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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SPACE.	1w.	2w.	3m.	6m.	1y.
One inch	$2.50	$4.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
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Executor's or Administrator's Notice, $3.00
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Local notices, twenty cents a line.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, $2.00 per year for the first two lines, and $1.00 for each additional line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—WILLIAM ELWELL.
Associate Judges—IRAM DEER, ISAAC S. MONROE.
Prothonotary, &c.—RUDOLPH H. RINDLER.
Register & Recorder—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
District Attorney—JAMES BRYSON, JR.
Sheriff—AARON SMITH.
Surveyor—ISAAC DEWITT.
Treasurer—WILLIAM LAMON.
Commissioners—CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. BEIBER, WILLIAM SHAFFER.
Commissioners' Clerk—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
Auditors—U. J. CAMPBELL, DANIEL LEE, CHARLES CONNER.
Coroner—CHARLES G. MURPHY.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC McBRIDE, JOHN McANALL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY

Essex Four District—Directors, S. H. MILLER WILLIAM KRAMER, Bloomsburg, and JOHNSON HELLER, Greenwood, CHARLES CONNER, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Co.—JOHN A. FUNSTON President, B. H. GROTZ, Cashier.
First National Bank—CHAS. R. 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.

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. S. 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. 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. S. 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. E. 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' Hoods 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. Beal, 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 Montgomery 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., Chemklein's alley, rear of American House.

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

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

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

C. FOSTER, Gine 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. E. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second st., below Main.

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

J. B. 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. Kostenader Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street.

W. 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. EGGAR, 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 Mayhurst Grain Cradle, Main St.

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

Philadelphia Directory.

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. 109 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. mch13'72-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. nov.1,'71-y.

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 17'71

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, nears 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,
3,707 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.

TO BOOK AGENTS.
MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK,
"ROUGHING IT,"
Is ready for Canvassers. No book is looked for more impatiently than this, and agents will do well to get territory for it as early as possible. Apply for Circulars and terms to
HUTFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher,
711 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

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 50 cents per bottle. Sent by mail post paid, to any address, on receipt of price. Address WILLIAM C. WAGNER,
Arendtsville,
aug.) 71-1y. Adams County, Penna

INSURANCE AGENCY.

Wyoming	$211,000
Ætna	4,000,000
Fulton N. Y.	400,000
North America	360,000
City	450,000
International N.Y.	1,400,000
Niagara N.Y.	1,000,00
Merchants	320,000
Springfield	570,000
Farmers' Danville N.Y.	590,000
Albany City	400,000
Danville, Horse Thief	Mutual.
Atlantic, N. Y.	1,000,000
Germania, N. Y.	500,000

FREAS 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 adies 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 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' 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 work 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.
[illegible] put in [illegible] tion of [illegible] ensure [illegible] proprietor [illegible] usburg [illegible] hursday jan 1'871

T[illegible]Y, PA.
Th[illegible] the travelling public that he has taken [illegible] named established and thoroughly [illegible] the same for the perfect convenience [illegible]ts. His larder will be stocked with the b[illegible] market affords. The choicest liquors, wines [illegible] parsalways to be found in his bar.
WIL[illegible]el 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 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.* **$40 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.

My Neighbor.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

"*Love thou thy neighbor,*" we are told,
"*Even as Thyself,*" that creed I hold;
But love her more, a thousand fold!

My lovely neighbor; oft we meet
In lonely lane or crowded street;
I know the music of her feet.

She little thinks how, on a day
She must have missed her usual way,
And walked into my heart for aye.

Or how the rustle of her dress
Thrills through me like a soft caress,
With trembles of deliciousness.

Wee woman, with her smiling mien,
And soul celestial ly serene,
She passes me, unconscious Queen!

Her face most innocently good,
Where shyly peeps the sweet red blood,
Her form a nest of Womanhood!

Like Raleigh—for her dainty tread
When ways are miry—I could spread
My cloak, but there's my heart instead.

Ah Neighbor, you will never know
Why 'tis my step is quickened so;
Nor what the prayer I murmur low.

I see you 'mid your flowers at morn,
Fresh as the rosebud newly born;
I marvel, can you have a thorn?

If so, 'twere sweet to lean one's breast
Against it, and, the more it prest,
Sing like the Bird that Pain hath blest.

