he Columbian
—AND—
oomsburg Democrat.
ISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, BY
ARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.
Two Dollars a Year, payable in Advance.
IRCULATION 2500.
JOB PRINTING
scriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

The Columbian.

VOLUME IV - - - NO. 13. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1870. COL. DEM. - - - VOL. XXXIV - - NO. 6.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One square	$2,50	$3,00	$4,00	$6,00	$10,00
Two squares	3,50	5,00	7,00	9,00	15,00
Three squares	5,00	7,00	9,00	12,00	18,00
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Quarter column	10,00	12,00	14,00	20,00	30,00
Half column	15,00	18,00	20 00	30,00	60,00
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oomsburg Directory.

TOVES AND TINWARE.

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

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

CLOTHING, &c.

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

ORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for ew Perfnam Sewing Machine, corner of nd Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n35

RUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

UTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., w the Post Office. v1-n43

R BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, er's block Main st. v1-n43

LOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

AVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and lry, Main st., just below the American v1-43

BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, outheast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-43

ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & y &c., Main Street near West st. v3 n15

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LEDER, Manufacturer and dealer in s and Shoes, Main street, opposite Episurch. v1-n43

BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Centre t, rear of Robbins & Eyer's Store. v1-n43

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

KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, omsburg. v1-n43

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

M. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, nge Block over Webb's bookstore v3-n25

F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth ted without pain: Main st., nearly opiscopal Church. v1-n46

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

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

CKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, side Main st., below Market. v1-n43

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

UTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician ket street, above Main. v1-n43

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

LINERY & FANCY GOODS.

ERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, site Episcopal Church, Main st. v1-n43

LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey ding Main street, v1-n43

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COCK, Oyster and Eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superin- v1-n45

YER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery Oyster Saloon, Wholesale and retail, Exlock, Main street. v1-n43

RCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

EESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Gro- s, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and sts. v3-n30

ECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books tionery, Main st., below Market. v1-n43

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

DENHALL, General Stock of Merchan- and Lumber, corner of Main street and road. v1-n43

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

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

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

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

HRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main t below Market. v1-n44

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

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

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

MER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in eries, Confectioneries and Notions, South side, Main st. v2-n18

AM ERASMUS, Confectioneries, Main ear the railroad. v1-n43

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

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YER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy er, Scottown. v1n47

CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness- er, Shive's Block Main Street. v1n46

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

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

HORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades ixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-43

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

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

UHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chem- k's alley, rear of American House. v1n43

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

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

AMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Bloomsburg, near Lark. R. R. Castings made at short Machinery made and repaired. v2-n22

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

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

AUCK, Notary Public, northeast corner s and Market st. v1-n43

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. & 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., opposite 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, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n13

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. v2n16

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n1

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. 29'67

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. [Jan 1, '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 York. Aug. 6, '69-1y.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

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 249 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

G. W. BLABON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES,
Warehouse, No. 121 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. SKYHERT.
HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.
No. 421 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA.
Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.
January 3, 1869.

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.
PHILADELPHIA.
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. 315 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, BICARB 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.
march 19-6m.

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.

The Old Canoe.

The following beautiful poem appeared some years ago in an obscure Arkansas paper:

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-whoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
And the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand;
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things,
But I love to think of the hours that flew
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Sheridan's Last Ride.

Hurrah for valiant Sheridan,
The mighty man of war! (hearth),
He smote the Indian (while he slept), (by his
He smote pappoose and squaw.
Nor old nor young, nor weak nor strong
Escape his anger may,
When, John-like, as people tell,
He rideth to the fray.
Whene'er he lifts his daring arm
He "strikes to hurt" be sure!
And dauntlessly he does to death
The "helpless" and the poor.
Spur swift along the track of blood!
Alone thou shalt not ride;
Red-handed murder, swift as thou
Doth gallop by thy side,
And close behind a troop of ghosts
Follow with whoop and yell,
Ride on, ride on, bold Sheridan;
They'll follow thee to hell!

Miscellaneous.

THE BABY.

