The Columbian
AND
Bloomsburg Democrat.
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IN THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE
COURT HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

The Columbian.

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Associate Judges—IRAM DERR, ISAAC S. MONROE.
Prothonotary, &c.—RUDOLPH H. RINGLER.
Register & Recorder—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
District Attorney—JAMES BEAVER, JR.
Sheriff—AARON SMITH.
Surveyor—ISAAC DEWITT.
Treasurer—WILLIAM LAMON.
Commissioners—CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER, WILLIAM SHAFFER.
Commissioners' Clerk—WILLIAM KRIEBSAUCH.
Auditors—U. J. CAMPBELL, DANIEL LEE, CHARLES CONNER
Coroner—CHARLES G. MURPHY.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC McBRIDE, JOHN MCANALL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY

Bloom Poor District—Directors, S. H. MILLER WILLIAM KRAMER, Bloomsburg, and JOHNSON IKELER, Greenwood, CHARLES CONNER, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Co.—JOHN A. FUNSTON President, H. H. GROTZ, Cashier.
First National Bank—CHAS. E. PAXTON, Pres't, J. P. TUSTIN, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. LITTLE, Pres't, C. W. MILLER, Sec'y.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—WM. PEACOCK, Pres't, J. B. ROBISON, Sec.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. BROWER, President, C. G. BARKLEY, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Directory.

PAPER BAGS just received and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., above American House.

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor corner of Centre and Main sts., over Miller's store.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS &c.

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

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

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

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

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market streets, in the old Post Office.

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

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

PROFESSIONAL.

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

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office over the First National Bank.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street.

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

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

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

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

FOX & WEIR, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block.

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

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provision, &c., Main and Centre Streets.

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

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Notions, etc., Main st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTE BOOKS, and blank NOTES, with or without exemption, for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

Catawissa.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St. Robbins' Building.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main.

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street

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

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

M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise Dry Goods, Groceries &c.

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

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

Light Street.

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

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

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

PETER ENT, Miller, and dealer in all kinds of Grain, Flour, Feed, &c. All kinds of Grain purchased.

Espy.

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

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufacturing.

Buck Horn.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise.

Orangeville Directory.

D. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine.

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Bohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st.

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

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

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine.

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

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

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

Philadelphia Directory.

HORTICULTURAL HALL
Restaurant and Dinning Rooms.
FRANK SMITH, Proprietor.
PHILADELPHIA.
N. B. The location is central, the assistants attentive, and the tables supplied with the best the market affords, fresh and well cooked. Give him a call.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA
jan. 1'71—1y

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

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, SIPERATUS, SODA, &c., &c.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention. may 10,67-1f.

Business Cards.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan4,'67.

A. L. TURNER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OFFICE over Lutz's Drug Store. Residence Market street, 1st door below Rev. D. J. Waller. dec16'70.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.30'67

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.

CHARLES C. LEIDY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON OAK STREET, MOUNT CARMEL
NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.
Collections promptly made. Conveyancing neatly executed and all other business connected with his profession carefully attended to in Montour, Northumberland and Columbia counties. mr.1871-6.

BARGAINS—BARGAINS.
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.
Go to
HENRY YOST,
East Bloomsburg Pa., for all kinds of the best home and city made
FURNITURE.
Prices reasonable and the best work done. jan 1'71—6

VETERINARY.
AUGUST FRIEND,
late from Germany, offers his services to the public as a celebrated
HORSE AND COW DOCTOR,
and all other animals, for which his charges are moderate. He can always be found east side of Berwick road, nears. H. Jacoby's Marble Yard.
Bloomsburg, May 12, 1871-1y.

F. 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.

MAGAZINES, DAILY & WEEKLY
PAPERS OF ALL KINDS
AT THE BOOK STORE OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.
Also an assortment of Portemonnaies, Pass Books and Account Books, constantly on hand. Books not on hand obtained on short notice.
New Books are constantly being added to the "Bloomsburg Circulating Library." Among the latest are "Guilt and Innocence," "Motherless," "Sir Harry," "Hot Spur of Humblethwait," and "Merquem," etc. apr28,'71—1f

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 trial is requested.
jan 1'71

NEW COAL YARD.
THE undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and Columbia county, that they keep all the different numbers of stove coal and selected lump coal for smithing purposes, on their wharf, adjoining M'Kelvy, Neal & Co's Furnace; with a good pair of Buffalo scales on the wharf, to weigh coal, hay, and straw. Likewise a horse and wagon, to deliver coal to those who desire it. As they purchase a large amount of coal, they intend to keep a superior article, and sell at the very lowest prices. Please call and examine for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere. J. W. HENDERSHOT,
AUGUSTUS MASON.

