The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 39. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPT. 25, 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

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-n46

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

DR. E. P. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n46

J. R. M'KELVY, 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

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

DR. 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-n43

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-n43

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionary, 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. 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

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

H. 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

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, House-keeping 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-n15

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-n15

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

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Morocco Tanner, Scottown. v1-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and 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, Sample & Co's Machine Shop, East Bloomsburg. v1n43

I. 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. v1-n47

N. W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice, machinery made and repaired. v2-n43

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 Ed. 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. v1-n47

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 C. 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 Manufactuter of plows, Mill St. v1-n47

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

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. Kostenbauder 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, "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, Bro... 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-n46

J. J. LEISER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2-n5

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-n4

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. Their house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibusses 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,
BEEF TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWITZER CHEESE,
LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.
COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE.
LAWS & ...
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 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. (Apr'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
Two squares	3,00	5,00	6,00	9,00	14,00
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Four squares	6,00	8,00	10,00	14,00	20,00
Half column	10,00	12,00	15,00	25,00	50,00
One column	15,00	18,00	25,00	50,00	100,00

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'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. [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. Jan4'67.

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. [april7'67.

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, 1867.

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 accommodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

UNION HOTEL,
ROHRSBURG, PA.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the travelling public that he has purchased and refitted in the best manner the old stand formerly occupied by W. A. Kline, and that he is now prepared to accommodate his friends with all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class house. A fine new barn has been built and the surroundings placed in perfect order. The bar will always be stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table furnished with the best the market affords. JAMES V. GILLASPIE.
July 3, '68-3t

Choice Poetry.

THE BONDHOLDERS SONG.

The bondholder sat in his easy chair,
Counting his bonds was he;
And he turned up his nose at Seymour and Blair
And called them a terrible traitorous pair,
While he sang to himself in glee.

"The people are saddled for us to ride,
And booted and spurred are we;
We travel well every panting side,
And as safe on their brawny back abide
As Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea.

"We gave them paper for what we hold,
At not quite half of the face;
But we'll get full payment in gold, hard gold,
(Though laboring men are bought and sold,)
If we only win this race!

"The war is over—some folks say,
But certainly that won't do;
We must keep it up till election day,
(Till then at least we can make it pay,)
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!

"Hurrah for that glorious hero, Grant;
The bondholder's choice is he;
He'd speak if he could, but luckily he can't,
And the masses won't know what a regular plant
A glorious hero can be.

"I have misgivings, I must confess,
That we can't put the ticket through;
That the people at last are beginning to guess
A national blessing is a blessing to bless
A 'ring' of a chosen few.

"But away with misgivings; for who can prevent
The 'loyal' from getting their pay?
It is only three hundred and fifty per cent
On every dollar of paper they lent
Toward keeping the war under way!

"Hurrah for the flag of our country, then,
For writen on every fold,
I see inscribed by Jay Cooke's pen
'Down with rebels,' which means all men
Who won't pay our bonds in gold!"

Miscellaneous.

ESCAPE FROM JUSTICE.

IT was a bitter night in January—a night when homeless wanderers on the moors might have sunk down froze to the earth, and the very marrow seemed to congeal in one's bones.

"There is one advantage in steam," growled a fat old gentleman in the corner seat; "wind and weather don't affect it. No flesh and blood horse could stand a night like this, but the iron horse keeps straight ahead, whether the thermometer is at zero or at boiling water heat."

Just then the conductor entered.

"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please."

"It's a dreadful night, conductor," I said, feeling with stiffened fingers for my ticket, in the breast pocket of my coat."

"Dreadful, sir!" feelingly responded the conductor. "Why, the breakemen can't live outside, and so I look the other way when they creep in, poor fellows, to get a breath of warm air at the stove. We haven't had such a night since a year ago come the second of February, when Tom Blakeslee, the baggage master, froze both his feet, and a woman who was coming from Chicago got off at Blinn's Four Corners with her baby in her arms a corpse!"

"Frozen to death!"

"Aye, frozen to death; and she never thought, poor thing, but that it was asleep. 'My baby's cold,' says she, 'but we'll soon warm it when we get home.' It was just such a night as this."

And the conductor opened the door and plunged across the coupling into the next car, crying out—

"Hardwick!"

It was quite a considerable city—with a handsome iron depot, flaring gas lamps, and the usual crowd around the platform, with hands in pockets, and cigar ends flaming through the night.

