THE COLUMBIAN,

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN (CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

TWO DOLLARS per year, payable in advance, or during the year. After the expiration of the year $2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance—$2.25 if not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed be.ond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration o: the first year will not be given

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our J b Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

C. B. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1876.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 23
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 17

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	25.00	30.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars.

Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Ira n Derr, M. G. Hughes.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr R. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Sco t. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, Presiden', R. H. Gro s, Cashier.
Firs Na ional Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Roblson, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Associa ion—J. K Brower, Presiden, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Tustin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Minis er—Rev. J. McCron.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Pra er Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Minis'er—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Mee ing—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Sea s free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. N. S. Buckingham.
Minister—Rev. J. S. McMurray.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Pra er Mee ing—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner of Third and Iron streets.

Pastor—Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier.
Residence—East street, opp. Third street.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—3 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited There is always room.
Services every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at deller's church, Madison township.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Rector—
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Pra er Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill,"—known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on rock street east of Iron.

Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.

Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb. 19, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these necessary articles.

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc., Main street.

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries, etc., Main st., East Bloomsburg.

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

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

C. E. SAVAGE, Dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the Central Hotel.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. R. IKELER, Attorney at Law. Rooms in Exchange Block, 2d floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. es

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5. Oct. 15, '75.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office S. E. corner Rock and Market streets.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

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

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

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

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Clark & Wolf's store, Main street.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main st., above Central Hotel.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Centre street, between Second and Third.

THOMAS WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block.

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

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

A. B. HERRING, Carpenter and builder, Main street below Pine.

BUCK HORN.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise.

CATAWISSA.

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney-at-Law, Main street.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second street, Robbins' building.

WM. L. EYERLY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Catawissa, Pa.

Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

NOTICE.

From this date the Bloomsburg Gas Company will put in service pipes at first cost and furnish and set locks s at four dollars each.

The company have on hand a lot of gas tar suited for painting roofs, and posts or other timbers placed under ground.

Price 50 cents per gallon or $2.50 per barrel.

C. W. MILLER, Sect.

Oc. 15, 75-

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. A. L. TURNER,
Residence on Market Street one door below D. J. Waller's.
Office over Kleim's Drug Store. Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m. for treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.
All calls night or day promptly attended to.
Apr.23'75-tf

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Mar.27,'74—y Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. B. F. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office above J. Schuyler & Son's Hardware Store. Apr.23'75-tf

SAMUEL KNORR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets Oct. 8, '75

E. E. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—Room No. 1, "Columbian" Building.
Sept. 18,1875.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. July1,73—y

C. B. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House
Mar.6,'74—y

R. F. & J. M. CLARK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Eat s Building. April 10,'74—y

A. CREVELING SMITH. HERVEY EWING SMITH.

A. CREVELING SMITH & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
All business entrusted to our care will recieve prompt attention. July1,'73—y

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Adjoining C. R. & W. J. Buckalew.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Apr. 14,'76-1y.

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. H. LITTLE.

E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. 1y—38

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America.
Agents for Continental Life Insurance Company of New York. Assets nearly $3,000,000. The best in the country. Send for descriptive pamphlet. tf

WILLIAM BRYSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Pa.
Feb 18, '76-1y.

HARMAN & HASSERT.

FOUNDERS, MACHINISTS,

AND

IRON-SMITHS.

East Street, below Rail Road,

BLOOMSBUG, PA.

We respectfully call public attention to the following facts that: They manufacture first class

MINE CAR WHEELS AND AXLES

and all kinds of Coal Breaker Castings. They also make all kinds of Car, Machine, Bridge and other castings used by contractors generally. They also manufacture

HEATING AND COOK STOVES,

and are prepared to furnish all kinds of repairs, such as Grates, Lids, Fire Brick, Stretchers, &c. They keep constantly on hand

PLOWS AND PLOW POINTS.

Large Iron Kettles, Farmers' Bells, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes, Cellar Grates, &c. They are also prepared to furnish

Saw and Grist Mill Machinery,

Shafting, Pulley's, &c. They pay special attention to

Repairing Threshing Machines

Reapers, &c.

The Proprietors are both practical mechanics. Try them.

