# The Columbian
—AND—
# Bloomsburg Democrat.

BLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
HE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COURT
HOUSE, BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

s--Two Dollars a Year, payable in Advance.

CIRCULATION 2500.

**JOB PRINTING**
descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

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## Bloomsburg Directory.

### STOVES AND TINWARE.

. RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, Rupert block, Main st. west of Market. v1-n43

OB METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware ain street, above court house. v1-n43

### CLOTHING, &c.

VID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main ., 2d door above American House. v1-n43

, MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for e New Perham Sewing Machine, corner of re and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n35

### DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., elow the Post Office. v1-n43

ER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, rower's block Main st. v1-n43

### CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and welry, Main st., just below the American e. v1-43

IS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, r southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-43

RY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & elry &c., Main Street near West st. v3-n15

ATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Mar- t street, below Main. v1-n43

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

OLLEDER, Manufacturer and dealer in oots and Shoes, Main street, opposite Epis- Church. v1-n43

. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Centre reet, rear of Robbins & Eyer's Store. v1-n43

VID BETZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main st., low Hartman's store, west of Market. v1-43

RY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in ots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, Bloomsburg. v1-n43

### PROFESSIONAL.

H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., ove the Court House. v1-n43

WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, change Block over Webb's book store v3-n28

B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth racted without pain: Main st., nearly op- Episcopal Church. v1-n46

. IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d oor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange ." v3-n1

. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d oor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange ." v4-n3

. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, orth side Main st., below Market. v1n43

. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, uth side Main street, below Market. v1-n43

. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician arket street, above Main. v1-n43

. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hart- an's building, Main street. v2-n20

### LLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

ETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, pposite Episcopal Church, Main st. v1-n43

S LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey uilding Main street, v1-n43

S A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, ooks, and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main . v1-n43

S M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy oods, Main st., below Market. v1-n44

. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, ain street below Market. v1-n46

. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' oaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner and West sts. v1-n43

E MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy ods, Main st., below American House, v1n44

### HOTELS AND SALOONS.

ERICAN HOUSE, by John Leacock, Main reet, west of Iron street. v1-n43

UMBIA HOTEL, by B. Stohner, Main st ove Court House. v1n

KS HOTEL, by T. Bent. Taylor, east end Main street. v1-43

EACOCK, Oyster and Eating saloon, Ameri- n House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superin- nt. v1-n45

DMYER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery d Oyster Saloon, wholesale and retail. Ex- e Block, Main street. v1-n43

### ERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, south- est corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Gro- ries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and treets. v3-n30

. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books stationery, Main st., below Market. v1-n43

ACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main ., below Iron v1-46

ENDENHALL, General Stock of Merchan- se and Lumber, corner of Main street and ck road. v1-n43

& WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, holesale and retail, Exchange Block. v1-n43

. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, ain st., above Court House. v1-n43

BROWER, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., cor- r Main st. and Court House alley. v1-n43

BINS & EYER, dealer in Dry Goods, Gro- ies, etc., cor. Main and Centre sts. v1-n43

. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main reet below Market. v1-n44

. EYER, Groceries and General Merchan- se. Main st., above West. v1-43

ELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, roceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, . E. cor. Main and Market sts. v1-n43

. MILLER & SON, dealer in Dry Goods, roceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, ns, etc., Exchange Block, Main st. v1-n43

AMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in roceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scot- south side, Main st. v2-n18

LIAM ERASMUS, Confectioneries, Main ., near the railroad. v1-n43

### MISCELLANEOUS.

ITMAN, Marble Works, one door below ost Office, Main Street. v1-n43

OMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing ear the railroad. v1n46

OSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy nner, Scottown. v1n47

CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness- aker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n16

. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from orthwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper bular Lightning Rod. n2v19

THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades d fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-43

. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story ick, Main street, west of Market st. v1n43

OSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins Eyer's Store, Main st. v1-43

KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chem lin's alley, rear of American House. v1n43

N A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash s fire insurance companies, Brower's Build- Main Street. v1-n43

ES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chair- aker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

. SAMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Blooms- urg near Lack. R. R. Castings made at short . Machinery made and repaired. v2-n23

. B. JGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and elodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

UEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone rks, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n46

PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n46

# The Columbian.

VOLUME IV - - - NO. 11. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1870. COL. DEM. - - - VOL. XXXIV - - NO. 4.

