VOLUME III NO. 48.

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

JOHN FRYMIRE, saddle and harne smaker Main st., above the Swan Hotel. "1-n47

H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmitt s, on Mi

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tant ersun

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S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tin-wave

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panity of PURS FOR LADIES AND CHILPANCY FURS FOR LADIES AND CHILBRENS WEAR.
Histing enhance to not seek and improved a
sold and interactable to not seek and improved a
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sold ment of all the different kinds of Purs for
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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1869,

COL, DEM .-- VOL, XXXIII NO. 41.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

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M. RUPERT, stoves and Sinware, Rupert CLOTHING, &C.

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IN EXCLER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Ho MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS. TER E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, IM LIKELE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey 183 A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, Exchange block Main street. v1-n43

posts, Main street just below American house

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AMERICAN HOUSE, by John Leacock, Main Ast, west of Iron street. vi-us

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VI-B13 PEACOCK. Notary Public, northeast corner . Main and Market st. vi-net

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COLUMBIA HOUSE,

BY BERNARD STORNER. HAVING lately purchased and fitted up the YEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE,

RESTAURANT, reprotos has determined to give to the per billing the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM. His stabiling also is extensive, and is fitted up to put hundles and carrings in the dry. He prom-ies that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and towful manner, and he respectfully societs a share of the public 4 stronger.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA. The undersigned having purchased this well newtrand centrally-iscafed house, the Exchang lotel, attuate on MAIN STREET, in bloomsbur as to action, the control of the control of the Ex-plantitions from the various radioud depole, by the travelles will be pleasantly convexed in a from the respective stations in the time to not the cars.

Choice Loetry.

The Closing Scene.

BY TRONAS BUCHANAN READ The following is pronounced by the London

Within the sober realms of the leafless trees, The russet year inhaled the dreamy air Like some tanned reaper in his hours of case

When all the fields are lying brown and The gray barns looking from their hazy hills, O'er the dun waters widening in the vales, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills On the dull thunder of alternate flatts.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdue The hills seemed further, and the stream sang low-As in a dream the distant woodman hewed His winter log with many a muffled blo

The embattled forests, crewhile armed with gold Their barners bright with every martial hue, fow stood like some sad, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest bins. n sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;

The dove scarce heard his singing mate's co And, like a star slow drowning in the light,

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew-Crew thrice-and all was stiller than before illent, till some replying worder blew. His allen horn, and then was heard no in Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,

young: And where oriole hung her swaying nest, By every light wind like a censer swung: Where swung the noisy martins of the caves The busy swallows circling over near— Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plenteous year; Where every bird that waked the vernal feast

To warm the reaper of the rosy east: All now was sunless, empty and foriorn. Alone from out the stubble, piped the quali-

gloom; Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale, Made cehe in the distant cottage loom There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers; The spiders moved their thin shrouds night b

night; The thistle-down, the only ghosts of flowers, Sailed slowly by-passed noiseless out of sigh Amid all this in this most dreary air, And where the woodbine shed upon the porel its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there, Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this—the centre of the scene, The white-haired matron, with n trend. Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mic Sat like a fate, and watched the flying threa-She had known sorrow, He had walked with

Off supped, and broke with her the ashen cross Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust. While yet her cheek was bright with sumr

bloom, Her country summoned and she gave her al And twice war bowed to her his sable plume— Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall, Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that dre And struck for liberty the dying blow; or him who, to his sire and country true

Fell 'inid the ranks of the invading foc. Long but not load, the drooping wheel went Like the low murmur of a hive at noon; Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone hed through her lips a sad and tremulo

At last the thread was snapped-her head was bowed, ed the distaff through her hands And loving neighbors smoothed her earer

While death and winter closed the autum

Miscellaneous.

THE INVISIBLE EYE. PROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN

CHATRAIN.