Dec. 3,1875-3m

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

GILMORE & Co., successors to Chipman, Hosmer & Co., Solicitors, Patents procured in all countries. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. By a recent decision of the Commissioner ALL rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to interference cases before the Patent Office, extensions before Congress, infringement suits in different States, and all litigation appertaining to inventions or patents. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co. for pamphlet of sixty pages.

LAND CASES, LAND WARRANTS AND SCRIP.

Contested land cases prosecuted before the U. S. General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private land claims, mining and pre-emption claims, and homestead cases attended to. Land scrip in 40, 80 and 160 acre pieces for sale. This scrip is assignable, and can be located in the name of the purchaser upon any Government land subject to private entry, at $1 25 per acre. It is of equal value with bounty land Warrants. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co. for pamphlet of instructions.

ARREARS OF PAY AND BOUNTY.

Officers, soldiers and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

PENSIONS.

All officers, soldiers and sailors wounded, ruptured or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension by addressing Gilmore & Co.

Cases prosecuted by Gilmore & Co. before the supreme court of the United States, the court of claims, and the southern claims commission.

Each department of our business is conducted in a separate bureau, under charge of the same experienced parties employed by the old firm. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to GILMORE & CO. is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it. Address,

GILMORE & CO.,
629 F street, Washington, D. C.
Jan 21,'76-tf.

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,000,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	221,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$118,996,000

March 26,'77—y

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. March 10, 76-1y.

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.

G. A. HERRING

RESPECTFULLY announces to the public that he has reopened

SNYDER'S TANNERY,
(old stand) Bloomsburg, Pa., at the Forks of the Easy and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the times. The highest price in cash will at all times be paid for

GREEN HIDES

of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Bloomsburg, Oct. 1, 1875-

CARRIAGE

MANUFACTORY

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER

HAVE on hand and for sale at the most reasonable rates a splendid stock of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every description of Wagons both PLAIN and FANCY,

Warranted to be made of the best and most durable materials, and by the most experienced workmen. All work sent out from the establishment will be found to be of the highest class and sure to give perfect satisfaction. They have also a fine assortment of

SLEIGHS

of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best material.

An inspection of their work is asked as it is believed that none superior can be found in the country.
Oct. 8, 1875—tf.

WANTED,

1,000 GOOD MEN

to call at

CROSSLEY'S CARRIAGE SHOP

to inspect his work, and he will guarantee you can make $25 on a first class Top Buggy if you buy of him for cash. I offer for sale at cost,

TEN BUGGIES,
3 PHAETONS,
7 SHIFTING TOP & OPEN BUGGIES

The price of my wagons is as follows:

3 Phaetons, Sarvent pat. wheels, gum top, one for $175, cost.
2 Piano box, portable top, pat. wheels, gum top, one for $175, cost.
5 Piano box, open, patent wheels, steel tire, one for $125, cost.
3 Platform spring wagons, patent wheels, 2 seats, one for $165, cost.

As I am closing out my business the offer I make will stand till the first of July. All work warranted to stand, and are made of good material.

A. S. CROSSLEY.
March 31—3m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., B. Stohner, Proprietor. Accommodations first-class. $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Restaurant attached. October 8, '75-tf

CENTRAL HOTEL,
A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE,
Oct. 8,'75ly JOHN LAYCOCK, Prop'r.

NEW SALOON AND RESTAURANT.

The undersigned has opened a first-class Eating House in the Exchange Block, formerly occupied by B. Stohner, where his customers will find every thing in his line.
MILTON CHARLES.
Feb 18-3m.

C. M. BROWN,
has removed his Boot and Shoe Store from Brown's Hotel to 1st door above Wagenseller and Sharpless'. Towanda Boots a specialty. Repairing done at short notice.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH. Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa. Oct 1, '75 1y

EXCHANGE

Opposite the Court House,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

The LARGEST and BEST in all respects in the county
W. B. KOONS, Proprietor.
Oct. 8,'75-1y

W. HOWELL,
DENTIST.
Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner Main and Market Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
May 26—1y.

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 FOUNTAIN 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.

