The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO 50. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 11, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

E. GMETZ, dealer in Stoves & Tinware, [illegible] court house.

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and Tinware, Rupert block Main st., west of Market.

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., [illegible] American house.

J. [illegible] clothing, etc., Hartman's building.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, [illegible] Main st., west of Market.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

I. [illegible] BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts.

H. J. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and jewelry, Main st., just below American House.

L. STOHART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

A. [illegible]LLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Market, opposite [illegible].

HENRY KLEIM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg, [illegible].

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

PROFESSIONAL.

[illegible] Main st., below Market.

H. C. [illegible] Main st., nearly opposite [illegible].

J. [illegible] M. D., [illegible] Main st., below Market.

B. [illegible] RUTTER, M. D., surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main.

[illegible]

J. R. [illegible] office [illegible] Main street.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

[illegible] BARKLEY [illegible] Main st.

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, [illegible] Main street below Market.

[illegible] PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods, opposite Episcopal church, Main st.

MRS. JULIA A. A. SADE BARKLEY [illegible]

MRS. E. [illegible] millinery [illegible] Court House.

MRS. M. E. [illegible] FURMAN, millinery, Main st., [illegible] Market st.

[illegible] HARMAN, millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American House.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

[illegible] oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., [illegible].

WILLIAM A. TATTNEY, confectionery, bakery and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st.

F. [illegible] confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., [illegible].

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

AMERICAN House, by John Leacock, Main st., west of Iron street.

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. Maugher, east end Main st.

B. STOHNER, [illegible] saloon, Main st., [illegible].

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange block.

W. H. [illegible], refreshment saloon, Shive block southside Main st.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. J. [illegible], Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., above Court House.

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

McKELVY NEAL & co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market st.

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

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

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

D. A. [illegible], southwest corner Main [illegible].

WILLIAM TRASHER, confectionery, Main st., near the railroad.

L. MENDENHALL, general store of merchandise and dealer, corner of Main street and [illegible] road.

J. J. ROLLINS, dealer in dry goods, groceries etc., Shive's block, Main st., below Iron.

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, corner Main and Iron Streets.

J. K. [illegible]SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, [illegible] Main st., below Iron.

A. J. [illegible] dry goods, groceries, [illegible] Main st.

J. [illegible] Main st., above West.

L. T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, [illegible] Rupert block, Main st.

S. [illegible] & CO. [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN M. GUGEL, sign, ornamental [illegible] Main st.

G. W. [illegible] Main st., west of Market st.

G. L. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st.

H. [illegible] photographer, Exchange block, [illegible] court house.

J. [illegible] photographer, Hartman's [illegible] Main and Market st.

E. J. [illegible], Agent Mutual [illegible], below Lightning Rod.

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

C. FOSTER, Tin Maker, and White and [illegible] Tanner Southern.

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

W. [illegible]MAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st.

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

R. H. [illegible], [illegible] G. W. Correll's furniture room.

T. E. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building.

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

W. [illegible], Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st.

J. [illegible] A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates [illegible] insurance company, northeast corner Main [illegible].

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

N. W. SAMPLE & CO., Machinists, East Bloomsburg, near railroad. Castings made of all [illegible].

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of [illegible] machines, Sample & Co.'s Machine Shop, East Bloomsburg.

J. S. KUHN, dealer in meat, tallow, etc., Centre[illegible] alley, back of American house.

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

D. [illegible] physician and surgeon, [illegible]

[illegible] HOTEL [illegible]

[illegible]

H. [illegible] Main st., [illegible].

DAVID Herring, Flour [illegible] Mill Street.

B. W. [illegible], dealer in dry goods, groceries, Drugs and general Merchandise, [illegible].

[illegible] Main st. [illegible]

W. [illegible] Main st.

A. [illegible] W. [illegible]MAN, [illegible]

M. [illegible]

[illegible]MAN, [illegible] Main st., [illegible]

M. [illegible] KRAMER [illegible] Pine St., between Main and Mill [illegible].

H. [illegible]

WILLIAM [illegible] Mill St., west of Pine.

[illegible]

[illegible] WILLIAMS & [illegible]

JOHN [illegible]

A. [illegible]

[illegible]

J. [illegible]

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA [illegible] House, [illegible] Main and Second [illegible].