You know not, dear, how dear you be;
All dearer for the secrecy;
Nothing and yet a world to me!

Miscellaneous.

BY THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

A bitter December midnight, and the up express panting through its ten minutes' rest at Rugby. What with passengers just arriving, and passengers just departing; what with the friends who came to see the last of the departing passengers, or to meet the arriving ones; the platform was full enough, I can assure you; and I had some difficulty in making my way from carriage to carriage, even though I generally find that people (almost unconsciously, perhaps) move aside for the guard when they see him walking up or down close to the carriage doors. This difficulty was increased too, by the manœuvres of my companion, a London detective, who had joined me to give himself a better opportunity of examining the passengers. Keenly he did it, too, in that seemingly careless way of his; and, while he appeared to be only an idle lounging acquaintance of my own, I knew that under his unsuspected scrutiny it was next to impossible for the thieves he was seeking, to escape—even in hampers. I didn't trouble myself to help him, for I knew it was n't necessary, yet I was as anxious as hundreds of others were that those practical thieves whom the police had been hunting for the last two days, should be caught, as they deserved.

Sometimes we came upon a group which my companion could not take in at a glance, and then he always found himself unusually cold, and stopped to stamp a little life into his petrified feet. Of course for me this enforced standing was the signal for an attack of that persistent questioning with which railway guards are familiar; and, in attending to public questioners who deserved answering, and unpolite ones who insisted on it, I had not much time for looking about me; but presently I did catch myself watching a girl who stood alone at some distance. A girl very pretty and pleasant to look upon, I thought, though her face, and her dress, and her attitude were all sad. She stood just at the door of the booking office; a tall, slight girl, in deep mourning, with a quantity of bright, fair hair plaited high upon her head, as well as hanging loosely upon her shoulders; with a childishly innocent face and pretty, bewildered eyes. I wished I could have gone straight to her, and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the line of carriages at which she gazed timidly. Just as I hesitated a very remarkable figure elbowed its way to me; a stout, grandly dressed old lady, panting painfully, and almost piercing me with a pair of restless, half-opened eyes, that looked out through the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on her sharp nose. Two porters followed her, laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas and flowers—the only flowers in the station, I expect that winter night—and one of the men winked at me over her head, while the other guarded her treasures with a face of concentrated anxiety, and thoughts engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it, ga'ad?" she asked, peering sharply into my face with half closed eyes, as if she found it difficult to distinguish me through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her to be deaf, but I never guessed how deaf, until, after yelling my answer so loud that the engine driver must have heard it eighteen carriages off, she still remained stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen posts," said the detective, aloud, giving the old lady an expressive little nod in the direction of the train.

"Slow train?" she asked, in that plaintive tone which the very deaf often use.

"Mail!" I shouted, putting my mouth as close to her cheek as I fancied she would like.

"Ale!" she shrieked back at me, the spectacles shaking a little on her thin nose. "Why should you want ale for listening to civil questions that you are paid to answer. Ale indeed! I believe railway men think of nothing else."

Then she shook her head angrily and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as "should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering spectacles, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed, a few minutes afterwards, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to any other passenger by her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxiety of the obsequious porters. I fancy that though the purse she fumbled in was large, the coin she wanted was but small, for I passed on and left her still searching, and still asking questions of the men, but hearing nothing either of the replies or of the loud asides which they indulged in to each other. I had reached the other end of the train, and was just about making my way back to my own van, when the young lady I had before noticed went slowly in front of me towards the empty first-class compartment near which I stood.

"Am I right for Euston?" she asked me gently, as she hesitated at the door.

"All right, Miss," I said taking the door from her, and standing while she got in. "Any luggage?" For from that very moment I took her in a sort of way into my charge, because she was so thoroughly alone, you see, not having any friends there even to see her off.

"No luggage, thank you," she answered, putting her little leather satchel down beside her on the seat, and settling herself in the corner farthest from the open door. "Do we stop anywhere between here and London?"

"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a few minutes to take tickets." Then I looked at her as much as to say, "You are all right, because I'm the guard," and shut the door.