Office a few doors above the Court House, same side. Oct. 8 75

F. J. THORNTON
would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he has just received a full and complete assortment of

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,

and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment, Main street, below Market. oct. 8.75

WOOD PUMPS

B — TRADE MARK — BLACKMAN'S PATENT
G — TRADE MARK — GRATON PATENT

Blackman's Standard Cucumber and Graton Co.'s Pumps, with copper lined cylinders and new styles, and all valuable improvements. Manufacturing facilities greatly increased; stock and assortment LARGE, prices SMALL. Pedlers, Dealers and the Trade especially, are cordially invited when in town to visit the big Exhibition, to call and see us or send for catalogue, with prices and terms.

C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r, 506 Commerce St., Phila.
March 31—6m.

THE EYE & EAR.

DR. G. C. McDERMOTT

makes the treatment of

Diseases of the Ear & Eye

A SPECIALTY,

and has opened at Williamsport, Pa., an Institution for the treatment and cure of patients suffering from such diseases.

Office Hours.—Until 8 a. m., 1 to 3, and 6 to 8 p. m. Call on or address

G. C. McDERMOTT, M. D.,
73 Edwin St., Williamsport, Pa.
April 28-6m.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
at
PRIVATE SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale, two small lots, on each which are erected a frame dwelling house, stable and necessary outbuildings. Also four vacant lots, adjoining the above and of larger size. These lots are on the Main road, near Stillwater, Fishing Creek township.

For terms apply to Wm. IKELER,
May 5, '75.-4m. Stillwater, Pa.

Poetical.

WASHINGTON'S NURSERY SONG.

A little while ago there appeared in the Springfield (Mass.) REPUBLICAN a letter from a descendant of Chief-Justice Ellsworth, in which an account was given of Washington's visit to his friend the Chief-Justice. While he was a guest in the house Washington went to the nursery, and taking his friend's twin boys on his lap sang a nursery song for their amusement. The song as it appeared in the REPUBLICAN was incomplete, and a missing stanza is supplied in the following version, which has been sent to us by the descendant of Chief-Justice Ellsworth who told the story in the REPUBLICAN:

THE DERBY (DARBY) RAM.

As I was going to Derby,
Upon a market day,
I spied the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.
Tow de row de row,
Tow de row de ra.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.
Tow, &c.

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reaches to the sky,
And eagles build their nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry.
Tow, &c.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three thousand yards of cloth,
For he wove it all in a day.
Tow, &c.

The horns upon this ram, sir,
They reached up to the moon,
A nigger climb up in January,
And never came down till June.
Tow, &c.

The butcher that cut his throat, sir,
Was drowned in the blood,
And the little boy who held the bowl
Was carried away in the flood.
Tow, &c.

—N. Y. EVENING POST.

FIRST AND LAST.

"But tell me dear," she said—
And coaxingly the soft eyes shone,
And shyly drooped the modest head
Beside his own—
"But tell me, have you loved before?
Or one, or more?"

The eager, sparkling face
Was full of tender, trusting grace;
She did not fear his answer then,
Her king of men!
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,
Or, am I first?"

He turned his eyes away;
Yet closer her hand he pressed,
Nor answered yea, nor nay;
A blush confessed
All, in one burning word,
Unsaid, unheard!

Quick came a burst of tears—
A tempest from an April sky—
And then: "Forgive my doubts and fears,"
He heard her sigh.
"Why should I care what loves are past,
So mine be last?"

ANOTHER'S.

She has the most alluring eyes,
A little Grecian nose;
She wears the most bewitching guise,
And parti-colored hose!
Her touch can thrill one strangely when
One clasps her in the dance;
At least they tell me so—but then
I never had the chance.

Her melting tones, so people say,
Intoxicate the brain,
And leave, when she has gone away,
A joy akin to pain.
Her voice is like sweet music when
Its strains are soft and low;
So those who've heard it say—but then
I never did, you know.

She makes the most superb ragout—
Knits stockings by the score;
Knows Latin, and Italian, too,
Greek, French, and plenty more!
She's just the girl to sweeten life—
Adorable!—divine!
In short, she is a perfect wife!
But then she isn't mine!

Miscellaneous.

STARTING A GRAVEYARD.