J. [illegible]

S. [illegible] Stoves and tinware, [illegible].

A. [illegible]

J. [illegible]

A. [illegible]

J. [illegible] MAN, [illegible]

J. [illegible]

[illegible]

L. [illegible]

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

J. [illegible], M. D., [illegible]

ESPY DIRECTORY.

J. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] HOTEL [illegible]

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

[illegible] SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, [illegible]

[illegible]

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

[illegible] MAIN STREET, [illegible]

KOONS & CLARK.

FORKS HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

[illegible]

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

The Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon [illegible] a large stock of

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

[illegible] SARDINES, [illegible]

[illegible]

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

SECOND ONE, CORE ALL AND SEE. [illegible]

LAWRENCE [illegible]MAN.

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 [illegible]

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE.

[illegible]

C. H. [illegible]

Espy, Pa., April 5, 1867.

THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

[illegible] principles of the Jeffersonian school of politics. Those principles will never be [illegible], but courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with [illegible], or with contemporaries of the Press. The needs, 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 building up, 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 two 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	7,00	9,00	15,00
Three squares	5,00	7,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
Four squares	7,00	9,00	11,00	17,00	25,00
Quarter column	10,00	12,00	14,00	20,00	30,00
Half column	15,00	18,00	20,00	30,00	60,00
One column	20,00	25,00	30,00	40,00	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, by the year, ten cents per line.

Cards will be published in the "directory" column at $5 per year for the first two lines, and $1 for each additional line.

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

☞ It is, in all cases, [illegible] to subscribers and to the Publishers, [illegible] and all communications [illegible] to the interest of the paper, to be sent direct to the [illegible]. All letters whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or [illegible] addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,
"Columbian" Office,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

C. M. VANDERSLICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

[illegible] at this office.

M. M. L'VELLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penna.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
[illegible] Court House, in [illegible] building, [illegible]

JOHN G. FREEZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
[illegible] Recorder's office, in the [illegible] House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

R. [illegible] CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
[illegible] and Market streets, near [illegible], Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
[illegible] below the [illegible] House, [illegible] Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
[illegible] House Alley, below the [illegible]

AUCTIONEER,
[illegible]
[illegible] Public Vendue [illegible] inform his friends [illegible]

J. R. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS,
BUFFALO ROBES, [illegible]
[illegible] below the [illegible] Office, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,
FASHIONABLE
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
[illegible] Ice Cream Saloon
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
[illegible]

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 plate, [illegible] to look as well as the natural teeth. [illegible] by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations in the teeth carefully and properly attended to. Residence [illegible] a few doors above [illegible].
Bloomsburg, Jan. [illegible]

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
WM. MONROE & CO.
Rupert, Pa.
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accommodate their customers with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

UNION HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The undersigned would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has purchased and [illegible] the old stand formerly [illegible] by W. A. Kline, and that he is now prepared to accommodate his friends with all the [illegible] of a first-class house. [illegible] The bar will always be stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the [illegible] with the best the market affords.
JAMES V. GILLASPIE.
July 3, 1868.

BRICK HOTEL,
ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
WM. MASTELLER, PROPRIETOR.
Having taken possession of this well-known house, [illegible] kept by Samuel Everett, the Proprietor [illegible] repair and furnish [illegible] with the choicest liquors [illegible]. The stable is not excelled in the county and no pains will be spared [illegible] guests.
Sept. 6.

Choice Poetry.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A little downy chicken one day,
Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to [illegible],
When her mother wouldn't let her;
"If the ducks can swim there why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered: "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook;
And didn't half believe her;
For she seemed to say by a knowing look;
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And, as her mother was scratching the ground
She muttered lower and lower;
"I know I can go there and not be drowned
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
But saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Ere her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her [illegible] will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding.

That each [illegible] in its place should dwell,
And envy not its brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing;
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you never were made for going.

Miscellaneous.

THE MELANCHOLY HISTORY OF JOSEPH BINNS.

