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 —$1 84 if not paid in advance and $3.00 if payment be delayed beyond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of 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 Job 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, OCTOBER 13. 1876.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 41
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 35

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.00; 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	60.00
One column	30.00	36.00	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—Iram 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. H. 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, Scott. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier.
First National 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. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, 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 o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats 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 Prayer Meeting—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. G. D. Gurley.
Residence—Central Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.

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 1st 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.
Prayer 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

ASSIGNEE NOTICE.

Assignment of A. B. Pearson and wife of Springfield township, Bucks county, Pa.

WHEREAS, the above named have made an assignment of all their real and personal property to the undersigned for the benefit of creditors, notice is therefor given that all persons having claims against the Assignors will present them at once, and all indebted are notified to make immediate payment.
L. H. WAGNER,
Assignee
Sept. 22, '76-6w.

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 Ent's Building. April 16,'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. R. 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 $7,000,000. The best in the country. Send for descriptive pamphlet. tf

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

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

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 HOTEL,
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.

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, Main street, below Market. oct. 8,'75

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

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
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	800,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	231,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,950,000

March 26,'77—y

THE UNDERSIGNED, representing several of the most conservative and reliable American Fire Insurance Companies, would beg leave to offer his services to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, requesting a reasonable share of the public patronage.
W. J. POWELL.
Bloomsburg, July 18, 1876.
Office in Brower's Block.
July 21-6m.*

The Wall Street Indicator.
THIS WEEK'S ISSUE SENT FREE.
Contains Pictorial Illustrations of Bulls and Bears. Also, full and complete instructions how to operate in Stocks and Stock Privileges. Capital hits and suggestions. Also, a list of Valuable Premiums to Clubs. "Send for it."
BUCKWALTER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, P. O. Box 4317, 10 Wall St., New York City.
Mar. 31, '76.-1y

Columbia County
BANK,
OF BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.
Formerly the Bank of Espy, removed April first, 1876. Is conveniently located in the central part of the town, and does a general BANKING business.
Money received on deposit subject to check without notice. Special arrangements made with depositors, and interest allowed on time Deposits.
Issue Drafts on New York and Philadelphia.
Collections made on all important towns in the U. S., at lowest rates of exchange. Bonds and stocks bought and sold, and coupons collected. Every security given to depositors that can be offered by any Bank.
DISCOUNT DAYS:—Tuesday and Friday.
RATE, SIX PER CENT.
Aug. 16, '76-6m.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
ROWELL & CHESMAN Advertising Agents,
THIRD & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, M.

PAPER BAGS FOR SALE
AT THE COLUMBIA OFFICE.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

DR. SWAYNE,
The discoverer and compounder of the far-famed
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry
and other valuable preparations, entered upon his professional career with the important advantage of a regular medical education in one of the oldest and best schools in Philadelphia, and, perhaps, in the world. He subsequently served a faithful term of practice in the Philadelphia Dispensary, and for many years attended in the Hospital. In these institutions he enjoyed the most ample opportunities of obtaining an insight into diseases in all their various forms, as well as for ascertaining the best methods of their treatment. In offering, therefore, to the people of the United States the fruits of his extensive professional experience in the medical compounds as the best results of his skill and observation, he feels that he is but proffering a boon to every family throughout the land, resting, as he does, confidently in the merits and efficacious virtue of the remedies he herewith commends. The vast amount of testimony from all parts of the world has proven "DOCTOR SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY" the most efficacious remedy known, and it is admitted by our most eminent physicians, and all who have witnessed its wonderful healing properties. The WILD CHERRY in all ages of the world and in all countries where it is known has been justly celebrated for its wonderful medicinal qualities, but its great power to cure some of the worst and most distressing diseases among us was never fully ascertained until the experiments of this skillful physician, Dr. Swayne, had demonstrated its high adaptation, in combination with Pine Tree Tar, and other equally valuable vegetable ingredients, which chemically combined renders its action tenfold more certain and beneficial in curing all diseases of the throat, breast and lungs. DR. SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY COMPOUND strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous and shattered constitution. If your druggist or storekeeper does not have it, do not be put off by any other remedy that may be offered, but send to us direct, and we will forward a half dozen to any address, freight paid, on receipt of the price, $1 per bottle, or $5 the half dozen. Address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. No charge will be made for advice.