MR. ELLERY CORBAN was an exceedingly nervous man. He came honestly by it, for his mother was nervous before him. Mr. Corban was a bachelor of forty-five, remarkably well preserved, and rather fine looking. He had a portly figure, a florid complexion, and a head of dark brown hair, which any man might have been excused for feeling proud of. Mr. Corban was very well off. He had never kept house, perhaps because he knew that elderly bachelors and widowers were generally fated to marry their house-keepers; and Mr. Corban regarded marriage and the gallows as about on a par. Women and babies he considered as a very unnecessary part of creation. The mystery of their having been allowed an existence he could never solve. He could not help regarding their creation as a grave mistake somewhere. He boarded at Mrs. Gregg's and had made his home there for fifteen years. Mrs. Gregg was as much like a man as she could be, and still be a woman.

One day last summer it became evident to Mr. Corban that he must take a journey west. The interest of his business demanded it; so he put a few things into a valise, said good morning to Mrs. Gregg, and set out for the depot.

He was five minutes late, for his necktie had given him a great deal of trouble, and he had been unable to find a pair of stockings which were not destitute of toes. But he had comforted himself with the reflection that, as he had boots on, nobody would be wiser in regard to the unclad condition of his toes, and at last he got off. He heard the whistle and started upon the run. If there is anything especially calculated to put one out of temper, is it having to run to catch the cars: and our hero may be excused if, when dripping with perspiration and completely out of breath, he rushed into the first car which offered, he was irritated with the world, himself included.

The car was well filled. In fact, there was only one vacant seat, and that was beside a woman. Corban turned to seek the next car, but was met by the conductor at the door. "No room in there, sir! All full. Anniversary meeting at Parkersburg. There's a seat sir!" indicating the one beside the woman. Corban was troubled with a touch of the rheumatism in the left knee, and could not stand comfortably—nothing else could have forced him to get so near one of the sex. He stepped up to her and made the stereotyped inquiry:

"Is this seat engaged?"

"No, sir," replied a very sweet voice; and Corban saw that the speaker had blue eyes and golden hair.

He took a seat and the lady drew the bundle she had been resting on the cushion into her lap.

"Better let me put your bundle upon the rack?" suggested Mr. Corban.

The lady opened her eyes in indignant amazement, whipped off a layer of flannel from the package, and displayed to the horrified gaze of our bachelor friend, the red, puffy face of a moon-eyed baby.

"Muzzar's ittle, 'tweety sugar darling!" she exclaimed in the dialect which is perfectly intelligible to all babydom.

"Muzzar won't let the naughty man put the 'ittle lammie, lumpy baby up on the rack!"

The baby struck out menacingly with his fat fists in the direction of Mr. Corban, and give utterance to a yell of triumph. Mr. Corban broke into a cold perspiration. He had never been so near a baby before in his life. It was almost too much for him. He had a strong mind to stand the remainder of the way, or until somebody vacated a seat, but his knee gave an extra twinge and decided him to try and endure the terrible state of things. He took a paper from his pocket and essayed to read but the baby had launched out in one of those baby refrains, which is like music in the ears of all mothers, and the cooing so confused our bachelor hero that he could make no sense of his paper, so he pocketed it with the savage determination to petition the next Congress for women with babies to be kept in a car by themselves.

At the first stopping place he was on the lookout for a seat, and to his joy discovered the gentleman in the next seat making preparations to leave; but before he was fairly out of his seat, an old lady in a green shawl and a poke bonnet had edged into it, and cut off Mr. Corban's hopes. Of course, she turned around and began at once to talk to the baby.

"Dear little chicken! How old is it, marm?"

"Almost eight months," said the proud mother.

"Well I declare! what a large child of his age! Why, there was my Enoch, when he was a year he warn't a mite nor a grain bigger than that 'ere child! But then Enoch; he had the whooping cough, and the measles, and the nettle-rash, and the collaretta infanticide before he was eleven months! And I expect the disease had some effect upon his constitution!"

"I should think so," replied the baby's mother.