ONCE—I think it was upon a time, but I am not quite certain—there lived a very remarkable boy, whose name was Joseph Binns, although, as a general thing, people called him Joe for short, or, in fact, for anything else that they happened to want him for. Now, Joe Binns, you observe, was a good boy and he had started out in life with the resolution never to do anything wrong, for he was convinced that the only way for a fellow to succeed in this world was to behave himself and be honest, and never tell a lie. How on earth young Mr. Binns ever got such an impression I can't imagine. But he hadn't lived long, and of course he couldn't be expected to understand much about the correct policy which is pursued by men who have learned a thing or two, and recognized the practical fact that, all a boy out o' a story book has to do, is to try and be good, and he is absolutely certain to come to grief.

So Joe, you know, he got his finger in all the old narratives he could find in which virtue was its own reward—and its only reward—and which clearly proved that a boy who didn't lay himself out to reform this wicked world, would amount to many him. And one fine morning, after perusing a lot of these interesting fables, Joe Binns concluded that he would begin his successful career by meandering out to hunt for a situation in some store.

Before he started, he carefully studied upon a very improbable narrative which related how, many years ago, a small boy who lived in France, went into a store and asked the boss of the shanty to furnish him with a position; and how the said Head Centre frowned through his spectacles on this ambitious small boy, and told him, in a gruff voice that he had nothing for him to do. And then this urchin undertook to turn away in despair, when he fortunately observed a pin upon the floor, and stooped to pick it up, which so pleased the old boy with the spectacles, that he called him back and clasped him to his bosom, gave him his blessing, told him how much he admired all small boys who were enamored with pins, gave him a situation, and eventually took him into the firm, and made him so rich that he didn't care a cent for anything smaller than a hundred dollar bank note.

"Evidently," said Joseph Binns unto himself, "that is the dodge for me to practice."

So Joe, you understand, walked into a shop, and asked the man to give him a situation. The man swore at him, and distinctly observed to him that he had better get out.

"All right," said Joseph Binns; so he turned around and picked up a pin which he had dropped on the floor when he came in, so as to have it ready.

"What are you at there?" observed this old brick of a storekeeper.

"Picking up a pin," said Joe, thinking it certainly was all serene now.

"Yes you are," said the man. "Yes you are. Well you can't come any such game as that in here. That was a dollar bill that you scratched, for I saw you; come here, I tell you."

And he snatched poor young Joe Binns by the collar, and took him into the counting-room, and sent one of his billions looking clerks out after a policeman.

Then he searched Joe and found a dollar bill in his pocket, and he shook him and he swore at him and he called him a thief, and sent him to jail for 90 days, and never clasped him to his bosom a single solitary time, or gave him the slightest particle of a blessing, or anything like a fair chance to go into the firm and accumulate large revenues.

I admit that it was rough on Joseph Binns, but you see what comes of a boy being misguided, and placing confidence in the story books.

But after a while Joseph succeeded in obtaining a situation in a dry goods store, and he just made up his mind that he was bound to sail into that commercial emporium, and rise step by step until he got to be one of the firm.

In order to accomplish this difficult task young Mr. Binns settled himself down one night, and studied himself reading the instructive story of that remarkably honest boy who was employed in a dry goods store; once upon a time, and who refused to tell a customer that some calico was in a good condition when it wasn't. The proprietor pranced up to him when the customer had gone he said he just wanted to know what the singularly veracious boy meant by not composing a falsehood about that defective calico. Thereupon this excellent youth drew himself up proudly, and plagiarized from the immortal Washington by stating that he couldn't tell a lie.

He was instantly discharged; but a noble merchant of course heard of it, and not only took him into his own shop, but married his beautiful daughter, with a real alabaster brow, to him, and gave him a princely fortune of one hundred thousand dollars.

"Without any doubt," observed Joseph Binns, "that is my game."

So the next morning he told a customer that all the calico in the store was so rotten that it would fall to pieces if it was unfolded. For he thought he might as well get off a gigantic gag at once, in order to gain a greater reward.

He was n the chief engineer of that [illegible] heard him make that [illegible] observation, he merely walked [illegible] himself to Joe's coat collar, [illegible] him was [illegible] as far as the front door, and then kicked him into the street without so much as paying his week's wages.

And so Joe didn't make very much by the transaction, for I want you distinctly to bear in mind that no noble [illegible] around here ever came out and [illegible] the same thing, and shed a silent tear of admiration, and gave him his fair daughter to be his bride. Well, I should think not. On the contrary, every storekeeper in the place said it served him exactly right, for a boy like that ought to be in the House of Refuge learning to be decent, and if they had their way they would light on him with a club, and flog him until he wouldn't stand.