THE undersigned will take in exchange for Coal and Groceries, the following named articles:—Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Lard, Ham, Shoulder and side meat, Butter Eggs, Hay, &c., at the highest cash prices, at his Grocery Store, adjoining their coal yard.
J. W. HENDERSHOT
Bloomsburg Mar. 19,'69-1y.

CURLING CREAM.
By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold. This is the only article that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give to it a beautiful appearance. It also invigorates, beautifies and cleanses. It can be so applied as to cause the hair to curl any length of time desired. Sent by mail for 50 cts. a package. Address
ASNER TOWNSLEY,
Middletown, Adams Co., Pa.
sept1'71-6m.

BLOOMSBURG
MARBLE WORKS.
MAIN STREET, BELOW MARKET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Monuments, Tombs, Headstones, &c. Work neatly executed. Orders by mail will receive special attention. N. B. Work delivered free of charge. T. L. GUNTON, Proprietor.
oct19'71-tf. P. O. Box 297.

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.

Miscellaneous.

DENTISTRY.
H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.
Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.
Bloomsburg, Jan.1'71—1y

VULCAN WORKS,
DANVILLE PA.
WILLIAM H. LAW,
Manufacturer of Wrought Iron Bridges, Boilers, Gasholders, Fireproof Buildings, Wrought Iron Roofing, Roofing Frames, Flooring and Doors, Farm Gates and fencing, also Wrought iron piping, Stacks and all kinds of Smith Work, &c. Repairs promptly attended to.
N. B. Drawings and Estimates supplied. oct27'71-1y.

THE GREAT MAGICAL
HAIR FORCER!
Will force a beautiful set of Whiskers or Mustache, in from two to three months, on any person over twelve years old. It is one of the best preparations to make the whiskers grow that ever was known. One bottle of it is sufficient to produce a very strong beard. It does not in any way stain or injure the skin. Try it! It is no humbug. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sent by mail post paid, to any address, on receipt of price. Address WILLIAM C. WAGNER,
Arendtsville,
aug 18,'71-1y. Adams County, Penna

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Wyoming	$211,000
Etna	3,000,000
Phœnix, N. Y.	400,000
North America	1,000,000
City	100,000
International, N.Y.	1,400,000
Niagara, N. Y.	1,000,000
Merchants	300,000
Springfield	200,000
Farmers' Danville, N.Y.	300,000
Albany City	400,000
Danville, Horse Thef.	Mutual,
Atlantic, N. Y.	1,000,000
Bermuda, N. Y.	500,000

FREAS BROWN, *Agent*,
may24'71—1y. BLOOMSBURG Pa.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE
THE SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST IN USE! HAS BUT ONE NEEDLE! A CHILD CAN RUN IT!
Designed especially for the use of families, and ladies who desire to knit for the market. Will do every stitch of the knitting in a stocking, widening and narrowing as readily as by hand. Are splendid for worsteds and fancy work. TAKING FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF STITCHES. Are very easy to manage, and not liable to get out of order. Every Family should have one.
We want an Agent in every town to introduce and sell them, to whom we offer the most liberal inducements. Send for our Circular and Sample Stocking. Address,
HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
nov. 10,'71-1y. Bath, Me.

H. C. HOWER,
has opened a first-class
BOOT, SHOE, HAT CAP, AND FUR STORE
at the old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg, a few doors above the Court House. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following goods at the lowest rates. Men's calf boots, men's stoga boots, men's double and single tap soled kip boots, men's heavy stoga shoes of all kinds, men's fine boots and shoes of all grades, boys' double soled boots and shoes of all kinds, men's glove kid Balmoral shoes, men's, women's, boys's and misses' lasting gaiters, women's glove kid Polish very fine, women's morocco Balmorals, women's calf shoes, women's very fine kid buttoned gaiters. In short he keeps of all descriptions both pegged and sewed.
He would also call attention to his fine assortment of
HATS, CAPS, FURS AND NOTIONS,
which comprises all the new and popular varieties at prices which cannot fail to suit all. These goods are offered at the lowest cash rates and will be guaranteed to give satisfaction. A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere as it is believed that better bargains are to be found than at any other place in the county.
jan 1'71

EXCHANGE BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The undersigned, successors of F. Widmyer would respectfully announce that they have taken the well-established stand recently occupied by the above named, in Bloomsburg, and prepared to continue the business of manufacturing and selling, by
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Confectionery of every style and kind. Also, they will have at all times a complete supply of the best and freshest Bread and Cake. Parties desiring anything in this line will find it to their advantage to call on us.
AN ICE CREAM SALOON
is added to the establishment, and ladies and others who may patronize us, may rely upon upon receiving proper attention. A reasonable share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. Raspberry, Lemon, and other Syrups, in large and small quantities, constantly on hand.
DECKER & STECKEL.
May 5, 1871.—1y

Hotels.

