

Published every Friday morning

CHARLES B. BROCKWAY, Editor and Proprietor

CIRCULATION 2500

Job Printing

Bloomsburg Directory

STOVES AND TINWARE

CLOTHING, &c.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES

PROFESSIONAL

MILINERY & FANCY GOODS

Hotels and Saloons

Business Cards

Miscellaneous

Hotels

Orangeville Directory

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and Sewing Machine Dealers

Catawissa

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Robbin's Building

Light Street

A. H. IVINS, Medical Store Main Street and Birchwood Road

Espy

B. F. REICHARDT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise

Buck Horn

M. G. W. H. SHOEMAKER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise

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 Columbia Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa. sep. 20/87

ROBERT F. CLARK, Attorney at Law

Office Court House Alley, below the Columbia Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE, Attorney at Law

Office Court House Alley, below the Columbia Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY, Attorney at Law

Office Court House Alley, below the Columbia Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

F. J. THORNTON

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

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, and all other goods

in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the season

J. B. PURSELL, Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER

SENT FREE

M. O'KEEFE & CO'S SEED CATALOGUE

And guide to the FLOWER and VEGETABLE Garden, For 1878.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER

W. M. MONROE & CO., Manufacturers of POWDER KEGS, and dealers in all kinds of LUMBER.

Philadelphia Directory

A. R. TMAN, DILLINGER & CO., No. 101 NORTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA

EAGLE HOTEL

307 NORTH THIRD STREET, H. B. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR

ESTABLISHED 1793

JORDAN & BROTHER, Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in SALTETTES AND BIRNSTONE

G. W. BLABON & CO., Manufacturers of OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW S-A-D-E-S

Warehouse, No. 121 North Third Street Philadelphia

G. GEORGE H. ROBERTS, Importer and Dealer in HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.

No. 21 North Third Street, above Vine Philadelphia

H. HORNE, KING & SEYBERT, WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

No. 41 Market Street PHILADELPHIA

H. W. RANK'S, WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE

No. 14 North Third Street, Between Cherry and Race, west side Philadelphia

I. H. WALTER, Glass and Lead, and Dealer in CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE

No. 21 N. Third Street, Philadelphia

J. M. KEPHEART, BARNES, BRO & HERRON, HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FEELS

No. 103 Market Street, (Above Fifth) PHILADELPHIA

JOHN STROUP & CO., Successors to Heston & Brother, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH

No. 21 North Wharves and 25 North Third St Philadelphia

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW

No. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT, Manufacturers and Jobbers of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

No. 125 Market, and 22 Commerce Street Philadelphia

WILLIAM FISHER, THOMAS CARSON & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HOSIERY, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, LACES & NOTIONS

No. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET Philadelphia

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN, TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEAGAR MANUFACTORY

No. 113 NORTH THIRD STREET Second floor below Wood Philadelphia

WAINWRIGHT & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERIES

N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets, Philadelphia

COLUMBIA HOTEL, BERNARD STORNER, Having lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robson Hotel property, located at the corner above the Court House

in the town of Bloomsburg, and having obtained a license for the same

THE ESPY HOTEL, JESY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned would inform the traveling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the comfort and convenience of guests. His table will be stocked with the best market affords. The cheerful, hospitable, and obliging staff will be at his disposal.

BRICK HOTEL, QUANVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

ROHR M'HENRY, Proprietor.

FORKS HOTEL, FLOORSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned has taken this well known Hotel, lately occupied by George W. Mangor, and has put it in thorough repair with entirely new furniture, etc. Every attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of guests. The bar is always supplied with the best of liquors and cigars.

MON-OUR HOUSE, WILLIAM BUTLER, Proprietor.

This House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of guests. The table will be supplied to ensure the prompt and comfortable service of the guests. The bar will be stocked at all times with the liquors and cigars.

Choice Poetry

The Two Church Builders.

By JOHN H. BANE.

A famous king would build a church, A temple vast and grand; And that the people might be his own, He gave a strict command.

And with the mightily done was done, Within the noble frame From a tablet, broad and fair, In letters all of flame

Now when the king, clad with pride, That night had sought his bed, He dreamed he saw an angel come, (A halo round his head.)

Whose could it be? He gave command To all about his throne To seek the owner of the name That on the tablet shone

The king, enraged at what he heard, Cried, "Bring the culprit here!" He said, "To whom a woman trembling rose, That you have broken my command; Now let the truth appear!"

"Your Majesty," the widow said, "I can't deny the truth; I love the Lord, my God, and yours— And so, in simple faith, I broke your Majesty's command, (I crave your royal pardon!)"

