The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 34. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUG. 21, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-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., 2d door above American house. vl-n43

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

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

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

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

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main sts, just below American House. vl-n43

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

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

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

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

PROFESSIONAL.

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

D. R. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n43

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

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

D. R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

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. vl-n43

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

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

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

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

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

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

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

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

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

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

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

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

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

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

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

REV. A. HARTMAN, Agent, dry goods, notions, and groceries, Main st., opposite Correll's Furniture Rooms. vl-n43

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

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

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionaries, Main st., near the railroad. vl-n43

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectionaries 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. vl-n43

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE BASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Sample & Co's Machine Shop, East Bloomsburg. vl-n43

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

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

N. W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice—machinery made and repaired. v2-n9

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

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

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by D. Ed. Everett, cor. of Main and Pine st. vl-n47

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. Kostebander 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, "Cattawisa 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. vl-n46

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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-n4

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. & 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 informs 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 SHERP 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. BETTERICH.

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 it in permanent repair 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 (apr10'68.

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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Three square.....	4,00	7,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
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Executor's and Administrator's Notice $3,00; Auditor's Notice $2,50. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line.

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

☞ It is, in *all cases*, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or jobbing, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"Columbian Office,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by

C. M. VANDERSLICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn's.

M. M. TRAUGH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Berwick, Columbia County, Penn's.

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. (sep20'67.

JOHN G. FREEZE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. (Jan'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of plating, silver or gold. Dec13,67.

AUCTIONEER,

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. (mar8'67.

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. (apr17'67.

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 natural, easiest, and quickest way yet in use. For sale by J. R. DECATUR & CO., Dealers in Agricultural Implements, etc., send for illustrated Circular. May, 1, '67-3m.

Choice Poetry.

COL-AND-GRANT PAN CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY GRANT-PERE.

AIR—"*Come Home.*"

O, HIRAM ULYSSES, come back to your dad,
For the clock on the steeple strikes two;
Impeachment's "gone up," and Ben Wade is stark mad,
And he swears it's all over with you;
The Chicago Convention will help you no more,
The Methodist Conference won't pray,
There's the ugliest news from the Oregon shore
And in short there's the d—lckens to pay!

Come home! Come home! Come home!
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home.

Old Brownlow is going to Red Sulpher Springs,
And Stanton can't "stick" any more;
Old Thad in despair to his dusky bride clings,
While Sumner, the eunch, feels sore;
Ben Butler is stealing a look on his spoons,
The bondholders quack for their gold;
The bands have stopped playing "those loil old tunes,"
And I fear me, sweet Hiram, you're sold.

Come home, etc.

I've a horse in the Circut for you and Colfax—
'Tis the horse that you rode in the South—
The monkey stands ready to leap on your backs
And there's wiskey to pour in your mouth.
So Hiram, sweet Hiram, don't feel very bad,
When you learn that my tidings are true;
You're better at home with cigars and your dad,
For the White House ain't waiting for you.

Come home! Come home! Come home!
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

SUSQUEHANNA'S SHORE.

MAGGIE, throw the window open,
Let me look beyond this roam;
Ah! 'tis naught but bricks and Mortar,
Not a hill nor flower in bloom;
Oh! that I could see once more
The leafy mountain swelling
On sweet Susquhanna's shore.

Close the window—close it, Maggie!
Through it comes the city's hum,
And my head is nigh to bursting,
And my heart still longs for home;
Oh! that I could hear once more
The gentle wavelets rolling
On sweet Susquehanna's shore.

Maggie dear, the room is stifling.
There is not a breath of air,
And my cheeks are burning, burning,
With the constant sunny glare;
Oh! that I could feel once
The balmy breeze that blowing
On Sweet Susquehanna's shore.

F.

Miscellaneous.

THE DARK HOUR BEFORE DAY.

"IT'S no use, Becky," said the little lame cobbler, dropping his head upon his hands and looking as he felt, the personification of despair, "I've offended the Lord somehow, and he won't let me have a chance to keep a home over your heads. I know I'm not all I ought to be, and I'm punished."

Becky went across the room and patted her husband on the back.

"Now, don't take on, Nick, don't," she said, "that can't be, for He that knows all, knows how good you are. Better time'll come. They're sure to, and you'll be rewarded for all your patience yet. The darkest hour is just before day."

The cobbler shook his head.

"I've gin up hope," he said. "What with the rent and the bill for the medicine. It was like me to get sick just at the worst, and no work coming in—and the new shop, with the gilt sign, tempting folks from our shabby basement, even for the mending of their old shoes. I'm crushed down. Why, you are as thin and white as a ghost. You haven't tasted meat this week Becky."