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 ensure 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. jan1'71

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. Jan 1'871

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.

BLANK DEEDS.
We now have the finest assortment of BLANK DEEDS on hand and for sale that were ever kept in Bloomsburg. Large size on best parchment paper, Common Deeds, Executor's and Administrator's Deeds- small size good paper (cheap Common Deeds, &c.

THE NATION
Its Rulers and Institutions.
IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN.
Nothing like it. Strikes everybody as just the book they need. It is an Encyclopedia of the Government. Single pages in it, are of themselves worth the price of the book. *Over 500 pages and only $2.50.* **A Rich Harvest** for Canvassers—ladies and gentlemen—farmers, teachers and students. *One agent took 75 orders in a few days, with circular alone, before the book appeared.* **$20 a day** can be cleared in fair territory. Write at once for Circular and Information. NEW WORLD PUBLISHING CO., Cor. 7th and Market Streets, Philadelphia. [oct. 6,'71-1y.]

PERFECT
COMBUSTION.
SIGNAL LIGHT.
The first and only self-feeding Anthracite Coal Stove ever invented that will Perfectly Consume all the gases.
Warranted the BEST HEATING STOVE in the country.
Send for Price List and Circular to
MITCHELL, STEVENSON & CO.,
Stove Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JUSTICE'S BLANKS.
We now have on hand a large neatly printed assortment of JUSTICE'S and CONSTABLES BLANKS, to which we invite the attention of these officers.

Poetical.

Written for the COLUMBIAN.
The Silent Organ.
BY RAVEN.

How often its notes when with harmony swelling,
Elated our thoughts, as we joined in the song,
When deep from our hearts pure devotion was welling,
Enchanted, we loved the sweet strains to prolong.

Far, far from the earth our best hopes were uplifted,
Our bright expectations when life's dream is o'er,
Borne on the sweet current by faith we were drifted,
'Till caught we, a glimpse of the Heavenly shore.

But now in dead silence its keys lie neglected,
Like Israel's harps as they hung on the trees,
When Israel's sorrow alone was reflected,
In low, wailing murmurs that signed in the breeze.

So, noteless our Organ awakes retrospection,
We think of the seasons now over and gone,
And sorrow is mixed with the sweet recollection,
Of pleasures so great that have ended so soon.

For she who the numbers so oft did awaken,
And led the young choir so kindly along,
Away from the Sunday school circle is taken,
And we're left alone with the Sunday school song.

We meet, and proceed to our usual devotions,
Our hearts in the silence of memory throb,
We try to, but cannot, suppress our emotions,
Our liveliest choruses end in a sob.

But she whom we mourn for, in joy may be striking
A beautiful harp on the Heavenly shore,
It may be an instrument more to her liking,
An Organ whose keys shall be silent no more.

STILLWATER, Jan. 5, 1872.

Miscellaneous.

WITHOUT HEART.

One evening in the autumn, Coralie Baronne de St. Ange sat in the drawing room of her villa at St. Cloud, surrounded by her usual circle of friends of long years, and all accustomed to meet every evening.

Neither Madame de St. Ange nor her friends however, were old; and although she was a widow, Mme. de St. Ange was not a day over twenty-five, and had made up her mind to remain a widow all her life.

She was rich and possessed of every attraction to insure her a brilliant position in society, but she was, so far as a woman can be, utterly devoid of vanity. She preferred to be loved, to be respected by those around her, who thoroughly understood and appreciated her, rather than to be admired by a thousand people incapable of understanding her, and who would have forgotten her as soon as she had ceased to amuse them.

The greater part of the year she lived at St. Cloud—three months was all she gave to Paris. Year after year the same circle of friends drew around her, spending week after week beneath her roof. But the circle was often enlivened by visitors from Paris, fifteen minutes of railroad being all that divides the capital from St. Cloud.

