

VOLUME III.....NO. 31.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1869.

COL. DEM.--VOL. XXXIII.....NO. 24.

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

DR. C. A. MEGARDEL, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to G. H. Hotel, v1-n17

PHILADELPHIA DIRECTORY.

WILLIAM FISHER, WITH THOMAS O'BARRON & CO. WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HOSIERY.

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUHANNA or Brick Hotel & Restaurant Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second streets.

GEORGE FOELKER & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in WOODEN & WILLOW WARE, YARNS, OIL-CLOTHS, WICKS, TWINE, BAKETS, etc., etc.

LIGHT STORE DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, hair, tallow, etc., Light Street.

ESTABLISHED 1798.

JORDAN & BROTHIER, Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in HALLPETER and BRIMSTON.

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers & BAKERS, N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets, PHILADELPHIA.

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather & Cattle, Madison township, Columbia county.

HOTELS, & C.

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor. The above well-known hotel has recently undergone a complete renovation.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

CHAS. G. BARKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penna.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office.

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 Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office-Court House Alley, below the Columbia Office.

J. B. PURSEL,

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-SCENES, BUFFALO BAGS, HORSE-BLANKETS, etc.

BOOK STORE.

The undersigned, having taken the rooms lately occupied by Dr. T. J. John, next door above the Exchange Hotel, would like the citizens of the county that there will be constantly on hand a full assortment of

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

which has been in existence for a year, calls for the stronger support of the community.

OWEN HOUSE

BERKLEY PA. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Proprietor. This well known Hotel has been entirely renovated.

Original Poetry.

A MONODY.

She sweetly sleeps— Within the cold damp earth, From whence all living had their birth.

AU-REVUIR.

Together they stood, upon the vine wreathed porch, And the sunshine played on her bright, brown hair.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN BOYDEN'S INVESTMENT.

John Boyden was a young farmer, who lived in a country village, and was an honest honorable fellow, who believed in doing just as he promised, and only promising what he could perform.

H. W. RANKS,

Wholesale Dealer in TOBACCO, SNUFF, & BEAR MANUFACTORY.

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,

TOBACCO, SNUFF, & BEAR MANUFACTORY, No. 313 THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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He pleaded sickness upon the following day, and the day after no one came for him to work.

John looked at the watch, and then at the man who would be glad of his assistance, but of what consequence would the few dollars he could earn by the sweat of his brow be in the end?

There were several little improvements he ought to make about his own premises; but what was the object in fitting up so much when it wasn't at all likely that he should always live there?

It was all folly, stating that from the tenor of his letter they felt sure he was the very man they wanted in that section, to introduce the new hunting case watch they were importing.

John glanced over the circular to find what was meant by a case, and what they cost. He read:

"Put up in cases of six each, and sent by express, prepaid, to any part of the country on receipt of price—\$150 per case. Every watch will sell for from \$75 to \$100—often more than that."

There was a blow for the young man's hopes. Notwithstanding the immense profits, it would require considerable capital on which to commence. He read the whole sheet over carefully, and his heart beat with satisfaction as he reflected that such a timepiece never had been realized in that section.

They were certificates appended from many eminent men, who he never heard of. He did not care for what matter was that they had used the watches, and found them all that human ambition could crave!

He wrote to them representing his inability to purchase an entire set, and asking for some arrangement by which he could commence upon a small scale;—adding that he intended to put the business through, and save a handsome sum from the large margin for profit.

In a few days came the answer from the proprietors. It was not their way of doing business, they wrote, but as he seemed about the right kind of agent, they would break a package for his special benefit, and he could send for such a number as he wished at the same price per watch as though he had taken a package.

He was engaged with a neighbor digging a well on his premises, when a sudden dash of rain drove them to the house. "Don't you want to look at the paper, John?" the man asked, passing him the city sheet, which had arrived the previous evening.

He took the paper, rather to pass the time than for any other purpose, as he was not given to reading extensively. While he sat listlessly running his eyes down the columns, he came to that part devoted to advertisements. He would have turned the sheet, but at that moment his gaze was arrested by a paragraph, headed:

"Twenty-five DOLLARS PER DAY TO AGENTS!" He read the strange announcement, and he read it with every careful eye in regard to the figures. Then he muttered to himself, "Well, now if that don't beat all I ever heard of—twenty-five dollars a day! I wish I could get into such a business. I'd be content with ten dollars—yes, or five either!"