"No more have you," said Becky. "But la, why, there is folks thinks meat unhulsome; vegetarians, Nick, they call'em; where I lived out once, I saw one of them."

"Did you say bread was unhulsome too?" asked Nick. "Oh, gal, I wish I'd left you living out at service. Rosy and bright and happy; but I mean to do better, I said. If I was an able-bodied man, I'd work somehow and somewhere, but its the last or nothing with me. Becky, why did n't you take Tim Rolf, the wheelwright, and send the little limping cobbler about his business?"

"I didn't like Tim," said Becky, "and I just knew how nice and cozy we'd be together. Never a quarrel, Nick. And how we used to go to Hoboken and have lemonade in the garden, and come home after dark an afternoon, and how we used to go to church on Sunday morning in clothes as good as any one."

"Used," sighed poor Nick.

"Why, it can't be all up hill," said Becky. "I haven't time to go out galvalting now, but la, I don't miss it. We're steady married folks now, you know.

"Oh, Becky," said the cobbler, "you try to keep up heart, but you know it's come to starving."

"They looked at each other, and then Becky put her arms about her husband. She did not weep upon his bosom; she was so big and so strong, and he so small and frail, that it only seemed natural to reverse matters. She hugged him up to her shoulder and covered his head over with her apron, and put her cheek down outside the bundle thus made, and soothed and patted him as if he had been a baby. But she cried, too, and the apron was wet through in no time.

It was a bad state of things. No money, no food, no fire, and winter at its coldest. The children sent to school breakfastless for the sake of the warmth to be had; the little cobbler as helpless as man could be, except at his trade, and Becky's washing stopped, for Heaven only knows how long, by a great felon in the palm in her right hand. But Becky loved the queer little mortal—she stopped crying first, and kissed him between the eyes—great, frightened blue eyes, that seemed made for crying.

"You stay home, and mind the place," she said, "I'm going out awhile. Perhaps there'll be a bit of luck—who knows."

She put on her bonnet and shawl—such a thin little shawl—which had been used for an ironing cloth, and had an iron scorch between the shoulders—and took up a basket.

The cobbler looked at her.

"Beck," he said hoarsely; "Beck," she knew just what he ment.

"The little children, Nick," she said; "we could starve—but them poor little critters. Nick, it won't seem like begging when it's for them."

And then the door shut behind her—and poor Nick limped after her, as though to stop her, then paused, and fairly flung himself on the floor, wishing he were under the ground beneath it.

"God forgive the man that marries a woman to starve her, he sobbed. "Why if I'd know it would have come to this, I'd never had courted her. It's time I was dead."

Perhaps being a strange, impulsive little fellow, there might have been a tragic end to this scene, but that the children came in from school, and began to cry—partly at the sight of their prostrate father, and partly because of hunger and Nick forgot himself to do what he could for them.

He had no dinner, but he had a great deal of love to give them, and some pieces of red kid. And the fact that mother and the basket were gone together, impressed them with the hope of provisions.

Meanwhile, Becky had gone a begging. It would be horrible, no doubt, she thought, to take food from strangers—but she found that there was one thing even more terrible—not to take it.

Door after door was slammed in her face. Once a dog was set at her, or she thought so. Professional beggars had made themselves nuisances to many people, and how were they to know when real poverty asked alms. Men whom they had plied as paupers proved to be owners of real estate. Cripples and blind men whom they had aided, were found to have bound up strong limbs and glued their eyes together—so they were hard upon real distress and refused it broken bread.

At six that evening Becky stood at a street corner, with one crust in her basket—no more.

Beyond lay a pawnbroker's shop; and Becky looked at its golden balls and, her wedding ring. She had worn it fifteen years, and it was thin and frail, but pure gold. Through all, she had kept it until now. Must it go? The thought was worse than begging.

Becky took a step forward, another back. Then she began to cry a little. Nick's ring, that he put on her hand so long ago—oh, dear! oh, dear!

But she grew brave again, and walked into the shop, pawned the ring! It was not much they gave for it, but it would buy supper, and perhaps she could get it back. That was a very faint idea, perhaps, however.

A woman was in the pawnshop, as she waited, bargaining with the proprietor over a suit of little girl's clothing—costly things, out of place in her hand. Becky noticed this, saying to herself that they were never fairly come by. But she had forgotten all about it, when, coming out of the baker's, a little voice fell on her ear, and looking down, saw a barefoot child, in wretched rags, sobbing piteously.

Becky was soft hearted; but, in poor quarters, crying children are common enough, and her own were waiting for the loaves, in her basket. She walked on hastily, and so upset the toddler. Then Becky needs must stop and pick her up.

"Why don't you go home to your mother this night-time," she said, "and not stand here to be knocked down."

