The Columbian
AND
Bloomsburg Democrat.
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AT 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.

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

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

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Co.—JOHN A. FUNSTON President, H. H. GROVE, Cashier.
First National Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't, J. P. TOWN, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. LUTLE, 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.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sabbath Services—10½ A. M.; 7½ P. M.
Sabbath School—9 A. M.
Prayer Meeting—Wednesday, 7½ P. M.
Seats free; no pews rented; strangers welcome.

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, over Rosenstocks confectionery, opposite Cadmans furniture warerooms.

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.

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. BEBER, 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.

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' Hooks 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 & WEBB, 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.

MCKELVY, 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.

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., Cherry 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.

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

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

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

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

L. KEILER, 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, 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.

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 sts.

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 Dining 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.

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.

HARVEY B. WALKER,
WITH
MEAR, SCHROPP & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 108 NORTH SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Original assorted packages of Queensware constantly on hand. feb23'72-tf.

Business Cards.

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.

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

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE above Hower's Store, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

B. FRANK ZARR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office with J. G. Freeze, Brower's Block.
Can be consulted in German or English. mch29'72-tf

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. ms.1871-6.

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

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.
oct13'71-tf. P. O. Box 297.

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 H. Jacoby's Marble Yard.
Bloomsburg, May 12, 1871-1y.

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-tf

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.

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.

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,
5,000 tons burden—3,000 h. 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,
jan12tf 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.1'71—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.1 '71-1y. Adams County, Penna

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Wyoming	$211,000
Ætna	1,600,000
Fulton N. Y.	400,000
North America	300,000
City	400,000
Intermutual, N.Y.	1,000,000
Niagara N. Y.	1,000,00
Manhattan	300,000
Springfield	370,000
Farmers' Danville, N.Y.	500,000
Albany City	400,000
Danville, Horse Thief	Mutual
Atlantic, N. Y.	1,000,000
Germania, N. Y.	200,000

FREAS BROWN, Agent.
mar.1'71—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 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,'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 heavy double soled stogas boots, men's double and single tap soled kip boots, men's heavy stogas 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' lasting gaiters, women's glove kid Polish very fine, women's morocco Balmorals and calf 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 1'71

THE ORANGEVILLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
of the most Approved Patterns,
Mill Gearing,
Jobbing,
and Castings
of all descriptions.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise, Lumber, &c., &c.
ORANGEVILLE, PA.
We would announce to the public in general that we have taken the well known Agricultural Works of this place and shall make it our aim to manufacture First Class Agricultural Implements equal to any other makers in the State, such as
Threshing Machines,
Both Lever and Tread Power,
Plows of every Description,
among which will be the celebrated
KNOB MOUNTAIN HERO,
acknowledged by all to be the best plow extant for the farmer. Also the
Champion, Sterns' Patent and The Montrose.
ALSO, DOUBLE CORN PLOWS,
Cultivators,
Iron Kettles,
and Castings
of every description. We shall use none but the best materials and employ none but competent and experienced mechanics and our prices will compare favorably with any other manufacturers.
Country Produce, Lumber, Old Iron, taken in exchange. We also have a store in connection with our Agricultural Works, where may be found a full assortment of MERCHANDISE which will be sold at small profits. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere and we guarantee satisfaction.
march22'72-1y.

Hotels.

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.

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 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.

Poetical.

A Caution.

Love sailed a little maid
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason,"
"By and by," she mocked reply,
"Love's not in season.'

Years went, years came,
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Be not coy," urged the boy,
"List in time to love and reason,"
"By and by," she mused reply,
"Love's still in season.

Years went, years came,
Light turned to shadow;
Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more, my dream is o'er,
I can listen now to reason."
"Keep thee coy," mocked the boy,
"Love's out of season."

Miscellaneous.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

In the winter of 1858 I was mining, or rather sojourning, and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring, in the town of Omega, Nevada county, California. Snow fell in the town that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town near the head of Sour Krout Ravine. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town or at the cabins of our brother miners, generally remaining from home till ten, eleven, or even as late as twelve o'clock.