Everything seemed to go wrong with the unhappy Joe Binns.

When he got another situation, he made up his mind never to loiter while he was going on errands for his employer, for he had read that fellows that do so had always come to a miserable end. The consequence simply was that he got back to the store so quick that the proprietor wouldn't believe he had been on the errand at all. So instead of raising his salary he merely tackled him one day, and accused him of pawning bundles he took out instead of leaving them at their proper destination, and Joseph was so scared that he began to cry, and this being regarded as an additional sign of guilt, Mr. Binns had to rise up and leave that establishment in such haste that the head clerk actually hadn't time to chip him over the frontispiece with the yardstick, as he had originally intended.

That very day Joe found a corpulent pocketbook lying in the street, and as he saw it advertised in the paper next morning, he concluded that he would take it to the owner, because honesty was the best policy.

Now, according to all story book precedent, it would have been the correct thing for the owner to have been filled with admiration, and to have turned aside to hide his emotion. Having hid it, the next thing on the bills would have been to unwrap that pocket-book and give Joseph Binns precisely one half of all the native American cash contained therein. But did this man do any such thing?

Why of course he didn't. He merely eyed Joe for a minute, and then accused him of having picked his pocket; "Because," said he, "I saw a boy of your size feeling around when I lost it;" and then he advised him to make himself scarce, or he would have him sent to the penitentiary for life.

"I will, as I'm a Dutchman," observed the man.

But Joe, he procured a position in another store, and this time he said he was bound to succeed. He had read that the early bird catches the worm, and that those who rise early eventually become healthy and wealthy and wise. So he started out one morning, and went down to that store before daybreak. But as he had to wait there five hours before anybody came, he caught cold and died of pulmonary consumption in less than six weeks.

And nobody cared a cent. His employers said that he was too stupid to be of much account, and his friends remarked that such a virtuous boy ought to have died anyhow, on account of his being too good for such a wicked world as this. So you will perceive that after all a boy who wants to get along had better not cut his pattern out of the story books.—*John Quill.*

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers, in enhancing the value of property in their neighborhood, and giving the locality in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly of the sum they pay for their support. Besides, every spirited citizen has laudable pride in having a paper which he is not ashamed to see anywhere. A good looking, thriving, live newspaper, helps to sell property, gives character to the locality in which it is published, and in all respects is a definite public convenience. If from any cause, the matter in the local or editorial columns should not be quite up to your standard, do not cast it aside and pronounce it of no account until you are satisfied that there has been no more labor bestowed upon it than is paid for. If you want a good readable sheet it must be supported. The local press is the "power that moves the people." There is no man who owns a shanty in this or any other town, who does not get back more than the price of his subscription to his paper in the enhanced value of his property.

EVERY little girl should be provided with a water proof cloak with a round hood, which she can draw up over her head. They are more necessary than for grown people, as children more frequently catch the rain in going to school or being sent upon errands. Colored "tartan" stockings for every day wear, and high balmoral boots are the proper dress for the feet.

A Remarkable Story.

A WIDOW MARRIED TO HER OWN BROTHER, WHOM SHE HAD NEVER SEEN IN HIS YOUTH.