Our car was nearly the last of the long train, and but a single person entered it—a slender young girl, wrapped in a gray blanket shawl, and wearing a neat little traveling hat of gray straw, trimmed with stone-colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate, like one used to traveling, and finally sat down near the door.

"Pardon me, young lady," said I, "but you had better come nearer the stove."

She started, hesitated a minute, and then obeyed.

"Does this train to to Bayswater?" she asked, in a voice so deliciously soft and sweet that it seemed to thrill through me.

"Yes; can I be of any service to you?"

"Oh, no—at least not until we reach Bayswater. I would like a carriage then.

"We shall not be there yet these three hours."

"Do we stop again?"

"Only at Exmouth."

She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of relief, and settled back in a corner. By the light of the lamp that hung its brass fixture opposite, I could see her face, that of a lovely child. Apparently she was no more than sixteen with large blue eyes, golden hair drawn straight away from her face, and a little rosy mouth like that of a baby.

"Do you expect friends to meet you at Bayswater, my child?" I asked incidentally.

"No, sir—I am going to school there."

"It will be an awkward hour for you to arrive by yourself—one in the morning."

"Oh, I am not afraid," she said with an artless little laugh; "I shall go straight to the Seminary."

So the express train thundered on, with steady, ceaseless pulsing at its iron heart, and constant roar.

Suddenly the signal whistle sounded, the train began to slack its speed.

"Surely we're not at Exmouth yet," I thought, "unless I have fallen unconsciously asleep and allowed the progress of time to escape me."

I glanced at my watch; it was barely half past eleven, and I knew we were not due at Exmouth until a few minutes after twelve. I rubbed the frost from the window pane and looked out.

We had stopped at a lonely little way station in the midst of the dense pine woods.

"Is this Exmouth?"

It was the soft voice of the pretty traveler opposite.

"No, I don't know what place it is—some way station."

"Does this train stop at way stations?"

"Never, generally; they must have been special signalled here. You are cold, my child; your voice trembles."

"It is cold," she said in a scarcely audible voice, drawing her shawl around her. "Oh, how I wish they would hurry on!"

"Conductor"—for the man of tickets was passing through the car—"why did we stop at the backwoods place?"

"Out of water," was the reply, as he hurriedly passed by.

Now I knew perfectly well that this answer was not the true solution of the matter. Our delay had not exceeded half a minute, altogether too short a time for replenishing the boiler; and where on earth was the water to come from in that desolate stretch of barren pine woods?"

Five minutes after the conductor re-entered the car, and I made room for him at my side.

"Sit down, conductor you've nothing to do this minute."

He obeyed.

"What did you mean by telling me such a lie just now?"

I spoke under my breath; he replied in the same tone—

"About what?"

"About the reason you stopped just now."

He smiled.

"To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on a single passenger—a gentleman who has come down from Bayswater."

"For the pleasure of traveling once more over the same route?"

"Exactly sir for the pleasure of traveling it in certain society. Don't be alarmed for your own safety—it's a detective police.man."

"A——"

I was about to repeat the words in astonishment, when he mentioned me to silence.

"And who is the offender?"

"I don't know myself yet. He does'nt want a scene until the moment of arrest; we are safe enough until we reach Bayswater."

"Where is he?"

"The detective? He sits by the door yonder, with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes. Did you ever see a more perfect specimen of the dilapidated countryman?"

I smiled; I could hardly help it.

"What is the case?

"A murder—a man and his wife and two children—their throat cut last night and the house set fire afterwards."

"Great Heavens? what a monster!"

We had continued the conversation in a whisper, scarcely above our breath, and now the conductor rose and left me to study the faces of my fellow passengers, with curious dread and horror.

Somehow, often as I revolved the matter in my mind, my fancy would settle on a coarse, gross-looking man opposite, with a bushy beard and a shaggy wool coat, with the collar turned up round his ears. I felt convinced that this man, with the brutal eyes, and the heavy hanging jaws, was the Cain; and as I looked furtively across, I caught the wide open blue orbs of the fair little girl.

Obeying the instantaneous impulse of my heart, I rose and went over to her.

"You heard what we were saying my little one?"

"Yes—a murder—oh, how horrible!"

"Do not be frightened—no one shall hurt you."

She smiled up in my face with sweet confiding innocence.

Our stay at Exmouth was but brief; but during the delay I could see that the detective had changed his seat to one nearer the brutish man in the shaggy coat.

"See," faltered the young girl; "they locked the car doors at Exmouth; they are unlocking them now."

She was right.

"Probably they were fearful that the criminal would escape," I remarked in an undertone.

