The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.

UBLISHED 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.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

COB 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 he New Perham Sewing Machine, corner of re and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n35

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

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

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

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

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

NRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & welry &c., Main Street near West st. v3-n15

CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market 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

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

PROFESSIONAL.

H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., bove 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

R. 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, outh side Main street, below Market. v1-n43

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

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

LLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

PETERMAN, 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 t. v1-n43

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

A. 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 oods, 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, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superint. v1-n45

MYER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery d Oyster Saloon, wholesale and retail, Exe Block, Main street. v1-n43

ERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groeries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and reets. 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 Merchane and Lumber, corner of Main Street and k road. v1-n43

A WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, olesale 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 Main st. and Court House alley. v1-n43

INS & EYER, dealer in Dry Goods, Gros, etc., cor. Main and Centre sts. v1-n43

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

EYER, Groceries and General Merchane. 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 oceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scot- south side, Main st. v2-n18

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

TMAN, Marble Works, one door below st Office, Main Street. v1-n43

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

STER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy ner, Scottown. v1n47

CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harnessaker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n16

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

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

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

CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story k, Main Street, west of Market st. v1n43

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

UBS, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chemlin's alley, rear of American House. v1n43

A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash fire Insurance companies, Brower's Build- ain Street. v1-n43

S CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

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

RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and lodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

EL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone s, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n46

EACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner ain and Market st. v1-n43

The Columbian.

VOLUME IV - - - NO. 12. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1870. COL. DEM. - - - VOL. XXXIV - - NO. 5.

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 Manufacturer 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 for 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 Office

Philadelphia Directory.

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

ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO.,

NO. 104 NORTH THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA,

Two doors above Arch, formerly 226,

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.

227 NORTH THIRD STREET,

R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED 1793.

JORDAN & BROTHER.

Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in

SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE

No 209 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 &

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 16,67-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,
Espy, Pa.

Apr.23,69-tf

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. Mauger, 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.

A Man's a Man for a' That.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wages and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb was "hodden gray,"
Was fool and knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fall and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And *not* a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that,
"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that—
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that

—*Charles Mackay.*

Miscellaneous.

THE RENEGADE'S DOOM.

A Story of Colorado.

A storm had raged all day; the bellowing blast carrying with it dirt and fine particles of sand, until the cloud was not only blinding, but till it was next to impossible for a human being to venture from under cover without having the very flesh lacerated or peeled from his bones. Tents lay scattered and rent in every direction, and even some of the "dobie" quarters had been leveled with their mother earth. Indeed, Fort Sedgwick presented much such an appearance as might have been expected had a band of Sioux Indians made a successful assault upon the place.

As the darkness came on the wind ceased to some extent, and then a steady storm set in, almost as terrible as was the sand-tempest of the day. It was densely dark, and this darkness was favorable to the movements of a savage band, who had lurked in a shallow ravine behind the bluffs, back about two miles from the Platte river.

The bugles at the fort had just sounded the tattoo and taps, when one of the band referred to arose from his prostrate position; and as he did so, gave vent to a coarse and mocking laugh.

Immediately after, a small light shot up. He had ignited a match for the purpose of lighting his pipe; and the brief flame, as he protected it from the wind with his fur cap, revealed his features. He was hideous in the extreme; and, although painted like a savage, it was easy for an experienced eye to detect the fact that he was not one. Then his voice and words were another proof; for turning around he spoke thus:

"Men, you will understand that our work must be quickly performed. At the first alarm those whom I have designated will dash into the quarter-master's, the sutler's and the commissary's I have business at the commander's quarters; and this I shall perform alone. I shall be successful; and if you are not equally so, the fault will be your own—not mine. In all cases of this kind you must resolve that you will succeed or die, and then you will never know the meaning of failure. Come, and be cautious!"

