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The Wrong Man.

To Iton Ore Men

YANKEE peddlers, from time imme SOMETHING NEW .- He who by sir norial, have been famous for 'doing oth- plifying the processes for the manufa ers" and being "done," notwithstanding ture of iron can incresse the production their shrewdness, and though, in the and cheapen the cost, is no less a beneong run, they may come out "right factor of mankind than he who causes side up," yet once in a while the force two blades of grass to grow where but of circumstances so corners them that one was formerly produced; for in a country so extended as ours, the use of "In the course of human events"—to iron in transporting the various pro-find a new style antipodean with the ductions from the farms, workshops and flood, or cotemporary with the time of mines to the places of consumption, has his wife still dwell among the fertile valleys of the Ammonosouc, and the valleys of the Ammonosouc, and the be a peddler of the Old BayState, by the tion or growth. For this reason we she turned to retrace her steps, but the the story of Martha Warren and her ed up his traps and started off South, of experiments for the manufacture of name of Ike Jewell, who one day pick. take pleasure in chronicling the results along the line of the Mississippi, in order to dispense patents for various inventions—from a tooth-pick to a fan-ning-mill—and at last brought ap at the within the reach of individuals and little village of Helena, in the State of companies with moderate capital, and

a cost of about \$1200, and each is capaweek. They are somewhat of an oven shape, having however a stack from the top of about 20 feet in height, and can be erected anywhere, at the mines direct, if so desired. A refining fire is in

passes (together with such de'eterious

qualities as have been taken up from

the ore in its progress) through and out

of the stack. The five chambers are

called in the Jameson Patents the de-

xydizing chambers. The ores are calcin

ed, then crushed, and first placed in the top or fifth chamber. Into the first and

second chambers a small jet of steam is

for the purpose of aiding in desulphu-

rating and dephosphorating the ores.

The floor of the top chamber is a table

made of fire-clay blocks, with an open

ing at the end opposite from the door

or entrance through which the raw ore

is thrown in. On this table the ore is

spread out, and after being here sub-

jected to the operation of the burning

gases it is then pushed down through

posite to the door on to a like table in

the chamber below, where it is again

spread out and here it remains for a

time and in like manner passes on to

after undergoing a like operation, it is

passed to the second chamber, thence it

goes to the bottom or first chamber.

Thus every particle of the ore is equally

almost a pulp, and then it is passed into

the charcoal bed and refining chamber

Here the loop is soon formed, when it

250 pounds in weight. It is not claim-

ed that to make wrought iron direct

Probably half the blooms made in

America are thus produced. Generally,

they are of an inferior quality, and in-

blooms made by the Jameson process.

It is claimed that a ton of blooms can

be made by this process with about the

it requires to make a ton of pig metal

in the blast furnace. The experiment

at Ringgold shows that 200 bushels of

good charcoal and about 2} tons of fifty

per cent, ore will yield a ton of blooms

This process claims, and the exper

ence fully establishes that claim, that

the ore is not only fully deoxydized,

but also desulphurated and dephosphi

ated. With the single exception of

few blooms made from a certain ore, it

has been found by analysis that neither

sulphur nor phosphores were present in the iron made, and sleet of the best

quality has been made from it. Prior

to the Jameson process all experiments

where the flame was brought in direc

contact with the ore, have falled. The

difficulties encountered were that the

great heat consumed and carbureted the

"Ah! this won't do," said the digni lards at the under-sheriff—and a carrot front, into which the blast pipes enter ty-headed deputy, with a pumkin on the side. The gas that is evolved colored beard of a week's growth—"We must set spies about for him, and have him re-apprehended." ty-headed deputy, with a pumkin colored beard of a week's growth-"We tinues till above the fifth cha

Scouts were immediately dispatched on all sides, all of whom had seen the man on trial, and knew his face, and as the sheriff's indignation was hugely "riz," their orders were uncompromisingly stringent.

Now it happened, from some strange

and unfortunate circumstance, that the newly arrived Yankee peddler was the very image-the regular "Corsican Brother"-the "Siamese Twin" of the injected whereby hydrogen is generated fugitive culprit, and as he was buttering a pancake at breakfast next morn ing, a large, powerful man, with an of ficial grin, tapped him gently on the shoulder.

ed the Yankee.

reply. "Yees-want me deu you? I spose you've hearn of my having come to the opening at the end of the table optown with my everlastin' and all snorten inventions. You're wide awake, I

see, for coming afore any one else." "Curse your inventions," said the official. "The sheriff wants to see you im- the table of the third chamber, there, mediately. You thought to escape, did

"Sheriff-Escape! Look a here, you critter, what on airth do you mean?"

out another word." And so saying he dragged the peddler out of the room.