About this time (said Christian,) poor as a church-mouse, I took refuge in the room of an old house in Minnesanger Street, Nuremberg, and made my nest in the corner of the garret. I was compelled to walk over

straw bed to reach the window, but this window was in the gable-end, and the

in the gutters; the storks, their beaks idea of its charm.

ing and chatting around the fountain to view. "Saint Sobalt." Insensibly all this faress in sweet peace and tranquillity.

did, and was not afraid to climb the lad- most to tears. der. Every week his ugly head, adorued with a reddish cap, raised the trapdoor, his fingers grasped the ledge, and he cried out, in a nasal tone:

"Well, well, M8ster Christian, have you anything ?" To which I replied:

"Come in. Why in the devil don't ou come in? I am just finishing a little land-scape, and you must tell me what you think of it."

Then his great back, seeming to elengate, grew up, even to the roof, and the good man laughe: silently. I must do Justice to Toubae: he never

bought all my paintings at fifteen florins, one with the other, and sold them again for forty each. "This was an honest Jew !" I began to grow fond of this mode of

Just at this time, the city of Nuremberg was agitated by a strange and mysterious event. Not far from my dormer-window, a little to the left, stood the Inn Bouf-Gras, an old auberge much patronized throughout the country. Three or four wagons, filled with sacks, were always drawn up before the door, where the rustic drivers were in the

The gable-end of the inn was distinguished by its peculiar form. It was very narrow, pointed, and, on two sides, cut in teeth, like a saw. The carvings were strangely grotesque, interwoven remarkable fact was, that the house opposite reproduced exactly the same sculptures, the same ornaments; even the sign-board, with its post and spiral

of iron, was exactly copied. One might have thought that these two ancient houses reflected each other. Behind the inn, however, was a grand old oak, whose sombre leaves darkened the stones of the roof, while the other house stood out in bold relief against the sky. To complete the description, this old building was as silent and dreary as the Inn Bouf-Gras was noisy and animated.

On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips; on the other profound silence reigned.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day. he heavy door seemed to open of itself, to allow a little old woman to go out, with her back almost in a semicircle, her dress fitting tight about her hips an enormous basket on her arm, and her hand contracted against her breast It seemed to me that I saw at a glance, as I looked upon her, a whole existence

of good works and pious meditations. The physiognomy of this old woman had struck me more than once: her little green eyes, long, thin nose, the immense bouquets of flowers on her shawl, which must have been at least a hundred years old, the withered smile which puckered her cheeks into a cockade, the ace of her bonnet falling down to her eyebrows-all this was fantastic, and interested me much. Why did this old woman live in this great deserted house?

wished to explore the mystory. One day, as I paused in the street and followed her with my eyes, she turned suddenly and gave me a look, the horrible expression of which I know not how to paint ; made three or four hideous grimaces, and then, letting her palsied head fall upon her breast, drew her great shawl closely around her, and advanced to the heavy door, behind which

I saw her disappear.
"She's an old fool!" I said to myself, in a sort of stupor. My faith, it was the height of folly in me to be interest-

ed in her! However, I would like to see her grimace again ! old Toubac would willingly give me fifteen florins if I could

paint it for him. I must confess that these pleasantries of mine d.d not entirely reassure me. The hideous glance, which the old shrew had given me, pursued me everywhere. More than once, while climbing the almost perpendicular ladder to my loft, feeling my clothing caught on some point. I trembled from head to foot, imagining that the old wretch the third story-it is called the Green window on this side. I adroitly raised saltspoon of salt. Stir in rye flour till was hanging to the tail of my coat, in

order to destroy me, ture, was far from laughing at it; indeed, he assumed a grave and solemn

'Master Christian," said he, "if the at her age. She has an 'evil eye.' Children flee from her, and the people of

cause for reflection. which I often encountered Fleder- ed to this room-the Green Room-and, mausse without any alarming conse- the same night, the watchman, passing quences. My fears were dissipated, and down the street Minnesanger, perceived

