The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 32. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 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, Agent, 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., 3d 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 apothecary, 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., just below 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. H. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

D. H. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n46

J. H. MCKELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician north side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

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

D. R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. v1-n44

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

D. R. S. P. CHALFANT, Dentist, Main St., below Market. Next door to Dr. Evans v2-27

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., Balzer Leacock superintendent. v1-n43

UDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, oyster and ice cream 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. v1-n43

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 etc Main st., above Court House. v1-n46

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

MCKELVY 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, Agent, 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, confectionaries, Main st., near the railroad. v1-n43

E. MUNDENHALL, 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

J. 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, Confectionaries and Notions, Scottown, south side, two doors above Robbst'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. P. 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-n46

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

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. v1-n46

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 sts. v1-n43

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Sample & Co's Machine Shop, East Bloomsburg. v1n43

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

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n47

N. W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n27

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. v1-n17

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Ed. Everett, cor. of Main and Pine st. v1n17

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. v1-n17

D. K. SLOAN, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise Main st. v1-n17

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n17

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n17

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the brick hotel. v1-n17

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main St., below Pine. v1-n17

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine. v1-n17

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. v1-n17

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n17

WILLIAM BELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n19

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1-n17

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. v1-n17

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n17

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy v1-n17

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. v1-n17

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

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v2n11

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

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

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

S. B. 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, "Cattawissa House," North West Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18.

M. 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-n64

J. J. LEISER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2-n27

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-n46

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 customers 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 "Mauger") 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.

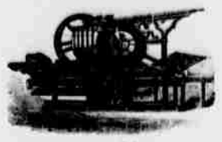
BRICK HOTEL,

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 (apr25'68.

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. Sep3'67.

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. (Jan1'67.

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. (mars'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 county. 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.tf

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.

GALES COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER

For hand or horse-power, acknowledged the lightest, easiest, and in every way best in use. For sale by J. B. DECATUR & CO., Dealers in Agricultural Implements, etc., Send for illustrated circular. May, 15'68-3m.

Choice Poetry.

WHAT THEN?

An old man, crowned with honors nobly earned,
Once asked a youth what end in life he sought,
The hopeful boy said—"I would first be learned;
I would know all that all the schools e'er taught."
The old man gravely shook his head,
"And when you've learned all this, what then?" he said.

"Then," said the boy, with all the warmth of youth,
"I'd be a lawyer, learned and eloquent;
Appearing always on the side of truth,
My mind would grow as thus 'twas early bent."
The old man sadly shook his head,
"And when you've done all this, what then?" he said.

"I will be famous," said the hopeful boy;
"Clients will pour upon me fees and briefs;
'Twill be my pleasing task to bring back joy
To homes and hearts near crushed by darkest griefs,"
But still the old man shook his reverend head,
"And when all this is gained, what then?" he said.

"And then I will be rich, and in old age
I will withdraw from all this legal strife;
Known in retirement as an honored sage,
I'll pass the evenings of an honored life.
Gravely again the old man shook his head,
"And when you've done all this, what then?" he said.

"And then I!—why then, I know that I must die.
My body then must die, but not my fame;
Surrounded by the fallen great I'll lie,
And far posterity will know my name."
Sadly the old man shook again his head,
"And after all of this, what then?" he said.

"And then, and then!"—but ceased the boy to speak,
His eye abashed, fell downward to the sod,
A silent tear dropped on each blooming cheek,
The old man pointed silently to God,
Then laid his hand upon the drooping head,—
"Remember, there's a place beyond," he said.

—*Congregationalist.*

Miscellaneous.

A MINER'S LOVE STORY.