On the way he learned the circumstances of the arrest, and although he is taken out, and the hammer soon pre-

mit to the punishment. The consequence was, he was tied to volve a large expenditure of fuel and the whipping post, and the sheriff pre- of ore. It is not so however with the pared to render, in the severest manner

"Now, before I begin old fellow," said the sheriff, "what have you got to same expenditure of fuel and ore that

"Oh, nothin' in particular," said the peddler, laughing with a meaning curve of the lip-"only of you can afford to

The sheriff not comprehending the drift of this business-like observation, Yankee laughed with immoderate glee. Lash succeeded lash, and still he When the fiftieth lash had been laid on, as a parting salute the sheriff threw down the whip in a flood of wonder ment and addressing the Yankee, said

"Laugh! Why, who could help it?" fairly roared the Yankee. "I'm laughing to think how you've got sucked in on this 'ere operation—I ain't the man. He said this so meaningly, that the sheriff began to think there must be a

mistake somewhere. The Yankee still went on saying : "It strikes me that business in my line is going to be rather dull in this town, and if there's any law to be had, I can't turn it to some account. I'm al-

I'll speculate on this licking, and see of ways open for trade, mister, if you want to compromise-for remember, you've licked the wrong man?" The sheriff, after consulting with his

lawyer, settled with the Yankee, paying him three hundred dollars, and the fellow went on his way hoping to meet with similar luck elsewhere.

What's the matter, Isaac, "asked one you seem excited." "Excited! I ain't excited; I'm all over."

"What are you mad about, Ise

"Wrong or no wrong, it is enough t Here's every chicken on the place cat

Mr. A. T. Stewart's property on

CORNER OF MAIN ST. AND L. & B. R. R. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Not to the knavish clow

Not to the folly blinded,

Not to the carnal-minded, Not to unholy fame Not in neglect of duty, Not in the monarch's crown; Not at the smile of beauty,

gloom, his hot fervid breath scorehing Cometh a blessing down the very air she breathed. A low growl of intense satisfaction

horror to the spot.

stirred the air, answered by the growl of at least fifty more of his kind belong ing to the pack; in another momen they would be upon her! Without an instant's thought of the

Allured by some clusters of flaming

Pulpit, Charlie had passed over, and

held her child in her arms. Joyful be-

cause she had found him uninjured, and

mentally resolving that the logs should

be removed to prevent further accident,

Confronting her on the bridge, not six

consequence, Martha obeyed her first impulse, and struck the logs with her foot, exercising all her mad strength in the blow. The frail fabric tottered, the soft earth gave way, there was a breath of wild suspense, and then it went down with a dull plunge into the waters beneath. The sharp claws of the wolf had dready been fixed on the scant vegetation of the rock, and he held there a noment struggling with ferocious trength to gain a foot hold, the next he slid down into the chasm, uttering

wild howl of disappointed rage. Martha sank upon her knees and offered up a fervid prayer of thanksgiving for her escape; but simultaneous-Martha Warren stood at the door of ly with the heartfelt "Amen," there came a dreadful recollection. The bridge lonesome there, she shrank from enter- er, but she might as well have been nameless, unexpected something that below her, over rocks so sharp and jag- Wizard. we all see when standing face to face ged that it made her shiver to look over

the brink. Her only hope was in her husband town of Bethlehem, on the road to accident he should be detained beyond

Cold, hungry and drenched by the mist of the rivers, Charlie began to cry for home. She could hear anything better than that. She took off her own the turbid waters of the Ammonoosuc, him to her breast, and sang him the cradle songs which had so often soothed

as the home where she had spent the and the sullen thunders of the river, But the fierce howls of the wolves, happy days of her young wifehood.— filled his little heart with terror, all partrician suitor in the fair old town of to her neck sleepless, crying to go home the long dark night through he clung

Day dawned at last, the pale sur swimming through the sky, the pallid forecast of a storm. Weak and faint from cold-for summer is no bearer of tropical smiles in this inhospitable clime-Martha paced back and forth the narrow limits of the rock. Noon cam--the faint sun declined-it was night again. A cold fog sank down over the mountain, followed by a drizzling rain which before morning changed into a perfect deluge. The river rose fearfully foaming milk white down the gorge, filling the air with a shuddering roar

quake. The day that followed was no better only rain and ashen-white mist-not a ray of sunshine.

A new fear arose in the heart of Martha Warren. The turbulence of the stream must have swept away the bridge over which her husband would cross on his return, and he would be de tained-for days, may be for weeks.

