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

Terms--Two Dollars a Year payable in advance.

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

The Columbian.

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Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—WILLIAM ELWELL.
Associate Judges—IRAM DEER, ISAAC S. MONGER.
Prothonotary, &c.—RUDOLPH H. RINGLER.
Register & Recorder—WILLIAMSON H. JAYCOX.
District Attorney—JAMES REILLY, JR.
Sheriff—AARON SMITH.
Surveyor—ISAAC DEWITT.
Treasurer—WILLIAM LAMOR.
Commissioners—LYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER, WILLIAM SHAFFER.
Commissioners' Clerk—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
Auditors—U. J. CAMPBELL, DANIEL LEE, CHARLES CONNER.
Coroner—CHARLES G. MURPHY.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC MCHENRY, JOHN MCANALL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY.
Town Tax District—Directors, S. H. MILLER WILLIAM KRAMER, Bloomsburg, and JOHNSON HELLER, Orangeville, 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.

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

DR. WM. M. KEBER, 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. R. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church.

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

DR. A. L. TURNER, Physician and Surgeon, office over Kleim's Drug Store, residence one door below Rev. D. J. Waller.

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. Rent. Taylor, east end of Main street.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

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

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

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

MCKELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, &c., N. E. cor. Main and Market sts.

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Hats, 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.

P. J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert Block, Main st.

C. 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., Chemberlin'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. B. 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.

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

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

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

J. P. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets.

L. REILER, Billiard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St.

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

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbader Proprietor, southeast 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. B. 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 Rohr 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.

J. M. KEPHEART,
WITH
BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
No. 403 Market Street,
(Above Fifth,)
PHILADELPHIA.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
S. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, RICE, SPICES, BI CARBONA, &c., &c.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
nov 10,'67-1y.

Business Cards.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. (June4,'67.

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

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office with John G. Freese, Esq., Brower's Building, Bloomsburg.

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 Mount Carmel, Northumberland and Columbia counties. m'r, 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 17,'72-tf

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, nearly adjoining the Catawissa Branch R. R. Bloomsburg, May 12, 1871-1y.

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. may 5,'68-tf Main St., below Market.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.
ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,
Main Street one door above E. Mendelsohn'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 lot in repository.
Jan 17,'71

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
ABNER TOWNSLEY,
Middletown, Adams Co., Pa.
sept13'71-6m.

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.
oct18-'71tf. P. O. Box 255.

HARVEY B. WALKER,
WITH
MEAR, SCHROPP & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 19 NORTH SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Original assorted packages of Queensware constantly on hand, feb28'72-1f.

WHITE STAR LINE
NEW YORK, CORK, AND LIVERPOOL.
NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS,
THE SIX LARGEST IN THE WORLD.
OCEANIC, CELTIC, REPUBLIC,
ATLANTIC, BALTIC, ADRIATIC,
Tonnage larger—3,000 tons, p. each.
Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and Cork Harbor the day following.
From the White Star Dock, Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City.
Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unrivalled, combining
SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.
Saloons, state-rooms, smoking-room and bath rooms in midship section, where least motion is felt. Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these steamers.
RATES—Saloon, $80 gold. Steerage, $30 currency. Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Country can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, $33 currency.
Passengers booked to or from all parts of America, Paris, Hamburgh, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia, China, etc.
Excursion tickets granted at lowest rates.
Drafts from $1 upwards.
For inspection of plans and other information, apply to No. 19 Broadway, New York.
J. H. SPARKS, Agent,
Or to W. PEACOCK
Jan13'72 Bloomsburg, Pa.

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. 17'71-1y

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.
oct 27'71-1y.

THE GREAT MAGICAL
HAIR FORCER!
Will screw 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 50 cents per bottle. Sent by mail post paid, to any address, on receipt of price. Address WILLIAM C. WAGNER,
Ancketville,
Adams County, Penna
mar 17,'71-1y.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Westchester	$715,000
Aetna	1,400,000
United N. Y.	100,000
North America	50,000
Phœnix	600,000
Information N. Y.	1,000,000
Hoogen N. Y.	1,000,000
Franklin	200,000
Springfield	200,000
Farmers Danville N. Y.	200,000
Liverpool	400,000
London, Horse Theft	Minimum
Atlantic, N. Y.	1,000,000
Germania, N. Y.	500,000

VRANK BROWN, Agent,
mar2'71-1y. 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 heavy work. TAKING FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF STITCH! 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,'70-1y. 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 heavy double soled 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, boy's double soled boots and shoes of all kinds, men's glove kid Balmoral shoes, men's, women's, boys's and misses' lacing gaiters, women's glove Kid Polish very fine, women's morocco Balmorals and call shoes, women's very fine kid buttoned gaiters. In short boots 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 17,'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 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.
jan 17,'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 17,'71

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.