Ask Your Druggist for Them.

Females and all who value health should never be without Dr. SWAYNE'S TAR AND SARSAPARILLA PILLS, as they purify the blood, remove all obstructions, cleanse the skin of all pimples and blotches, and bring the rich color of health to the pale cheek. Female irregularities are restored to a healthy condition. They are a certain cure for Sick and Nervous Headache. As a Dinner Pill, nothing can exceed them; take one, two, or three, as may be found necessary; unlike others, they neither gripe, produce nausea, or any other unpleasant sensation, while they are as powerful as it is possible for a medicine to be and be harmless. These Pills cleanse out the disordered humors, enrich and purify the blood, remove all unhealthy bilious secretions of the stomach and bowels, causing a perfectly healthy state of the liver, and are undoubtedly the best cathartic and antibilious medicine yet discovered; and we are determined that the sick shall have them at a price within the means of the poorest (**25 cents a box of 30 Pills.**) If your druggist or storekeeper has not got them, do not be put off by any others that may be offered in their place, but send to us direct, and we will forward by mail, on receipt of the price, 25 cents a box or five boxes $1.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's Ointment,

Is particularly adapted to all forms of skin diseases. Cures even when all other remedies and treatment fail.

Cures Tetter,	Scald Head,
Salt Rheum,	Ringworm,
Barber's Itch,	Pimples, Sores,
Prarie Itch	Army Itch,
Sore Heads,	Blotches, Scurvy,
Humors, Piles,	Chronic Erysipelas of the face.
All Eruptions,	

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT
Seems to cure every case, leaving the skin smooth and clear without a blemish behind.

Itching Piles
is generally preceded by a moisture, like perspiration, distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at night when undressing, or in bed after getting warm. It appears in summer as well as winter, oftentimes shows itself around the private parts, and is not confined to males only, but is quite as frequent that females are sorely afflicted, particularly in times of pregnancy, extending into the vagina, proving distressing almost beyond the powers of endurance. Cases of long standing, pronounced incurable, have been permanently cured by simply applying

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Dr. Swayne & Son:—Gentlemen—The box of Ointment you sent me by mail cured me entirely of Itching Piles, which I suffered with for five years. Enclosed find fifty cents for another box for a friend of mind.
ANDREW J. BEACH.
Farmwell Station, London Co., Va.

Rev. Isaac Holland, Webster, Taylor county W. Va., writes:
November 20, 1875—I have been a sufferer from Itching Piles. I procured a box of your ointment last spring which gave me instant relief, and feel confident it will effect a permanent cure. Enclosed find fifty cents, for which please send me another box by mail.

An Eruption of 8 Years Standing.

I was troubled with an eruption of eight years itching, intolerable at times; tried many preparations without finding relief. Through the use of Swayne's All-Healing Ointment I am entirely cured.
JOSEPH LAMBERT.
At Hortsman & Bros., 5th and Cherry, Phila.

I was entirely cured of Tetter
in its worst form by Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment, and shall be happy to explain my case to all who may call upon me.
JAMES McKINSLEY, West End Hotel, 23d Street, below Lombard, Philadelphia.

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents a box.
Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. No charge for advice.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of

SWAYNE'S PANACEA,

celebrated all over the world for its remarkable cures of Scrofula, Mercurial and Syphilitic complaints, and in cases where Syphilitic virus of the parent causes development of Syphilis or scrofula in the child nothing has ever proved so effectual in completely eradicating every vestige of these dangerous complaints and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood.
Be particular to obtain the genuine, as prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. 6th St., Philadelphia. See that the name is spelled correctly, SWAYNE, as there are preparations of somewhat similar name in the market.