## Orangeville Directory.

**A. & E. W. COLEMAN,** Merchant Tailors and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the Brick Hotel. v1-n47

**A. B. HERRING & BROTHER,** Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine. v1-n47

**BOWER & HERRING,** dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. v1-n47

**BRICK HOTEL** and refreshment Saloon, by Rohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st., v1-n47

**DR. O. A. MEGARGEL,** Physician and Surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel v1-n47

**DAVID HERRING,** Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1n47

**H. H. & C. KELCHNER,** Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n47

**JAMES B. HARMAN,** Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

**J. M. HARMAN,** Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., oppsite Frame Church. v2n11

**JOHN FRYMIRE,** Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

**LEWIS H. SCHUYLER,** Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufactuier of plows, Mill St. v1-n47

**MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co.,** Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n47

**SAMUEL SHARPLESS,** Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle, Main St. v2n5.

**WILLIAM DELONG** Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n49

## Catawissa.

**B. F. DALLMAN,** Merchant Tailor, Second St. Robbins' Building. v2-n18

**DR. J. K. ROBBINS,** Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main. v2-n18

**GILBERT & KLINE,** dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street v2-n12

**J. B. KISTLER,** "Cattawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n18

**L. KEILER,** Billard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St. v2n12

**M. M. BROBST,** dealer in General Merchandise Dry Goods, Groceries &c v2-n18

**SUSQUEHANNA** or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbauder Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2n12

**S. D. RINARD,** dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware, Main Street. v2n12

**WM. H. ABBOTT,** Attorney at law, Main St. v2n12

## Light Street.

**A. H. IRVINE,** Medical Store Main Street and Briarcreek Road. v3n19

**H. F. OMAN & Co.,** Wheelwrights, first door above School House. v1n46

**JOHN A. OMAN,** Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, v1n46

**J. J. LEISER, M. D.,** Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2n27

**PETER ENT,** dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., Main Street. v1n45

**R. S. ENT,** dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches. v1n46

## Espy.

**B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO.,** dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise. v2n11

**ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS,** C.S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n46

**J. D. WERKHEISER,** Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n4

**T. W. EDGAR,** Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n11

## Buck Horn.

**M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER,** dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, First store in south end of town. v2-n18

## Business Cards.

**M. M. L'VELLE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill County Pa.

**C. W. MILLER,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.20'67

**ROBERT F. CLARK,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

**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, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan4,'67.

**E. J. THORNTON**

would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,

and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment. mar.5,'69-tf Main St. below Market.

**J. B. PURSEL,**

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS,

BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &c.,

which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in the county. Examine for yourselves.

Shop third door below the Court House, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

nov. 15,'67.

**SENT FREE!**

M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO.'S

SEED CATALOGUE

And GUIDE to the

FLOWER and VEGETABLE

Garden, For 1870.

Published in January. Every lover of flowers wishing this new and valuable work, free of charge, should address immediately M. O'Keefe Son & Co., Ellwanger & Barry's Block Rochester, N. Y Dec. 3,'69.-6m

**PIMPLES.**

The undersigned will cheerfully mail (FREE) to all who wish it the Recipe and full directions or preparing and using a simple and Beautiful Vegetable Balm, that will immediately remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and all eruptions and impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

He will also send (FREE) instructions for producing, by very simple means, a luxuriant growth of Hair on a baldhead or smooth face in less than thirty days from first application.

The above can be obtained by return mail by addressing THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist. P. O. Box 5128, 195 Broadway, New Yokr.
Aug. 6,'69-1y.

**ERRORS OF YOUTH.**

A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing with perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN,
No. 42 Cedar street, New York.
Nov. 26,'69-1y.