Some twenty or thirty dark forms were seen to arise as if out of the ground and then they silently took their way down the bluffs toward the fort. Soon, however, the band separated, and every one of the number proceeded onward singly. Those who had received their instructions from the master-spirit simply contented themselves with gaining certain positions, and avoiding every sentinel. Not so with the leader.

When this person had arrived within a hundred yards of the hospital he paused and stood silently surveying the camp. Here and there were dim lights, but barracks and tents generally were wrapped in gloom. After a time the man muttered:

"Everything favors me to night, and I feel like a tiger. Oh, shall I succeed? If I do not, death will be the only thing which will prevent me. Do I love that girl? I scarcely know. I have strange feelings when in her presence. Something of the past comes up before me; but the recollection is like a dim dream. I am puzzled. Many is the time I have felt an inclination to spring upon her, even as the tiger would upon the young fawn, and rend her into pieces; and then I have felt again as though I must hold her to my breast, and weep. Curses upon it—what is this? Hang me if I don't think that a tear drop has already started from my eyes and dampened my cheek. Pshaw! Mad Leon the Renegade weep! Preposterous. It is only a melted ice-drop—melted by its contact with my warm cheek. But never shall my heart be melted."

Slowly did the renegade now advance, and as he approached the hospital he crouched lower and lower, until he actually crawled upon his belly like a serpent. Now he reached the building, and then he clung closely to its walls, still retaining his prostrate position.

It was but a moment after that a footfall was heard, and a guard passed the villain, who was not discovered. The soldier was closely wrapped in his great coat, while he carried his carbine in such a manner as to protect it from the damp. He did not dream even that death was hovering so near him. A moment after, he turned, and then paused exactly at the place where the renegade was lying. But quick as the lightning's flash he was hurled to the earth and the dark monster was upon his breast. A sharp cry arose; and then it became a death wail, merging into a moan and silence, for a huge knife was plunged into the quivering breast of the guard, and his life gushed forth with his crimson gore.

The murderer had clutched the throat of his victim in order to prevent an outcry from the dying man, and had only partially succeeded. He now raised his head and listened attentively, but no sound gave indication that the voice of the soldier had attracted attention. Raising the corpse in his arms, the renegade bore him some distance to the rear and deposited him in the dead weeds. Doing so, he exclaimed:

"A good general always leaves an opening for retreat in case of defeat, and I will do so by disposing of every guard in this direction. There is but one more to deal with, I think, and he is behind the quarters of the general commanding."

Mod Leon crept forward as before, and soon the soldier referred to shared the same fate as the first; but his cry was louder, and was not entirely unheeded, for a window, where a light had been burning, was thrown up and a voice asked:

"What is the matter down there?"

The dying man struggled hard to speak; but this the renegade prevented, while he answered himself:

"Nothing that I am aware of."

"But I heard a cry."

"So did I; it was one of the prowling coyotes."

No further question was asked, and the villain saw that the light which he had before observed had disappeared. He knew that the strong wind had extinguished it, as the window was raised and he muttered:

"May the devil favor me, and leave that opening before he gets another light, for I can then enter." But the devil did not so favor him. The sash came down with a crash, and the jingle of the glass told that some of the panes had been broken by the fall. This was of some importance and the villain knew it.

The guard once quiet, Leon cautiously mounted a shed and crept to the window where he had heard the voice. Now he could hear voices, for there were two persons in conversation. Applying his ear to one of the broken lights, he listened. He could hear every word distinctly, and the blood ran like lightning through his veins as the sentences were understood by him.

The voice of a female exclaimed through her sobs:

"O Harry Graham, is it possible that you tell me this? I shall die. Oh, I cannot live, for you no longer love me."

"I only love you too deeply, Marianna," was the reply.

"Then why do you tell me that I can never be your wife?"

"I cannot explain—I dare not."

"You must, if you would not see me fall dead at your feet, or live to become a maniac."

"Marianna, I feel that you have a right to demand an explanation, and this much I will tell you. Something which occurred years ago renders it necessary that, as a just avenger, I should kill your father. Can I do this and then wed his child?"