She gave up all for lost, Strongly and fearfully was she tempted to fold her child in her arms and plunge into the cauldron beneath, and thus end her fear and doubt! It would be better she thought, than to suffer that slow and painful death of starvation! But

Towards night a lost robin, beaten about by the storm, stopped to rest a and rent him in twain, with almost savage glee, for her to devour raw-she, who two days before would have wept

at the sight of a wounded sparrow. Another night and day, like the oth er only more intensely agonizing. Marnow; suffering had palsied every noble ing on the rock, his head in her lap,

She tore open a vein in her arm with her selssors, and made him drink the she saw with vague uneasiness that he blood. Anything she said to calm the wild, wistful yearning of his eyes. The boy rose; he sat and peered through the darkness.

"Mamma," said he "papa is comin g I felt him touch me," She wept at the mockery, and drew the child frantically to her bosom.

against which she made no resistance Martha fell into an uneasy slumber which toward midnight was broken by astartling cry. She sprank to her feet and gazed around her.

Not her eye did not deceive her here on the shore stood the stalwart form of her husband and he was calling tance replied. She followed the sound, her name with the energy of despair. She could only cry out, "O. Mark, Mark! and fell senseless on the rock.

the was lying on her bed in the cottage upported by her husband's arms. It was no dream; she and her darling boy were not dead; and he had come

bridged the narrow chaem between it mother would an infant, and by the and the shore with a couple of hewed time the autumn frosts fell, she was the blithe Martha Warren of old. At the time of the freshet the bridge fire weed growing on the side of the over the Ammonoosue had indeed been

washed away, but Mark, impelled by now stood there, regardless of danger, an uncontrollable fear-almost a prelaughingly holding out the floral treas-sentiment—had crossed the river, at the ure to his mother. Martha flew over risk of his life, on a log raft, and reachthe frail bridge, and the next moment ed home only to find it vacant.

THE COLUMBIAN AND DEMOCRAT.

ing fishing lines, and Mark Warren had strong again, but Mark tended her as a

The descendants of Mark Warren and his wife still dwell among the fertile old men still tell their grandchildren

Sold by a Yankee.

feet distant, was an enormous wolf, gaunt PROFESSOR ANDERSON was looking and beny with hunger, his eyes blazing over the American and Foreign papers like live coals through the mist and in a news office a few months since, when he saw that he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and swarthy appearance, and who was evidently from the country. The folowing conversation took place:

"I say! are you Professor Anderson, heven "Ves. sir."

"Well, sir, you're a tarnation smart man I hear. You han't got that bottle of yourn with ye, have ye?"

'No, sir." "Well, I'm from down East, having should like to purchase a duplicate of that ere bottle, as I am going out stumping for--, I guess if I had your bottle, or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp

"I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it."

"Sorry for that, sir," said the stumper."However, I was once taught a trick him re-apprehended." when a boy, but I almost forgot how the thing was done now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. used to take a red cent, and change it "Oh!" said the professor, "that is

quite simple, a mere trick of slight of hand," "Well I know it's not very difficult,

but as I forget how, will you show me?" at the same time handing a cent to the "Oh, yes, sir, if it will oblige you,

will show you in a moment. Hold your hand," said the wizard. "This is your cent is it not?" "Yes sir."

"Close your hand !" The Down Easter closed his hand fast "Are you sure you have it?" asked

the wizard. "I guess I have," said he; "and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten dollar gold piece." "Done," said the Wizard. "Now

hold fast." "Yes, sir, I reckon I will-but stop down with your dollar! here's mine!

said the Yankee. The Wizard covered his dollar. "Now, sir are you ready?"

"Change!" said the Wizard. "Now, sir, open your hand."

"He did so, and to his utter astonishment he held a bona fide ten dollar gold

"Well, sir," said the Wizard, see you have lost your dollar." "I guess I have," said he, handing over the two dollars.

"Now," said the Professor, "I'll bet another dellar I'll change the ten dollar

piece into your cent again." "No yer don't," said the gent from Maine, placing the ten dollar in his pocket and buttoning it up tight. "I'm obliged to you, purfessor, but I reckon like the peal of an imprisoned earth-I'll leave it as it is. Good morning old hoss !" said he, walking out of the office, and turning round as he reached the door he placed his digitalals in closeproximity to his proboscis, saying, "I guess there ain't any thing green about this

> astonishment at his coolness, THE BIBLE .- The Bible contains three million, five hundred and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and eighty letters. Seven hundred and seventy-three thousand, six hundred and ninety-two words. Thirty-one thousand, one hundred and seventy-three verses. One thousand, one hundred and eighty-nine

> chapters, and sixty-six books. The word "and" occurs forty-six thousand, two hundred and twenty-seven times. The word Lord one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-five times. The word "reverend" occurs once in the Bible, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle and least chapter is the 117th Psalm. The middle

> verse is the 8th verse of 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The finest Chapter to read is 26th Chapter of Acts. The 19th Chapter of the 2d Kings, and the 27th Chapter of Isalah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th Chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th Chapter of

> St. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names in the

Bible of more than six syllables.