**JOB**

**PRINTING**

Neatly executed at this Offio

## Philadelphia Directory.

Major E. B. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. M. MORY

**ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,**

NO. 104 NORTH THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA,
Two doors above Arch, formerly 228,
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS IN
CARPETS, COTTONS, YARNS, BATTING,
OIL CLOTHS, CARPET CHAINS, CORDAGE,
OIL SHADES, GRAIN BAGS, TIE YARN,
WICK YARN, WINDOW PAPER, COVERLETS,
—ALSO,—
*WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE*
BROOMS, BRUSHES, LOOKING GLASSES, TRUNKS.
feb. 5,'69.

**EAGLE HOTEL,**

237 NORTH THIRD STREET,
R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.

**ESTABLISHED 1793.**

JORDAN & BROTHER.
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in
SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE
No 249 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

**G. W. BLABON & CO.,**

Manufacturers of
OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES,
Warehouse, No. 124 North Third Street
Philadelphia.

**GEORGE H. ROBERTS,**

Importer and Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.
No. 311 North Third Street, above Vine
Philadelphia.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. B. SEYBERT.

**HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,**

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.
No. 421 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA.
Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.
January 3, 1868.

**H. W. RANK'S**

WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND
CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
No. 146 North Third Street,
Between Cherry and Race, west side.
Philadelphia.

**I. H. WALTER,**

Late Walter & Kaub,
Importer and Dealer in
CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 234 N. Third Street,
Philadelphia.

**J. M. KEPHEART,**

WITH
BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
No. 503 Market Street,
(Above Fifth,)
PHILADELPHIA.

**JOHN STROUP & CO.,**

Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH.
No. 24 North Wharves and 25 North Third St
Philadelphia.

**RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHOLADELPHIA.
oct. 22,'69-1y

**SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,**

Manufacturers and Jobbers of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
Nos. 525 Market, and 522 Commerce Street,
Philadelphia.

**WILLIAM FISHER**

WITH
THOMAS CARSON & CO.
WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN HOSIERY,
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
LINENS & NOTIONS,
NO. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET
Philadelphia.
june 4,'69-6m

**WARTMAN & ENGELMAN,**

TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR
MANUFACTORY.
No. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET,
Second Door below Wood,
PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. WARTMAN. P. ENGELMAN.

**WAINWRIGHT & CO.,**

WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.
may 10,67-tf.

## Hotels.

**COLUMBIA HOTEL.**

BY
BERNARD STOHNER.

Having lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a

FEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE,

on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg; and having obtained a license for the same as a

HOTEL AND RESTARANT,

the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,

A LITTLE MORE ROOM.

His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up to put buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [my17'67-tf

**THE ESPY HOTEL.**

ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned would inform the travelling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the perfect convenience of his guests. His larder will be stocked with the best the market affords. The choicest liquors, wines and cigars always to be found in his bar.

WILLIAM PETTIT.
Apr.23,69-tf Espy, Pa.

**BRICK HOTEL,**

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

ROHR M'HENRY, Proprietor.

This well known House, having been put in thorough repair, is now open to the travelling public. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table will be, at all times, supplied with the delicacies of the season. No pains will be spared to insure the comfort of guests.

Orangeville, dec. 10,'69-tf.

**FORKS HOTEL,**

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned has taken this well known House, lately occupied by George W. Manger, and has put it in thorough repair with entirely new furniture, &c. Every attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of guests. The bar always supplied with the best of liquors and cigars. T. BENT. TAYLOR.
mar11'70-3m.

**BUSINESS CARDS,**
VISITING CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
PROGRAMMES,
POSTERS,
&C., &C.
Neatly and Cheaply Printed
From the Latest Styles of Type at the
COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

## Choice Poetry.

### In School Days

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
  A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
  And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
  Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
  The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
  Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
  Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter's sun
  Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
  And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
  And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
  When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
  Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
  Where pride and shame were mingled,

Pushing with restless feet the snow
  To right and left he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
  The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
  I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
  "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her—because they love him.

## Miscellaneous.

### IN THE WRONG ROOM;

OR

### Nat. Harrison's Experience.

"IN early days old Nat. Harrison was elected to the Legislature from this county," said a fellow as we were all seated around the stove, in a little hotel at Mc Lainsboro', Hamilton county, Illinois.

Old Nat. was a regular old brick! He was elected just because there was no one to run against him. Our county was rather bad off for intelligent people in those days. A few days after old Nat. had gone to Springfield, to attend to the duties of his office, I happened to be there on business of a private character, and thinking he would be glad to hear from the folks at home, I concluded to call on him at the "Prairie House," and inquire after his health."