"Why, then, did you ever win my love?"

"I was only informed of the facts with regard to you this day, and I hasten at once to tell you as much as I dare."

"Harry, you must tell mé all. I have never known my father; and if his crimes have been so great that he deserves death, I cannot blame the hand that strikes. For the love of heaven, tell me all.

"I will. Your father's name—so old Brant, who has had you in his keeping from infancy, tells me—was Paul Blackburn. He became the most deadly foes of my own parents, and for no other reason than that he was rejected by my mother. He swore the most deadly vengeance; but those who knew him did not believe there was any danger. I can well remember the night of that revenge, however. The glare of the flames which consumed my home is before me still; and the yells of the red demons led by Paul Blackburn are yet ringing in my ears. The ghastly and bloody forms of my parents are before me; and even the exultant words of their murderer are not forgotten."

"Oh, horrible! And my father was this monster?"

"He was. And this is not all."

"Let me know the worst."

"After my father's marriage, your own also took a wife, but his constant brutal treatment of her proclaimed his hatred. She interfered to save his victims, and with a single blow he struck her lifeless to the earth."

"He murdered his own wife—my mother?"

"He did."

"But how were you saved—how was I saved?"

"Here is a strange part of my story. I was a boy of seven years, and you an infant of six months. I remember seeing you fall from your mother's arms as she was stricken down. I remember seizing you in my own, and crawling into a place of concealment by the river's side. You were taken from me some time after by old Brant, and although I had forgotten him and yourself, I could not forget those events. Only to-day, as I before informed you, the old man gave me these particulars."

"Is that cruel father—that blood-stained man—yet alive?"

"Yes, and I have just learned that, too. I must seek him out for I shall never rest until I have met him face to face, and met him as the avenger of my slaughtered parents and desolated home."

The candle had been relighted, but it only cast a feeble ray around the apartment. Still it shone full upon the faces of the speakers, one of whom was a young officer, and the other a lovely girl of some eighteen years of age. The villain outside the window had gradually become more and more excited, and finally extended his hand through the opening; he pushed back the spring and raised the sash. So cautiously had this been done that the lovers did not observe the intruder until he leaped to their sides, his eye blazing with an unnatural light, and his already bloody knife firmly clutched to strike.

Upon beholding him the young officer leaped to his feet and asked:

"Who are you?"

"I am known as Mad Leon, the Renegade," was the firm response.

"And what do you want here?"

"I came for a single purpose, but I find that I have a double one."

"Then explain, and quickly too, or I will call the guard."

"I will explain. Not, however, because I fear your guard. I came for the single purpose of carrying away this girl to my mountain home. But I find that I must kill you."

"The game of death is one that two can play at, you shall find."

And Graham leaped toward the table upon which were lying his two revolvers. But a single shot was fired by the villain and the officer fell. As he did so the renegade seized the girl and cried:

"Go to those whom I sent to their graves years ago, and tell them that Paul Blackburn sent you there, for I am he."

He had sprung through the window, with Marianna in his arms.

Here, however, he met his mortal foe, old Brant. The fainting maiden was torn from his grasp, and a single from blow a huge knife sent the polluted soul of the renegade before his Maker. As the blood gushed forth, the monster uttered a few bitter curses, and then fell from the roof by the side of the murdered guard.

This was not the only work performed by Brant. He had discovered the savages, and a single volley, which blazed out on the night air, sent a portion of their number to the "happy hunting-ground," and others yelping like wolves from the fort.

Young Graham was only wounded, and he recovered to make the orphan his wife.

A Racy Incident.