THE FIRST INQUEST AND FUNERAL IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Death demanded a sacrifice. A graveyard had to be started in Custer City. No one had volunteered to die and no ruffian had offered a sacrifice. Fate led Charley Holt and John Pickett across the plains from Sioux City, and hope and ambition led them to "drive their stakes" upon the southern slope in the suburbs of Custer. Poor boys! they were not yet men, and their combined fortune and earthly effects would not reach five dollars in value. They selected a town lot upon a grassy knoll, close to a small grove of straight, tall, pines, and being unable to chop large logs or buy lumber with which to construct a habitation, dug a cave. These boys made their deadfall eight feet square, covered it with pine brush propped this up with eight small poles, threw on several tons of earth, and went to bed to dream of home, of mother, of father and of the fortune they, in their boyish imaginations, had already carved out of these golden realms. When morning came (March 3d) a sad sight was revealed to the young man who went to the dug-out to borrow a shovel. The angel of death had been there in the night and had buried the sleeping boys alive. A faint, piteous voice beneath this living grave broke the icy stillness of the frosty morning, crying out, "In God's name, pull me out! I am dying." The boy who had come to borrow a shovel fled in horror from the fatal spot, calling loudly for help, which came from all directions, from fifty cabins in the gulch. A dozen yeoman arms delved down and tore away the cruel earth which had already clasped and claimed one of these boys as its own, and which had hugged and pressed in its icy embrace, for eight long hours, the struggling survivor. The story told by the mangled and mutilated youth is a brief one. He told it to me while gasping in agony and pain, stretched upon a couch of pine boughs on the hillside.

"We finished our 'dug-out' yesterday, and I went down to beg for work or flour. We had eaten up our last grub. Charlie—that's my partner—stayed at home to fix up things and finish digging out the chimney. I went to the miners' meeting at Swearenger's saloon, and came home about 10 o'clock, and went to bed. When I woke I was buried, but had one hand free, with which I pulled away the dirt and brush and got air. Then all was dark again, and after awhile I woke up. I could see the stars and the moon, and I heard Charlie calling for me to help him. I tried to move, but the dirt came tumbling in on my face, so I quit. Then Charlie said, "Johnny, I am dying; write to my mother." I called out "Charlie, I can't get out; God help you; we must die!" Then all got dark again. That's all I know, sir, till just now. Is Charlie dead?"

Yes, Charlie was dead! His crushed and mangled body was dragged out of the debris a few minutes afterwards, and borne down the hillside to a deserted soldier's cabin on Custer street, and laid out upon a plank placed upon two logs.

Then came the inquest—the first held in the Black Hills. It was a queer scene. There stood the City Marshal, a tall, rough, honest man, with bronzed-brown face and tear-stained eyes, a pair of navies on his hips, but gentle as a lamb in the face of death like this.

The Coroner, a miner with grizzled beard and hard grimy hands, stood by the body with a book in his hand. Two doctors, just arrived that morning from Platte county, Mo., looking more like tramps than professionals, stood by. A reporter, a Jewish clothing dealer, a saloon keeper, a lawyer and two miners constituted the jury, which sat itself upon a log which insisted upon rolling over every two minutes. The inquest was brief, the reporter organized the jury, swore them in, elicited the evidence, made the verdict, and founded the first official archive for the city. The verdict was "accidental death from suffocation," that was all, and material was ready with which to start a graveyard in Custer.