"I've been well, Tom," said he, "but I got awfully scared the first night I stayed in this 'ere darned place."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"Well," said Nat. "I'll tell you all about it. You see that fellow there behind the counter; the fellows here call him the bard—well, I told him I wanted to see my bed, so I'd know where to sleep when I'd come in after a while. He took me up stairs to a little room, and said I could sleep there, and then he went down. I took good notice of it—brown door with yaller streaks here and there, and white earthen lock handle.

"I started; down stairs a-thinkin about this, and I wouldn't look at another door' for fear I'd get 'em kinder mixed up in my head, and then forget which was mine.

"About twelve o'clock that night I came in with a kind of half-grown hummin' in my head, and the very first thing I found at the top of the stairs was my own identical door, with the yaller streaks and white lock handle.

"Good," says I, and in I lumbers. I walked up to the bed, and what do ye think? Why, I finds some one of your long-legged, black-whiskered town fellers in it—fast asleep. I takes him by the beard, reared him up on his end, and gives him a short sarment—tells him to leave as quick as double triggers, or I'll be d—d if I wouldn't kick him down stairs—tells him I don't want to do it nuther, for I am a member of the Legislature—the Representative from Hamilton—but if I git to fighting he'd find me a full team. The fellow looked awfully scared, and without saying a word he got up very humble like, and started for his dry goods, which hung on a chair up in one corner. I sot down the light and began to undress; and says I to him, draw on them duds and toddle from here for I'll be cussed if I—'turning around at the same time to look fierce at him—I see's him a comin' at me with one of the drottest butcher knives in the world.

"Well, thought I, Nat, you've got yourself in a close place, by Jingo! and so we begun to lumber around the room like the very nation. Here I went, here he come. At last I got between him and the door, and out I shot.

"This beats the devil, says I, a Representative to the Legislature treated in this way. I went down stairs and told the fellow behind the counter that some cuss was in my room.

"No I guess not," said he; "perhaps there is some mistake—your room is number eight."

"Thinks I perhaps there may be some mistake; and so I goes back. When I got up to the top of the stairs I began to count at the first door, and on till I counted eight. I found then they all looked axactly alike. I opened the eighth door and went in, feeling certain that it was picked out for me. A candle was burning on the table, by the light of which I saw that some person was in the bed. Not feeling inclined to kick up another fuss, I concluded to crawl in with him and say nothing about it. In a very short time I was in bed and ready to go to sleep. I had not been in bed long before the door opened, and a young man and woman came into the room and took seats by the candle stand.

"Something else on hand, Nat," thought I to myself, "but let 'em rip."

"They looked very serious at first, but finally it wore off, and they got to chatting very lovingly, and to huggin' and kissin a little. I was delighted with the performance, and thought the feller in bed with me ought to see it and enjoy the fun too: so I whispered to him.

"Say, Captain—old hoss, just look up.'

"They both started up, like a shakin mill had touched 'em, and they seemed to be awfully scared, till the gal said, 'it was only the wind blowin agin the winder."

"They soon got to huggin' and kissin' again, and as I could not rouse our friend I thought I would jest have a little fun to myself.

"c lips," says I, jest as they was a fetching their lips together, and up they sprang like lightning and loped for the door; but as fortune would have it, the young feller had dropped the key, and he couldn't get out.

"Never mind,' says I, it's fun for me as well as you. I love to see sich things a-goin' on.'

"This seemed to scare 'em more than ever.

"It was rich, too rich to enjoy alone, and I determined to wake up my bed feller. I slapped my hand on his chin —it was cold as ice. 'Thunder and St. Louis, Nat' said I, you're in bed with a dead man,' and without waiting to consider the matter I sprang to the floor.—The youngsters gave a loud squall, fetched up against the closed door, and I pitched with 'em which resulted in smashing the darned thing open.—Without waiting for ceremonies or formalities we all bolted for the stairs.—Hearing the racket, the landlord who occupied a room still further back, came bolting after us. Catching a glimpse of him I took him to be the dead man, and so I put all the steam on, and ran close in the wake of the lovers. I could not pass them, however, for they were frightened out of their senses, having no idea but what I was the deceased in close pursuit. In this condition we all tumbled promiscuously down stairs into the bar-room.