Soon after the opening of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, there chanced to be traveling over the line, in a car where there were but a few passengers, a gentleman who was seated opposite the stove, wrapped up in his shawl and meditations. Night came on. Presently in bounded a brakeman, loudly slamming the door behind him—one of those country geniuses who, with a laudable ambition, had a day or two agone abandoned the girls, the fiddle and the plowtail, to climb "in the world," and became a brakeman. He had been the king-bee at all the neighborhood frolics, at the house raisings, at the corn shuckings, and at the cross-roads's doggery fighting ground, and now he felt sure that he was king-bee on railroads. Strutting up to the stove, he slammed down his lantern, kicked the mud from his huge boots on the foot board of the seat, spit tobacco juice copiously and noisily on the hissing stove, crossed his muscular thighs, took a survey of the aforesaid boots with harness-leather straps, and then bethought himself of the "customer" sitting opposite, on whom he proceeded to bestow a lengthened and saucy look, as though he doubted the "customer's" right to be in the coach at all.

At length he sought knowledge.

"Whar ar you gwine, mister?"

"To Dalton, sir," responded the gentleman quietly.

"Preacher, ain't you?"

"No, sir, I am not; but why do you ask?"

"Oh! nothing, only I thought I saw 'Hark from the Tombs' sticking out all over you, like the measils. You know me, I reckon?"

"I am sorry to say that I do not."

"Well, I'll jist be darned; why, whar the devil were you raised?"

"At Maryville, East Tennessee."

"Oh! that excuses you, for if ever I hearn tell ov that settlement afore, I wish I may be durned, and I knows every place, I dus."

"You seem to be well acquainted with the place you are now occupying," remarked the stranger, almost choking with efforts to suppress his laughter.

"What place do you mean, mister? This ere red bainch, covered with dried skins of cows' toungs, or *my office?*"

"I alluded to your office, and by the way, what is your position on this road?"

"Brakeman, by the jumping gemimy. I thought everybody knowed that; brakeman over the Yeast Tennessey and Georgia Railroad."

"Unfortunately, I did not know it."

"Well, you'd soon found the fact out if you'd cut up any shines roun' yere, huggin' wimmin, or cussin', or trying to steal anybody's carpet bag, or talking to the conductor, or sich. Why, I'd a chucked you bottom foremos' thru that winder, like dartin' clapboards thru the crack ov a barn. I mean to run this train on high moral principles, I dus. An' you didn't know I was the brakeman on this yere railroad?"

"Indeed, sir, I did not."

"Well, old Slideeasy, all I has got to say is that for a man of your looks you know less than any man I ever saw. How do you manage to make a living?"

"I receive a salary; I am President of this road; Wallace is my name; but I have not the pleasure of knowing yours; will you be kind enough to inform me?"

All symptoms of "king bee" disappeared at this thunderbolt announcement, and in the stead were seen timid humanity, crushed pride of place, a strong "git-up and-git" expression, and a most confounded hang-dog, "done-up" and "dog-goned" appearance generally. The brakeman slid.

REPORTED MURDER OF A WOMAN BY HER INSANE SON—A HORRIBLE STORY.—A young man by the name of Rufus J. Rimer was committed to our County Jail on Monday for killing his mother, Sarah Rimer, in this county, on Saturday, 5th instant. Rufus J. Rimer, the murderer, is about twenty-two years of age, and has always been considered by his neighbors as being partially deranged. At any rate, his actions at times were quite singular. He is also subject to epileptic fits. On Saturday morning he was at preaching and was noticed to be unusually irritable. After preaching he went to a neighbor's house, still manifesting much excitement, and his neighbors seeing something unusual about him, prevailed upon him to go home. He went off, but did not stay long, when he returned, and was again urged to go home. He went off to another neighbor's borrowed an ax, with which he cut off one of his fingers, and returned home. It seems that he and his mother, aged about fifty-two years, were living alone in the southern portion of Rowan. He says his mother, while wrapping his finger, hurt him, which induced him to kill her. He first gathered a hearth-stone which he threw at her as she escaped out of the door. The stone struck the door, when he again seized it and pursued her into the yard and beat her brains out with it. After he had completed the bloody work, he built up a fire in the house, took up his mother, laid her on it, locked the doors and retired to bed. Sunday morning he went to a neighbor's house and told them he had burnt her. His neighbors not being able to get any satisfaction out of him, proposed to go home with him and see. On arriving at the house they found the old woman, or what remained of her, lying in the fireplace almost entirely burned up. R. J. Rimer was at once arrested and committed as above stated.—*Salisbury (N. C.) Examiner, March 9.*