"And since I had no money, sire, Why—I could only pray That God would bless your Majesty; And when along the way The horses drew the stones—I gave To one a drop of clay."

"Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed, "Self-gave for love of God; The woman gave for love of God, And not for worldly fame; 'Tis my command the tablet bear The pious widow's name!"

Miscellaneous

THE FACTS IN THE GREAT LAND SLIDE CASE.

By MARK TWAIN.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

It was in the early days of Nevada Territory. The mountains are very high and steep about Carson, Eagle and Washoe valleys—very high and very steep, and so when the snow gets to melting off fast in the Spring and the sun surface begins to melt and soften, the disastrous landslides commence. You do not know what a landslide is unless you have lived in that country and seen the whole side of a mountain taken off some fine morning and deposited down in the valley, leaving a vast, treeless, unsightly scar upon the mountain's front to keep the circumstance fresh in your memory all the years that you may go on living within seventy miles of that place.

General Buncombe was shipped out to Nevada in the invoice of Territorial officers, to be United States Attorney. He considered himself a lawyer of the first rank, and he very much wanted an opportunity to manifest it—partly for the pure gratification of it and partly because his salary was Territorially meagre (which is a strong expression). Now the older citizens of a new Territory look upon the rest of the world with a calm, unmalignant contempt as long as it keeps out of the way—when it gets in the way they snub it. Sometimes this latter takes the shape of a practical joke.

One morning Dick Sides rode furiously up to General Buncombe's door, in Carson City, and rushed into his presence without stopping to tie his horse. He seemed much excited. He told the General that he wanted him to defend him for the fact that he had paid him five hundred dollars if he achieved a victory. And then, with violent gestures and a world of profanity, he poured out his griefs. He said it was pretty well known that for some years he had been farming (or ranching) as the more customary term is, in Washoe District, and making a successful thing of it, and furthermore it was known that his ranch was situated just in the edge of the valley, and that Tom Morgan owned a ranch immediately above it on the mountain side. And now the trouble was that one of those hated and dreaded landslides had come and slid Morgan's ranch, fences, cabins, cattle-barns and everything down on top of his ranch, and exactly covered up every single vestige of his property, to a depth of about six feet. Morgan was in possession and refused to vacate the premises—said he was occupying his own cabin and not interfering with any body else's—and said his cabin was sitting on the same dirt and same ranch it had always stood on, and he would like to see anybody make him vacate.

"And when I reminded him," said Sides, weeping, "that it was on top of my ranch and that he was trespassing, he had the infernal meanness to ask me why didn't I stay on my ranch and hold possession when I see him coming! Why didn't I stay on it, the blithering lunatic—and by George, when I heard that racket and looked up that hill it was just like the world was ripping and tearing down that mountain side, rocks going end over end in the air, trees as big as a house jumping about a thousand feet high and bursting into ten million pieces, cattle literally turned inside out and a conflagration with their tails hanging out between their teeth—Oh, splinters, and cordwood, and thunder and lightning, and hail and snow, and ends of hay stacks and things, and dust—Oh, dust ain't no name for it—it was just clouds, solid clouds of dust!—and in the midst of all that wreck and destruction set that cussed Morgan on his gatepost, wondering why I didn't stay and hold possession; likely! I took just one glimpse of that spectacle, General,

and I lit out'n the country in three jumps exactly."

"But what grinds me is that Morgan hangs on there and won't move off that ranch—says it's his'n and he's going to keep it—likes it better'n he did when it was higher up the hill. Mad! well, I've been so mad for two days that I couldn't find my way to town—been wandering around in the brush in a starving condition—got anything here to drink, General? But I'm here now, and I'm a-going to law. You hear me?"

"Never in all the world, perhaps, were a man's feelings so outraged as were the General's. He said he had never heard of such high-handed conduct in all his life as this Morgan's. And he said there was no use in going to law—Morgan had no shadow of right to remain where he was—nobody in the wide world would uphold him in it, and no lawyers would take his case and no judge listen to it—Sides said that right there was where he was mistaken—everybody in the town sustained Morgan; Hal Brayton, a very smart lawyer, had taken his case; the courts being in vacation, it was to be tried before a referee, and ex-Governor Hoop had already been appointed to that office, and would open his court in the largest parlor of the Ormsby House at two that afternoon.

The innocent General was amazed. He said he had suspected before, that the people of that Territory were fools, and now he knew it. But he said rest easy, rest easy and collect the witnesses, for the victory was just as certain as if the conflict were already over. Sides wiped away his tears and left.