Then came humane hands and kind hearts, and dressed the unfortunate stranger. Charles Fahey found a white shirt, the only one in the city, a sheet was converted into a shroud, and Charley Holt soon lay in a rough pine box upon a bier of logs. This was not all, a fire was built in the corner of that black, deserted cabin. The roof opened to allow the smoke to escape, and then a half dozen noble men sat and watched until day-light. They were bound to start a graveyard. With the rising of the sun came ladies—yes, ladies; kind-hearted pioneers who had woven a wreath of pine twigs, winter ivy, pine cones and four little fragments of white tarletan and pieces of the black silk strings of Mrs. Dorfmend's bonnet. This wreath was laid reverentially upon the unpainted pine box; it was all these five noble-hearted woman could do, and do it well. But still the graveyard was not inaugurated. Here was a corpse neatly shrouded, wreathed and confined—and no graveyard; but a site for a city graveyard was found—a natural cemetery already planted with groves of trees, and laid out by nature into broad, irregular avenues, all sodded and half green. Cascades, ornamented with glittering lilies, lent their aid to the frosted evergreen foliage and snow white grotto of quartz to beautify the newly-selected site for the city of the dead. A half-dozen brawny athletes, with pick and shovel, tore open the virgin soil, and made the grave. They were generous sextons, these amateurs, and sunk a hole like unto a mining shaft. It was at least twelve feet long—this grave for the half-grown boy. But the trouble was only half over. Who would act as parson? There is no preacher in Custer, and a two hours canvass of the city failed to find a professor of religion among 300 people. Worse than that, a close search failed to find a proper book. The Mayor, an honest man, appealed to one of the two lawyers in the city to "say a few words at the grave, to be Christian-like," but such pleading was not in his line; so the three doctors were applied to, but with like success. Then came a committee of Judge, Mayor and Marshal to the reporter. Surely a "paper man" knew something about funerals; and, said the Mayor, "we want to put the lad away a kind o' christian-like; not like a dog." Besides, a graveyard had to be started.

Then came Miss Ida Simms, like an angel of goodness, with a small gilt-edged Bible, the only one in the city, and the funeral cortege moved through the main street of the "city." It was a picturesque scene on this bright, sunny day. A wagon containing the unpainted coffin, upon which lay the ladies' evergreen wreath. Then the Mayor, Judge, Councilmen and Marshal, rough blue shirted men in miner's and slouch hats. A dozen or two miners, merchants and hunters brought up the rear, and the procession moved silently on.

Then a shallow grave on the hillside, sunk, as one of the amateur sextons said, "clar down to the bed-rock, gentleman, down whar the dirt shows good color." Silently the body was taken from the wagon and tenderly laid in the golden earth upon the bed-rock. Then every head was bared and every bronzed countenance bowed while one or two selections of Scripture were read. The grave was soon filled and a white pine headstone set in the earth, and thus the city of Custer inaugurated its graveyard.

The saddest point about this affecting incident is yet to be mentioned. No letters, papers, or even the slightest clue to his home or friends have been found. All that is known is that he walked all the way from Sioux City to the Black Hills to die and start a graveyard.

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.—"Is my hat done?" inquired a lady at a Chicago millinery establishment one day.

"Yes, ma'am," politely responded the shopwoman, "will be here in a moment."

An assistant soon brought up the bonnet, and while the customer was duly inspecting it, the store proprietor ventured to inquire:

"How do you like it, ma'am?"

"It's simply horrid," was the reply.

"But it is just as you ordered it," pleaded the maker of headwear.

"Yes, something as I ordered," was the short and sneering answer.

"I am really sorry, but"—

"Well, never mind," broke in the buyer, with set lips, "what's the expense?"

"A-b-o-u-t $7, I guess," said the shopwoman, timidly.

The money was paid over and the bonnet ordered up to her house, when the purchaser pranced out upon the street and immediately exclaimed to an accompanying lady friend:

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "it's ravishing, but how could you talk so to that woman?"

"Talk so?" exclaimed she of the new bonnet, "why, if I had let her know how much I liked the hat, that shopwoman would certainly have charged fifteen dollars, but now, you see, I've got it for seven!"

The other woman said she had never thought of that, but would profit by her friend's ripe experience, and never like an article again until after she had bought it.

"Suppose," said Mr. Adolphus Slapside, our village school teacher, addressing the first geography class, "suppose—now listen, boys and girls—I were to go out on the play ground and pierce a hole through the centre of the earth, and drop a stone in it, where would it come out?" "Out of the other end of the hole," was the ready response of little Johnny Sharp.

The New Boy.

He made his appearance at one of the Union Schools the other morning, and arriving ahead of time, he prevented any feelings of loneliness from seizing him by licking three boys and riding the gate off its hinges. He went in with the crowd when the bell rang, and finding no empty seat, he perched himself on the woodbox. When the children repeated the "Lord's prayer" in concert the new boy kept time with his heel, and when they came to sing he argued that variety is the spice of song and attempted to sing one of his own—one about a gentleman named Dan Tucker, who dreamed that he was dead, and so-forth. The teacher warned him to keep still, and he replied that he wouldn't come to that school if his musical qualifications were to be overlooked. When school finally opened the teacher secured his name and began asking him questions in order to find out how he should be graded.