THAT IRREPRESSIBLE FLY.—It has attained the dignity of a public nuisance. It worries us at every street corner. All the ragged urchins in the city are whistling, singing, and shouting "Shoo, Fly!" Its awful caricature stares us in the face everywhere like a nightmare in the daytime. In card size it is vended at every picture stand, in life size it is posted on every available advertising space, and like other sensations of the day, it won't stay in its own sphere, which in all conscience is extensive enough. It hasn't any conscience, and ruthlessly invades all parts of the social fabric. It has entered the furnishing stores, and furnishes its detestable name to all manner of goods. We have the "Shoo fly hat," and "Shoo fly cravat," the "Shoo fly shirt," the "Shoo fly boots," blacking, cuffs, collars, sleeve-buttons, suspenders, and what next the Lord only knows. We venture humbly to suspect, however, that the next adaptation will be as a Sunday school song, a psalm tune, or church voluntary, with brilliant variations by the organist on the *vox humana* stop. And why not, when a distinguished divine quotes it from the pulpit? It is worse than the small-pox and bad as the cholera, and catches more readily than either. It is the "fraud" of the period, and a satire upon itself. "Shoo, fly, don't bodder me." Exactly so; why doesn't it "shoo," and stop bothering us? But with malice prepense an laforethought, this awful "fly" only buzzes the louder, and the more we hear "don't bodder me," the more it does bother us.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE PROGRESS OF OPINION.—A Nantucket sea-captain tells the following anecdote about a shipmate who accompanied him on one of his early whaling voyages:

Stiles was a simple hearted, transparent young fellow; and when we sailed, had been "paying attention" for some time to a young lady, who, he had reason to think, did not fully reciprocate his ardent feelings. At all events, the parting on her side, was not so affectionate as he could wish, and he was impressed with the belief that she only kept him as a stand-by, in a default of a better offer. "I don't believe," Stiles would say, with a despondent shake of the head, "I don't believe Ann Jones 'll have me anyhow." When we had been out a few months, and had met with fair success, Stiles, tone was modified. The burden of his monologue changed to, "Well I don't know but what Ann Jones 'll have me after all." With a thousand barrels of oil under hatches, he became still more hopeful. "Chance is pretty good for Ann Jones." he would say: "Pretty good now." At fifteen hundred barrels he had assumed a self satisfied manner, and soliloquised—"I guess there's no danger but that Ann Jones 'll have me now." At two thousand barrels—"Ann Jones 'll be glad enough to *get* me now, I know." When we cut the last whale that was to fill the vessel's hold and squared away for home, Stiles threw his hat in the air with a wild Indian yell of triumph—"I'll be darned if *I'll have Ann Jones anyhow.*"

IT is rumored in Harrisburg that Governor Major General John W. Geary was recently invited to address the children of a Public School, and in alluding to Washington's Birthday, put the following question:

"Now, boys, why should we celebrate Washington's Birthday any more than *mine?*"

In the midst of profound silence a little fellow at the foot of the class rose and replied:

"Because HE never told a lie."

A thief who broke out of jail in Ohio the other day, being captured, told the sheriff that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.

A hog was killed in Springfield, Illinois, the other day, and in its stomach were found thirty nails, half a saw, one file and a suspender buckle. It is surmised that at some period the animal swallowed a carpenter.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2,00.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One square	$2,50	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,00
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Four squares	7.00	9,00	11,00	17,00	25,00
Quarter column	10,00	12,00	14,00	20,00	30,00
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One column	30,00	36,00	40,00	60,00	100,00

Executor's or Administrator's Notice, $3,00; Auditor's or Assignee's Notice, $2,50.