How to cook a bean, by an old beanist: Buy a bean, bathe it well, put in twelve quarts of river water (if you haven't got a river, better buy one, as they are handy to have,) boil it six hours by an avoirdupols clock, take it out and wipe it thoroughly dry with a citement. soft towel, lay it on its Northwest side, about two degrees Sow-sow-westerly; bore a hole gently in each end, abstract the "inards" very quietly without mussing very much; then stuff one end with soft boiled rice and the other end with rice boiled soft; the end that yourself to become angered?" points towards the North should, in all instances, except in cases of extreme hemorrhage, be stuffed first; then take the South side of the shell off gently; then the East carefully, then sweeten with salt, and it will taste so much like rice you'd never dream it was a bean.

A woman's heart, like the moon, should have only one man in it.

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the Burgery. Can alwayshe found
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--:0:--

river! Pulpit," was a good situation for east-

COMETH THE BLESSING DOWN. Not to the man of dollars, Not to the man of deeds Not to the man of cunnt Not to the man of creeds; Not to the one whose passion Is for the world's renown;

Not in the form of fashion Not unto land's expansion Not to the miser's chest; Not to the princely mansion. Not to the blazoned crest; Not to the sorald worldling

Not to the steeped in share

Yearns for the great and good; Unto the one whose storehouse Yielded the hungry food; Juto the one who labors.

Fenriess of foe or frown

Unto the kindly hearted Cometh a blessing dow

Miscellaneous.

MARTHA WARREN. "Good-bye, Martha. God help you! I shall be back in three days at the farthest."

The hardy White Mountain pioneer, Mark Warren, kissed his young wife, held his two year old boy to his breast for a moment, and then shouldering the sack of corn that was to be converted into meal at the rude mill, forty miles CASTINGS FOR FURNACES AND away, trudged on through the wilder-

the cottage, gazing out after the retreating form of her husband. An angle in formed the only link between the pulpit the dense shrubbery hid him from her and the main land, and that was sever- into a ten dollar gold piece." view, but still she did not return to the ed. True she was not more than twen solitary kitchen, it looked so dark and ty feet distant from the shore of the riv ing; or perhaps the grand sublimity of thousands of miles out in the ocean. The the view spread out before ber, held her water was deep, and it ran with almost attention and thrilled her soul with that inconceivable rapidity, forty or fifty feet

with the work of His fingers. The finest and most satisfactory view of the White Mountains is that which Should be return at the expected time, presents itself from what is now the they might still be alive; but if by any Littleton and Franconia. Mount Wash- the time! She closed her eyes, and beington, the King among the princes, is sought God for protection and help. there seen in its proper place-the centre of the "rock ribbed" range, towering bald, blue and unapproacha-

Far up in the wild clearing, close by was the cottage situated-a place wild and arie enough for the nest of an eagle, him. but dear to the heart of Martha Warren those of the young settler, it was with the full and perfect understanding of the trials that lay before her. She would walk in no path of roses for years to come; much of life must be spent in the eternal solitudes where silence was brokan only by the wild winds of the forest, the shliek of the river over

the sharp rocks, or the dismal howl of the red mouthed wolf afar in the wider-The necessary absence of her band she dreaded most. It was so very gloomy to close up her lonely fireside with the consciousness that there was

no human being nearer than the settlement of Lord's Hill, ten miles away through the pathless woods. There was little to fear from the Indians, although a few of the scattered tribes yet roamed over these primeval hunting grounds. They were mostly disposed to be friendly, and Mrs. Warren's kind heart naturally prompted her to many acts of friendship toward them.