NELLY GLOVER was the prettiest lass in the pit village. Her eyes were of the deepest blue; her cheeks were like a rose; and you might have thought her brown hair was the finest silk. Then she had a figure like a fairy, it was so trim; and with a waist you could almost span. I loved Nelly, but as for that, all the young chaps in the village were of the same mind, and she might have had her pick of us; the worst of it was, she treated us all alike, and wouldn't look at one more than another. She had a smile for everybody, and was always good tempered, but there it ended, and, somehow, none of us could screw up courage to try her future. I don't know how often I thought it over. It came into my head the first thing in the morning, and there it remained the last thing at night, when it kept me awake, or haunted my dreams. At last it took possession of me. No matter where I was, digging, or blasting, or tunneling—above ground, or down in the pit—my thoughts turned on Nelly, and from being the merriest fellow in the village, I just came to be the dullest. One morning there was no work in the pit for my gang, because the viewer wanted that part of the seam shored up, and it struck me all at once, that I would have it out with Nelly; so I made myself smart, and set off, walking as brisk as if it was a wager. You may think it conceit in me, but I can say that I was then as clever a chap to look at as you could often see—and I knew it! For all that I began to walk a bit slow when I caught sight of Mrs. Glover's cottage, and I felt a dread at my heart. But I went on, and I just got up to the cottage, when who should come out but Nelly herself. She never looked prettier than at that minute; but, appearing so suddenly, she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" she cried in a frightened sort of a way.

"Well, it is just this," I said. And there I stopped.

"Is anything wrong with Jack?" she cried quickly.

"Jack!"

"Yes, he is down in the pit and they say it is foul, which makes mother and me uneasy. You haven't heard anything?" And she looked in my eyes as if she would search me through.

"No, no!" I answered, steadying, now that I thought I could comfort her. "He is all right. You mustn't mind what the old women of the village say, or you'll be looking for a blow-up every day in the year, when there is nothing more than common. I haven't come to you about Jack, Nelly, it is about myself."

She gave me another look now; then her cheek flushed up like a flame, and her eyes turned away.

"Do you know what I want to say, Nelly?" I went on. "I wish you did for I can't tell it; it is more than I have got words for. How I love you, how you are always before me, how I am crazed and mad about you! But though I can't say all I want to, here I stand, and I wouldn't change with a king if you'll take me as I am!"

"Ah, Charley! you don't know how you pain me," she answered.

"Don't say that, Nelly. I doubted about speaking to you, but now that I have done it, now that I can't go on deceiving myself, if you have any pity in your heart show it to me, and I will cherish you to the day of my death."

"It is no use," she replied; "I can never marry a pitman. I gave the promise to mother and Jack, when we walked up the village at the funeral of my poor father and brothers all three killed in the mine—our great sorrow, which I can never think of without crying."

And the tears, it is true, were running down her cheeks, though for a minute, she seemed to be harder than stone. And I seemed turned to stone myself. I had no recollection, no feeling and no sense, and I couldn't have moved a step to save my life. Then it all flashed upon me like lightning. I took a last look at Nelly, dropped my head on my breast, and without a word more walked out of the gate.

Our village seldom looked bright, no matter how the sun shone, and I now felt as if the sun would never shine again for me; so, as my eye fell on the cottages, with the clouds hanging down from above and nothing round but a waste, I thought I might as well be in my grave as continue to live there. Besides, I should be always meeting Nelly, perhaps lurking about her mother's cottage, and making her as miserable as myself. Why shouldn't I go away, to Yorkshire, or to the diggings in Australia, for that matter? The notion, if it was good for nothing more, gave me a little spirit. It turned my thoughts, and I stepped out brisker, going straight home. I hadn't much to settle there, only to bid good by to the folks I lived with, and I soon came out pack on my back and began my tramp.

I stopped at the moor and looked back, remembering I might never see the place again, and dismal as I now thought it, with its gaping walls and shaken roofs encumbering the blackened ground, I had been happy there. Not one of those tumbling cottages but would open its door to me; not one where I wouldn't meet a friend. And there I had been born; it was the spot on earth than even in the hour of bitterness, I loved best, and I didn't turn away without dashing my hand over my eyes.

I was walking on when suddenly the air was rent with a crash which shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the black country, and throwing down my pack, I darted off to the pit, with the feelings that animate every miner on such occasions.

It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust-heaps around the pit's mouth; but some were there before me, and the off-men and the women were rushing up from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit almost knocked me back, and I had to get my breath a litt'e, when three or four of us crept on the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, not leaving a stick of it, but it hadn't injured the signal rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as I saw this I set to work to rig a cross-bar, and presently had it ready.

"Just lower me gently," I said to two banksmen. I may pick up one or two, if there is any near."

"You can't go down yet," said the viewer. "How many are there in the pit?"