This evening Mme. de St. Ange was expecting a guest from Paris, and all were just saying, "Monsieur de Montmedy will not come," when M. de Montmedy was announced.

"Do not ask me why I am late, but rather wonder how it is that I am here at all."

"Why, what has happened?"

"I have been knocked down."

"Knocked down?"

"Yes, and by a woman."

"A woman?"

"Yes, a woman, who fell from a third story window first on my head and then on the pavement, where the mangled body lay very still, all crushed and bleeding."

"Good heavens! An accident or a suicide?"

"I know not; all I know is that when I rose I was so overpowered with horror that I was obliged to lean for support on the two people nearest to me, and that nothing but a glass of stiff brandy restored me to my senses. Then I beheld another sight that almost turned my blood."

"What could be more horrible than what you had seen?"

"When what I have told you occurred, I was with a friend of mine, one of the handsomest and most fascinating men I ever knew. I looked round for him and beheld him with the bleeding disfigured corpse in his arms, carrying it into the nearest druggist's; he laid it on the counter, gazed at it for an instant, then having washed his hands, he turned to the looking glass to see that there were no stains on him, and taking my arm went on calmly with the conversation this accident had interrupted. He was not even a shade paler than before."

"I, who am a surgeon," said one of Mme. de St. Ange's guests, "could not have done this."

"And I," exclaimed General Simonet, "who have seen men on the battle field lying dead by the hundreds, could not have looked on such a sight as this unmoved."

"I wouldn't have seen such a thing for ten thousand francs," said M. Canilac, who, being a millionaire, valued every emotion in specie.

"I should like to see your friend," said Mme. de St. Ange, tranquil, "for to tell the truth I think he is a clever humbug."

"Not at all; there was no action, no ostentation."

"Is he young?"

"Twenty-three."

"Is he rich?"

"Very."

"Is he handsome?"

"Ladies and gentleman," said M. de Montmedy, laughing, "all your questions will soon be answered, for I have asked the Count de St. Floy, taking advantage of a general permission given me by Mme. la Baronne, to come here this evening."

"Delightful!" exclaimed the Baronne, "we will put his insensibility to the test."

"And we will conquer it, I will wager anything."

"I think not," said M. de Montmedy; at this moment the servant, opening the door, announced M. de St. Floy.

Under the shadow of this name a tall, handsome and most distinguished-looking man advanced into the room with the easy grace of a man of the world, but without either conceit or presumption in his manner.

All were prepossessed in his favor, but all were anxious to put to the proof the indifference of which they had been told.

Mme. de St. Ange soon found an opportunity of referring to it.

"I am sorry for the terrible accident you and M. de Montmedy witnessed to-day."

"Are you, Madame?"

"Yes; did it make you shudder?"

"Why should it? I do not know the woman. All I could do was what I did, to get her out of the way of public curiosity. As for feeling horror at the sight of blood and broken bones, that is a vulgar emotion; people shrink from the physical horror who have not one tear to give to a lacerated heart or an agony of the mind that is racking the brain to madness. This I look on as folly."

"You have extraordinary strength of mind."

"No, but I feel only as my reason dictates."

"Is not that what the world would call selfishness?"

"No doubt. But selfishness is the most harmless of all vices."

"Not so, for it injures all those whom otherwise we might succor or console."

"If it were a pleasure to console or to succor I should do so for in so doing it, I should satisfy myself. Ah, Madame, we talk a great deal about devotion and disinterestedness; there is no such thing; even the strongest passion of our nature, love, is the most selfish. Love requires entire possession. Say to a man of the most generous nature, your friend cannot recover from his illness unless you give him up the woman you love, and the generous man will let his friend die. Say to a woman, your lover cannot exist unless you give him up to another woman with whom he is in love, and she will answer, I would rather see him dead than another's."

"Then you do not believe in love?"

"I believe in no emotions; I believe in insensibility."

"And are you happy?"

"Perfectly."

Monsieur de St. Floy was so agreeable a companion, accomplished, witty, and so exceedingly good tempered, that it was impossible ever to get angry with him. Nevertheless, this very amiability and apathy, added to the strange principles he had professed, had produced a sort of irritation against him, and a plot had been formed and wagers laid as to who should first rouse him from his insensibility.

Mme. de St. Ange, it was agreed, should first try the power he had acknowledged to be the greatest, the power of love, and for this she used every art which a Parisienne possesses instinctively, but which, until now, Mme. de St. Ange had disdained. She was prepared even to go beyond the bounds of coquetry, secure as she was in the protection of all around her.