"You look tired, dear," went on the old lady; "the baby must be dreadful heavy. Why don't you let its pa take him?" with a reproachful glance at the savage countenance of Mr. Corban.

"I'm not his pa," grumbled Mr. Corban, pulling his hat a little farther down over his eyes.

"Oh! You ain't. Wal, now, that's curis!" said the old lady. "I should have thought you war for sartin. The baby is the image of you—jest the same kind of nose; and its eyes has got the same expression."

Expression, indeed! Mr. Corban was boiling over! He always peculiarly prided himself on his expression; and here was this old ogre comparing him to that dumpling-faced, huckleberry-eyed baby!

"Wal," said the old lady, slowly, a though she had reached the conclusions after some thought, "I spose as its likely this is a post mortem child, which means one as is born after the death of its father and you married its mother rather soon after her husband departed this vale of tears. Wal, that's got to be dreadful common. But my Elijah has been dead nigh onto nineteen mouths, and I ain't begun to think of a second partner; though Squire Hudson, has been left so helpless and unfortunit with them six children of his, that I don't know. I hope the Lord will show me my duty, and give me strength to take the Squire for better or for worse, if it's right and best! I don't never want to shrink no duty, marm When did your first husband die marm?"

"Parkersburg!" screamed the conductor. "Stop five minutes for refreshments! Change cars for Wallingford-Amsterdam and Myrtle Ridge."

The woman with the baby rose quickly. A thrill of joy went through Mr. Corban. He thought she was at her journey's end. He too, rose with alacrity.

"Can I assist you in any way, madam?" he asked.

"Thank you. I will just trouble you to hold baby while I go and get a cup of coffee. I breakfasted early and I need something warm. Be careful and hold his head high, he is subject to the croup."

And, before Corben could utter one word of refusal, she had put the baby in his arms, and was running off with the crowd.

Our hero felt himself growing hot and cold alternately. He had served two years with credit in the war, and been in a score of battles, but through it all, he had never experienced such a sinking at the stomach as came over him now. Most of the passengers left the cars; and Corbon would have done likewise, but he feared that he might lose sight of the baby's mother, and the train would start without him. So in an agony of terror, lest something dreadful should happen, he stood there in the aisle, holding the baby at arm's length, and fixing his frantic gaze on the door through which his deliverer would come.

"All aboard," cried the stentorian voice of a new conductor—and the people rushed in. But the passengers were most of them, new ones, for there was a junction at Parkersburg; and worst of all the baby's mother was not among them.

The bell rang: the cars were moving; the door was shut with a bang, and the train went off. Corbon waxed desperate.

"Hallos, there!" he shouted to the conductor. "Stop! this train cannot go on; there's a woman left behind; she went to get a cup of coffee. Stop! I tell you this instant, sir."

"What's up?" asked the conductor.

"She's left the baby!"

"Your wife? Oh! never mind. Such things occur frequently. She'll come next train."

"I tell you to stop! I shall go crazy! And——. Oh, Lord, what shall I do with the baby? Say, I'll give you five dollars—ten dollars—twenty—yes, fifty dollars, if you'll put back and let me off at Parkersburg!"

"I should have no objection to the money, but I couldn't oblige you if you were one of the Rothschilds!"

And the conductor passed on his way.

"Bless your soul, sir!" said the old lady in the next seat, giving Corban a nudge with her parasol, "you'll suffocate that baby! Don't you see you're holding its feet where its head should be? He's wrong side up!"

Corban hastily rescued the youngster, which uttered a shrill yell at his treatment.

"You'd orter be ashamed of yourself!" went on the old lady indignantly, "to toss that blessed child around in such an on-human way. A man never orter have no children that don't have no nateral feelings towards 'em. Sir, you was a baby once yourself!"

Just then, a yellow faced woman slipped in the seat in front of Corban. She was middle aged, but her dress had the gushingness of sixteen. "Lovely child," she exclaimed insinuatingly.

The baby began to squizzle up its face and flourish its fists.