"Now let's go and take something, boss," said Nat, 'but don't say anything about this when you get home, or Sally may be uneasy about me."

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## The Arkansas Traveler.

Some years ago a traveler in Arkansas approached a squatter's cabin in search of lodgings, and discovered the proprietor sitting in front of the door playing the "Arkansaw Traveler" on the fiddle. The following interesting dialogue is reported to have taken place:

Traveler—Halloo, stranger.

Squatter—Halloo yourself.

T—Can I get to stay all night with you?

S—No sir, you can't git to—

T—Have you any spirits here?

S—Lots of 'em, Sal saw one last night by that thar ole holler gum and it nearly skeered her to death.

T—You mistake my meaning, have you any liquor?

S—Had some yesterday, but ole Bose he got in and lapped all uv it out'n the pot.

T—You don't understand me, I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold, and want some whiskey—have you got any?

S—Oh, yes—I drank the last this morning.

T—I'm hungry, havn't had a thing since morning, can't you give me something to eat?

S—Hain't a durned thing in the house. Not a mouthful of meat, or dust of meal here.

T—Well can't you give my horse something?

S—Got nothing to feed him on.

T—How far is it to the next house?

S—Stranger! I don't know, I've never been there.

T—Well, do you know who lives here?

S—I do.

T—As I'm so bold, then, what might your name be?

S—It might be Dick, and it might be Tom, but it lacks right smart of it.

T—Sir! will you tell me where this road goes to?

S—It's never been anywhar since I've lived here, it's always thar when I git up in the mornin'.

T—Well, how far is it to where it forks?

S—It don't fork at all, but splits up like blazes.

T—As I'm not likely to get to any other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink?

S—My house leaks. Thar's only one dry spot in it, and me an Sall sleeps on it. And that thar tree is the ole woman's persimmon, you can't tie to it, 'case she don't want them shuk off. She 'lows to make beer out'n um.

T—Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?

S—It's been raining all day.

T—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?

S—It don't leak then.

T—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you do here anyhow?

S—Putty well, I thank you, how do you do yourself?

T—I mean what do you do for a living here?

S—Keep tavern and sell whisky.

T—Well, I told you I wanted some whisky.

S—Stranger, I bought a bar'l mor'n a week ago. You see me and Sall went shars. Arter we got it here, we only had a bit betweext us, and Sal, she didn't want to use hern fust, nor me mine You see I had a spiggot in one end and she in tother. So she takes a drink out'n my end, and pays me the bit for it; then I'd take un out'n hern, and give her the bit. Well, we's gitting long fust-rate, till Dick, durned skulking skunk, he bourn a hole in the bottom to suck at, and the next time I went to buy a drink they wurnt none thar.

T—I'm sorry your whisky's all gone; but my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?

S—It's got no balance to it.

T—I mean you don't play the whole of it.

S—Stranger, can you play the fiddle?

T—Yes a little sometimes.

S—You don't look like a fiddler, but ef you think you can play any more onto that thar tune, you kin just git down and try.

(The traveler gets down and plays the whole of it.)

S—Stranger, take half a dozen cheers and sot down. Sal, stir yourself round; like a six horse team in a mud hole. Go round in th' holler where I killed that buck this mornin', cut off some of the best pieces, and fotch it and cook it for me and this gentleman, directly. Rise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the ole black jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky; I know thar's sum left yit. Til, drive ole Rose out'n the bread-tray, then clime up in the loft, and git the rag that's got the sugar tied in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's hoss round under the shed, give him some fodder and corn, much as he kin eat.

Til.—Dad, they ain't knives enuff for to sot the table.

S—Whar's big butch, little butch, ole case, cob-handle, granny's knife and the one I handled yesterday? That's enuff to sot any gentleman's table, without you've lost um. Durn me, stranger, ef you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffee or supper?

T—Yes, sir.

S—I'll be hanged ef you do tho', we don't have nothin' that way here, but Grub Hyson, and I reckon it's mighty good with sweetnin'. Play away, stranger, you kin sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T—(After about two hours fiddling.) My friend can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel to-morrow.