She succeeded at last in drawing the Count into what might have been considered a flirtation. It was evening—they were on the terrace—the Count, if not tender, had at least grown poetical, and gradually Mme. de St. Ange allowed her love to be evident, till both sunk into that silence which is love's eloquence. Finding it but little beyond the usual limits, Mme. de St. Ange laid her head on her lover's shoulder, and breathed his name in low and loving accents; but there was no answer, for the Chevalier de St. Floy was fast asleep.

"My dear friends," exclaimed Mme. de St. Ange, entering the lighted drawing-room, where all were assembled, "I have lost my wager; I leave him now in your hands—you can try your skill."

When, after a few minutes, the Count entered the drawing room apparently unconscious of the rudeness he had been guilty of, the gentlemen were at cards, and immediately proposed to the Count to join them.

"If it is agreeable to you; for myself it makes no difference."

"What stakes?"

"Exactly what you like."

M. Canilac, who was very fond of showing off his riches, challenged the Count to *ecarte*.

They played on for some time, at last Mme. de St. Ange, leaning over his shoulder, inquired whether he was losing or winning.

"I really don't know," said de Floy, with the utmost indifference.

"The Count wins twelve thousand francs."

"Really I am sorry. Suppose we play double or quits, eh?"

"As you please."

The banker, of course, would not give in; but the sum was considerable, and the emotion was visible on his features. As for the Count, he preserved the same smiling countenance, turning the cards carelessly, almost mechanically over.

"You have won!" exclaimed the banker, trying to hide his quivering lips.

"Then we will talk of something else," said de Floy, turning from the card-table.

But suddenly General Simonet came forward, and taking up the cards, threw them into the Count's face.

"Canilac," said the General, "you have not lost your money. The Count cheats you at cards, for I have been watching him, and he has not fairly won."

"General," exclaimed the Baronne, "are you mad? Count, I beseech you, keep calm."

"My dear madam, I am never anything else. I am only sorry that some of the cards struck you. So, General, you really think I cheat?"

"Most decidedly; and if you are insulted, I am ready to give you every satisfaction."

"That means because you have taken a fancy to call me a cheat, I must risk my life by fighting a duel with you?"

"Precisely."

"Well, as you please; it is perfectly indifferent to me; I leave it all in your hands; and now I will retire, for I really am weary; I even believe I went asleep on the terrace. Good-night to you all."

And smiling and humming a tune, the Count with his usual ease and elegance, left the room.

"Well, I never saw anything to equal this man," said Mme. de St. Ange; "but, General, I think you went a little too far."

"You understand, of course, that it was a mere trial. Now I will try him with a duel. If he stands fire as he stands every thing else, I shall say that he is not human. I shall tell him that the arrangements are five paces, with one pistol loaded and the other not, and chance to decide the one who gets the deadly weapon; if he agrees to these terms he is the bravest man I ever saw, and I will apologize to him and hold him in my esteem."

"I cannot help pitying him," said Coralie with a sigh, for de Floy was very handsome, and in all but his lack of sensibility, very fascinating.

As had been foreseen, the Count made no objection to the duel as the seconds had arranged it.

He chose the pistol from the two offered him with a courteous smile, and then at the signal fired. He had chosen the pistol that was not loaded.

"Ah!" said he, "you have the best of it, General."

The General, who at five paces almost touched the face of his adversary, desired him to close his eyes, as he could not take proper aim.

The Count obeyed, but not a muscle of his face moved; and after the General had fired the pistol he opened his eyes and smilingly said:

"You are a bad shot, General."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor. "By Jove! it is slower than mine. Well, you are a mystery."

The Count merely smiled.

"Let me apologize and explain," said the General. "The insult and the duel were alike the result of a wager; we have all lost; it is impossible to make you feel emotions of any kind."

"Yes," said Mme. de St. Ange, advancing, "you are a man of marble."

"No, madame," said the Count; "but as you are all so deeply interested, I will tell you what I am—a man without a heart."

"We know that."

"Not figuratively," said the chevalier, "but literally."

"Bah!" said the doctor, "you could not live an hour."

"My heart was taken out of my bosom six years ago. I was suffering deeply, oh! so deeply, and the physician, as a remedy to save me, took my heart out of my bosom. See, here is the scar."

The Count opened the bosom of his shirt, and the doctor saw a scar in the region of the heart.

"Still," said the doctor, "you could not live; the thing is impossible."