He read the paragraph attentively. There was surely an opportunity for him. An agent, one or more, was wanted in every town throughout the United States. What if he should be the fortunate one to secure this golden chance! He really trembled lest some body else should see the paper and get the coveted agency.

"A hundred and fifty dollars a week; six hundred dollars a month; seven thousand eight hundred a year!" at that rate he would become a rich man in no time! Literally his credulity was running away with him. The enormous figures had turned his brain at the first sight. If he could but get that situation he would ask nobody to trust him. Neither would he work for such paltry wages any longer. Already he began to consider what farm he should purchase. None within the circle of his acquaintance seemed likely to meet his wishes. But there would be time enough to consider that, when he should have the cash in hand.

The rain had ceased by this time, and they were ready to return to their work; or rather the employer was ready. John carefully took the address of the agency party from the paper, placed it in his pocket, and worked through the long hours of the afternoon.

Upon reaching home his first thought was to consult his wife upon the subject. None within the circle of his acquaintance seemed likely to meet his wishes. But there would be time enough to consider that, when he should have the cash in hand.

"What would you call it worth? I see you have some a good deal like it there," indicating some in a case. "No, sir," returned the dealer, rather puzzled. "I've nothing of the kind. And as you seem to be an honest fellow let me tell you one thing candidly—

that watch isn't worth carrying home!"

"Some customers entered at the moment, and advanced to the watch, but the shopman found time to add:

"It's as true as you live!" John left the shop and moved across the street. He did not believe what the man told him, but as there was another shop some distance below, it would do no harm to apply the test.

"He feels jealous of me," thought John, "and hopes to persuade me out of the business. Of course it will hurt him some, but trade is free." He entered the second shop.

"I'll take him a little differently," was the mental resolution—"though it can't be that I have been swindled out of my money in that way!"

The jeweler was busy at work when the countryman entered, but he rose on seeing that the latter had business with him.

"A friend of mine wanted me to ask you about this watch," said he, producing the condemned article. "Is it his?"

"I don't know whether he has bought it or not. He talked of it a week or so ago." "If he has a family of children, it might be worth ten cents, as a toy; though such a one as these!"—pointing to some toys which lay in a case—

"I don't know about it." There was a look of blank dismay on the features of the questioner, which might have betrayed the interest he felt.

"Now I will convince you," said the jeweler, "if you are not afraid of having this thing spoiled in the looks." John handed him over, and he took up a small vial filled with a colorless liquid. Some of this he applied to the watch which he had taken from the window, and after allowing it to remain a short time, wiped it off.

"You see it leaves no stain," he said. "Now I will make a very slight application to this bogus concern."

He did so, and the application was followed by an instant discoloration. He wiped it away with the same movement, but the blot could not be effaced.

"I will give the plate over, if you wish," he said. John did not wish. He dropped the bauble into his pocket, and started up on his return. But how changed was everything! His golden dreams had all vanished, the natural lightness and buoyancy of his step had fled. The smile in his pocket weighed him down like a mill-stone. No sooner was he clear of the village than he drew it forth, placed it upon a flat rock, and crushed it with a stone till not a semblance of its original shape was left. Then he drove it into the ground and stamped down the dirt about it.

"There is my twenty-five dollars," he muttered. "Thank my good luck which made me a poor man, it was no more. Now I'll go back and go to work again. I may as well count in the eight or ten dollars I might have earned while I've been fooling about this matter!"

The way he meddled longer on his return than it had been in the morning, but he reached home before night. He was obliged to continue his deception toward his wife, for she noticed his downcast manner in a moment. He explained it by pleading headache and retired early. Next morning he arose and sought work. No more dreams of gold he filled his mind, but he had still his strong reasons to toil and bring him certain rewards. He had learned a lesson, and one which was to be a benefit to him through a life-time. It took some time to regain what he had lost in time and money. Strictly speaking, he could never regain it, for both were gone forever. But the experience he passed through no doubt proved of more real service to him than the money would have done.

Every body about Timbuctoo, up to Yaba county knows Hans Himmeltal, or, as he is more usually called, "Dutch John," a good-hearted jovial Teuton, once well off but now reduced to the position of a Flame Guard.

Hans goes out hunting once in a while. He went after ducks not long since. He never got him to go after them again. The reason is this. Some of the boys played him a trick. They got a couple of wooden decoy ducks and fastened them with a string in the edge of some bushes in a little pond near the town, where they could be seen as the wind wafted them out the length of the string.