S—To-morrow! stranger, you won't git out'n these diggins for six weeks. But when it gits so you kin start, you see that big sloo over thar? Well, you have to git cros that, then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two acre and a half corn patch, the corn's mitely in the weeds, but you needn't mind that, just ride on About a mile and a half or two miles from thar you'll come to the darndest swamp you ever struck in all your travels, its boggy enuff to mire a saddle blanket. Thar's a fust-rate road about six feet under thar.

T—How am I to get to it?

S—You can't git at it nary time, till the weather stiffens down sum. Well, about a mile beyant, you come to a place whar thur's two roads. You kin take the right hand ef you want to, you'll foller it a mile or so, and you'll find its run out; you'll then have to come back and try the left, when you git about two miles on that, you may know you are wrong, fur they ain't any road thar. You'll think you are mighty lucky ef you kin find the way back to my house, whar you kin come and play on that tune as long as you please.

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## An Exciting Scene.

The peregrinations of showmen are often beset with numerous difficulties while pursuing their daily avocations in our Southern country, which with the usual winter rains and heavy roads, make it difficult for the managers to make good the promises of the agents. Such was the case with John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie a few days since. While performing in Tallahassa, Florida, it was mentioned to J. F. Robinson, Jr., that he might expect some difficulty in passing through a long and dismal swamp between that place and Quincy, on aceount of the large number of alligators who infested the ford at this particular locality, and who are at this season of the year very ferocious, and on the watch for any unfortunate mule or horse that may become entangled in the numerous roots, quicksands and holes which abound at the ford; but he replied, as the agent had already made the arrangements for him to go through, and it was not his nature to turn back, he had nothing left but to follow, trusting to his previous good fortune in getting thus far. The result of his decision although anticipating some difficulty, was far more serious than he anticipated.

At three o'clock, p. m., on Tuesday, January 25, Prof. Louis Houston, who has charge of the animals, started with the elephant Empress, the large Bactrian camel, the beautiful Arabian white camel, a fine thorough bred mare and colt, and two spotted coach dogs, to make the trip to Quincy, although repeatedly warned by Mr. J. F. Robbinson, jr., not to attempt the passage of the swamp in any other than daylight. He, however, went through.—Before appreaching the ford, an occasional bellow or roar was heard, betokening that the inhabitants of the locality had not retired for the night, and a sudden plunge and splash in the water would denote that the enemy was on the alert for mischief. The elephant would, every few steps, throw her trunk aloft, emitting at the same time a loud screach of defiance, the camels uttering low moans, while the horses almost refused to stir, and stood trembling with fear, while the dogs kept up an incessant howling. Approaching the water at the ford, Houston determined upon the immediate passage through, before the alligators had time to summon their crew.

Bidding the elephant enter, she stepped boldly in, at the same time lashing the water furiously with her trunk; the camels, horses and dogs following close in the rear. He had passed two-thirds of the way, when a sharp yelp of pain from one of the dogs and his sudden disappearance denoted that the swamp fiends were at work, and before he could collect his thoughts the other dog went under with a long death howl. He now began to think of his own safety and calling to the elephant, he commanded her to turn. As she did so a fearful roar was heard from the large Bactrian camel, who had at that instant been attacked.

The water seemed alive with alligators. The roaring, bellowing and screeching of elephant, camels and alligators were terrific. They would throw their ponderous jaws open and tear huge pieces of flesh from the camels while the poor brutes would utter heart rending groans and cries for relief. In the meantime the elephant was not idle. Ever solicitous for the welfare of her keeper and companions, she had, at the moment of seeing them safely landed upon the opposite shore, rushed back to the assistance of her friend, the camel, who by this time was nearly gone, and by creating the greatest furor among her assailants, succeeded in bringing the head of the camel to the shore, that portion being all that remained of the poor animal.