Local notices, twenty cents a line; by the year ten cents.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, $2,00 per year for the first two lines, and $1,00 for each additional line.

A STRANGE DUEL.—Mr. Cross, naturalist, of Mason street, Liverpool, had a few days ago a consignment of serpents from the West Indies, and among them a female python, which, while on the passage, gave birth to 35 young ones. Mr. Cross's premises adjoin a stable, from which they are divided by a two-brick wall. In this stable was a horse belonging to Mr. John Henderson, shipstore dealer, 2 Orford street, and it would seem that during Tuesday night one of the large serpents burrowed from under its cage, or in some other way managed to escape, and to wriggle through an aperture in the wall. Having gained access to the stable, it must have coiled itself round the horse, for marks which prove this were found upon the horse's back. A fearful struggle ensued, in the course of which the horse, having bitten the serpent near the head, succeeded in freeing itself. The accident and its results do not appear to have been discovered until 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning, when the carter entered the stable, and observed that the horse was unusually timid and nervous, and on close examination he noticed that its back was marked as if beaten with a thong. Presently he observed the glittering body of a serpent suspended as it were from the manger. The serpent was quite dead; a portion of the head had been eaten away, and the lower part of the body, which rested on the ground, bore the marks of having been trampled by the horse's shoes. The horse itself was uninjured.—*London Times, 12th ult.*

◆

ADAM'S WEDDING.—An English journal, the Brittannia, has an amusing article, under the head of "Adam's Wedding." The editor says that he likes short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have "popped the question" immediately after meeting Ma'm,selle Eve; and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in poetical mood have wished we were the man that did it! But the deed is or was done, the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden—it is in good taste. We like a private wedding, and Adam's was strictly private. No beaux were there, no croaking old maids, no chattering aunts, and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were minstrels, and the glad sky shed its light upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer thoughts into our heads, spite of scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three years old, according to the sagest speculations of theologists—mere babies—larger, but no older—without a house, a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden!

◆

AN old lady, residing not far from Exeter, was perhaps, one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning, but could not die." "At last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of red tape in the drawer, so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb."

◆

IRISH WIT.—Winchell tells a story of a stranger meeting an Emeralder who was leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a house, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Is that a funeral?"

"Yes, sir, I'm thinking it is."

"Anybody of distinction?"

"I reckon it is, sir."

"Who is it that died?"

"Why the gentleman in the coffin, to be sure," replied Pat with a knowing look.

◆

AN Invalid son of Bacchus was about to undergo an operation for dropsy at the hands of his physicians.

"Oh father, father!" screamed a son of the patient, who was looking on, "do anything else, but don't let them tap you."

"But Sammy," said the father, "it will do me good, and I shall live many a year after to make you happy."

"No, father, you won't. There never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

◆

AN honest old darkey, whose expectations of getting a forty-acre plantation and a domestic jackass, for voting the Radical ticket, were entirely sincere, now goes back on his friends in this wise—"Dem corpetbaggettin, scalawag fellers, dey tell us dar war perwisions in the Constution for we cullud folks, but dat was a lie—*dem perwisions didn't come.* Fore God, Massa, I aint seen de fust *mou'ful.*"

◆

A MINISTER was on his way to church one Sunday morning, and saw a boy on the river bank fishing.

"My boy," said the clergyman, "don't you know it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?"

"Guess I haint sinned much yet," said the boy, without taking his eye from the cork, "hain't had a bite."

Minister coughed and went on.

◆

A FELLOW coming out of a tavern one frosty morning, rather top-heavy, fell on the step; trying to regain his footing, he remarked: "*If it be true that the wicked stand on slippery ground,* I belong to a different class, for it's more than I can do."

◆

WHAT is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.