Hans was told that a couple of wild ducks were in the pond, and hurrying to his quarters he got his gun, loaded it heavily, and crept down within range of the ducks.

"Taking good aim he fired, and the ducks were sent with a rush back into the bushes by the shot.

Hans thought, of course, he had killed them, but stopped to load, in case they were only wounded. Meantime the wind blowing through the bushes pretty sharp, blew them out on the water to the length of the string again.

"Mein cot!" he muttered. "Two times I shot dead ten ducks and two times they come out just as before. I think they is do you've own looks! I fires again—see if I ton!"

And again, with a double charge of powder and shot in his gun, Hans drew over end with the recoil. When he got up, not a duck was in sight.

"I shoot 'em all to pieces dat time!" he cried, as he rubbed his lame shoulder. Just then out floated the ducks again.

"Mein cot in himmels! They is ter tuvel's looks!" groaned Hans. "Three times I shoot 'em all over lead, and dere they is alive!"

"I'll bet you two fifty they're dead!" cried Tommy Newbert, with a smile. "Himmel—can't I see dem sehwm!" cried Hans.

"Two fifty you've riddled them—and two fifty they're dead!" cried Tom. "Hemmel! I bet you dat. But how you broves it? You can't catch 'em?"

"Yes, come along with me, and I'll catch them for you?" There was some tall swearing in Dutch when Hans paid over the \$2.50, and found out how he had been done.

If you want to see a mad Dutchman, just say "ducks" to Hans, and you'll be accommodated.

A Country Maiden in Boy's Attire—All for Love. Commission houses and their counting-rooms have little of romance about them, and consequently they are the last places where the world looks for the romantic. But very recent developments in a dry goods establishment have very beautifully illustrated that line of Walter Scott's.

"Love rules the camp, cot, grove and mart," and sheds its influence untrammelled as the sunshine, investing with its warmth and brightness the darkest and most uninviting places.

Two months or more ago a vacant clerkship in the house referred to was applied for and filled by a youth, apparently about sixteen years of age. He applied in response to an advertisement of the firm—"Wanted, a youth, who can write a good hand and come well recommended." Out of sixty odd applicants our hero (or heroine) took the palm for the neatness, legibility and regularity of his chirography; was sent for, presented himself, and was installed in the position of entry clerk. He displayed remarkable aptitude for business; was quick and accurate at figures, ever ready to run an errand or lend a hand at anything that was to be done, in manners he was polite, blushed when looked at or spoken to; wept when chided by his employers, or chaffed by his fellow clerks, because of his peevish checks, feminine figure and general girlishness of appearance.

Time wore on. The busy season came, and brought with it a gentleman from beyond the Blue Ridge, who had occasional dealings with the house. Desiring to examine the stock, the entry clerk was called from his stool and instructed to show the gentleman over the floors. Their eyes met, those of the strange gentleman and the entry clerk—the gentleman stammered, "Great God and staggered into a seat; the clerk blushed because of his tight, then burst into tears. Then came the denouement. The gentleman explained that he recognized in the clerk the lost daughter of a citizen of his county; that she ran away in August last, and had since been mourned by her parents and friends as dead, as they could gain no tidings of her whereabouts or fate, though all the considerable towns of the State had been searched by the father in person, aided by the police.

The daughter in clerical disguise then explained, as best she could, her own story, and it was "the old story again. She had loved and seen her love thwarted by parental opposition, the most relentless and unfeeling. Her lover, youthful as she, being also opposed by his parents, left his home soon after, and came to the city, where he was not long in obtaining employment. A secret correspondence was opened between the two, aided by other parties.

This lasted for some time, and strengthened the cords of affection, drawing the two nearer each other, though separated by the misty mountains, and many miles of cruel space. At last, in one of these fatal moments of girl's weakness, she resolved to give up all for love—home and heaven, too, if need be, and left the house one evil night, when the family was absent, equipped in her brother's Sunday suit, determined to join her love in the city. This she did, and though he—timid boy—was at first frightened at the step his sweet heart had taken, she, by artful stories of her treatment at home, induced him to a manly spirit, and he—bold boy—resolved to become the protector of innocence while he buried the secret of her sex in his own bosom. He took her to his boarding house, and procured for her a room separate and apart from his own. It was agreed between them that she should preserve her incognito, and sink her sex and identity in male apparel. Thus, with his assistance, and in disguise, she had sought and obtained the position of entry clerk in the establishment where she was discovered as we have related.