"Dear me, how forward it is! How old is it, sir?" inquired the spinster for such she was.

"I don't know," growled Corban.

"Been a widower long, sir?" inquired the lady.

"No. I never had a wife."

"Bless me! Then she's run away and left you! Dear, dear! how could she leave such a nice man, and such a dear, darling little baby?"

"What's that?" inquired a middle aged gentleman near by, who was evidently a little deaf. "Your wife gone and left you, sir? Just my case exactly. My poor Jane departed this life last May. I got her the handsomest gravestone money could buy. There's an angel on it with all her wings spread and this Latin description—*Requires hee eat in Peace.* The gravestone maker said it was a good epigram, and I consented as she was fond of cats.

By this time the baby began crying lustily, and the whole car sympathized, especially the females.

"It's got the cholera morbus!" said the old lady. "It'll die for sartin if something hain't done!"

"Die? You don't think so?" cried Mr. Corban.

"Dear me!" said the little thin-faced woman, "what an inhuman creature its mother must be."

"Take it, my good lady, do!" cried Corban, imploringly. "I'll give you a hundred dollars to take it."

"What is all this row about?" said a sharpnosed man, with a newspaper in his hand. "A child is it? Fall back, gentleman; and let me look at it. If it should prove to be the one."

"How? what do you mean?" queried a dozen voices at once.

"It is, it is! It can be no other!" exclaimed the sharp nosed man. "How strange that I should chance upon it! Listen to this, and he read from a paper in his hand the notice:

"STOLEN.—Supposed to have been stolen from its carriage in Central Park, on the morning of the 8th inst., a male child about nine months old. Said child had blue eyes and rather dark hair; and is a remarkably forward child. Any person who will return him to his afflicted parents, at No.—— Forty-ninth street, or give information that will lead to his recovery, shall receive a reward of $300.

LOUIS ROSCOE."

"Wal, I never?" exclaimed the old lady. "It must be the very same baby! This child has blue eyes and dark hair, and 'pears remarkable forw'd!"

"Yes, ma'am, unquestionably the very same," remarked the sharp nosed man, confidingly; "I consider it my duty to take possession."

"Oh, take it, do?" cried Corban, imploringly; "I'll give a hundred dollars to get it off my hands."

"No doubt you would, my man; but I ain't took in in that way. My name is Smithers—Peter Smithers, Sir; and I live in Albany. I'm a magistrate, Sir; and arrest you for chil I stealing."

"I tell you I didn't steal it. She went off after a cup of coffee."

"Don't trouble yourself to repeat that story again. I understand the case fully," said Mr. Smithers, promptly.

"Conductor, is there a place on the train where this rascal would be any safer than here?"

"We don't run prison vans," responded that worthy, sulkily.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smithers, blandly, "you are all men of honor, and have wives and children, or ought to have, and you all have feelings of sympathy, doubtless, for the parents of this unlucky babe; and I depend upon you, gentlemen, to assist me in guarding him until we reach a station where I can place him in charge of the proper officials. At the next stopping place I will telegraph to Brideswell, and have constables ready to take possession of him the moment we arrive."

"You shall pay dearly for this!" roared Corban, now fairly infuriated. "Yes, sir, I'll take the law on you the moment we get anywhere where there is any law. Call me a rascal indeed!"

Just at that moment the sharp signal of "down brakes" sounded, and in a few moments there was a shock, and the train came to a sudden stop.

Everybody rushed out to ascertain the difficulty; and it was found that a wheel of the engine had broken, and the locomotive was off the track,

No one was injured; but it would occupy some time to get things so that the next train could run; and in the meantime Mr. Corban thought, with rapture, he could make his escape. He formed the plan of dropping the unfortunate baby and fleeing to the woods. In the bustle and confusion it could only be accomplished. But he had reckoned without his host. Mr. Smithers was right at his elbow. He had no notion to allow that tempting reward to slip through his fingers; and a couple of other gentlemen kept guard with him. And there stood poor Corban, holding the whimpering baby, and expostulating, swearing, and blustering in a way that made all the ladies declare that he was a monster, and they gave him a very wide berth.