In the confusion that ensued, Houston did not miss the colt until warned by a shrill scream or neigh, which seemed to come from several rods below. Upon rushing down the stream a few yards, a terrible scene was presented to his view. It would seem that the denizens of Chattahoochee swamp for miles around had become cognizant of some extra attraction at that particular point on this night, and had started for that rendezvous, and upon reaching the scene of action had unexpectedly encountered both food and opposition at the same time—for, simultaneous with the meeting of the colt they met their pursuers, and an awful battle ensued. Several times it seemed as if the colt would escape and regain the shore, so busy were the alligators in destroying one another, but just before the poor creature would reach the land, some monster more ravenous than brave, would leave the melee, pursue and drag it back into deep water, until finally it became exhausted and fell an easy prey to the fearful reptiles while Professor Houston stood looking on with blanched and terrified looks, wholly unable to render the least assistance, threatend with a terrible death should he even attempt it. As he turned to retrace his steps toward the place where he left the remaining animals, he counted the cost. He had made the passage, but at a terrible sacrifice. He came out with an elephant, one camel and one horse. The camel was valued at $5,000, and very rare. The colt Mr. Robinson had repeatedly refused $1,000 for. It will be many a long year before Mr. Houston will forget the horrors of passing through a Florida swamp at night.—*Fort Gaines Mirror.*

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## Extraordinary Feat in Science—Transfusion of a Dog's Blood.

The second annual meeting of the alumni of Rush Medical College was held at the College, corner of North Dearborn and Indiana streets, on yesterday morning. The hall was nearly filled. The meeting was called to order by the President, Dr. Ames, of Minnesota. It was announced that Dr. J. W. Freer, Professor of Physiology and Microscopical Anatomy, would exhibit to the alumni the experiment of the transfusion of blood. The experimenters consisted of Dr. Freer, Dr. Hunt, Dr. Wadsworth. A muzzled dog was led into the room and placed upon the table. A bottle of chloroform, a syringe, a thick earthen mortar, India rubber hose, and two frames containing upright tubes, from a foot to six feet in height, were the prominent objects. Dr. Freer stated that he was about to present two experiments: The first would show the force exerted by the heart and the walls of the arteries upon the blood. This would consist in opening the carotid artery of the dog, and allowing the blood to flow into the upright glass tubes. The height of the blood in the glass tubes would indicate the force. The second experiment would consist in removing the blood from the animal until it became apparently exsanguinated, and then restoring the dog to life again by injecting the fluid back again through the jugular vein.

Chloroform was administered to the dog in order to render it passive, and after about 15 minutes had elapsed, the beast was in a condition to be operated upon.

An incision was made in the neck, and the carotid artery laid bare. Two ligatures were tied around the artery about two inches apart, between which an incision was made into the artery, and a glass tube fitted into the incision. The tube was connected by the rubber hose with an upright glass tube seven feet long. As soon as the ligatures were unbound, the blood flowed rapidly into the tube, rising to a height of about six feet, where it stood, with a small oscillating movement of about an inch, caused by the beating of the heart of the dog.

A small amount of carbonate of soda in water solution had been placed in the tube in order to prevent the coagulation of the blood. While the red column remained in this position for a few minutes, the experimenter explained the phenomenon. If there was no pressure of the heart and arteries, the blood would not rise at all. Therefore, the height to which it rose in atmospheric pressure would indicate the amount of force exercised by the organs mentioned.

It should be mentioned that the operator separated carefully from the artery the pneumongastric nerve, before the former was opened, as, if the nerve should be injured, the dog would cease to respire. During these experiments a double impulse was apparent in the oscillation of the fluid, which was said to be due to the combined forces of the heart and the arteries.

The experiment of transfusion was then performed. The blood from the opened artery was permitted to flow through the rubber hose into a thick earthen mortar, which was itself sunk in a warm water bath of about 103 degrees, to preserve the temperature of the fluid. The sanguinary stream flowed with considerable force at first, and in spurts which were synchronous with the beats of the heart. One of the operators stirred the fluid and removed the fibrin or clot, as it was necessary to the success of the experiment that the mass should be preserved in liquid form.

When the lecturer had arived at this point, the blood from the dog had ceas-

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ed to flow through the hose; the dog was apparently but just alive. The heart had ceased to beat so far as could be observed. The beast lay upon the table motionless, and all its muscles relaxed. The tongue and jaws were bloodless, and there was nothing but the slightest respiratory motion that showed any life left. The experimenter stated that within a short time, if left alone, the dog would die. Then began the second and last part of the experiment the restoration of the animal by the injecting of the fluid in the mortar back into the veins.