"Will you—may I trouble you to bring me a glass of water?"

I rose and made way towards the ice cooler by the door, but with difficulty, for the train was again under rapid motion. To my disappointment the tin geblet was chained to the shelf.

"No matter," said she, with a winning smile, "I will come myself."

I drew the water and held the cup; but instead of taking it as she approached, she brushed suddenly past me, opened the door and rushed out upon the platform.

"Stop her! stop her!" shouted the detective springing to his feet. "She will be killed; conductor brakeman—hold up!"

There was a rush—a tumult—a bustle; I was first upon the platform; but it was empty and deserted, save by a half frozen looking brakeman, who seemed horror-stricken.

"She went past me like a shadow, and jumped off as we crossed Cairn turnpike road," he stammered.

"Jumped off the express train; well she must have been killed instantly. What mad folly!" It's five hundred dollars out of my pocket, said the detective, ruefully. "I did not want a row before we got to Bayswater, but I was a confounded tool. A woman cornered will do anything, I believe?"

"What," I ejaculated, "you surely do not mean that child——"

"I mean" said the detective calmly, "that child as you call her, is Attila Burton, married woman twenty-six years age, who last night murdered four persons in cold blood, and was trying to escape to Canada. That's what I mean"

The train was stopped, and a party of us, lead by the conductor and detective, went back to search for any trace of the beautiful young creature, whose loveliness and apparent innocence had appealed to my sympathies so earnestly. Nor was it long before we found her, lying quite dead by the side of the track, frightfully mangled by the force of the fall, and multilated almost beyond recognition.

"Well, she's escaped justice in this world if not in the next," said the detective gloomily, as he stood looking down upon her remains.

"Do you suppose she expected to be able to spring off the morning train without injury?" I asked.

"Without much injury—yes; women are such unreasoning creatures. But I never dreamed of such insane folly,' or I should have taken prompt measures to prevent it."

They lifted up the fair dead thing, carried it to the nearest place of refuge—a lonely farm house among the frozen hills, and we returned to the train, reaching Bayswater only a few minutes behind our regular time.

And when in the next morning's papers, I read the account of the murderess, I thought of the slender creature's blue eyes, and rose-bud mouth, with a strange, pitying thrill at my heart.

THE GRAVE OF BRADDOCK.—Among the many things which time has brought to light is the answer to the oft-repeated query. "Who killed Braddock?" During that memorable retreat of the British and Provincial troops, Braddock ordered that his men should protect themselves behind trees. One Joseph Fausett presumed to disobey this order, when Braddock, in a passion struck him down with his sword. Tom. Fausett, who was but a short distance from his brother, saw the whole transaction, and immediately shot the General through the lungs. The Hon. A. Stewart, of Uniontown, Pa., says his father often heard Fausett acknowledge this. After Braddock fell, his body was carried by his troops for four days, when he expired. He was interred in the middle of the road, so that all of the soldiers wagons, horses might pass over and obliterate all vestige of his grave from the eyes of the savages. About twenty-nine years ago some laborers, who were repairing the road, came upon the remains, and after taking a number of the most prominent bones, reinterred the others. Some time afterwards the scattered bones were collected and sent to Peal's Museum, which was in Philadelphia at the time. Braddock's grave is in Fayette county, Penna., and is marked by a plain shingle nailed to a tree, where part of the bones are interred. This is the only monument which serves to point out to the traveller, the last resting place of the proud and brave, but unfortunate victim of Indian warfare.

A REBEL ANECDOTE.—In the work by Jon Esten Cooke, entitled "Wearing of the Gray," the following anecdote occurs, which may perhaps be appreciated under the circumstances:

In 1863 the enemy caught an old countryman near Madison Court House, and informed him that he must do one of two thing: either take the oath of allegiance to the United States government or prepare to be buried alive. He declined taking the oath, when his captors deliberately proceeded in his presence to dig a grave, and when it was finished they led him to it and said:

"Will you take the oath?

"No!" responded the prisoner.

"You had better."

"I won't."

"If you don't take the oath you will be buried alive in the next five minutes."

The old fellow approached nearer, looking with attention to the pit, yawning before him, and then, turning round, with his hands in his pockets valiantly replied:

"Go on with your d—d old funeral."

A MAIDEN lady, residing in seclusion, had not been to church for several years; but on the accession of a small family property, she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, etc., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and hopeless old maid. Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was: "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle, in high dudgeon, exclaiming: "'Hardly know you!' indeed. Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up. 'Hardly know you!' I guess I don't come here again very soon!"