And a little siver voice of a thread answered:

"I can't find mama. I can't find my home. Where is mama! Oh, mama!"

Becky knelt down. A white head of crumpled curls, and a pair of blue eyes, swimming in tears, she could just make out.

"I'll take you home—only say where," she said.

But the child could tell nothing. It was plainly lost. Becky took it in her arms, and made inquiries at the corner grocery, where she bought a slice of ham; but no one knew the child. It was growing late, too, and Becky could not leave it to its fate.

"I'll take it home," she said, and "tomorrow find its folks."

So, when the cobbler and his children in their juvenile views of such matters, opinioned that they had another little sister.

"It's a poor lost child," said Becky. "I'm going to keep it to-night. Its parents are poorer than we are: you can see that by its bare feet and only one little frock—poor thing! Now hold her, Nick while I cook supper. I didn't beg it, Nick—so don't fret."

And then, keeping her ring-finger out of sight, Becky fried the ham, and made the gravy, and cut the bread, and sent for two cents worth of milk—which judiciously diluted, made a quart of milk and water, and tried to be very cheerful.

The lost child cried, but Becky fed it, and soon coaxed it to talk; then came a story of a blue dress, and a nasty woman.

The youngest, who had chewed the red kid, acted interpreter. Soon it was discovered that some person described as nasty, had taken away the child's blue dress and other garments, and had whipped her.

Becky listened intently.

"That dress was blue, Nick," she cried. "I know it wasn't hers—a tipsy, ragged woman; and folks that own them don't come pawning. I——"

Then she paused—the secret was out, Nick's eye had glanced toward her wedding ring, and back again to her face.

"O, Becky!" he cried. "Becky, we didn't think——."

Becky flushed scarlet.

"I didn't mean to tell," she said, "but now it's out; I'm married—all the same, thank God. It was at the pawnshop I saw the blue dress. And she told them of the woman whom she had watched, and of her suspicions. "The child has been stolen, Nick," she said. "It's a genteel child, you can see; and if we can but find its name out, we may save some one trouble we've never had. Think of one of our little ones being gone all night, Nick!"

The baby's name seemed to be Minnie Smith—though M. S. might be anything else; and putting the children all to bed, all in a row, like the little Ogres in fairy tales, save that they had no crown on, Nick and his wife started off to the pawnbroker's

The man was good natured, and looked at the garments. They were marked M. S.

"I'm right, then," said Becky. "They are the child's and they have been stolen. And if we can find its poor mother we'll save more than any but a mother can tell."

"But think of all the Smiths," said the pawnbroker. "There's thousands of 'em."

"And thousands," said Becky. "But these men—meaning the police—they may know."

And out went Nick and Becky, to question the guardians of the night, untill, at last, despairing of an answer, they were turning homeward, when a blaze of light from an open door fell over them, and they saw on the steps a weeping woman and a tall, handsome man.

"My precious little Minnie," cried the woman.

Then Nick and Betty gave a sort of cheer in union. Oh, mum if your name is Smith, and you've lost a little girl we've found her."

And then then the cobbler and his wife were pounced upon and the story told.

In half an hour the six little Ogres, without crowns were aroused from their slumbers by an arrival in their midst and the odd baby was taken out, to their distress and consternation, for they had counted on keeping her.

And Nick and Betty forgot their own troubles in the parents' joy. And Nick said it was like poetry, and Becky said it was like a play!

And so it was—one with a happy ending—what did the lady do but beg and pray Becky to tell her what she would like best, and Becky confessed that to have her wedding-ring back was the hope of her life; and this led to the cause of its pawning and all the story of poverty and sorrow. Then the dark hours ended and the day broke; and there was food and fire; and as it happened, that baby, Minnie's father, needed just such an honest man for work as poor Nick could do, he gave the place to the cobbler; and from that day there was enough and to spare in the little home, because of the simple goodness shown to the baby Minnie.

"So it's never time throwin away to do a kindness to any one," says Becky, often; somehow you are always rewarded for it. If I'd left the little lost beggar's child, as I thought it, in the street and never stopped to care for it—as I might have done in such trouble—where would Nick have been and the children and me this night? Not that I did anything but what a Christian ought, but see how we were paid for it.

"Injuns About."

A TEXAN correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, tells a good story in one of his letters, of C. "a surly-faced' grizlyhaired, cuffy and moon eyed chap,' who persecuted a certain roughish damsel with his attentions, but was finally thrown off the course of true love, by the following ruse:

It being the watermelon season, and Betty's father having a fine supply, all the youngsters for miles around, assembled there on the holiday, to feast on melons.

C. was prominent in the circle, till the afternoon. Betty held private interviews with the other young men and arranged that C. should be decoyed from the house, and frightened by the cry of Indians from some of his comrades, which was thought would wound his pride and drive him away.