"Not at all, since I live. The doctor took away my heart in a silver box, and I have never felt either pleasure or sorrow since."

The doctor for some minutes looked intently at the Count. Then he took Mme. de St. Ange by the arm and led her aside.

"I have discovered his secret. He is mad."

"Mad, of course mad; on one point a monomaniac; perfectly sane on every point but this, but utterly insane on this point."

"Can he be cured?"

"Yes, if you could persuade him that his heart was once more in his body."

"I think I could," said the Baronne.

For some days the party at the chateau went on as usual, the only difference being that Mme. de St. Ange was more frequently in the society of the Count than she had been before, and that he seemed to get accustomed to her and to miss her if she was long out of his sight. Still not one word of love did he pronounce.

At length Mme. de St. Ange being alone with him, took his hand, and in a low, trembling voice addressed him:

"Count," said she, "I have a confession to make to you."

"To me?"

"Yes; you know your heart was taken from you?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know what was done with it?"

"No."

"It was given to me; it was placed in my bosom; do you not feel the quick, loud beating? It is the beating of two hearts united in one."

"Then this is why I seem to desire your society. My heart! my heart!" exclaimed St. Floy; "to think that I should have found it again. What must life be with a heart? I have almost forgotten the sensation."

"It is love; it is happiness; it is the revelation of God on earth. Ah! Count, I who feel with two hearts, I have found the world a paradise. Would you not like to feel once again, to know the variations of the soul, like the sound of different harmonies, bringing pleasures of all kinds; sensations, emotions—"

"Ah! would that I could feel."

"I will restore your heart, and mine will ever beat in sympathy with yours as long as we both shall live. The doctor shall take the heart from my bosom and restore it to yours."

The doctor, when let into the confidence of the Baronne, was delighted with the experiment. The Count was persuaded to submit to the operation, and laid on his bed, and the doctor then applied the scalpel slightly to the skin. "Here," said he, "in this silver box is your heart. Now, are you ready! Prepare once more to live. Now, do you feel it? It is once more in your bosom."

The Count heaved a deep sigh and grew suddenly deathly pale. Mme. de St. Ange, who was watching him from behind the curtains, rushed towards him.

"Ignace!" she exclaimed; but the Count merely turned to her with a look of sadness; a look full of love, and placing his hand on his new-found heart, exclaimed; "Too much! too much!" sunk back on his pillow and expired.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mme. de St. Ange.

"It means," said the doctor, "that, besides being mad, the Count had a disease of the heart, which probably suggested his madness. The first great emotion he has felt, that is, the first sane thought he has had, killed him."

Mme. de St. Ange kneeled down by the bedside. The Count had taken with him the only love of her life. A few months later a strange superstitious feeling came over her. She would pause suddenly, as though listening for some voice she alone could hear; then placing her hand on her heart, look eagerly around, till at last one day she fell back on the sofa where she was sitting, and clasping the doctor's hand as he sat near her, "Doctor," she exclaimed, "it is impossible to live without a heart!"

"She is dead," exclaimed the doctor.

What He Died Of.

The coroner's jury was summoned the other day in a Texas town to sit upon a man who died suddenly in his bed. The jury proceeded to the house, looked at the corpse, and began the inquest. The doctor explained the case to them, and drew a map of the man's interior, so as as to show the jurymen how a whole lot of Latin things inside of him there got mixed up somehow with a parcel of other classical machinery, and produced a perfectly terrific combination with another Latin title, which killed him, of course. The jury said the case was perfectly plain.—Such an accident as that among the man's internal Latin must have destroyed any one. The only wonder was that he lived an hour. So a verdict was brought in of "death in accordance with the evidence." Just as the inquest ended the man awoke, and the fact was discovered that the deceased person was in the adjoining room, while this wretch had only been asleep. The question that puzzles the coroner now is: What to do with the sleeper? To our mind it will admit of an easy solution. If that man has been found dead by a jury of his countrymen, he is dead, no matter what he thinks about it, or what the apparent facts are. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States or in Washington's farewell address to forbid his burial; and if we were that coroner we would grab him and plant him at once in the cemetery beneath the greenwood-tree, and sue his relations for the fees.

A "Barbarous" Joke.

A fireman in Philadelphia went into a barber shop to get shaved, and finding the barber out, he concluded to have a little fun before his return. So he took off his coat, put on a thinner one, and quietly waited for a customer. An old gentleman came in soon. "Have a shave sir?" said our impromptu barber. The old gentleman took a chair, and our artist began to lather, exp