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT
OR TURNING GRAY?
IF SO DO NOT FAIL TO USE

The most	London Hair Color Restorer
Reliable Hair	London Hair Color Restorer
Restorative ever	London Hair Color Restorer
Introduced to the	London Hair Color Restorer
American	London Hair Color Restorer
People	London Hair Color Restorer
For Restoring	London Hair Color Restorer
Gray Hair and	London Hair Color Restorer
Preventing	London Hair Color Restorer
Baldness.	London Hair Color Restorer
The great	London Hair Color Restorer
Luxury of	London Hair Color Restorer
the Dress-	London Hair Color Restorer
Room.	London Hair Color Restorer

1. It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2. It will make the hair grow on bald heads.
3. It will restore the natural secretions.
4. It will remove all dandruff and itching.
5. It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible
6. It will preserve the original color to old age.
7. It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8. It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

75 Cents per Bottle.
6 bottles $4. Sent by express to any address on receipt of price.
Address orders to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Phila., Pa., sole proprietors.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Mar 22,'76—1y.

Poetical.

HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, labor, truth,
Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found!
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

D. M. JORDAN.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing,
And names that are never spoken,
There are treasures guarded with jealous care
And kept as a sacred token.
There are faded flowers, and letters dim
With tears that have rained above them
For the fickle words and the faithless hearts
That taught us how to love them.

There are sights that come in our joyous hours
To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes
In hours of thoughtless sadness.
For the [illegible] bird that sings in spring
Will [illegible] summer.
And lips that we kissed in fondest love
Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where lilies rest
In white hands stilled forever,
The roses of June will nod and blow,
Unheeding the hearts that sever,
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
All words of hope refusing,
Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
That perish with the using.

Summer blossoms and winter snows,
Love and its sweet elysian;
Hope, like a siren dim and fair,
Quickening our fainting vision;
Drooping spirit and failing pulse
Where untold memories hover,
Eyelids touched with the seal of death
And the fitful dream is over.

Miscellaneous.

A WONDERFUL FOREIGNER.

HOW HE DISCOVERS CRIME BY MEANS OF A DIVINING ROD.

Some remarkable facts were told a reporter the other day in connection with a Frenchman named Jacques Careme, whose skill with the divining rod has earned him no little celebrity among the superstitions of his own countrymen. About three years ago, in the valley of the Meuse, five miles from Seraing, in Belgium, a new shaft for a projected coal mine was commenced. The stock company were satisfied that an excellent quality of mineral lay beneath them. Two of their number, MM. Chauvin and Garnier, were apprehensive that obstacles might be encountered in sinking the shaft, approaching as it did the northwesterly spur of the Vosges, which would materially detract from the subsequent profit of the enterprise. M. Chauvin dreaded water. M. Garnier was afraid of a deep band of igneous rock. Their partners laughed at them. They sent secretly to a village near Nordlingen, in Wurtemburg, for a man named Jacques Careme, famous for his divinations by means of rhabdomancy. Careme was placed over the spot where ground had been broken for the shaft. "He held in his hands a straight staff cut in two; one extremity of the one half was hollowed out, the other half was sharpened and rounded at the end, and this end was inserted in the hollow and the pointed stick could rotate in the cavity like a ball in a socket." Almost as soon as he had placed himself in position there was a violent action of the stick in the cavity. He boldly asserted that there was a tremendous quantity of water below. The two partners sold out of the company. The shaft was proceeded with. At the depth of 150 feet an enormous fissure or gullet was encountered, almost wide enough for a man to pass through. From this gullet a stream of water rushed in upon the sinkers with the force of a cataract. All progress for a time was prevented. M. Coulson, the most experienced sinker in Europe, directed operations. Heavy pumping machinery was erected, and a drift was constructed to carry this water to the river. There were four thirty inch pumps, and they discharged water at the rate of 7,500 gallons per minute. There had never been seen in Europe such powerful pumping apparatus. Notwithstanding their exceptional powers, they were quite inadequate. The water flowed in in greater force and volume than ever. The company made up their minds that it was useless longer to struggle against a condition of things that appeared to be irresistible.