Five young men with C. walked out. A bath in the river, three hundred yards distant, was proposed by one and seconded by several. Of course poor C. was "in."

They went down to the ford, near the melon patch, and began undressing. In the meantime eight or ten others with guns, had gone down under cover of the bank, and secreted themselves along the path, from the bathing-place to the house.

"Now, boys," said one "who shall be the first to dive in that 'ere pool?"

"I'll" says C., "ain't I first with the gals?"

Off went pants, coats, shoes etc. Just as C. had doffed everything, barring a long flannel shirt—bang! bang! bang! Who-wo-yeh! Bang! went two, three, four guns—loud and shrill went the Indian yell in the dense brush, and now under the bank.

"O, Lord! I am a dead man, boys!" said James Simpson.

"My leg is broken. O, save me!" cried George Williams.

"Run for life men! Run—for mercy-sake run!" cried Jack Parsons.

"One of my eyes is out!" all being said in an instant.

Do you see that red blaze along the path? Look a moment—what velocity! That jagged hair all straightened behind—that's C. streaking it for the house, shirt and all. See him about the corner of the field, by the thicket. Bang—bang—went half a dozen pieces; louder than ever rose the hideous war cry.

"O, Lord!" shouted C. redoubling his speed—the red blaze getting larger, bunches of his bushy hair dropping out as he "spread himself." See him leap, the yard fence—high in the air—red shirt and all.

The porch was full of ladies,—off went two or three more pieces. C. glanced at the ladies then at his short red shirt.

"Run for your life, C." screamed Betty; "the house is full of Indians! Father's dead and brother Sam is wounded. Run, speed!"

In a twinkling of an eye C. was out of the yard; and supposing the premises surrounded off he shot, the red blaze more brilliant than ever, and striking directly into a thicket, thorny bottom, he reached and swam the river; and although it was near sunset, C. got into a settlement fifty miles distant, to breakfast next morning, still retaining the sleeves and collar of his red shirt, and reporting all the family, visitors, etc., among the slain. As for himself, he said he fought as long as fighting would do any good.

It is unnecessary to inform you dear reader, whether or not Betty was troubled with C. after that snap.

Jacobin Literature in the Dog Days.

JULY and August are the months in which dogs and cats commonly go mad.

One who reads the Jacobin newspaper concerns during these months, will perceive the verification of this fact in a great deal of frothing about Horatio Seymour.

He will learn therefrom many things about Horatio Seymour that no one ever learned before.

He will leorn that Horatio Seymour was born with double rows of teeth; and that his first lively performances was to bite off the nurse's little finger because she had a brother in the army.

That he grew up a deceitful young rascal, who bamboozled "good little boys" into the belief that swallows might be caught by putting Onondago salt on their tails.

That he cut the throats of six school fellows, extracted their livers and sold them to a sausage-maker.

That he studied law because lawyers succeeded better in rascality than any other people, excepting those who get war contracts or places in the revenue service.

That he joined the church in order to gratify a personal grudge against the worthy rector, whom he afterwards drowned in the Herkimer river, by tying a large stone to his neck.

That he is "a sneaking, deceitful, specious, heartless, adroit," unscrupulous, conscienceless, guileful, juggling, insidious, designing, faithless, double-tongued dissimulating, hypocritical, perjured, knavish, cozening, subtle, obdurate, base, profligate, corrupt, brutal, unrighteous, atrocious, abominable, unmitigated, damnable [illegible] "villian," —one of y[illegible] canting," &c., &c., &c., [illegible] with an insatiable," &c., a[illegible] appetite for evil," &c., &c., &c., [illegible] and the courage to do bad," &c., & [illegible] &c., "act with a defiant front; but who endeavors to purge himself and deceive," &c., &c., &c., "the world by sniveling," whining, caterwauling, &c., &c., &c., "his prayers to Heaven, in which he does not believe as an offset to the infamy," &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., "of which he is full."

That he entered into a conspiracy with S. J. Tilden, Jeff. Davis, Belle Boyd and Henry Clay Dean to murder A. Lincoln and desecrate the grave of Ann Rutledge, "six miles north bearing a little west, of New Salem;" and that he never forgave Wilkes Booth for intefering and spoiling his nice little arrangement.

That he is crazy—crozy as a loon, as a March hare, as a bed bug—in brief, as crazy as General Sherman was when he said the rebellion could not be put down by an army of seventy-five thousand men; and that the very wonderful "method in his madness" is proof positive that he expects to be more crazy.

That he is the identical red-handed rebel who fired the first gun; who tore down the Federal flag; who was alluded to by General Dix when he said, "shoot him on