THE NATION
Its Rulers and Institutions.
IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN.
Nothing like it. Strikes everybody as just the book they need. It is an Encyclopædia of the Government. Single terms in it, are of themselves worth the price of the book. *Over 600 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.]

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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.

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.

Poetical.

Hesperides.

I

Our fathers in the olden time,
Through hopes and fears, on unknown seas,
Sailed evermore from clime to clime
In search of the Hesperides.

II

Far off, beneath the silent West,
With troubled waters rolled between,
The gardens of eternal rest,
In dreams as vague as life, were seen.

III

The golden apples, now as then,
By dragons guarded with such care,
Seem better to the sons of men
Than orchards nearer home can bear.

IV

"Somewhere, beyond the sunset seas,"
Our helpless human natures cry,
"The islands of unending ease
And never-ceasing summer lie."

V

The routes we choose, the charts we use,
Are various as our varied ships;
And ever as the stars we lose
In some Eurocly don eclipse,

VI

Our feeble hearts within us fail,
And we grow weary of our lot
As through the dark we drift, and hail
The longed-for, Heavenly Harbor not.

VII

O, fellow-voyager! to whom
The land seems far, the billows cold!
We may not, without pain, presume
To pluck the fabled fruit of gold.

VIII

With patience working, let us take,
In reverent faith and childlike trust,
The winds of God as they may break
About our little lives of dust.

IX

Our ships will reach, full soon, a shore
Close sheltered from the surging seas,
Where Doubt and Danger guard no more
The groves of the Hesperides.

Miscellaneous.

Humors of the Pension Office.

Since I wrote last I've been to Washington. It's a great place. I went down to see Mr. Buncombe, the Pension Agent, and I think perhaps if I'd stayed there six months I might have seen his aunt, but I hadn't the time, so I gave it up.

I've been trying for ten years to get a pension out of the United States for an old lady, just turned 94, whose son was killed during the late unpleasantness, leaving her without a cent in the world—without any support whatever. The routine through which this old lady and I have passed is long, not to say everlasting, and if we should live until she got the money, we would be worse than the Wandering Jew for age, and could discount Methuselah as easy as winking.

The simple story of the claim is that the woman had a son who supported her. He was as enough to be patriotic, enlisted in the navy, died in service and left a few dollars, back dues, which were duly paid his mother. Of all this fullest proof was long since sent on.

Now, then, for the "gentlemanly" clerks.

About two years after the claim is presented the Department writes a letter to the mother and asks:

1. What's you real name?
2. Are you sure you ain't lying?
3. What was your son's name?
4. Are you sure he was a boy?
5. Where did he die?
6. How do you know?
7. Was he married?
8. If yes, did he have children; if no, how can you swear he hasn't?
9. You say you are a widow. Have you any thought of remarrying, and are you prepared to say you don't occasionally flirt, or wouldn't if you had a chance?
10. Remember the Ninth Commandment, and send your answer to this Department.
11. Have your affidavits written in red ink, and signed by a notary public, with evidences of moral character, and a certificate of birth.

Well, all this is done just as the Department desires, and sent on.

Months pass on.

Grand Juries even come and go.

Occasionally men are convicted and women hung.

Children are born and events crowd the record.

Time succeeds time, and the widow starves or begs as best she can, when, to her intense delight, a huge official letter comes, and she opens it to find—money? Not much, but another string of questions.