I thought of her no more. while sleeping very soundly, I was soldier, with his final discharge in a view from it was magnificent, both awakened by a strange harmony. It was how on his left hip, and his hands gathtown and country being spread out be a kind of vibration, so sweet, so melo- cred up to the seam of his pantaloons, dious, that the whispering of the breeze as if on a parade." I could see the cats, walking gravely among the leaves can give but a faint

to their ravenous brood; the pigeons, my eyes wide open, and holding my visited; the walls were replastered; and springing from their cots, their tails breath, so as not to lose a note. At last the dead man was sent to Neustadt. spread like fans, hovering over the I looked toward the window, and saw two wings fluttering against the glass. note: In the evening, when the bells called I thought, at first that it was a bat, the world to the Angelus, with my el- | caught in my room; but, the moon rising | bows upon the edge of the roof, I listen- at that instant, I saw the wings of a the innkeeper. There were many, ined to their melancholy chimes; I watch- magnificent butterfly of the night deli- deed, who wished to force him to ed the windows as, one by one, they neated upon her shining disk. Their down his iron cross-beam, under the were lighted up; the good burghers vibrations were often so rapid, that pretext that it inspired people with smoking their pipes on the sidewalks; they could not be distinguished; then dangerous ideas; but you may well bethe young girls, in their red skirts, with they reposed, extended upon the glass, their pitchers under their arms, laugh- and their frail fibres were again brought

This misty apparition, coming in the rapid course, and I retired to my mat- my heart to all sweet emotions. It The old cariosity-seller, Toubac, knew | ed with a sense of my solitude, had come the way to my little lodging as well as 1 | to visit me, and this idea melted me al-

"Be tranquil, sweet captive, be tranquil," said I; "your confidence shall not be abased. I will not keep you against your will. Return to heaven and to liberty." I then opened my little window. The night was calm, and millions of stars were glittering in the sky. For a moment, I contemplated this sublime spectacle, and words of prayer and praise came naturally to my lips; but, judge of my amazement, when, lowering my eyes,I saw a man hanging from the cross beam of the sign of the Bouf-Gras, the hair dishevelled, the arms stiff, the legs clongated to a point, and naggled with me about prices; he casting their shadows down the street!

The immobility of this figure, under the moon's rays, was terrible. I felt my tongue freezing, my teeth clinched. I was about to cry out in terror, when, by some incomprehensible, mysterious attraction, my glance fell below existence, and to find new charms in it and I distinguished, confusedly, the old woman crouched at her window in the midst of dark shadows, and contemplating the dead man with an air of diabolic satisfaction

Theo I had a vertigo of terror. All my strength abandoned me, and, retreating to the wall of my loft, I sank down and became insensible.

I do not know how long this sleep consciousness, I saw that it was broad market, to take their morning drought day. The mists of the night had pene-

trated to my garret, and deposited their fresh dew upon my hair, and the confused murmurs of the street ascended to man the painting I had just completed. my little lodging. I looked without. The affair was soon concluded, and Tou-The burgomaster and his secretary were and ornamenting the cornices and sur- stationed at the door of the inn, and re- der, entreating me to think no more of rounding the windows; but the most mained there a long time; crowds of the student of Heidelberg. people came and went, and paused to look in; then recommenced their course The good women of the neighborhood, who were sweeping before their doors,

looked on from afar, and talked gravely with each other. At last, a litter, and, upon this litte s body, covered with a linen cloth, issued from the inn, carried by two men They descended to the street, and the children, on their way to school, ran behind them.

The window opposite was still open;

the end of a rope floated from the crossbeam. I had not dreamed. I had, indeed, seen the butterfly of the night; I had seen the man hanging, I had seen Fled-

That day Toubac made me a visit, and, as his great nose appeared on : level with the floor he exclaimed. 'Master Christian, have you nothing

I did not hear him. I was seated up- you fall into the hands of the old muron my one chair, my hands clasped upon my knees, and my eyes fixed before is preparing her snares in the dark-

Toubac, surprised at my inattention

repeated, in a louder voice: 'Master Christian, Master Christian!' Then, striding over the sill, he advanc-

ed and struck me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, what is the matter now "Ah, is that you, Toubac?" "Eh, parbleu! I rather think you III ?"

"No. I am only thinking." "What in the devil are you thinking

"Of the man who was hanged." "Oh, oh!" cried the curiosity-vender. You have seen him, then? The poor boy! What a singular history! The third in the same place."