I suppose that, without exactly being aware of it, I kept a sort of watch over this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a lazy young gentleman who persistently kept hovering about it and looking in. His inquisitive eyes had of course caught sight of the pretty face in there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid manner. He was no gentleman for that reason, I said to myself, yet his dress was handsome, and the hand that played with his long, dark beard was small and fashionably gloved. Glancing still into the far corner of that one first-class compartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window and stood near it while the lamp was fitted in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; the young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half-darkness was better to look at than her companion. Mortified a good deal at the failure of my scheme for her comfort, I went on to my van, beside which the detective waited for me.

"No go, you see," he muttered crossly "and yet it seemed to me like that they'd take this train."

"I don't see how it should seem likely," I answered, for I had n't gone with him in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me very likely that three such skillful thieves as you are dodging, who did their work in this neighborhood so cleverly two nights ago, should leave the station any night by the very train which the police watch with double suspicion."

"Doesn't it?" he echoed, with a most satirical knowingness. "Perhaps you haven't yet got it quite clear in your mind how they will leave the town; for it's sure enough that they haven't left it up to now. That they'll be in a hurry to leave it, is sure enough too, for this isn't the sort of place they'll care to hide in longer than necessary. Well, what's the hardest place for us to track them in?—London. And what's the easiest place for them to get on sea from?—London. Then naturally enough to London they'll want to go. Isn't this a fast train and shouldn't you choose a fast train if you were running away from the police?"

I didn't tell him what sort of train I should choose, because I hadn't quite made up my mind; and he was looking cross enough for anything in that last glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wondered a good deal how these thieves could arrange their getting away while the walls were covered with the description of them, and every official on the line was up in it. There was no doubt about their being three very dexterous knaves, but then our detective force was very dexterous too, though they weren't knaves (and I do believe the greater dexterity is not on the knavish side) and so it was odd that the description still was ineffective and the offered reward unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capon, alias Captain Winter, alias Dr. Crow; a thick set, active man, of middle height, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-grey hair and whiskers, dark gray eyes and an aquiline nose. Mary Capon, his wife, a tall woman of forty, with a handsome fair face, a quantity of very red hair, and a cut across her upper lip. Edward Capon, their son, a slight youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen, though, for the matter of that, I thought he might have had cunning enough for twice his age, with closely cut black hair, light gray eyes, and delicate features."

We all knew this description well enough, and for two days had kept our eyes open, hoping to identify them among the passengers. But our scrutiny had all been in vain, and as the train rushed on, I felt how disappointed the police at Euston would be when we arrived again without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of this subject, and went back to worrying myself about the sad looking, yellow haired girl, who had so evidently wished to travel alone and been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop with the handsome beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of her, until, as we were dashing almost like lightning through the wind and darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes from Chalk Farm, the bell in my van rang out with a sharp and sudden summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage farthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and, hastening along the footboard, hesitated at no window until I reached the one from which I felt quite sure that a frightened young face would be looking out. My heart literally beat in dread as I stopped and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only the two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head from the book she held, and looked up at me astonished—childishly and wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train?" She asked, timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely from a seemingly snug nap. "What on earth has stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising, and pushing his handsome face and his long beard past me at the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm had not come from this carriage; yet the feeling had been such a certainty to me that it was long before I felt quite convinced to the contrary, and I went on along the footboard to the other carriages very much more slowly than I had gone first to that one. Utter darkness surrounded us outside, but from the lamplit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this unexpected stoppage. No one owned to having summoned me until I reached that second class carriage near my own van (which I had hastened past before) where the fidgety, deaf old lady who had amused me at Rugby sat alone. I had no need to look in and question her. Her head was quite out of the window, and, though she had her back to the light, and I couldn't see her face, her voice was cool enough to show that she was not overpowered by fear.

"What a time you've been coming," she said. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

But though I yelled the question with all my might and main, I believe I might just as hopefully have questioned the telegraph post which I could dimly see beside us, and have expected an answer along the wires.

"Where's the small luncheon basket?" she inquired, pulling out her long purse with great fussiness. "A small luncheon basket, my good man and make haste."

Shall I ever forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering, gold-rimmed spectacles? What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her not being, as any one might suppose, a raving maniac.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse out into her lap, "I'm as hungry as I can be,"

I saw that when she looked up at me from the silver she was counting she saw my utter bewilderment—I didn't *try now to make her hear, for I knew it* to be hopeless—for she raised her voice suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness, and pointed with one shaking hand to the wall of the carriage.