and an Indian never forgets a kind-The purple mist cleared away from the scarred forehead of the dominant old mountain; the yellow sun peeped over the rocky wall, and Martha turned away to the performance of her simple domestic duties. The day was a long one, but it was towards evening, and the gloaming comes much sooner in these solitudes than in any other place. The sunlight faded out of the unglazed distant mountains for some time yet; and Martha went out in the scanty gar-

den to inhale the odor of the sweet pinks on the meagre root she had brought from her old home. The spley perfume carried her back past, spent with kind friends, and cheerher sad, not for a moment did she repent the fate she had chosen. Absorbed his great eyes fixed on her face. in thought she had not noticed the adsence of Charlie, her little boy; now had left the bed of peppermint where he had been playing, and was not to be seen. She called his name, but only echo and the swollen river replied. She flew back to the house, the faint hope remaining that he might have re-

turned thither for his pet kitten; but no, the kitten was mewing at the window, but no signs of Charlie. With frantic haste she searched the clearing, but without success. Her next thought was the river! Black as the night, save where it was fleeked with spots of white foam-it flowed on but a few yards before her. She hurried down the bank, calling, "Charlie,

Charlie,

against the purple twillight sky-standing on the very edge of the huge, detached rock, some ten feet from the shore, out in the sweeping current of the This rock, called by the settlers "The

The child's voice at some little dis-

something held her back-God's curse was on those who do self-murder. windows, though it would illumine the moment on a rock, Martha seized him,

in memory to those days away in the tha Warren was suddenly indifferent ed with bright young hopes, But though | feeling. Charley mouned for supperthe thought of home and kindred made too weak and spent to sit up he was ly-

The night was fair-lit up by the ne Overcome by a deadly exhaustion

and to her sorrow saw the boy-his golden hair and rosy face clearly defined When she awoke to consciousness

they are obliged to cry peccavi! Arkansas. Now, it happened that on hope that which has been demonstrated the very day that Mr. Jewell arrived a complete success in Schuylkill county in town, a fellow had been arrested for may be speedly introduced in our own negro stealing, and placed in the old log jail, preparatory to receiving the penalty of fifty lashes for the offense. It is a standard with the property of th

The jail being insecure, there being no direct from the ore, under a new process patrol a la horse-guards, to protect it patented by J. Jameson. The merits the prisoner, having a tinge of Jack of this process are most extraordinary Sheppard's blood in his veins, managed and must certainly effect a complete to escape, and of course flew by the and radical change in the mode of mannight, after the manner of the witches ufacturing wrought iron. The furnaces in Macbeth. The consequence was that each with two fires, are constructed at when the sheriff went the next mornbeen raised in the State of Maine, and ing, in all the dignity of official pride, ble of producing ten tons of blooms per to administer the punishment, he was both surprised and indignant to find his man non est inventus!

the Scotties, without talking politics ei- tary, biting his lip, and looking pon-

"Well, what's the row now ?" inquir

"Want you, mister," was the brief

protested and swore he was not the sents you with a bloom of from 225 to man, the likeness was too strong for belief. The sheriff advised him for the good of his country and the honor of from the ore has anything new about it. his friends, if he had any, not to tell uch "dreadful lies," but quietly sub-

the infliction.

pay for luxuries, mister, go ahead !" child!" and left the Professor in utter applied the scourge, and at every cut the laughed, "and still the wonder grew."

> "I'm regularly dumbfounded! What in the devil's name makes you laugh

THE LAST CHICKEN GONE, -When the Conference assembled in Hillsborough, some years since, on the last day of the session, a lad, whose dad entertained some half a dozen preachers, entered the room where the ministers were seated, in a terrible state of ex-

Don't you know its wrong to suffer

make anybody mad but a preacher. up, except the old rooster, and just now he happened to see you fellows and sung out: 'And must this body die? and dropped over stone dead."

Broadway alone is worth five millions. I swarm of people is called a crowd.

metal, while the too great heat slagged the ore before it reached the refining chamberr. By the Jameson process all these points are fully obvinted. The heat is kept down to that temperature and the blast is so regulated that the metal is not consumed nor carbureted, nor the ores slagged, but, on the con-trary, the ores are completely deoxydized and by the chemical influences brought into operation in the manner before described, thoroughly cleaned of sulphur and phosphorus. The cost of making blooms by this process is about \$6 per ton more than the cost of making pig metal in the ordinary blast furnace.

> A CURIOUS BUDGET.-The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at the picture of a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a flost, and that a host of porpoises is called a shoal, a shoal of buffaloes is called a hord, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop, of parteidges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a horde, and a horde of rubhish is called a horde, and a horde of rubhish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a school, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a copps of robbers is called a band, and a tend of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd. mastering the intricacies of our han-

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

BRICK HOTEL, and refreshment saloon, by HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufac tuners of leather, on Main st., below Goods

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WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware it

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MERCHANTS AND GROCERS. KELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods processes, flour, feed, salt, fish, tron, nails northeast corner Main and Market st. vi-na

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