"Can you spell?" she asked.

"What kind of spelling?" he cautiously replied.

"Spell house, please."

"Frame or brick house?" he asked.

"Any kind of a house."

"With a mortgage on it?"

"You may spell man, if you will," she said, giving a severe look.

"Man?"

"Yes."

"I don't care much about spelling man this morning, but I will this afternoon. I've spelt it with my eyes shut.

"Do you know your alphabet?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Never had any," was the prompt reply.

"Do you know anything about reading?"

"I read like—lightning!" he answered.

"Let me hear you read."

"Right out loud?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid it will disturb the children," he whispered.

"Go on, let me hear you read"

He looked carefully at the page, scowled his brow and read:

"If I were a lame boy and didn't get any peanuts in my stockings Christmas, dum my eyes! but wouldn't I make things jump around that house next morning!"

He handed the book back and the teacher asked:

"Richard, how many are three and three?"

"Three and three of what?" he inquired.

"Anything."

"It's a good deal according to what it is," he replied, as he settled back. "I know that three and three cats don't make a dog."

"Did you ever study geography, Richard?"

"Yes, ma'am.

"What is geography?"

"It's a book."

"Is the world round or flat?"

"Hills and hollers," he replied.

"Richard, can you write?"

"Write what?"

"Can you write your name?"

"I could, I s'pose; but I've got my name without writing it."

"Can you write a letter?"

"Who to?"

"To any one."

"Yes, I could, if I had money to pay the postage."

"Well, Richard," she said in despair, "you'll have to go into the lower room if you want to come to school here."

"I'd rather stay here."

"But you can't."

"I'll bet you this knife agin ten cents I can."

She took him by the arm to remove him, but he laid his hand on her shoulder and said in a warning voice:

"Don't get me mad now, or I'll let myself loose."

She called the principal down, and as he approached the boy he demanded:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Getting eddicashun!" replied Richard.

"You go right down stairs now!" continued the principal.

"Well, don't sass me, for I was never here before," replied Richard, slowly moving his legs as if he meant to get down.

The principal took him by the collar and jerked him around, got kicked on the shin and bitten on the wrist, and finally landed the young student on the walk.

"Now go home!" he shouted, as he tried to recover his breath.

"Am I eddicated?" inquired Richard.

"You seem to be."

"Gimme a diplomy then!"

"You clear out or I'll have you arrested."

"Hain't I a scholar in this school no more?"

"No, sir."

"Who owns this school house?" demanded the boy.

"No matter; clear out."

"Will you come out into the yard where you can't hang to anything?" asked the boy.

"Begone, I say."

"Don't draw no derringer on me!" warned the boy as he backed off, "nor don't think you can scare me with any of your bowie-knives."

The principal walked in and shut the door, and after the new boy had stood there long enough to show that he wasn't afraid he turned and walked off, growling to himself:

"I'll get the foreman of No. 6 to pound that fellow afore he's a week older."

A small boy, with a very sharp nose, halted before a baker's window the other day, and took a long look at the cakes.—He finally entered, and leaning over the counter, remarked:

"If you was a boy, you know, and I was a man and kept this shop, do you know what I'd do?"

The baker confessed his ignorance.

"Well, if you was a boy, you know, you'd be hungry, and if you came into my shop, you know, I'd hand you out a cake for nothing, you know, and when you got to be a man you'd buy all you could of me, you know, and you'd git everybody else to trade with me, for you'd remember how I gave you a cake, you know, and you'd want to pay me back."

No lawyer could have put the case better; and the boy got the cake.

A gentleman having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise found him waiting. He thus addressed him: "Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind b re; but I am glad to see you have become early of late."

Mysterious Sounds.

Perhaps the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar because almost every county fair is visited by one or more of these exhibitors; mysterious because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain why it is that some men can speak from the stomach instead of from the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exerting this art in a public coffee house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold.

Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother. Suddenly they heard a voice, as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal. Not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces and chanted the *De Profundis*.

A committee app