"Look here! Doesn't it say "Small luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord?" I want a small luncheon basket, so pull down the cord. Make haste, and get it for me, or I'll report you to the manager."

Seeing now that she was almost as blind as she was deaf, I began to understand what she meant. On the spot to which she pointed above the seat opposite her, two papers were posted in a line; one the advertisemet of "Small luncheon baskets" supplied at Rugby, the other, the Company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases of danger. As they happened to be placed, the large letters did read as she had said:

"SMALL LUNCHEON BASKETS PULL DOWN THE CORD."

While I was gazing from her to the bills, getting over a bit of my astonishment, and she was giving me every now and then a sharp touch on the shoulder to recall me to my duty, and hasten me with her refreshment, we were joined by one of the Directors who happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry old lady; no, not in the slightest degree. She never heard one word of it; and only mildly insisted, in the midst of it, that she was almost tired of waiting for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the Director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of £5, but he couldn't, though he bawled it at her until the poor old thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing; perhaps overcome by her hunger; perhaps frightened of the commotion she saw though she didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let the shillings and sixpences roll out of her lap and settle under the seats.

It seemed to me a long time before we started on again, but I suppose it was only a six or seven minutes delay after all. I expect I should have waited to explain the stoppage to the pretty young girl of whom I considered myself a sort of protector; but, as I said, she was at the very opposite end of the train, and I was in haste now. There must have been a good laugh in several of the carriages where the cause of our stoppage got whispered about. As for me, when I got back into my van, solitary as it was, I chuckled over it until we stopped at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

It seemed to me that the train was taken into custody as soon as it stopped here.

"Of course you have the carriage doors all locked, and I'll go down with you while you open them one by one. My men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a detective officer whom I knew pretty well by now, having had a good bit to do with him about the Warwickshire robbery.

"It was no use," I said, before we started, "the train was *searched*, as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you. What causes such scientific preparation for us here?"

"A telegram received ten minutes ago," he answered. "It seems that two of the thieves we are dodging are in this train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery wasn't made until after you left the junction.—Have you noticed"—he dropped his voice a little here—"a young lady and gentleman together in either carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my breath as he spoke. "No," I said, quite in a hurry. "No young lady and gentleman *belonging* together; but there may be plenty in the train. What if there are, though? There was no young lady or gentleman among the robbers!"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman who'd make herself into anything; and you must own that a gentleman with a dark, long beard isn't bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick red hair, and a cut on her under lip."

"But the young lady?" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough; well what shall you say, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely cut, dark hair that we're after."

I remembered the pretty plaits, and the loose falling hair. I remembered the bewildrment in the eyes which entirely hid their natural expression, and I didn't answer this at all.

"I wish I had a good chance of catching the old fellow as I have of catching the woman and boy," continued Davis, as we moved slowly past the locket baggage van. "I know *they're* here, and that I shall recognize them under any disguise; but we've no clue yet to the other rascal. It's most aggravating that, by some means, we've lost sight of the biggest rogue of all. Come along."

I did come along; feeling very stupidly glad that there was all the train to search before we could reach that carriage at the other end, where sat the girl whom I had, in a way, taken under my protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave this train, pray? Call me a cab," cried the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we reached her carriage, and found her gazing out in the most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, Ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I heard; ay, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily.—Davis stood aside watching while I unlocked her door and helped her down. Then seeing her helplessness, and her countless packages, he beckoned a porter to her, winking expressively to call his attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined, and though Davis detected no thief, he turned away only more and more hopefully from each. He was now sure they *were* there, and that escape was impossible. We reached the last carriage in the line, and now my heart beat in the oddest manner possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?" asked Davis, while my fingers were actually shaking, as I put my key in the door of the centre one. "Empty and dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't have been left dark," I muttered, looking in. "Hello! what's come to the lamp?"

I might as well ask what was come to the lamp, for the compartment was as dark as if it had never been lighted; yet had not I myself stood and watched the lighted lamp put in at Rugby? And—the carriage was empty too!

"Why was this?" asked the detective, turning sharply upon me. "Why was not the lamp lighted?"

But the lamp was lighted, and burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensely black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was as completely dark as if no lamp had been there at all.—The perplexity in Davis