1. Are you sure you are the mother of that man?
2. Couldn't he have been changed by the nurse, and if so what guarantee has this department that after you have spent the money the nurse won't divulge the facts, and the real mother demand her dues?
3. Who saw him die? If his comrades, send on their affidavits with certificates in triplication of his baptism and first communion; if no one, then with what check do you assert that he ever died at all?
4. What ticket did your son, if he was your son, vote? If any, say what; if not, say what he would have voted if he had voted.
5. What use can eight dollars a month be to you, anyhow? If none, what do you ask for it for; if much, how can you afford all this correspondence and notarial fees?
6. Do you know any mother who got a pension, and if so, did she put you up to this application? If yes, aren't you ashamed of yourself; if no, how came you to think of it?
7. Was your son, if he was your son, hopefully pious, and if so, how much so?
8. What do you think of female suffrage, and are you prepared to stand 2 per cent. a month on your pension—when you get it?

Of course the proper answers were sent to these, and letter after letter followed them. In the meantime, the old lady grew older. Her goods and chattles were sold for rent and groceries; her only ring was pawned, her friends were exhausted, and I she hung hopefully on the delusion that something would turn up, and it did. 'Twas another big letter, and this is what it said:

PENSION DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MADAME: Your claim, No. 60001002-0030004, Navy Mothers, has been before this department some eight or ten years. If you were eighty-four years of age then, you must be ninety-four now, and it would be manifestly unfair, not to say impracticable, for this department to deal with a woman of ninety-four as if she were a woman of eighty-four. The information furnished this department is so meagre that we cannot proceed even to consider your claim without further proof. At present we simply know that your son was killed in service and you need a pension. Obviously that's too thin. Permit me to call your attention to the enclosed queries, and to remind you that perjury is one of the greatest vices.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. H. BUNCOMBE,
Commissioner.

Well, the old lady put on her specs, and I did, too, and we read as follows:

1. What was the name of your son?
2. Who was he named after, and did he give him a silver cup? If yes, let this department have a certified copy, in duplicate, of the receipted bill; if not, why not?
3. How old was he?
4. How happened he to attain that age without being married?
5. Did he leave you any effects? no books, no jewels, no Etruscan vases, no costly silver service, no piano? If yes, where did he get 'em? If no, this department is sorry.
6. Have you assigned this claim to any agent? If yes, don't you see you've broken the law; if not, how can you expect to get a claim through without an agent?
7. Please send this Department, in triplicate, proof that you have a *bona fide* interest in this claim, and that no maiden sister is to share it with you, and thus live surreptitiously on this Department.
8. It is necessary for you to come to Washington in person. If you do, you will be told what it is necessary to prove; if you don't, this Department is absolved from further interest in the premises.

When I read this to the old lady, she took snuff, turned her face to the wall, hauled up her knees, vowed she didn't care a cuss for the pension anyhow, and gave up the ghost.

Then I wrote the Commissioner that she was dead, and he wrote me that he was sorry, but he really didn't see what that had to do with her claim. He said her heirs must carry it on. I replied she had no heirs. He said he wanted proof, in triplicate of that fact, and sent me a string of questions to answer about *my* name and birth and circumstances, evidently hoping to make me crazy.

I sent them back, and hang me if he hasn't just sent an officer here with instructions to arrest me, unless I can prove that—

1. I was vaccinnated before I first sent on the old lady's application.
2. I was of full age when I married, and
3. I am not the old lady herself in disguise, and endeavoring to swindle the government out of $8 a month.

Consequently, I advise all old ladies who have hopes, to relinquish them, and I advise all young men who have old ladies to get rid of them.

Yours truly,
HON. M. T. JUGG, Esq.

A Phantom Railroad Train.

The Columbia *Courant* is responsible for the following: The "debbil am out on a big rampage" along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad. He is seen at various places along the road, and in different shapes. One night last week, after the Philadelphia express left Tyrone station, his Satanic Majesty got on the engine with Sol. Hofmaster. He looked around for a moment, then taking the poker from the fireman, opened the fire door and stirred the fire, at the same time sticking his feet in. He then sat down, stretching out his immense legs and bringing his tail around laid it between his cloven hoofs. Sometimes wings could be seen about his shoulders. He was very particular about the fire; sometimes he would put his head in the fire-box and look around, then throw in his tail, stirring the fire at a rapid rate. By this time he had got warmed up, and so had the engineer and fireman, who were nearly scared to death. The engine was making about thirty-five miles an hour when the devil picked up the oil can, went out and oiled the locomotive in all its parts. He then returned, and requested Mr. Hofmaster to slack up and let him off at bridge No. 5; but Mr. H. told him he might get off the same way he got on. The engine was then running at a fearful rate of speed, and Mr. Devil stepped on one side and disappeared.