THERE passed through this city yesterday, en route to Chicago, a lady whose history is one of the most remarkable ever brought to public notice. For reasons which all will see the propriety of, we withhold her name, merely relating the facts as they were communicated to our reporter by one who had heard her "strange, true story" from her own lips. In 1838 her parents emigrated to this country from England, leaving behind them an only son some ten years of age, who had engaged as cabin-boy on a merchant vessel in the East India—they landing in New York, where, a few months later, the subject of this sketch was born. While she was yet a helpless infant, both her parents died, and she was sent to the Foundling Home, where she remained some time, when she was finally adopted in Elmira, N. Y. Of course she knew nothing of her sailor brother, and she grew up in the belief that she was really all the child of her foster parents. At the age of eighteen she married an industrious young mechanic, and set out for the great West. After travelling in various States, they finally settled in Missouri, where they continued prosperous and happy until the storm of war burst upon the country. Then her husband, in common with the thousands, of his countrymen, enlisted in the service of the rebellion, and was assigned to General Price's army. He served faithfully during the first eighteen months of the war, but was finally killed in one of the Southwestern engagements. From the breaking out of the war, the lady of whom we write had lost all trace of her foster parents, owing to the disturbed condition of that part of the country in which she resided, and after her husband's death she removed to St. Louis. The last marriage was a thoroughly happy one, and in the course of time two children were born unto him. The husband gradually extended his business operations, so that much of his time was necessarily spent in travelling about the country, and during one of his business tours he visited Chicago, where he became acquainted with a lady and gentleman, who, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, he ascertained were the long lost foster parents of his wife. Delighted at the discovery he had made, and pleased no doubt with anticipations of the joyful surprise he should give his wife, the husband at once concluded his business with the intention of returning to St. Louis and bringing her to Chicago for the purpose of reuniting her with her friends, without having first prepared either party for such an event. On the night of his contemplated departure for home, while conversing with Mr. and Mrs. ——, it happened that he was led into a recital of his adventures about the world, and before the narrative was finished his listeners knew that their adopted daughter had married her own brother, who, before she was born, had sailed for East India— Horrified beyond expression the wretched man fled from the house and from that hour no tidings of him have ever reached his friends. This was in March last, and a few weeks later the wretched sister wife was rendered comparatively poor by the destruction of a large portion of the property left in her hands, by fire. Although written to by her stricken friends, their letters never reached her, and a few weeks since she started for Elmira, her early home. Upon her arrival here she learned the address of her foster parents, with whom she at once communicated, giving them full details of her experience since she first bade them farewell, upon setting out for her western home. Their answer to her letter contained a statement of the terrible discovery of the identity of her husband and brother, together with an affectionate invitation to come to them with her children and share their home. Heart-broken and nearly crazed by the strange *denouement* of her happy married life, the wretched woman consented to accept the offer, and this morning will doubtless see her reunited to her earliest and dearest friends.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MOCK DUEL.—SIX SHOOTERS AND CORK BULLETS.—A sham duel was fought a day or two since on a desolate island in the James, which we think might as well have been disposed with. Practical jokes are generally very unpleasant things to at least one of the parties, and we have known them to terminate in a very disagreeable manner for both. A couple of workmen employed in a machine shop in the city, and one of whom is Irish by birth, had a quarrel, in which third parties interfered, declaring it must be settled by the code. They insisted upon the Celtic gentleman blowing out the brains of his antagonist with sundry pieces of lead, known as bullets, to the number of six, from an instrument known as a six shooter. A plot was then formed with the connivance of the other party, that the duel should be a sham encounter, that cork bullets should be substituted for leaden bullets—but the other was to continue in total ignorance of the harmless nature of the encounter. At the appointed hour both parties came to time with their friends, and the principals were placed in position twenty paces apart. Our Irish friend showed the Celtic courage, but thought they were most too close together for comfortable shooting. The word was given, "Are you ready?" "Fire—and advance; one—two—three." Between "one" and "two" pistols were discharged and the parties advanced. At the second shot a pellet from the pistol of the duped duelist struck his better-informed antagonist on the forehead, making a very black mark. He fell on the ground as if slain; and the other, thinking he had done for him, was about to take to his heels, when he was stopped and informed of the true nature of the affair. He might have got angry, but was so glad to think that he was not a "murderer" that he made friends and took no notice of the trick played upon him.

Fight with an Alligator in a Tan Vat

THE following is an account of a recent hard fight between a man named Hitt and a seven foot alligator, in Texas. Hitt was at work in a tan-yard. He went to work in the morning as usual, but during the night an alligator had taken possession, and was in the vat when Hitt left work the evening before. On arriving at the yard next morning Hitt entered the vat without discovering the intruder, took hold of a side of leather, and pulled and tugged, but could not raise it, and called his son to assist. He had not yet discovered the monster lying on the side, nearly covered with the tan ooze. He heard a splash behind him, and thought it was his son jumping in. Not so, however the alligator had made a lunge at him, but only caught the seat of his breeches. Thinking his son had missed his grab, he bawled to him: "What are you pulling at me for? Why don't you take hold of the hide?" The son answered: "Pap, I ain't here."