"How the third ? "Ah, yes! I ought to have warned you; but it is not too late. There will certainly be a fourth, who will follow the example of the others. Il n'y a que

le premier pas qui coute." Saying this, Toubac took a seat on the corner of my trunk, struck his matchbox, lighted his pipe, and blew three

a meditative air. "My faith," said he, "I am not fearful; but, if I had full permission to pass the night in that chamber, I should

much prefer to sleep elsewhere. ten months ago, a good man, of Tubingen, wholesale dealer in furs, dismounts gen, wholesale dealer in furs, dismounted at the Inn Bouf-Gras. He called for supper; he ate well; he drank well; and me. My chamber overlooked the house was finally conducted to that room in of Fledermausse; but there was no Room. Well, the next morning he was a slate, and no pen could paint my joy

sign-board.

"Well, that might do for once; nothing could be said." "Every proper investigation was old woman wants you, take care! Her the bottom of the garden. But, look this invisible eye—this watchful eye, teeth are small, pointed, and of marvel- you, about six months afterwards, a ous whiteness, and that is not natural brave soldier from Neustadt arrived; he had received his final discharge, and was rejoicing in the thought of return-Numremberg call her'Fledermausse'" ing to his native village. During the I admired the clear, sagacious intellect | whole evening, while emptying his of the Jew, and his words gave me wine-cups, he spoke fondly of his little cousin, who was waiting to marry him. Several weeks passed away, during At last, this big monsieur was conductsomething hanging to the cross-beam; But, an evening came, during which, he raised his lantern, and lo! It was the

"'Truth to say, this is extraordinary, cried the burgomaster; 'the devil's to filled with frogs, carrying nourishment For a long time I listened intently, with pay.' Well, the chamber was much

"The registrar wrote this marginal

"All Nuremberg was enraged against lieve that old Nichel Schmidt would

not lend his ear to this proposition. "'Phis cross-beam,' said he, ded away, the bats commenced their midst of the universal silence, opened born the sign of Bouf-Gras for one hun rushed into the room, shouting: dred and fifty years, from father to son; seemed to me that an airy sylph, touched with a sense of my solitude, had come ons which pass beneath, for it is thirty feet above them. Those who don't like it can turn their heads aside, and not

> down, and, during several months, no ceremony was performed. The minisstudent of Heldelberg, returning to the hay field, and the lady resumed her university, stopped, day before yesterday, at the Inn Bouf-Gras, and asked for lodging. He was the son of a minister of the gospel.

"How could any one suppose that the son of a pastor could conceive the idea of hanging himself on the cross-beam of a sign-board, because a big monsieur and an old soldier had done so? We must admit, Master Christian, that the thing was not probable; these reasons would not have seemed sufficient to myself, or to you."

'Enough, enough!" I exclaimed; this is too horrible! I see a frightful mystery involved in all this. It is not e cross-beam; it is not the room.-"What! Do you suspect the innkeep er, the most honest man in the world and belonging to one of the oldest fam-

llies in Nuremberg?" "No, no; may God preserve me from indulging in unjust suspicions! but there is an abyss before me, into which I scarcely dare glance."

"You are right," said Toubac, aston-ished at the violence of my excitement. habit of stopping, on their way to the

This question brought me back to the world of realities. I showed the old bac, well satisfied, descended the lad-

I would gladly have followed my good friend's counsel; but, when the devil once mixes himself up in our concerns, it is not easy to disembarrass ourselves of him.

In my solitary hours, all these events | rally worn than closely fitting basques. were reproduced with frightful distinctness in my mind.

"This old wretch," I said to myself, ladics. is the cause of all; she alone has conceived these crimes, and has consummated them. But by what means? All the people drew back as they ad- Has she had recourse to cunning alone or has she obtained the intervention of invisible powers?" I walked to and fro in my retreat. An inward voice cried out: "It is not in vain that Providence permitted you to see Fledernausse contemplating the agonies of her victim. It is not in vain that the oul of the poor young man came in the form of a butterfly of the night to fashionable this winter. awake you. No, no; all this was not accidental, Christian. The heavens impose upon you a terrible mission. If ou do not accomplish it, tremble lest

> During several days, these hideous images followed me without intermission. I lost my sleep; it was impossible for me to do any thing; my brush fell from my hand; and, horrible to confess, I found myself sometimes gazing at the cross-beam with a sort of it no longer, and one evening I descended the ladder, and hid myself behind the door of Fiedermausse, hoping to surprise her fatal secret.

deress! Perhaps at this moment, she

From that time, no day passed in which I was not en route, following the wretch, watching, spying, never losing sight of her, but she was so cunning, had a scent so subtle, that, without even turning her head, she knew I was behind her.