At two in the afternoon Referee Hoop's Court opened, and that remorseless old joker appeared throned among his sheriffs, his witnesses and a "jack-of-jury," and wearing upon his face a fraudulent solemnity so awe-inspiring that some of his fellow conspirators had misgivings that he had not comprehended, after all, that it was merely a joke. An unearthly stillness prevailed, for at the slightest noise the Judge uttered sternly the command: "Order in the court!"

And the Sheriff's promptly echoed it. Presently the General elbowed his way through the crowd of spectators, with his arms full of law-books, and on his ears fell an order from the Judge which was his first respectful recognition of his high official dignity that had ever saluted them, and it saturated his whole system with pleasure.

"Way for the United States Attorney."

The witnesses were called—legislators, high Government officers, ranch men, miners, Indians, Chinamen, negroes. Three-fourths of them were called by the defendant Morgan, but no matter, their testimony invariably went in favor of the plaintiff Sides. Each new witness only added new testimony to the absurdity of a man's claiming to own another man's property because his farm had slid down on top of it. Then the Morgan lawyers made their speeches, and seemed to make singularly weak ones—they did really nothing to help the Morgan cause. And now the General, with a great glow of triumph, on his face, got up and made a mighty effort; he contended the table, he banged the law-books, he shouted, and roared and howled; he quoted from everything and everybody, poetry, sarcasm, statistics, history, pathos, and blasphemy, and wound up with a grand war-whoop for free speech, freedom of the press, free schools, the Glorious Bird of America and the principles of eternal justice! [Applause.]

When the Gen. sat down, he did it with the comfortable conviction that if there were anything in good strong testimony, a big speech, and believing and admiring countenances all around, Mr. Morgan's case was done. Ex-Gov. Hoop kept his head upon his hand for some minutes, thinking profoundly. He seemed to be waiting breathlessly for a decision. Then he got up and listened attentively to the evidence and the weight of it, the overwhelming weight of it, in favor of the plaintiff Sides. I have also listened to the remarks of counsel, with high interest—and especially will I commend the mastery and irrefutable logic of the distinguished gentleman who represents the plaintiff. But, gentlemen, let us beware how we allow human testimony and human ingenuity in argument and human ideas of equity to influence us to our undoing at a moment so solemn as this? Gentlemen, it is become my duty as we are, to meddle with the decrees of Heaven. It is plain to me that Heaven, in its inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to move this defendant's ranch for a purpose. We are but creatures, and we must submit.

"If Heaven has chosen to favor the defendant Morgan in this marked and wonderful manner; and if Heaven, unsatisfied with the position of the Morgan ranch upon the mountain side, has chosen to remove it to a position more eligible and more advantageous for its owner, it will become us, insects as we are, to question the legality of the act. No—Heaven created the ranches and it is Heaven's prerogative to rearrange them to experiment with them, to shift them, around at its pleasure. It is for us to submit, without repining, I warn you that this thing which has happened is a thing with which the sacrilegious hands and brains and tongues of men must not meddle. Gentlemen it is the verdict of this court that the plaintiff, Richard Sides, has been deprived of his ranch by the visitation of God!—And from this decision there is no appeal."

Scene in Court

An individual, whose attire perfectly realized the description given in nursery tales of the man "all tattered and torn," appeared in the Recorder's Court, yesterday, charged with insulting ladies upon the street. His accuser was a very pretty blue-eyed blonde, who, arrayed in scarlet and blue linen, recalled an admirable chignon and "most noticeable" Grecian."

"So much loveliness could not regard others than contemptuously so much ugliness. The cerulean pupils fairly sparkled with indignation while scorn flattered jelly on the delicate lips, and was even noticeable in the pug of the turned up nose.

"You accuse this man of insulting you upon the street, I believe?" inquired the Court of the radiant damsel.

"I do, sir."

"In what way, madam?"

"He had the impudence to come up and speak to me, sir. You see how he is dressed—dirty, his hair unkempt, his face unwashed and the clothes nearly torn from his back. As he an acquaintance lady would wish to recognize?"

"Ah! you know him, then?"

"I have seen him before, but I have no wish to be seen speaking to him. I have no such acquaintance."

"Well, sir, you have heard the lady's statement; what have you to say?" said the Court to the tatters.

"I spoke to her, sir!"

"What made you do it?"

"Well, you see, your honor, this woman is my wife, and I naturally felt an interest in knowing how she was getting along. It seems, however, it insulted her."

Such a revelation naturally created a sensation.