For this purpose the jugular vein was opened. A canula or short tube with a stop cock was inserted into the vein, the stop cock being for the purpose of preventing the ingress of air. A syringe, holding about an ounce, was filled with the defibrinated blood, and discharged into the vein. The effect was immediately perceptible in the perspiration of the dog; at the third syringe full, the heart began to beat receptibly, and shortly afterward the dog winked; when about half of the extracted blood had been restored, the beast astonished the audience by getting up on his four feet and looking about the room.

It was supposed by some persons present that the experimenter would repair the severed vein and artery, stitch up the dog's neck, and let him convalesce, and remain a monument of inductive science; Dr. Freer intimated that the dog would live if properly cared for; but as it was not of much account, and science could be advanced by the death of the brute, he would proceed to put it to death in the most scientific manner possible, in truth, he would give a specimen of murder as a fine art, which even De Quincy never imagined.

Dr. Freer proceeded to explain the deleterious effects of air in the blood. Air in the lungs was necessary to the performance of the life functions; but air in the blood was deadly poison. The canula had been used to prevent air from getting into the veins; the syringe had been carefully filled to the very point, so that no air could possibly be ejected. Introduce a few globules of air into the blood, and syncope and death follow. The blood after death. from this cause, is found in a frothy condition. The experiment was tried; air was forced into the vein, and the dog was soon in extremis.

But before the victim of science was permitted to die, the professor introduced a bellows into the trachea and produced artificial respiration. The dog revived and finally had to be despatched by the division of the medulla oblongata!—*Chicago Times.*

◆

MIXING PRONOUNS.—Persons accustomed to writing narratives often experience the difficulty of using pronouns, so that there shall be no mistake as to the noun for which they stand. In speaking of two persons of the same sex, there is continual tendency to confusion. This is ludicrously illustrated in the following account of the examination, by a judge, of a witness, in a case of assault and battery. Said the witness.

"There was Mike and the dog there, yer honor so he flew at me very savage—"

Judge.—"Who? Mike?"

Witness.—"No, the dog, yer honor. And I says to him—"

Judge.—"To whom? The dog?"

Witness.—"No, Mike, yer honor. 'Get away wid yer!' and I just hauled off and hit him."

Judge.—"Hit Mike?"

Witness.—"No, the dog, yer honor, and he made a rush for me."

Judge.—"Who? the dog?"

Witness.—"Mike, yer honor. And I up wid a stone and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

Judge.—"Threw a stone at Mike?"

Witness.—"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

Judge—"The dog?"

Witness.—"No, Mike. And wid that he run off."

Judge.—"Mike?"

Witness.—No, the dog. And then he come back, and got me down, yer honor."

Judge.—"The dog came back at you?"

Witness.—"No, Mike, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

Judge.—"Who isn't hurt?"

Witness.—"The dog, yer honor."

◆

*The Herald*, published at Honesdale, Wayne County, says:

"At or near Beach Pond, this county, there lives a German who may safely claim to be the champion wretch of this vicinity. His wife died some time since, and he made her a coffin himself of rough hemlock boards, in which he placed some straw, upon which he placed the corpse, entirely naked, then dug a grave and buried his dead with as little ceremony as one would a dog. A few weeks ago a little son of his, four or five years old, died, and he interred him in the same manner. Some days after he was buried a pair of shears was missed from the house, and could not be found. Finally this monster remembered dropping them in the straw of his little boy's 'coffin' while be was working at it, and he forthwith exhumed, opened it, found the shears, and cooly re-interred the box and its decaying contents!"

The above is pretty hard to believe, but as it is in print we are bound to believe that it is true if it is strange.

◆

A GENTLEMAN travelling on a steamer, one day, at dinner, was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it was a wilderness."

◆

PRINTER'S bill is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.

◆

"I WON'T pay for steaks as tough as these," said an angry boarder; "no law can compel me—they're not legal tender."

◆

WHEN Patrick first tried peaches he said he liked the flavor, but the seeds lay heavy on his stomach.