"Half an hour ago there were fifty," replied the timekeeper; "but I am thankful to say they all came up but ten."

"And they are all lost;" said the viewer, "for there will be another explosion directly."

"I'll go down anyhow," I said doggedly, "and if nobody will lower me I'll jump down."

A good many were on the heaps now, men and women; some of the women crying, and some praying; but when I spoke out that way, there was dead silence. Two or three called out—"Good-by, Charley. God bless you, brave lad." The banksman lowered me down, and I sank through the pit's mouth. A Davylamp was tied around my waist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up, if the air became too foul. But I had no intention of going back till I had searched the pit, and seen if there were any alive. One thing I didn't care about my life: and another I would have been ashamed to face the folks above without doing something. The shaft had never seemed so deep to me before. I strained my eyes into the darkness below, and saw no bottom, I glanced up, and the gleam of light above grew smaller and fainter. I scanned the walls of the shaft, and marked only their black bound. But my progress was notified by the increasing density of the air, which began to affect my breathing; and as I went on, I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground.

I looked round, as I jumped on the saddle, and saw the furnace was out, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, as far as it depended on the brattices, and no air entered by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and, from this and the silence, I guessed the worst. It was plain that the explosion had killed the horses, for not a sound came from the stables, which were close to the shaft, and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? You may be sure I didn't stop to make these reflections; they floated across me, and I was working forward before they got through my mind. I knew the old mine blindfold; but what with the gloom and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the top of the incline, keeping my arms stretched out, as I went along, to feel for anything in the way. And it was lucky I did, or I should have dashed my head against some empty trucks, and in the state I was in, that would have finished me. Thus I reached the first gallery which you could only enter stooping. I pushed open the trap, and went on a few steps, though my Davylamp was what pitmen called "affire"—the flame being all blue—and I knew that the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. But I stumbled along; if I wasn't to save any one, it didn't matter what became of myself, and I pleased myself with the thought that Nelly would hear that I had died in the attempt. And then, all at once, it came into my head what she had said about her brother Jack being in the pit. This gave my heart such a turn that I quite staggered, and the perspiration poured from my forehead like water. I rushed forward as if I was mad—my foot struck something—I bent down over what seemed a corpse, and the gleam of the lamp fell on his face. It was Jack Glover. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier work going back, when you were once in the main, or horse-road; for now the shaft was before you instead of behind; and, though you wouldn't think it, this made a wonderful difference in the light. Dark as pitch it still was, though not to a pitman's eyes, and I had found out that Jack breathed when I reached the shaft. The discovery nerved me afresh, and kept all my senses at work, without my seeming to know it. I only felt that there would soon another explosion. So I placed Jack on the straddle, and taking the cord from my Davylamp, tied him hand and foot, then pulled the signal, and as the people above hauled the tackle, and lifted the straddle from the ground, I hung on my arms. Thus we began to mount the shaft.

It wasn't till we had got twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing, but, from that moment, it became just terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap—the ache in my arms spread through every muscle—my head spun round, and my feet kicked about in agony. I watched the mouth of the pit till my eyes swam, and as I reckoned the space between them, while my strength waned and my misery deepened, I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster. I mustered all my strength; I tightened my grip on the straddle, though my fingers were growing numb; I steadied my feet, and hardly trusted myself to breathe. I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the purer air; I heard voices; and presently the tackle swung; and strong arms caught me around, and I was landed on the bank.

They had Jack Glover off the straddle before you could look around, and he was carried away while they raised my head and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

"What is it, Charley Baston?" he asked bending over me.

"Everybody away from the pit, sir." I asked.

"You are right," he answered, It will come in a minute or two."

They got me on the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Nelly, trying to throw herself on her brother Jack, but kept back by the other women folks. She never glanced round at me! I wished then that I had stopped in the pit, or let myself drop from the bar as I came up, and so escaped seeing her again. But I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now, and when they let go my arms, turned towards the moor, intending to pick up my pack, and drag on at least to the next village.

But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to my pack, I sank down by it, and felt that I must give up. I was so beat, though there was now another explosion at the pit, as I had expected, and though it shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. All I thought of was stretching out my arms and legs, and lying quiet. How long I lay there I never knew. But, by degrees, I recovered a little strength and my thoughts took more shape, when I decided to return to my old lodging, and have a day's rest before I set out on my wanderings.