Appolodorus relates that Theseus sat so long on a rock that at length he grew to it, so that when Hercules tore him forcibly he left the nether part of the man behind him. Mr. Hitt had a narrow escape from a similar fate. He screwed himself around, minus the seat of his breeches, to see the monster in battle array, face to face, confined within the limits of the tan vat. The alligator, as it is known by those acquainted with the brute, is, "like him who has his quarrel just," doubly armed, being abler to knock down a man or an animal with a blow of his tail as well as to break bones with his ponderous jaws; but in this case the sides of the vat interposed and kept the beast from bringing its rear into the fight. Hitt struck out with his fist, but finding the coat of mail of his adversary too much for such assaults, leaped upon his back and played Kentuck with his thumbs, bringing something more than the fabled tears to the eyes of the crocodile. In the meantime the boy had run to the house after G. and his gun. In the great hurry and excitement, Mr G——, presented his gun, cocked, at some huge mass. Hitt, as it turned out, was on top, his body and head elevated about twelve degrees. Mr. G. was standing nearly over them in a shooting position. Hitt saw the danger, but too much exhausted to speak, disengaged his hands and elevated them, when G. fired, killing the animal. Hitt recovered a little from his exhaustion, and sang out, "What did you shoot for? I had him whipped all to putting the strings on him."—*Ex.*

An Excellent Snake Story.

A FRIEND of ours in Benton County, not more than a hundred miles from Pond Grove, is exceedingly fond of getting a joke upon his neighbors, and enjoys a laugh even at his own expense. The tables were lately turned so nicely upon him, however, that we doubt whether he will try his hand at a joke again for a long time. He was lately crossing a field on his premises, when he felt a peculiar sensation in his trousers' leg, and in an instant the terrible suspicion fastened upon him that there was a snake there. Putting out his hand to ascertain, it came in contact with what he supposed to be the head of the reptile. It flashed across his mind at once that the only hope of his life lay in his ability to grasp and firmly hold the head until he could obtain assistance and extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament. Seizing it therefore, with one hand, he started at full tilt for the house, about half a mile distant. As he ran he could feel the reptile wriggling around his leg. He was fairly bathed in a cold sweat at the thought that it might free itself from his grasp and give him the fatal blow while far away from help, and fear lent wings to his feet. As he approached the barn where his wife was at work, he became fearful of the terrible effect it might have upon her to reveal his dangerous situation, and he therefore slipped slily in at the back door. Going into one corner, he divested himself of his clothing (he had kicked off his boots on the way), drew forth the cause of his terror, with a sense of relief hurled it violently from him. It struck the rafters, and then fell to the floor and revealed to his astonished gaze—an old piece of rope, which he put as he supposed, into his pocket, but which slipped down his trousers leg. The movement of walking had produced the wriggling which had first attracted his attention. As he ran of course the motions became more violent. A knot on one end he had mistaken for the head and had been holding it as with the grasp of death.

His wife, good soul, was at first nearly frightened to death. The story was too good to keep, and soon his neighbors were anxiously inquiring regarding his recovery from the "snake bite!" We have often heard of persons having "snakes in their boots," but never in that way before.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.*

THE following is too good to lose. In a car containing a number of new adventists returning from one of their religious gatherings with their faith in the near approach of the end of terrestial things fully confirmed, one of the brethren was discussing the election prospects with a fellow passenger, the New Adventist insisting that Seymour would be the next President, and the other as stoutly maintaining that Grant would enjoy that honor. Another solemn visaged Adventist here interrupted as follows: "You are both mistaken, my friends; the Lord Jesus Christ will be President of the United States in 1869." Hardly had this sage prediction been uttered when a big Vermonter on the other side of the aisle, who had heard the last speaker rather indistinctly, jumped to his feet, and bringing down his fist, shouted: "I'll bet you $25 he don't carry Vermont." There were no takers.

AN excellent cure for dyspepsia is to give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him until he drops it.

A Warning to Drinkers.

JINKS drank too much, as all his friends knew, but, like many other good fellows who drink, it was hard to convince Jinks that he ought to let up on it. He boarded at one of the hotels, and night after night he would remain until past midnight at the saloon bar, "histing" it in, rendering it necessary morning after morning to have a cocktail brought up from the saloon before he could get out of bed, and then another to brace him up for breakfast.

Finally the bar attendant who brought up the drinks remonstrated with him, telling him that, if he continued his course much longer, he would certainly have the "Jim Jams."

