the rolling of crackers and the administering of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Poor Pa! although he is as proud as a peacock, still he inwardly kicks against this usurpation of his rights, and though he sinks into nonenity on the arrival of the first born, and tries to bear it like a hero, it takes a long time to get used to it.

For instance, he rushes home filled with a desire to attend Shake-your-hoof's party. He says, "Susan my dear, Mrs. S. gives a German to-night; let us go?"

But Susan can't see it. She looks at him as if he had been guilty of cannibalism, and with the air of an injured woman, says:

"And leave Henry Augusta Cæsar Jenkinson? Leave our 'first baby?' Oh how can you, Charles William, think of such a thing, when the baby has had such a time to get those front teeth, too? Oh, you *cruel, cruel* parent; you are not fit to be the father of such an angel."

A terrible torrent of tears comes in at this point, and Charles William, the miserable parent withers into nothing.

In fact, there is no denying, that the first baby walks into the affection (figuratively speaking) of the hitherto devoted wife, and husbands are obliged to go out in the cold, and discuss the relative parts of "swill milk," "one cow's milk," "skim milk," etc. He finds a peculiar charm in reading all the almanacs of the year that treat of "remedy for colic," infants teething, chicken-pox, nursing sore mouth, measles, etc. And though the urchin won't wear shoes for months to come, Pa daily examines his toes and longs for the time to come when he can encase the little crooks in calfskin. Well, let the happy parents enjoy themselves over "first babies." But while loving and tending the little lump, I beg of its happy mother not to forget that while she is devoting herself to "our baby," she must not neglect to give a stray, loving word or tender caress to its happy father. Faithfully Yours;

ROSE RAYLAND.

THE BEST LIQUOR.—"Give me a glass of your *best* liquor," said a toper the other day as he entered a shop.

The keeper filled a glass and gave it to him. The toper, without noticing it, dashed it down his throat in a swallow. He soon began to taste, seemingly not exactly satisfied.

"What's the matter?" said the keeper.—"Wasn't it good?"

"Why, yes, it was good enough; but it seemed to me it wasn't very strong. What kind of liquor was it?"

"*Cold Water*," was the reply; "that's the *best liquor* we have in the shop, and I believe it's the best in town. As for any other kind, we have not got any; for I left off selling some time ago. So you've saved your ten cents, and you will feel better for it afterward."

"Well," said the toper, "if this isn't a regular take in; but I believe you're half right, for all that; and, as you don't charge any thing for your liquor, I have a good mind to be your customer, and see if I can't get rid of my headache and sore eyes."

THE LOCUSTS.—The seventeen year locusts have already made their appearance in some places; and a few days of warm weather will doubtless bring myriads of them to the surface in some localities. Their visits are quite destructive and always do more or less harm to young fruit trees. In this connection it would be well for our readers to remember that the locust is sometimes a dangerous insect. Its sting is sure to prove fatal, and though it seldom uses it, people should be careful not to handle them with too much familiarity. Its poison is more deadly than that of the rattlesnake.

THE negroes are making progress. Twenty negroes have just been elected to the Georgia Legislature. Two negroes in South Carolina and one in Virginia have been elected deltgates to the Chicago Convention. The new Secretary of State of South Carolina, is a mulatto. Comment is unnecessary.

The Forged Will.

A FEW years ago a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor placed his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered, he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with *red or black* wax?"

"With red wax"

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he sealed and signed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long,"

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light the piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did the piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax two, three or four inches long—he lit the wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on a mantle-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir, upon your solemn oath, *you did?*"

"I did."

"*My* Lord—IT'S A WAFER!!!"

A TELLING ARGUMENT.—A man on trial for murder was successfully defended by his counsel in the following argument:

"Thou shalt not kill." Now if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease and plump as a goose's egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder whether committed by twelve jurymen or an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, no such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in "guilty," the hangman may do his work, but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will be the murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who freemen? Who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie knife. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the fumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a clear conscience, but hang my poor client and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of your animal viscera, until the spinal vertebrae of your national construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporary sanity to do no murder. I adjure you by the name of woman the main spring of the ticking time-piece of Time's theoretical transmigration, to do no mur