The Columbian

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HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Columbia County Official Directory.

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Associate Judges—IRAM DERR, ISAAC S. MONROE.
Prothonotary, &c.—WELLINGTON H. ENT.
Register & Recorder—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
District Attorney—E. R. IKELER.
Sheriff—MORDECAI MILLARD.
Surveyor—ISAAC DEWITT.
Treasurer—DAVID LOWENBERG.
Commissioners—WILLIAM G. QUICK, CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER.
Commissioners' Clerk—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
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Coroner—JOHN D. HOUCK.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC MCBRIDE, JOHN MCANALL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G BARKLEY.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

First National Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't., J. P. TUSTIN, Cashier.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—JOHN THOMAS, Pres't., J. B. ROBISON, Sec'y.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association —— President, M. WHITMOYER Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

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

CLOTHING, &C.

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

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor corner of Centre and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n33

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

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

MOYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries Brower's block Main st. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American House. v1-43

LOUIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-43

R. CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Main street, under Brown's Hotel. v1-n43

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

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, East Bloomsburg. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

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

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

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

E. R. IKELER. Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v3-n1

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v4-n3

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main st., below Market. v1n43

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

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

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street. v2-n3

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

E. PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main st. v1-n43

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street.

MISS A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, Books, and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main street. v1-n43

MISS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods Main st., below Market. v1-n43

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods Main street below Market. v1-n43

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

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House, v1n43

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

WIDMYER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery and Oyster Saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block, Main street. v1-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

C. B. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and Iron streets. v3-n30

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

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron. v1-46

F. MENDENHALL, General Stock of Merchandise and Lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. v1-n43

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

H. C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House. v1-n43

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

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

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main Street below Market. v1-n44

J. K. EYER, Groceries and General Merchandise. Main st., above West. v1-43

M'KELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., N. E. cor. Main and Market sts. v1-n43

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. WITMAN, Marble Works, one door below Post Office, Main Street. v1-n4

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing Mill near the railroad. v1n46

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1n47

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n16

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

E. B. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2n19

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

G. W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st. v1n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st. v1-43

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chamberlin's alley, rear of American House. v1n44

JOHN A. FUNSTON & CO. mutual and cash rates fire Insurance companies, Brower's Building, Main Street. v1-n43

JACOB DIEFFENBACH, Broom Factory. Orders left at his residence or at Miller & Son's Store promptly filled. Best green Western brush used. v1-n18.

JAMES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

N. W. SAMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Bloomsburg, near Lack. R. R. Castings made at short notice. Machinery made and repaired. v2-n21

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

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n40

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

WM. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar willow ware, near the Forks Hotel. v4-n15

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

I. L. EDWARDS, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., first door above M'Henry's Hotel. v4-n23

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

SCHUYLER & CO., Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St. v1-n4

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

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n48

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.

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. B. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, first store in south end of town. v2 n18

Hotels.

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.

MONTOUR HOUSE

RUPERT, PA.

WILLIAM BUTLER, Proprietor,

This House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to insure the perfect comfort of the travelers. The Proprietor solicits a share of public patronage. The bar will be stocked at all times with fine liquors and cigars.

mar11'70-tf.

BENTON HOTEL.

W. F. PIATT, Proprietor,

BENTON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

This well known House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains have been spared to ensure the perfect comfort of guests. The proprietor also runs a Stage from the Hotel to Bloomsburg and intermediate points on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. [may6'70-tf

Stoves and Tinware.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,

Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store.

A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.

Tinning in all its branches carefully attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Tin work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A tal is requested.

Apr.9,69-tf

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT

announces to his friends and customers that he continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.

Customers can be accomodated with FANCY STOVES of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware and every variety of article found in a Store and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice.

2 DOZEN MILK-PANS

on hand for sale.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CLARK M. BROWN,

MAIN STREET, UNDER BROWN'S HOTEL.

A full and complete assortment of ready made boots and shoes for men, women and children just received and for sale at reasonable rates. Varieties to suit all classes of customers. The best of work done at short notice, as heretofore. Give him a call. [apr8'70-tf.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAREIRA,

718 ARCH STREET,

Middle of the Block, between 7th and 8th Sts., South Side,

PHILADELPHIA,

Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of

FANCY FURS

FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Having enlarged, remodeled and improved my old and favorably known FUR EMPORIUM, and having imported a very large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and had them made up by the most skillful workmen, I would respectfully invite my friends of Columbia and adjacent counties, to call and examine my very large and beautiful assortment of Fancy Furs, for ladies and children. I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable House in the city. All Furs warranted. No misrepresentation to effect sales. JOHN FAREIRA;

718 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Nov. 4, 1870-3m.

Philadelphia Directory.

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.

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.

FRANK & STRETCH,

(Successors to I. H. Walter,)

Importers and Dealers in QUEENSWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS,

No. 234 N. Third Street,

Between Race and Vine Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

S. FRANK, C. B. STRETCH, } Gen'l Partners.
I. H. WALTER. Special Partner.

Je24'70-tf.

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

WILLIAM FISHER

WITH

THOMAS CARSON & CO.

WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN HOSIERY,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

LINENS & NOTIONS

NO. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET

Philadelphia.