I happened to be in town the very evening that the first big fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, an' knew before starting home that the trail would be hidden; but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few rods of the trail the whole distance, if not in it. When I finally started for home it was about ten o'clock, and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as big as saucers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, paying but little attention to the trail, and was within two hundred yards of the cabin, when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent and clutched the snow with both hands.

Instantly, in fact before I had fully settled into this position, I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation. I knew that I was hanging over the old Brookshire shaft—a shaft dug some years before to prospect the hill, and at least one hundred feet in depth. There out two or three rods I knew the trail, and was covered by a few pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when it was abandoned. I knew that there were huge bowlders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and that in the bottom was at least twenty feet of water, for, in passing, I had once or twice pushed the brush covering aside and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling in space, and without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the wall of the shaft, I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when, to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began cracking under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to learn something of my situation.

Carefully I swung back till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm the brush still cracking as I did so. As each little twig snapped I felt that there was that much less between myself and death—each little rotten stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions. The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared among the tall pines and swept the light snow into my eyes. One of these blasts took away my light felt hat, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going I made an involuntary movement to raise my arm to catch it, but instantly the crackling twigs warned me to desist. This movement, the slightest in the world, cost me half a dozen twigs, and, as it seemed to me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed coming benumbed, and I began to fear that I would lose my hold upon the brush covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind I would extend my arms and even my fingers till the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes I could see the dim outlines of our cabin on a little rise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted, but the effort caused a crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determining to wait till I could hear the voices of my cabin companions returning, or see a light in the little window of four small panes, which, fortunately, was on the side of the house next to me; so, too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this, and it gave me some hope. Several times, as the roaring wind lulled for a moment, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the creaking of some stormed swayed boughs, or the chatterings of some distant coyote.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast-falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down at the rate of an inch a minute, and already covered my shoulders and was piling close up about my mouth. I dare not make the slightest move to rid myself of the drift which was about to bury me. Should the snow get over my eyes I could not see the light in the cabin, and could only call out by guess. As so slight an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to cracking, I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near. As the snow began rising about my mouth I discovered that I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and I kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me something to do, and was a relief to my mind. So jealously did I keep guard that I would hardly allow two flakes to lie before my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and of the jagged rocks lining the side of the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and repassed in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed swiftly revolving, dwelling but for a moment upon any one thing. I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. Sometimes I would see a sudden red flash, and with a joyous throb of my heart I would say, "It is there!" but in a moment after I would groan in spirit at discovering the flash was only within my strained and weary eyeballs. From straining my eyes and ears for some sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought, and round and round in it as in a whirpool my brain would whirl till some moan of the wind or creaking of trees would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts I made towards extricating myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent in order to grasp for my support every twig within my reach, were it no larger or stronger than a rye-stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that on account of the storm my partners had concluded to "turn in" at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case.

My escape, I now began to think, rested with myself. I thought there might be before me a pole across the shaft strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began rising my right arm, in order to feel for some such support, but a startling snapping of twigs, when this arm was half way through, upon my left arm, caused me very quickly to decide "Great God!" I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, "how long is this to last?"

Just at this moment I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud, ringing laugh of my jovial partner Tom, and heard bean-poker loving Bob say something about a game they had been playing at "the other cabin." As they came nearer I heard Tom say, "I wonder if Dan has got back from town." They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice, and this gave me great joy, as I knew I could make them hear without shouting too loudly. I heard them at the door, scraping the snow away with their feet, and that now was the time to call—for once they had entered they might not hear me. "Tom!" I cried, "Tom!" There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me. "Tom!" I again cried, and this time to my great joy both of the boys in a breath sung out, "Hello!" "Tom!" I cried again, in as loud a tone of voice as I dared use, "Tom, come here!" "Blessed if that ain't Dan!" cried Bob; "what the deuce can be the matter?" and both came as fast as their legs could carry them down to near where I was hanging. "Don't come too near!" I cried, "for God's sake, don't come too near! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break and let me down; get a rope, quick—the windlass rope, you know!"

Tom ran to the cabin, and in less than a minute—though it seemed an hour to me—was back with the rope. Both were rushing to the shaft with the rope, when I stopped them.