Well, having told her romantic story, the girl who shall be nameless, gave the address of her lover; a messenger was dispatched for him and he came. He made a clean breast of it, confessing all. They had both been industrious, working hard, each in their situation, with the one object in view, and that was marriage, so soon as they had accumulated enough money to procure a bridal house, rent chambers and set up housekeeping. The respective parents of the lovers were informed by telegraph of the situation of affairs, and they telegraphed back at once, "Marry them and send them home."

One day last week witnessed the return and reconciliation beyond the mountains. May the couple who have attained the fruition of earthly bliss through such tribulation have scores of children, and live to celebrate their golden wedding.

"Let's Have a Drink."—An Abundant American Custom. The ridiculous, absurd American custom of "asking" is responsible for seven-eighths—mind, we say seven-eighths, and mean it, too—of all the liquor consumed in this country. A blotch of custom to-day, and where there are eight barrels of liquor drank now, there would be but one. We believe this, and believe it can't be gainsayed. We appeal to any number of drinkers for their opinion in the matter. By this custom we owe our "drinking between drinks," which some wag, with more truth than poetry in his soul, said was the only thing that hurt, or words to that effect.

What a piece of ridiculous folly it is to go into a place, if in the mood for liquor, and to ask five or six acquaintances up to drink with you; yet it is done all the time, and by parties who perhaps, want the money for stockings; but not to do it when your acquaintances are about, is to be looked upon as "small potatoes and few in the hill."

Take the following as an illustration of a delightful "fix" liable to arise from this absurd custom:

You feel in a mood for a glass. You go for it. Meet a friend just as you are about to enter a gin-mill, and you "ask him in." Enter, and he comes upon a group of five or six of his friends, who have just entered and are conversing for a moment. You are introduced all around by your friend. Where are you now? With a dollar in your pocket and five or six fellows on your hands, only one of whom you ever saw before, and morally bound by custom and impelled by false pride to ask them to join you in a social glass. You can't get out of it; they know you came in for liquor, and as your friend introduced you and didn't invite you, you must do see them (an infernal lie, by the way) and ask them up. If you are known at the bar, all right; if not, you have to borrow of your friend. How's that? Perhaps some of the party might ask you some other time, but the chances are they wouldn't know you from a baked apple. A most absurd custom, this "asking" in connection with liquor. Do we ask, coax, prevail on acquaintances to go in and have neckties, gloves or boots with us? "Come in and take a bottle of wine with me?" men will say, and in you go. Do they ever say, "Come in and have a hat with me?" Are you continually urged to eat things? Do they ask you to take pocket-knives, lead-pencils, hair-dye, tooth-powder, paper collars, or umbrellas with them? No; this "asking" business is confined to liquor. It is liquor liberality, or a custom, rather, that extends itself to no other article, if we except oysters and cigars, but in these it is limited.

Take a party of six Germans, who go in for their lager. They sit down, and each one drinks what he wants, and pays for what he drinks. He isn't forced and bantered because he does not drink more. The same with Englishmen, Frenchmen, and all other people on the face of the globe, except Americans. You know how it would be with six of the latter, did they go in for lager. There would be thirty-six glasses drank, or paid for, if that extra drink, then each must "ask" the others. Hamburg! Polly! Imagine a case like this, did the "asking" business extend beyond the confines of liquor. Two gentlemen walking up Broadway. One is attracted by a fine display of bottles—no, boots, shoes, etc., in a window. "Bob, let's go in and have some boots." In they go. "Take hold, Bob. What's your fancy?" "Thank you, Tom, but I'm taking boots just now." "Oh, get in. Take hold. One pair won't hurt you." "No, excuse me, Tom." "Take something, Bob. Take home a pair of boots for your wife. Don't see me do this thing alone." Bob comes down and takes a pair of boots. It's no use. Who could withstand Tom's appeal?—[A Temperance paper.]

THE NEGRO'S SMILE.—An old negro named Pete, was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving that one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "O master! I'm such a great sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much at heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete, "when you go duck shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck to see if he's dead?" "Yes, Pete," and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debil has got you sure; but as he afat sure of me he chases dis chille all de time."