Shortly afterwards, Jacques Careme, by means of his singular divining rods, discovered the perpetrators of a mysterious murder. The two culprits confessed the crime, and, according to sentence, were broken upon the wheel in the Place des Terraux, Seraing. This triumph of his art made Careme for a time the popular idol. Naturally, however, criminals of all classes regarded him with the deepest aversion. At any moment he might be induced to exercise his skill in detecting their crimes. They, therefore, formed a conspiracy to murder him, but receiving timely warning he summarily quit the country. During the early part of last winter he arrived in New York and proceeded to Sag Harbor, where he has a married sister.

On Christmas eve a neighbor named Aytoun, while absent from home had his house broken into and a quantity of wearing apparel stolen. The fact was mentioned to Careme. "Perhaps I may be able to discover the thief," he quietly said. On reaching the room where the theft had been committed the rods revolved rapidly in his hand, and they continued to rotate in his fingers as long as he remained within, and also when he came outside, and continued in a certain direction, but ceased to turn if he diverged from it in the slighest degree. Guided by his rod, Careme went from lane to lane in the direction of Amagansett. There he entered a cottage and asserted with warmth contrary to the asseveration of the occupant, that the thief had entered his room sometime during the previous day. The man said that was impossible, as he had been from home and the door had been locked. "Then the window was open," said Careme, confidently. Sure enough the window had been open. The house had been entered and an old-fashioned gold watch, the gift of a former employer, stolen from a bureau drawer in the little bed room. Johnson, the owner of the watch, now joined Careme in the quest, and he gazed with open mouth at the queer performances of the rhabdomancer and his whirling sticks. The track led to East Hampton, and to a dilapidated looking hut in that place. The sticks rotated violently as they approached the door and knocked. When a voice inside cried "who's there?" Careme was so much agitated that he nearly fainted. The door was opened; the thief stood before them. "Secure the man," said Careme, "it is he." The fellow, after the most positive denial, was finally overcome by his superstitious fears and confessed the burglaries. The clothes and the watch were produced, and on the thief's promising future reformation, with tears in his eyes, he was not given up to justice.

On the 14th of June last past a wealthy family in Hicksville, Long Island, missed from the family safe a quantity of valuable jewelry consisting of diamond rings, gold bracelets, watches, chains, etc., to the value of over $7000.

The safe was intact. The lock was perfect. The key was in safe keeping. It was evidently no burglar's work; nor could the servants, of whom there were two, have had any hand in the robbery. No one could have opened the safe unless they knew the combination. There were only four persons who knew it—the father and mother and the son and daughter, both the last named of whom have attained their majority. George, the son, is a steady, religious young man, a strict teetotaler and a patron of Young Men's Christian Associations. He had free access to the safe and its contents at all times. So had his sister.

They had no inducement for abstracting by stealth what they could have possessed themselves of openly. Besides, the key of the safe had been locked up in the old gentleman's writing desk for three weeks, and had been last used in the presence of the daughter, when placing a bracelet that had been recently repaired, in the safe.

A private detective of some experience was consulted. He was greatly perplexed. His suspicions not unnaturally fell upon some one of the six inmates of the house. He finally dismissed the theory as untenable. "Some of the family must be somnambulists," he laughingly suggested. He could discover no trace of the jewelry in any of the New York or Brooklyn stores where such valuables were likely to find their way, and he assured the family that it was a case which time and perseverance alone could solve. The subject meanwhile was kept a profound secret. The two servants were placed under strict espionage. George, the son, had been to Sag Harbor on business on the first day of the current month, and he casually heard some of the details of Careme's discovery of the stolen clothes and watch. He determined to see the rhabdomancer. He beheld a quiet little man, with a soft, violet eye and flaxen hair, with small artistic fingers and a neck like a woman. He spoke English remarkably well for a foreigner, but was unwilling to enter into details respecting his own performances in Germany and Belgium. He said it was a divinely imparted power, and therefore, not a subject for self-glorification. The story of the mysterious safe robbery was told. Careme listened with interest. "I cannot tell, but perhaps I may be able to assist in some way." That night he slept in the Hicksville mansion. After breakfast next morning he was conducted to the scene of the robbery, with the rods placed between his two extended palms. There was no motion as he traversed the corridor and ascended the stairway. But when he reached the small safe, the rods rotated tremulously and the man's pulse could be plainly perceived to rise as if he had an access of fever.