"Stop right where you are, boys! Now listen, or you will kill me. Don't come near the brush about the shaft, or you will break it and let me down. Take hold of the rope about twenty feet apart and walk so as to bring it across the shaft, so that I can reach it."

They did as I directed, and the rope was soon against my face. I began slowly to lift my right hand to clutch it, but a crackling of the bush on which I hung suspended startled me so much that I had not the courage to try and grasp the rope. I thought of making a sudden plunge for it, but feared I might fail to catch it, when I would most certainly break through and fall to the bottom of the shaft.

"What is the matter?" asked Bob. "Can't you get hold of the rope?"

I replied, "No; I will break through if I even lift one finger."

"Take hold of the rope with your teeth!" cried Tom.

This was the very idea. "Hold the rope a little lower," said I, "and I will try—lower yet—there, hold on!"

"Have you got it?" asked Tom.

As well as I could, I answered "Yes."

"Now try for it with your hands," cried Bob.

As quickly as I could use my stiffened right arm I made a clutch at the rope, and most luckily for myself got hold of it. Had I missed it I would have been precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, for as I clutched the rope the whole rotten pile of boughs broke loose and dropped into the dark pit below. After being dragged some distance from the black and yawning mouth of the shaft, I still held the rope with both teeth and hands, and could hardly be persuaded that I was yet out of danger. I was so completely exhausted that I was unable to walk to the cabin without the assistance of both of my partners, and it was some weeks before my strained shoulders were free from pain.

There may be more trying and perilous positions than that above described, but if there are I beg to be excused from "buying in."

A Little Story of Professor Agassiz.

The story is told of Prof. Agassiz that he was a poor Swiss lad, who, refusing to learn how to turn a penny by his father's trade, began alone and unaided to spell out the alphabet of nature in rocks, and birds, and beasts. The knowledge did not promise to help him one whit among his neighbors; did not put shoes on his feet, nor salt in his porridge; a comfortable home and successful business awaited him, but he chose to go wandering through the Alps, hatchet in hand, and often with but a sou in his pocket, "a sum so small" he said, "when my hunger was so big!" So, hungry and half-clothed, he followed for years the half-effaced signs of this unknown language, which he fancied God had spoken and not men, as a child might trace the footsteps of a lost mother. At last he made his way to London, to Sir Roderick Murchison, who, he thought, could help him.

"What, sir, do you know?" inquired the great naturalist, noting his beardless chain and ruddy cheeks.

"I think—" hesitated the lad, "a little about fishes."

That night, at a meeting of the Royal Society, Sir Roderick held up a covered package. "I have here," he said, "a fish which existed in such an era"—some time long before Adam was born—and proceeded to state the exact conditions and position in which it was found. "Can our young friend, who knows something about fishes, tell us any thing about it?"

Whereupon the Swis boy promptly drew upon the blackboard a skeleton monster, of which the real one, when uncovered, proved to be the exact duplicate, and then the old greybeards present recognized him as one of themselves, and gave him place. His after-life is well known to the whole civilized world.

A PENNSYLVANIA BULL DOG.—There is a man in Darby, Pa., who purchased a bull dog, which he proposed to turn loose in his store at night in order to scare away the burglars. The first evening after he obtained the dog he locked it in the store and went away a happy man. The next morning, early he went around to the store and unlocked the door. The dog was vigilant—the man was surprised to perceive how very vigilant the dog was—for no sooner was the door open than the dog seized its owner by the leg, suddenly, and proceeded to be animated by an earnest and vigorous resolution not to let go until it had removed at least one good mouthful. And the man pushed the dog back and shut the door on its ribs until the animal relaxed its jaws; and then the man kicked the dog into the store and shut the door as if he was in a hurry to do something. Then he suspended business for a week, and spent the vacation firing at that dog through the windows, and down the chimney, and up through the cellar ceiling, with a shot-gun, trying to exterminate him. And that mercantile establishment did not open for trade until the man had paid twice the first cost of the dog to the dog's former owner to come and take it home; and then, when he got in he found that during the bombardment holes had been shot through mackerel barrels and molasses cans and coal oil kegs so that there was misery and ruin everywhere.—*New York Standard.*

Serenading Under Difficulties.