A murmur went through the Court room and then a dead silence. The tattered man looked reproachfully at the "lady," and she, looking all the prettier, looked scornfully. The Court in much surprise, inquired of her:

"How is this?"

"I am ashamed to say the poor wretch once suggested that relation to me; but I have taught myself to forget him, and the little pig went up higher, and the delicate lips took a more noticeable curl.

The Court was evidently staggered. The sensation was affecting and the silence almost painful. But the Court, recovering from the momentary surprise, advised the lady that, if she came before him on such a charge again, he would teach her to remember him. This information was received with high indignation, and with a contemptuous shake of her robe and an extra wiggle of her Grecian bend the insulted lady shook the dust of the court room from her feet.—N. O. Pensive.

A Long Walk

In 1732 Thomas Penn contracted with Tedyuscung and some others for a title taken off the land in Pennsylvania to be any point as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between Chestnut tree or near Bristol, in a northwest direction. Care was taken to select the most capable for such a walk. The choice fell on James Yates, a native of Bucks county, a tall slim man of much agility and speed of foot; Solomon Jennings, a Yankee, remarkably stout and strong; Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks county, a noted hunter, chain carrier, etc., a large, heavy set and strong-boned man.

The day (one of the longest in the year) was appointed and the champions notified. The people collected at miles off the Penn road to see them pass. First came Yates stepping as lightly as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn and attendants on horseback. After him, but out of sight, came Jennings with a strong, steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Betts ran in favor of Yates. Marshall took biscuit to support his stomach, and carried a hatchet to swing in his arms alternately, that the action in his arms should balance that in his legs, as he was fully determined to beat the other, or die in the attempt. He said he first saw Yates in descending Durkham creek, and gained on him. There he saw Yates sitting on a log, very tired; presently he fell off and gave up the walk.

Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh overlook and passed Jennings—waded the river at Bethlehem—hurried on faster by Bethel Nazareth stands, to the Wind Gap. That was as far as the path had been marked for them to walk on, and there was a collection of people waiting to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the surveyor to give him a pocket compass, and started again. Three Indian runners were sent after him to see if he walked it fair, and how far he went. He then passed to the right of Pocomo Mountain, the Indians finding it difficult to keep in sight, till he reached Still Water; and he would have gone five or six miles further but for the water. There he marked a tree, witnessed by the three Indians. The distance he walked between sun and sun, not being on a straight line, and about thirty miles of it through the woods, was estimated to be from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles. He thus won the great prize, which was five hundred pounds in money.

JOHN BRIGHT WAS LATELY DINING with a citizen of Manchester who is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States.

"I would like," said the host, "to come back fifty years after my death to see what a fine country America had become." "I believe you would be glad of any excuse to come back," said Mr. Bright, with a grim smile upon his face.

The Radical papers want Hon. Jeff. Davis to drop out of sight and out of mind as quickly as possible. Why don't they let him alone then?

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Freezing His Dog

The following good story is told of Mr. Lincoln. He was called to an out-of-the-way place to attend to some legal business in the midst of a cold winter. His client was an old Kentucky hunter who kept a number of dogs. The hunter met him very cordially but remarked that he was sorry he could give him no better accommodations, as his house was a one-story log hut. After supper, Lincoln was put to bed in the loft, where he could distinguish everything going on below. About midnight an enormous hound began to howl, and pretty soon Lincoln heard the wife's voice saying: "Get up, Dick, and stop that dog's noise. He'll wake Mr. Lincoln." The old man turned uneasily in his bed and muttered incoherently: "Oh, shut up, Peg, Lincoln can sleep well's we can." Soon the dog howled again and the woman repeated her former request, attending it with some lively punches, until the old man was worried into rising, though very regretfully. He went into the yard with no clothing on except his shirt and was gone some time. Peggy's curiosity was aroused to know the cause of his absence, and finally, after many preliminary moves and exclamations, she arose herself and stepped out of the house in the same undressed condition. Lincoln peeped between the logs and saw the old man holding the hound by the ears. He was hailed by the loving spouse with "Why, what in goodness gracious sake are you doing?" The hunter's response was short and direct. "I'm holding this dog 'til he freezes to death. So that he won't keep Lincoln awake any longer."

Mehemit Ali

A rather hard story is told of Mehemit Ali, which illustrates his nice sense of justice. Making a tour to his provinces, in great state and with a cavalry guard, he was stopped by an old woman, who threw herself at his feet. "Your highness," said she, "one of your soldiers has bought some milk of me for six paras, and won't pay me."