We learn since that a phantom train was seen in the vicinity of the Gap. Some nights ago, David Wayne, engineer of 477, had stopped for some purpose, when a train was heard approaching at a rapid rate. Knowing there was no train due at that hour, schedules were examined carefully; but the stranger could not be made out. At length it came thundering around the curve with an immense head-light and other equipments. The conductor, H. Bell, engineer, fireman and brakeman all heard the train coming. The flagman, John K. Newell, immediately went back with a light and placed signal caps upon the rails. The phantom train came, making the usual noise, and lighting up the whole track with its huge lurid glare, when in a twinkle the whole thing disappeared. Some say it was old Amos Clemson's train—the notorious leader of the Gap gang, who died several years ago—and that he was aboard a singing a red light furiously.

John Filbert, engineer of the Lancaster train, informs us that when approaching Pequea bridge, some nights ago, he saw the devil on the cowcatcher of his engine. He was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He quickly shut off the steam and slackened up, but could not see anything more of the strange object. These stories are creating a great deal of comment among railroad men. We give them as told to us, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

"What I Know About Doughnuts."

The following letter was read recently before the Pennsylvania Senate at the request of one of the members. As every thing that comes from the pen of the farmer-editor is doubly interesting we give it entire:

TRIBUNE OFFICE, Jan. 27, 1872.

Mr. J. T., Reading, Pa:

My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 25th inst., is just received in reference to the admission of colored children into the public schools of our city, and containing a copy of your remarks at a meeting held by your colored citizens. I will forward your remarks to Washington as requested, and I think you need have no fears of removal. I am forming no opinion just now on the question, but think Mr. Sumner's bill will settle the whole matter. A great deal of my time the past season has been occupied in preparing a new and enlarged edition of "What I Know about Farming," a most excellent and serviceable book, which I think you ought to have. (I will send you a copy, postage prepaid, on receipt of price: $1.50) As the season is advanced and has kept me in the house a great deal, I have been trying to better the condition of our people by endeavoring to make improvements in cooking.

For some years I have found that doughnuts lie too heavy on my stomach, which my physicians attribute to the fat in which they are fried. They tell me that a doughnut contains about eight times as much fat as is consistent with a doughnut. To overcome this difficulty, I have gone to considerable philosophical research. By using only one eighth of the usual amount of fat for frying them, Mrs. Greeley assured me the doughnuts would burn. By using eight times as much flour I would have just eight times as many doughnuts as I wanted. I therefore determined to use eight times the usual quantity of sots. Mrs. G. mixed up the batter in the bread bowl, and having made most exact proportions, I put in one pint of sots. The next morning, on entering the kitchen, we found that our batch of doughnuts had risen about ninety degrees above our highest expectations, and the tide was still rising. Mrs. G. heated the lard while I tried to stir down the batter, but all to no use. I poured in some fat, but it only spritzed and crackled, and I was mortified to find my experiment a failure as the doughnuts would not stick together. Too much sots in a doughnut is worse than Carl Schurz in a caucus.

But I was not dismayed. Education had done much for the human mind, and there is no reason in philosophy why it should not do as much for doughnuts. To preserve the tone of the doughnuts without the fat, I substituted alcohol for lard, but the consequence was that Mrs. G. and myself narrowly escaped with our lives. We only saved three doughnuts out of the batch, two of which we ate and sent the third to Mr. Beecher. They were truly delicious, but they are too high priced and the manufacture is attended with too much risk for this brand ever to become a popular article of diet. Those we made cost about seventy-three cents a piece

Let me hear what your colored citizens are going to do with the school board.

I hear that in your vicinity you raise a small fruit called pretzels, which are said to be good when cooked. Please send me a few seed, and I will set them out in the spring. Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

P. S.—When passing through Allentown some time ago, a boy came through the cars with cakes and a peculiar fruit called snits. I bought a few and set them out, but fear our climate is too severe for them. If you will be kind enough to send me a few healthy vines, I would like to give them another trial in my green house. H. G.

A Thoughtful Boy.