June 4,'69-6m

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,

PHILADELPHIA,

Dealers in

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.

Orders will receive prompt attention.

may 10,67-tf.

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.

CHESTER S. FURMAN,

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.

Aug. 5, 1870.

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.

E. M. KNORR,

Having purchased the stock of the old Keystone Shoe Store, and added thereto a large and well selected new stock is prepared to exhibit the best variety of

BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought to this place. He is also prepared to make Boots and Shoes to order in the latest and best styles. For cash only. In the old Post Office building, corner Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa. [sep2'70-1y.

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.

250,000 PRIME BRICK

FOR SALE AT ESPY.

For particulars, address

R. J. MILLARD, Espy.

or T. B. MILLER, Lime Ridge.

oct28'70-tf.

SLATE ROOFING,

EVERY VARIETY

AT

MOST FAVORABLE RATES,

JOHN THOMAS, AND CASPER J. THOMAS

Box, 277. Bloomsburg, Pa.

Mar.18,69-1y

Poetical Selections.

Bingen on the Rhine.

[As Mrs. Caroline E. Norton's great ballad, whose pathos has held the hearts of two generations, is very appropriate since the commencement of the Franco-German war, we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers:]

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say;
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and that when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun,
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars—
The death wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier and even when a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they could, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—in happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning;
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with *her* and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly—confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled;
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

It Never Pays.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room,

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain.
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cozy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success;
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

Send the Little Ones Happy to Bed.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Send the little ones happy to bed,
When closes the troublesome day—
Let no harsh invective be said,
To ruffle their minds while they pray.
Sore trials and troubles full soon
The sweet sleep of childhood will ban;
Then let them lie joyously down,
And cherish bright dreams while they can.

Send the little ones happy to bed,
Tho' they may be mischievous and wild—
Nature seldom bestows a wise head
On a rosy-cheeked light-hearted child,
Then let their glad spirits have play,
And brighter and stronger they'll grow,
Like stream that runs free on its way
And suffers no check in its flow.

Send the little ones happy to bed—
You know not what ill may be near—
Ere the morning your pets may be dead—
Then vain the regret or the tear.
So let them lie down with delight,
And fail not to give and to take
A kiss when they prattle "good night,"
And a kiss in the morn when they wake.

GOOD ADVICE.—An editor, indulges in this little bit of philosophy: Every man ought to get married, if he can. Every man ought to work to suit his customers if he can. Every wife should hold her tongue, if she can. Every lawyer should occasionally tell the truth, if he can. Every man ought to mind his own business and let other people's alone, if he can. Every man should take a newspaper and pay for it, anyhow.

THE STORY OF THE Good Little Boy who did not prosper,

BY MARK TWAIN.

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that Jacob had surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; as I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted" and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, may be. Whenever he read about a particularly good one, he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys, on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and she weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the door step giving a penny to a poor beggar woman with six children and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait around the corner, as he came from school, and welted him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday school book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died, it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So, at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree, and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on *him* and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving him again and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home, and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one, and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him, the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of some breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did, he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on his way to Sunday school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him and gave him a fresh start with his elbows, but he caught cold and lay sick nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well, in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumbfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying, anyhow. He knew that so far his experience wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet, if he could hold on until his time was fully up. If everything else failed, he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time to go to sea as a cabin boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendation he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words: "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed; that wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever he had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans—for he never minded grease when duty was before him—and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath stepped in. All the bad boys ran away; but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence, and began one of those stately little Sunday school book speeches, which always commence with, "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy good or bad ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir!" But the Alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear, and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away towards the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that Alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.—*The Galaxy*.

Outwitted by a Negro.

An enterprising business man of Hartford runs two branches of trade, to wit:

A grocery and fish market. The grocery he attends himself, the fish market by a deputy, and every night the latter makes returns of the proceeds of the day's business to the proprietor. A day or two since, the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit five dollar bill. He didn't like to lose it, and he didn't quite want to take the chances of trying to pass it. So he called an old darkey who was hanging about the premises and said to him:

"Sam, here's a five dollar bill that's a little doubtful. If you'll take it and pass it, I'll give you a dollar of the change."

"Very well," said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer.

That night grocer, in counting the cash return from his fish market, was more surprised than delighted to find the identical five in the pile.

"Look here," said he sharply to his fish market clerk, "here's a counterfeit bill—who'd ye take it of? didn't you know 'twas bad?"

The clerk took it and looked at it a moment.

"Oh—yes," said he, "I remember now; I took it from Sam, the darkey. I thought it was a little doubtful, and wasn't going to take it, but he said he got it of you, so I thought it was all right."

Further explanation was unnecessary.

"AH, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said rich old Deacon Swipes. "It might melt if you did," quietly replied the parson.

Advice to Young Ladies.

Now ladies, I will preach to you just a little sermon. I don't often preach, but in this case, nothing but a sermon will do.

Firstly—you are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creations. In the Continental galleries, I always saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were just as likely to be women as men; it was because of the wondrous beauty of a woman's body.