The Cleveland Leader says; "A young Romeo residing on Garden street, whose voice has just commenced to change, and sings anywhere along the scale from falsetto to the home base, purchased a forty dollar guitar a few week since, and last week thought he would serenade his Juliette, who lives on the same street. Hastily chewing a few bronchial troches to clear his pipes, he crept within the shade of a bay window and nervously began clawing the instrumental chords, while he softly tipped a ballad to his charmer inside He had just sung.

"There's music in the midnight air,"

when he became convinced that there was sole leather soaring about through the atmosphere also, and before he could strike the chorus he found the stuffing kicked out of his guitar, and himself in the road using his nose as a shovel plough. The girl's father had just returned from down town at an unusually late hour—hence the result. The warbler is now practicing on the concertina and getting his pants half-soled with sheet-iron. He says he will make the old man sick if the bellows don't go back on him.

MAKING A "V"—A story is told of an auctioneer, who was provokingly annoyed, while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose object seemed to be to make sport of buyers, rather than to buy himself. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eye upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out.—

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put this fellow out?"

"I take one five-dollar bill."

"Done; you shall have it."

Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room.—

"My good friend, you go out with me I give you half the money.

"Done! done!" said the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience.

The auctioneer had the good sense to join 'in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.

"Yaller Dogs"

MARK TWAIN'S HISTORY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

When Noah disembarked at Ararat he had scarcely touched the pier when he proceeded to tally his passengers.—He had just checked his last item in the list—a Mr. and Mrs. Bedbug—when the cringing figure of a quadruped came sneaking down the gangplank with his tail between his legs. "Drat it, if there ain't that yaller dog!" says Noah, aiming a vicious kick with his brogan at the brute. But, with a facility born of long and bitter experience, the brute dodged the projectile, and ejaculating "kiyi," which is Syriac for "declined with thanks," or "not for Jo"—he disappeared, while Noah, who had his sea legs on, was unable to recover his equilibrium, and sat down with emphasis on the back of his head.

Noah arose, and in accordance with the style prevalent among the patriarchs proceeded to soothe his affronted dignity by pronouncing a variegated anathema upon the yaller dog, which had characteristically sneaked unobserved on board in the confusion of putting to sea, and capsized the captain at the first port. He cursed that dog in body, and limb, bark, hair, hide, tail and wag, and all his generations and kindred, by consanguinity or affinity, and his heirs and assigns. He cursed him with endless hunger, with perpetual fear, with perennial laziness, with hopeless mange, with incessant fleas, and with his tail between his legs. He closed his stock of maledictions by a sparkling display of pyrotechnics from the demoralizing effects of which the yaller dog has never recovered.

With this curse sticking to him like a revenue stamp, the yaller dog can't help being "cussed." He don't try to help it. He follows Noah's programme with sneaking fidelity. He is an Ishmaelite among dogs. He receives the most oppressive courtesies in the form of brickbats, boots and hot water, which which makes his life an animated target excursion.

He boards around like a district schoolteacher, and it is meal time with him twenty-four hours in the day. The rest of the time he hankers after something to eat. He is too omnivorous for an epicure. Cram him at Delmonico's, and he would hunger for dessert from an Albany boarding house.

He can't be utilized. He is too tired. As a swill-cart locomotive, a hunter, or a sentinel, he is an ignominious failure. The dog churn was a strategetic attempt to employ his waste energies, but he hadn't any wast energiese, and butter had too much self-respect to "come" at his persuasion. So the dog churn was dropped.

No sausage maker dare foreclose his lien on the yaller dog lest his customers—no longer "soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust"—transfer their patronage to some less audacious dealer. The savages, who admire baked dog, and who can even attack tripe and explore the mysteries of hash, without dismay, acknowledged the yaller dog to be too much for their gastric intrepidity.

He always manages to belong to a ragged, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking master, whose business is swapping dogs and evading the dog tax. The yaller dog is acquainted with himself, and he enjoys the intim