A precocious youth of Altoona, Penn., having surreptitiously obtained a package of powder and a cigar-stump, the other evening, soon realized the fact that the way of the transgressor is hard. While smoking the cigar-stump, he saw his mother coming toward him, and at once slid the cigar, into the pocket containing the powder. His hand, the cigar, and the powder got out of that pocket "quicker'n blazes," and the youthful hero is now securely "bottled up" for a few day's rest at home. This Altoona boy was thoughtful beyond his years. Realizing that he had no right to be smoking, he provided the means to blow himself up, and thus save his mother that trouble. How few children are thus thoughtful to keep unnecessary care from their parents. And when we remember how much anxiety in the tender years of infancy, etc., etc.

TAKING COLD.—If a cold settles on the outer covering of the lungs it becomes pneumonia, inflammation of the lungs, or lung fever, which in many cases carries the strongest man to his grave within a week. If a cold falls upon the inner covering of the lungs it is pleurisy, with its knife-like pains, and slow, very slow recoveries. If a cold settles in the joints, there is rheumatism in its various forms; inflammatory rheumatism, with its agonies of pain, and rheumatism of the heart, which in an instant sometimes snaps the cord of life with no friendly warning. It is of the utmost practical importance, then, in this whitry weather to know, not so much how to cure a cold, as how to avoid it. Colds always come from one cause, some part or the whole of the body being colder than natural for a time. If a man will keep his feet always warm and never allow himself to chbe illed he will never take cold in a lifetime, and this can only be accomplished by due care in warm clothing and the avoidance of draughts and undue exposure. While multitudes of colds come from cold feet, perhaps the majority arise from cooling off too quickly after becoming a little warmer than is natural from exercise, or work, or from confinement in a warm apartment.

The Postmaster at Lake George.

BY DON PIATT.

This Summer's rush of people played said havoc with the mails. A poor old postmaster, accustomed to half dozen letters a week and a fair lot of newspapers, suddenly finds himself overwhelmed with mail matter. Bags tumbled in on him filled to bursting. He at first attempts to sort and distribute the contents, then worried to death by the roar of voices demanding their letters, he turns over the business to the clerks and messengers of hotels and boarding-houses. The letters in this way come after a time to the wrong people, but the journals are never heard of.

I had been at Lake George some two weeks without getting any mail matter, although I had sent over almost every day. Wearied out at last, I went myself. I found a little sandy-haired heavy-jawed, full-stomached man pegging away at an old boot, on a cobbler's bench. I asked this industrious son of St. Crispin for the postmaster.

"I'm him," responded the shoemender.

He might be a Sam or a him, but I looked incredulous upon the fact asserted or referred to, of postmastership. He continued to drive in the pegs, whistling, in a waxy way, a tune that, when accompanied by the proper words, refers to some sort of eccentricity of the weasel when popping, whatever that may be. I looked at this vegetable production with carroty hair and reddish cheeks, as he pegged and popped, and finding that he intended taking no further notice of me, I mildly suggest that if he were the postmaster, I would be pleased to get my letters and papers.

"What's your name?" he asked, suspending the whistled popping of the weasel, but going on with his exasperating work.

I responded by giving the cognomen, and was told, briefly, in words to wit: "Ain't nothing for you," and then he took up the extraordinary weasel. I remonstrated, and asserted that there must be some mistake.

"Well," he said, "go look for yourself. There's the P's."

I did as directed, and found eighteen letters and a pile of newspapers.

"What the devil do you mean by saying I had no mail?"

"Is that your name," he asked, coolly.

"Certainly, it is."

"Well, I thought it was Daniel Pratt."

I was rapidly resolving into an indignation meeting, with divers resolutions, and a strong tendency to punch somebody's head.

"You thought that name Daniel Pratt, did you? Well, it strikes me that it would be well for you to learn reading and writing before playing the devil in a post-office."

"Well, stranger," he responded, suspending both music and work, "ef I had such an outlandish name as your'n, I'd go back and be a baby, so as to be christened over, I would."

I found that the little red-headed wood-pecker was getting the better of the controversy, and so prudently withdrew. He had hit me, unwittingly, on a tender place; but I did not love him any the better for that. With some indignation, I stated my grievances at the hotel, and an old frequenter of Lake George told me that the postm