Now, stand with me at my office window, and see a lady pass. There goes one! now isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, surmounted by a little flat, ornamented with bits of lace, birds tails, &c. The show windows tell us, all day long, of the paddings, whalebones, and steel springs which occupy most of the space within that outside rig.

In the name of the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask, how is a man to fall in love with such a piece of compound, doubled and twisted touch-me-not artificiality, as you see in that wiggling curiosity?

Secondly—with that wasp waist, squeezing your lungs, stomach, liver, and vital organs into one-half their natural size, and with that long tail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense, who knows life is made up of use, of service, of work, how can he take such a partner? He must be desperate indeed to unite himself with such a fettered, half-breathing ornament.

Thirdly—Your bad dress and lack of exercise, lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that instead of a helpmate, they would get an invalid to care for. This bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind as well as the body, fuddled and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism! I know you giggle freely and use big adjectives, such as "splendid," "awful," but then this don't deceive us; we see through it all. You are superficial, affected, silly; you have have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to man.

Why, you have become so childish and weak minded that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies you called them Dobby, Dicky and Johnny, but when they grew up to manhood, no more of that silly trash, if you please. But I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grand mothers put together, and her real name is Catharine, and though her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim once in four minutes, "Don't, now, you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life-partnership to such a silly goose? My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible, earnest sisters.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry one of these silly, weak women; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those overdressed and forward creatures, but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Fourthly—among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are independently rich, and in America such very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not—they *dare not*—ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly, and so gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is honest and real, that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry, then marriage would become the rule, and not as now, the exception.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

Which is the Weaker Sex?

Females are called the weaker sex—but why? If they are not strong, who is?—When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with the neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say that they are perfectly comfortable. When men wear water-proof boots over woolen hose, and incase the whole in Indian rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold. When men cover their heads with furs and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold northwester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were sitting by a mammoth boquet of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure sufferings that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been stronger than man the race would have long since been extinct.

"I'M off when you talk of working?" as the cork said to the ginger-pop.

New Health Maxims.

Dr. Dio Lewis pronounces some rath-startling propositions in his book on hygiene. For instance:

Potatoes, both Irish and sweet, are very poor things for brains and muscle.

The common notion that our health and life depend upon a mysterious Providence is downright infidelity. A child goes out of a hot room with naked arms and legs in pursuit of its daily supply of poisoned candies, and then dies of croup. Is that a mysterious Providence? If a man indulges himself until he gets the gout, and disease attacks his heart and kills him, is his death a mystery?

The reason that the American people are such dyspeptics is that they eat and drink so much, and eat and drink so fast.

The teeth will not decay if they are kept clean. A tooth brush is a good thing, but one good tooth pick is worth an armful of tooth brushes. There is a gentleman now living in New York city who has three beautiful front teeth which he purchased from the mouth of an Irishman. His own teeth were removed and instantly Patrick's were transferred.

The word biliousness is a sort of respectable cover for piggishness. People are not bilious who eat what they should.

The Greek and Roman armies eat but once a day.

The common impression that tomatoes are the healthiest of all vegetables is a mistake. If eaten at all, it should be with great moderation, and never raw. Tomatoes have sometimes produced salivation. Dr. Lewis knew a young woman who had lost all her teeth from excessive eating of tomatoes.

Pies and cakes are poisonous.

To healthy persons mineral waters are not wholesome.

Corsets are most injurious to digestion. Their use finally results in an immense and very ugly protuberance of the abdomen.

Those who suffer from heartburn should avoid soups, drink nothing at meals, say "No, thank you," to pies and cakes and go without supper.

If you wish to live to eighty-five, in the full enjoyment of all your faculties, go to bed at nine o'clock and eat twice a day a moderate quantity of plain food.

TEST OF CHARACTER.—A great many admirable acts are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, serving all with a refreshing cup of tea or coffee before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own.

Do you hear her complain—the weary mother, that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this is not for one, but every morning, perhaps, in the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh, how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah! it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these little self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!—*Exchange.*

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.—May the honest heart never know distress.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.

May care be a stranger where virtue resides.

May hemp bind those whom honor cannot.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May our happiness be sincere and our joys everlasting.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.

May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.

May the road of preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.

May the liberal hand find free access to the purse of plenty.

May the impulse of generosity never be checked by the power of necessity.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser abuses.

May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

May hope be thy physician when calamity is the disease.

May the single be married, and married happy.

TO MAKE PAPER TRANSPARENT.—Artists, architects, land surveyors, and all who have occasion to make use of tracing paper in their professional duties, will be glad to know that any paper capable of the transfer of a drawing in ordinary ink, pencil or water colors, and that even a stout drawing paper, can be made as transparent as the thin, yellowish paper at present used for tracing purposes. The liquid used is benzine. If the paper be dampened with pure and fresh distilled benzine, it at once assumes a transparency, and permits of the tracing being made, and of ink or water colors being used on its surface without "running." The paper resumes its opacity as the benzine evaporates, and if the drawing is not completed, the requisite portion of the paper must be again dampened with the benzine. The transparent calico, on which indescribable tracings can be made, was a most valuable invention, and this new discovery of the property of benzine will prove of further service to the many branches of the art profession, in allowing the use of stiff paper where formerly only light tissue could be used.