However, she feigned not to perceive this; she went to the market, to the butcher's, like any good, simple woman, only hastening her steps, and murmuring confused words.

At the close of the month, I saw that it was impossible for me to attain my or four powerful whiffs of smoke, with object in this way, and this conviction made me inexpressibly sad. "What can I do?" I said to myself.

"The old woman divines my plans; she is on her guard; every hope abandons me. Ah! old hag, you think you question: "What can I do? what can I made of lilles-black or white-upon a do?" At last a luminous idea struck found hanging to the cross-beam of the when the whole ancient building was in buttered tins, thus exposed to me. "At last, I have you," I exclaimed; you cannot escape me now; from here I can see all that passes-your goings, your comings, your made, and the stranger was buried at arts and snares. You will not suspect the Custom house. which will surprise crime at the mom-

ent it blooms. Oh, Justice, Justice! She marches slowly; but she arrives," (TO HE CONTINUED.) MARRIAGE SHORN OF POETRY .- The Rev. D., a Methodist minister, stationed at Meadville some years ago, one evening received a note informing him that a couple living in the suburbs of in place of the ribbon or velvet, and the city desired to be united in the small beads of real jet, carved, are also bonds of matrimony, and requested popular. his services at 9 o'clock in the morning. At the proper time he went to the house designated. He inquired of a young lady who was busy washing dishes it

"I am the lady," said she, blushing. 'John will be in in a moment." The minister was surprised to see no preparations, and stepped to the door to view the surroundings. Two men were hard at work grinding seythes in the yard and another, who proved to be the "John," was tending a cow and

calf. The young lady came to the door pretty soon and shouted: "John, John, hurry up; the preach-

er's here !" John leaped the fence and rushed to the house; the girl wiped her hands on her apron, and after joining hands, said they were ready. The minister proceeded, and had just got through questionplaced here by my grandfather; it has ing the young man when the old lady

"John, John, you didn't turn the cow away from the calf!" He let go his sweetheart's hand in stantly, and rushed into the barnyard, put the old cow through the bars, and like best. then returned to the house, again took "Well, gradually the town calmed his position, when the remainder of the and grated in half a milk-pan of flour. new event agitated it. Unhappily, a ter went on his way, John went to the of milk, one cup of yeast. Beat the

> dishwashing. NOT THE WIFE'S FAULT. - An Irish man who had just landed, went to see his sister who was married to a Yankee. The couple lived very happily in the city, and when Pat came, the gentle- four well-beaten eggs, two ounces of man took him over his place to show it freshly-grated cocoa-nut, half a grated to him. Pat at the evidences of prosperity, said to his brother-in-law : "Begorra, you are very happy here

with this fine property to live on; me sister had good luck intirely, so she had, in getting you for a husband." "Ah, yes," responded the married

man, "we would be very happy but for one thing." " And what's that?" asked Pat.

" Ah, Pat," returned the gentleman, I am sorry to say that we have no children,"
"No children!" exclaimed Pat;

then begorra it's not me sister Maggie's, fault, for she had two before she left Ireland, and that's the rayson me father sent her to America." ONE hundred years ago, there wer

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Brevities for Ladies.

-Real thread lace veils are coming in fashion again.

-Strings to new-fashioned bonnets are tied under the chin.

-Gold braided walking coats-a la militaire are much worn.