A VERY heavy fog once visited the State of Massachusetts, which probably somewhat surpassed the fogs of the city of London. A young man was sent out to the meadow to nail a few courses of shingles on a barn the roof of which was nearly finished. "At dinner," said the farmer, who is responsible for the story "the fellow came up and sez that's a mighty long barn of your'n.' Sez I, 'not very long.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I've been to work all this forenoon and have not got one course laid yet.' 'Well,' sez I, 'you are a devlish lazy fellow, thats all I have got to say.' So after dinner I went down to see what he had been about, and I'll be thundered if he had'nt shingled more than a hundred feet right out on the fog!"

NEVER TOOK THE OATH.—At Richmond, Virginia, a modest country girl, on applying for rations to one of the relief agents, was asked if she had ever taken the oath. "No, indeed, sir," said the girl, 'mother always taught me never to swear." The agent mildly persisted and the maiden as pertinaciously refused all attempts at persuasion, until, overcome at last by the dreadful conflict between necessity and her high sense of moral duty, she stammered out, with downcast lids. "Well, sir, if you make me do such a horrid, wicked thing, then d—n the Yankees!"

A LADY was once conversing with a sailor who had suffered shipwreck; and as she took great pleasure in the analyzation of feelings and emotions, asked him compassionately, "How did you feel, my dear man, when the cold waves broke over you?" But the seaman knew nothing of metaphysics, and answered simply, "Wet, ma'am; very wet."

A Thrilling Sketch.

IN the year 1836, the inhabitants living in a district bordering on Rock River, in the northern part of the State of Illinois, were much incensed by the depredations of a band of horse thieves who infested that portion of the country. Every exertion had been made to discover the men engaged in the nefarious business, but hitherto, in vain, and valuable animals were stolen, and lost to their owners, in defiance of the utmost vigilance and care.

During such a state of affairs, the citizens residing in the region of the thieves became thoroughly excited, and were wound up in such a pitch of indignation, that a body of men were formed styled Rangers, whose explicit duty was to expunge the district of all suspicious characters, and endeavor to put a stop to their depredations.

Shortly after this band commenced operations word was conveyed to the leader of the Rangers that a valuable horse which had been stolen the night previous, could then be found on the premises of a man named Burt, locked up in the stable. Although Burt heretofore had been looked upon as an honest man and an upright citizen, yet the Captain deemed it his duty to at least examine his farm and learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Accordingly he summoned some half dozen of his Rangers to meet him at a spot not far from Burt's house, and before morning, set out for the same place himself. Daylight was hardly discernable in the east, and the lazy light of coming dawn had not yet penetrated the bottom, where the suspected man resided, as the Rangers, charged with the fearful mission of life or death, silently approached, and surrounded the dwelling, Leaving three of the band to guard the entrance, the Captain and the other three went to the barn, opened the door, and found the missing horse, as had been stated safely stalled inside.

Not a lingering doubt now remained of Burt's guilt, and with a stern determination, to make an example of him that would deter others from a like transaction, the Rangers returned to the house. In the meantime, Burt had risen, and upon coming to the door, was seized by those in waiting, and upon demanding the reason was informed by them that a stolen animal was found in his stable, and that he was considered a thief. Muttering something about "he knew it would come to this at last," he quietly submitted to whatever his captors had in store for him.

A short consultation was held and it was resolved to hang the criminal upon a larg elm tree that grew in front of his own house, it being thought that such an act would strike terror and dismay into the ranks of the horse thieves.

Burt had asked half an hour to prepare for his death, and the sun had risen in all its golden majesty, ere the fatal moment had arrived which would launch him into eternity. In vain his grayheaded father and mother pleaded for his life, with trembling tongues—and kneeling in suppliant mood to his apparently merciless captors. In vian the wife of his bosom knelt in tears of agony, and intreated them as husbands spare his life; for each Ranger had suffered more or less in person and they deemed the example absolutely necessary to deter others, and it seemed as though Burt must die.

The dreadful preparations were completed—the half hour had expired—and the criminal was arranged under the limb of a stout elm, over which a rope was thrown one end being noosed around the prisoner's neck, and the other held by three of the Rangers.

Then came a moment of dreadful silence, that awful stillness which preludes the launching of a fellow-being into eternity—while the three strong men who held the rope's end gazed fixedly upon the Captain for the signal. It was given by raising the right arm; and already the noose was tightening around the doomed man's neck, when the wife of Burt issued forth from the house holding an infant, a little more than a year old, in her arms.