The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, the good folks tending me like a child. My limbs, which had been racked with pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there would be opposition, so got up quiet, and was putting on my things, when the room door opened, to my wonder, in came Jack Glover.

"Hilloa, Charley here we are," he cried seizing my hand, and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Who would have thought of us two being alive to-day.

"Well, Jack," I answered, "I am glad for you, but I shouldn't have cared for myself."

"How's that?" he asked.

"Because I have something on my mind."

"You!" he said, laughing, and he gave me a little push.

"Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will go off like the smoke."

"I don't care if I never smoke a pipe again," I said savagely.

"Now I'll tell you what it is," said Jack, "You've been having a tiff with our Nelly."

"I haven't," I answered, my cheeks burning.

"Well, you know best about that," continued Jack; "but it's what I guess, because you were seen talking to her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you who brought me up from the pit, she fell on my neck and fainted."

Did she know it before?" I asked, relenting.

"No."

"Then I'll just tell you all about her and me," I said.

I was a long time telling it, but Jack sat up as if he was listening to a play, or a sermon at chapel. I gave him a description of Nelly that would have done for the "Hue and Cry;" went into all the feeling she had raised in my breast; told him how I had watched for her, thought of her, and dreampt of her; and finally, recounted our last colloquy. Jack never moved a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath did he put in a word.

Don't you think you've been a little fast, Charley?" he then said dubiously.

"How do you mean?" I answered.

"Why, in giving up so. Suppose when Nelly said she couldn't have you, you should had put your arm around her waist, and said she must?"

This view never struck me, and rather took me back.

"But there was her promise to you and her mother never to marry a pitman." I argued.

"So there was. But did you never hear that promises were made to be broken?"

"I can't say but I have," I muttered, clapping on my hat.

"Where are you going?" said Jack.

"You wait a minute," I replied.

With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road, and hurried off to Mrs. Glover's cottage. I stood outside a minute, when I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was Nelly, sitting by her mother, and looking like a ghost—only ghosts never look so pretty. She gave me one look, then started up and sprung into my arms. My heart was so full I couldn't speak at first, but then I thought that I must do something, so I dropped my arm around her waist as Jack recommended. Now I felt sure of her, and of all the happiness the world could give, and as my breast swelled proudly, I began to bear a little malice.

"Ah, Nelly! if you had only loved me!"

"How happy we might have been!" I continued.

"Then we can be, Charley," she murmured.

"How, Nelly? We can never marry, you know."

The little fingers unlocked, and I felt Nelly falling away, but I remembered Jack's counsel, and held on by her waist.

"There's your promise to your mother and Jack," I continued; "how are we to get over that?"

"I forgot that," faltered Nelly, as white as a sheet.

"And what do you say to it Mother?" I cried to the old lady.

Mrs. Glover got up and took Nelly's hand and put it in mine.

"That's what I say to it," she said heartily; "and I know Jack is of the same mind."

"And this is what I say to it," I cried giving Nelly a kiss.

You won't be surprised to hear that we were married the next week. And now I am viewer of the colliery; and as for Nelly, she will tell you that though she married a pitman, and has her roughs and smooths, like other people, there is no happier woman in the kingdom.

A Tale About a Head.

JAKE was a little negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro; and was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as Gen. Jackson's—to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zachary Taylor. He didn't even fear that respectable fellow, Old Nick; and as for coolness, he was cool as the tip-top of the North Pole.

One day Dr. Taliaferro, upon the occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late in the evening the bottle had done its work, and the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of the lion heart of his favorite man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him, and his bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and came.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?"

"Berry well, master," replied Jake, "just tell dis nigga what he's to do and he'll do it shure."

"I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however, and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake, Oh! berry well, I'll do dat shure, for sartin—and as for being frighten'ed debbil herself ain't a gwine to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, and reaching the dissecting room, groped about until he found the knife, and the bodies. He had just applied the former on the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"*Let my head alone!*"

"Yes sah," replied Jake, "hain't 'ticular—and tudder head'll do just as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the head of the next corpse, when another voice, unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

"*Let my head alone!*"

Jake was puzzled at first, but answered presently—

"Look a yah! Master Tolliver sed mus bring one