-"No presents received" takes the

place of "no cards" at weddings. -Loose mantles will be more gene -Blue flannel jackets trimmed with

large brass buttons are worn by young - Diamonds are going out of fashlon, save among shoddy-ites. Pearls are

coming in. -Small receptions and social tea parties are to be given this winter, in place

of large parties. -Small bouquets of tuberoses, are now carried by brides and bridesmaids, during the ceremony.

the latest novelty, and promise to be -Cartes de visite have given place to imperial photographs, with illuminated

-Velvet muffs, bound with fur are

monograms stamped on the back. -The new fashion bonnets are so high in front that ladies who wear them look like drum majors of militia bands.

-Fashionable weddings now take place at home, and are followed by small and quiet receptions, with no dancing. -Large black lace scarfs, for house or street, have been named "Ida Lewis," in honor of Newport's heroine

-Evening dresses of very light silks will be most worn this season-tarletan complacency. At last I could endure and tulle having been given over to very young girls. -Earrings of Roman gold, made to represent all manner of birds, animals

and toys, are now in vogue-being the

"latest from Paris."

"Chinese fans and jewelry are all the rage, and even Chinese braids are in vogue, slightly modified, however, by being gracefully looped up. -Large lace collars(such as our grand-

mothers used to don) are again in vogue,

and when worn over a light silk dress, the effect is beautiful. -Silver jewelry, or silver ornaments of any kind, are entirely out of date, they having been superseded by gilt, Roman gold and Chinese jewelry.

-Jet, enamel and gold lockets, with diamonds and emeralds in monogram, are as popular as ever; but otherwise, diamonds are not uppermost in favor -Eugenie's trip has brought out a

material black or white. -Rye Drop Cakes: One pint of milk, three eggs, one tablespoon of sugar, one about the consistency of pancakes. Bake

-A lady just returned from Europe boasted the other evening of having smuggled six dozen pairs of kid gloves and half a dozen Roman scarfs through -The latest French gilt jewelry is a

little white guinea-pig in a gilt cage, also umbrellas, preserving kettles, and bonehes of keys, all done up in gilt and intended to dangle from somebody's pretty car. -Among our better decorations, beautiful Roman beads, strung on a brighthaed velvet, are worn about the throat

-An Excellent Pudding : One quart of milk, nine tablespoons of flour, five eggs. Beat separately, and put the there was a couple there who wished to for swelling. Put in a pot with boiling water, boil one hour and a half.

> ounces of currants, eight ounces of sugar, the white of one egg, and the yellows of two. Roll the paste into the thickness of biscuits, and cut in any form you wish. -The fashionable world is considerably stirred by a rumor that the present fashion of overloading dresses with trimmings will soon give way to styles

conscieuous for simplicity, but so ele

gant in fabric that none but the richest

-Tea Cakes (very good:) Eight ounces

of flour, four ounces of butter, eight

can afford to go back to the seventeenth century for their models. -Ground Rice Pudding: One quart of milk, four tablespoons of ground rice. Put in the milk when cold; set on the fire, and stir until it boils. When cool, add seven eggs, one-fourth pound of butter. Sugar to your taste. Season with either mace, nutmeg, or lemon, as you

-Tea Biscuit: Six potatoes bolled One tablespoon of salt, three tumblers whites of three eggs to a froth, and put in before kneading. Mix not quite as stiff as bread-dough, and put to rise.

-Poet's Pudding: Soak six ounces of the crumbs of a stale loaf in a quart of new wilk. Add, after it has stood an hour, four ounces of light-brown sugar, nutmeg, or the rind of a large lemon, and a small pinch of salt. -Tapioca Pudding: Soak a cupful

of taploca over night, or for an hour in the morning, make a pudding same as rice, with milk, eggs, etc., or pour the soaked tapioca (using more water, and soaking longer) into a pudding dish, buttered, and filled with peeled apples. Bake an hour or less, eat with hard sauce. -Sponge Cake: A receipt that nev-

er falls to make a light and beautiful cake; one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one dozen eggs, but the yelks light, and all the sugar beat it well; whip the whites to a stiff froth and mix gently with the yelks and sugar, sprinkle the flour lightly more than 250,000 landed proprietors in and stir slowly, if stirred too much after pos, Master Christian, where is our land. Great Britain; to day there are les the flour is in it will not rise. Add a psoonful of lemon.

CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,