"The what?" asked Jinks, not exactly comprehending.

"The man with the poker—get snakes after you—see things—have the tremens."

"Oh, nonsense," said Jinks. "You can't scare me. I have drank just so for fifteen years. It never hurts me. A cocktail or two in the morning and I'm all right, always."

The bar man had more sympathy for a man on the downward road of intemperance than most bar men have, and he determined to give Jinks a fright. Accordingly, the next morning, when the well known ring from Jinks' room was heard, the bar tender prepared a very enticing gin cocktail, and placing it on a waiter, surrounded it with sundry toads, lizzards, small snakes, etc. This he conveyed to Jinks' room. That individual, who had loaded himself with "benzine" the night before rather more heavy than usual, nervously awaiting it.

"Morning," said Jinks, stretching out a hand that trembled some, "glad to see you—devilish dry this morning—what's them?" starting back in horror.

"Why, what do you mean?" said the man in innocent wonder.

"Why, the toads, snakes and things around the tumbler," said Jinks, shrinking to the back of the bed and viewing the loathsome reptiles with aversion and dismay.

"Why, Jinks, my man, there is nothing around the tumbler—nothing on the waiter except the cocktail."

"I tell you there are. I see snakes, toads and lizzerds there."

"Ah, Jinks, (with a sigh) I was afraid how it would be. I told you yesterday morning, don't you remember. You are seeing things when there ain't things to see. You've got 'em sure."

Jinks raised up in bed. "Do you mean to tell me," said he, "that there ain't no snakes there?"

"Most assuredly I do."

Jinks considered a moment, and then lying down said, in a sorrowful voice and with a mild repellant wave of the hand, "take away your cocktail."

The story got out. Jinks found that he was sold, but he quit drinking, for every time he put his nose into a saloon where he used to "infest," some one would sing out—"take away your cocktail."

Double-Headed Colored Girls at New Orleans.

WE paid a visit on Friday to the most wonderful of nature's freaks, the double headed colored girl, or perhaps it would be more proper to say, the two girls in one. For convenience we will speak of them in the plural. They are entirely distinct, as far as mind is concerned, laughing and chattering with each other, and being apparently on the most intimate terms and one may have a headache or a cold without the other being affected, but any [illegible] any serious disease affects [illegible].

These bodies were separate [illegible] small of the back up, [illegible] perfectly formed bust and [illegible] &c., and each has [illegible] only one frame. Both are [illegible] intelligent, reading and writing with ease, while their language was [illegible] ally select. Upon questioning [illegible] to their education, they replied [illegible] they had been carefully taught by [illegible] former Mistress, Mrs. Smith, in Columbus, North Carolina, in which [illegible] they were born.

They are now fifteen years old, and more than ordinary bright for girls of their age, having had the advantage of foreign travel, they both sing very sweetly, one having a soprano and the other a contralto voice, and we have rarely heard two voices that blend so perfectly a duet. Among other accomplishments is that of dancing, and the manner in which they manage to execute a waltz is truly wonderful. When standing at ease the left foot of one and the right foot of the other do not lie flat on the floor, but rest upon the toes. In walking, however, they step upon all their feet alike, though they can hold up two feet and walk with perfect ease with the other two.

In speaking of them as one they are called Millie Christie, but in addressing them separately, one applies the distinctive appellation, she on the left being called Millie, and she on the right Christie; though Christie in addressing her other half, calls her "sister." There is a striking resemblance between their faces, and the conformation of their heads is much the same—Christie being perhaps a shade brighter than her sister, and rather more talkative.

Before seeing these strange girls we had fancied that we would experience a feeling of repulsion, but a first glance at their bright, cheerful faces, dispelled that idea effectually.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

NOBODY seems to know what to do with the Indians. Give 'em the ballot. It will elevate, educate, enlighten, purify. What's skin—even a [illegible] Equal rights, you know. Citizen Comanche—Ioll Lenni-Lenape—Mandan Man—and Blackfoot Brother—Come!

THE tendency of people to carry [illegible] tations too far was illustrated in a New Haven prayer meeting [illegible] by a brother exclaiming, in [illegible] of piety, "O Lord, have mercy [illegible] poor sinners, of which I am chief [illegible] ten thousand, and altogether [illegible]