Suddenly the whistle of the next train from Parkersburg was heard. A bright hope sprung up in Corban's breast. It was possible the baby's mother might be on board.

He rushed forward, but Smithers seized his arm and held him back.

"Be quiet, sir!" said he. "Remember you are under arrest."

The train had been warned of the detention of the first express, and came to a halt at a little distance behind, and the moment it did so, the door of one of the carriages was burst open, and out leaped the mother.

A cry of joy came from Corban; and with one bound he broke the grasp of Mr. Smithers upon his arm, and rushed toward her.

"Oh, my baby! my precious baby!" she screamed, snatching the baby from Corban's arms. "My darling! My little angel darling!" And she fell kissing it in a way that set all the ladies round about to pulling out their handkerchiefs and exclaiming, "Did you ever!" "Nay I never!"

"God bless you!" cried Corban enthusiastically, "I never was so glad to see a mortal being before."

"Oh, you dear, delightful man!" she said, shaking hands with him. "I am so much obliged to you for taking care of my little lamb. You see I got belated a moment, the coffee was so dreadfully hot."

Mr. Smithers' face had grown very long. "Then it is not Louis Roscoe's child? And it has not been stolen?" he asked, dubiously.

"I should rather think not," replied the mother, indignantly. "It is my child, sir! All I have left of the dear husband who gave up his life at Cold Harbor, two months after baby's birth."

"I most heartily beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Smithers, addressing Mr. Corban. "I—I—that is, I didn't think. You see——"

"Mind your own business, sir!" said Mr. Corban, shortly; "and continue minding it for the rest of your life—that is my advice, sir."

Mr. Corban and Mrs. Bent, for that was the young widow's name, got very friendly and familiar while the train was getting ready, and Mr. Corban took the next seat by her side with a real feeling of delight, now. She was going on a visit to some friends in the very city where his business called him; and he obtained permission to call on her and inquire about the baby.

And in due time—I cannot tell how it came about, for there is no accounting for things of this kind—Mr. Corban concluded that he was tired of boarding—Mrs. Gregg had become so neglectful of her boarders' comfort; so he led Mrs. Bent to the altar, and set up a home of his own with a wife and a baby.

Go to him now and utter one word against women and babies, and you would get shown to the door without ceremony.

The Common Crimes of Conversation.

There are the careless people, those "who know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." They plunge recklessly on, without a thought for the words they use; their sentences abound with exclamations and expletives more expressive that choice. Their slang phrases are an offense to cultivated ears and they exhaust the superlatives of the language on the most ordinary occasions. It is they who preface every sentence, even on trivial topics, with 'My stars?' 'By George!' 'By Jupiter!' 'Gracious!' Good Lord!' 'Thunder!' 'You bet!' 'No you don't!" In their vocabulary, 'Oh!' 'Indeed, yes!' 'Well!' and 'ah!' are as thickly strewn as Autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. With them a funeral is 'jolly,' a prayer meeting 'funny,' an ordinary performance is 'first rate,' the lowest round on the ladder of beauty is 'real pretty;' and their indiscriminate admiration is expressed by the much-abused epithets, 'splendid, beautiful, magnificent, superb, exquisite,' etc. Any violation of law belonging to their code is 'shameful;' a refusal to conform to their wishes is 'horrid mean;' a common cold is 'terrible,' and a headache is 'beyond endurance.' They are always 'roasted' or 'frozen,' or 'melted;' their friends are beautified with every virtue and their enemies are the offscourings of the race. They so completely exhaust the language on common occasions that no words are left to give expressions to their deeper feelings.

A second class includes those who violate the laws of etymology. They have been thoroughly trained in the grammar of language, and yet refuse to be regulated by its precepts. This class is a large one, and includes among its audacious sinners:

1. Those who use the objective case for the nominative; as, 'It is me,' for 'It is I;' 'It is her,' for 'It is she;' 'It is us,' for 'It is we.'

2. Those who use the nominative case for the objective