Rushing forward, she fell on her knees directly in front of the Captain, and raising the child with arms outstretched, toward him she exclaimed, in tones that would have pierced a heart of steel—

"If you will not spare him for the sake of his grayhared sire or the wife of his bosom, spare him in the name of God, for the sake of his infant boy!

Another dead silence reigned like a pall over the spot; then, as though inspired by heaven itself, the child also stretched out its little arms toward its father, and exclaimed, in a voice heard by all, the single word:

"Papa!"

And then, as though despairing of success, huddled into its mother's bosom, and burst into a sobbing cry.

It was more than the rangers could stand, and after a short consultation, the rope was taken from the criminal's neck, and the band left the spot: and Burt became a reformed man through the powerful effects of his "*Infant's Appeal.*"—*Great West.*

NOVEL CARD.—The greatest novelty in the shape of a business card is one issued by the proprietor of a drinking saloon, on the back of which appear the following texts *apropos* to the question of "smiling" through a glass dimly, darkly, beautiful blue:

"Drink no longer Water, but use a little Wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."

"Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."—Proverbs, Chap. xxxi: 6, 7.

"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy hearts."—First Ebistle of Paul to Timothy, Chap. v: 23.

"DID you ever go to to a military ball?" inquired a lively girl of an old soldier. "No, my dear," replied the old revolutionary, "in those days the military balls came to us."

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.—A French physician is out in a long disseration on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations by which Nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptom of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells me of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If the people are at all unhappy about anything let them go to their room and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be to greatly discouraged. If it is systemetically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts, of grief—on part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and mouth as the safty valves through which Nature discharges her surplus steam.

PORTE-CRAYON" relates this incident in his last paper of Personal Recollections of the War:" "One of our staff officers, noted for his jovial habits, determined to try the rare experiment of abstaining from spiritous liquors for a season. Late in the evening he met the staff-surgeon, who was a theoretical temperance man. 'Doctor,' said he, 'haven't I heard you say that by abstinence from stimulating drinks a man's days would be prolonged?' That is my opinion,' said the doctor, emphatically. 'I agree with you fully,' said our Colonel, with a lonesome yawn. 'I resolved to drink nothing to-day, and it has been the longest day of my life."

A SKEPTICAL young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker:

"Does thee believe in France?"

"Yes, for though I have not seen it, I have seen others who have; besides there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee nor others hast not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Dost thee believe thee has any?"

JOHN RANDOLPH was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction, and among the first remarks, said:

'I passed by your house, lately, Mr. Randolph?,

'I hope you always will!' was the reply.

Another one twitted him as to his 'want of education.'

'The gentleman reminds me,' said Randolph, "of the lands at the heads of Montgomery, which are poor by nature, but ruined by cultivation."

THE crew of a man-of-war once saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met, and appointed a committee to wait on the commander to ask his opinion of it. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." 'Well, my boys, what is it about?" "We want to inquire about that thing up there." "Now, fore I answer you, first let me know what you think it is." Well, your honor, we have talked it over, and think it is a star sprung a leak."

AN African gentleman says over a grocery door a sign inscribed "Sugar-cured hams." He entered the place and asked the price. He solicited and obtained permission to smell a shank. Having done this he abruptly turned to leave. Don't you want any of that ham?" asked the grocer. "Well, no, boss," was the reply. "Der sign reads 'sugar-cured hams,' dat ar' ham's sick yet, my advice to you is to change de medicine."

HAIR DRESSER.—"Hair's very dry, sir!" Customer (who knows what's coming.)—"I like it dry."

Hair-dresser (after a while again advancing to the attack.)—"Head's very scurfy, Sir!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring.)—"Ya'as, I prefer it scurfy."

Assailant gives in, defeated. Can not sell any hair-water this time.

A TRAVELER in Minnesota has come across a nine months' old baby, whose "measurements" he gives as follows: twenty-six inches in height, twenty-for inches around the chest, and twenty-eight at the hips, ten and a half inches at the muscles of the arms, eight, and a half at the wrist, twenty-two inches at the thighs, and eleven inches at the calf. Estimated weight, fifty pounds.

A COUNTRYMAN took his seat at a hotel table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine, supposing the wine to be common property, our country friend helped himself to it with the other gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly, "Yes," said the other, very solemnly, "I should think there was ice in it."

MAN is a sort of tree which we are too apt to judge of by the bark.