The same motions and symptoms manifested themselves as he proceeded down the back staircase used by the servants. Then the trail led through a window and into the garden. The robber had come from without! The trail led by an eccentric circuit to the railway station. The burglar had left by a train. Three lines of railroad centre at Hicksville; which had he taken? Careme said he would have to try this by experiment: He must travel every line and get out at every station until he recovered the track of the fugitive. His skill had never been before confronted with the difficulties of a railroad, and he was confused. He traveled to Syosset, Cold Spring and Northport on a sleeveless errand. Then he tried Westbury, Mineola, Jamaica and Brooklyn where he recovered the scent. George, who accompanied Careme on this extraordinary quest, laughed incredulously. It seemed mere midsummer madness. But the sticks rotated and Careme's face was flushed with excitement. They came to Fulton Ferry, crossed, and again the trace was lost. Careme was troubled and perplexed. Just then, however, a strange thought flashed across the young man's mind. "Come with me," said he, and they proceeded to the corner of Broadway and Wall street. Again the sticks began to violently rotate. Careme led the way down Wall street, passed Broad, and still continued onwards. At the door of a certain building he stopped, and proceeded up stairs. George was so agitated that his knees could scarcely support him. With fatal precision the door of a room was reached and entered.

The young man's dearest friend was the only inmate. "This is the man" said Careme. A wild, exciting and painful scene followed. "Why you have not been at Hicksville in two years," said George. "Yes I have," was the guilty confession. The excitement of the gambler's table, heavy losses, betrayal of friendship—these were the salient points of the story. He had learned the secret of the combination—had abstracted the key from George's pocket, made a cast of it and had another manufactured. While the sister and her mother were residing at his home in the city the wretched gambler proceeded to Hicksville, and while the old gentleman and George were in the house proceeded quietly to rifle the safe. Had he been discovered he purposed to pass the thing off as a good practical joke, and of course the explanation would have been accepted. Some of the goods will be recovered, but there will be no exposure.

How to Dumbfound a Robber.

It happened upon one occasion that your uncle Frank had to go to London upon some important business. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bed room about two hours before his departure. He promised to come up and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The matter which called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, though I did not know it at the time, had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his possession, locked up in the iron safe in our bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was bank manager, and responsible for the whole of it. It was winter and there was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to get into bed, but sat up, looking into the fiery coals, and thinking about all sorts of things. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined for sleep even then. I knew that Frank would be coming to wish me good-bye presently; and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish ears always used to hear when I was alone at night. You may imagine, then, my horror, when I heard a tremendous sneeze within a quarter of an inch from me, just behind the head-board of the bed and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space.

The only thing, as I believe that saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it was, after all, but the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made such a disturbance, it is true, for it was the sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of himself, and almost shook the house. The next instant the wretch had sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on castors, I felt he was standing beside my pillow, looking at me. If he had given only one sneeze he might have believed me, as I lay quite still, breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he reasoned very justly, that unless I was deaf or dead, I must have been awakened by the second.

"You're awake, marm," said he, in a gruff voice, "and its no use shamming! If you don't want a tap with this life-preserver, just look alive!"

I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this and beheld a man, with a crape over his face, standing by the bed. He held a sort of club with two knots upon it in his right hand, and with his left he pointed to the iron safe.

"Is the money there?" said he.

"The plate is," said I, in a trembling voice. "Take it, sir; I am sure you are welcome;" for he might have had everything of value in the house, with all my heart, so he left me my life.

"The money—the gold—the notes, are they there?" cried he again, in a terrible sort of whisper.

"It is all there," replied I, although I knew nothing about it; "for I would not deceive you, sir, on any account."

"You had better not," observed the burglar, grimly, "or it will be all the worse for you." He produced a key like one my husband used, and approached the iron safe; but as he did so his guilty ear caught a footstep on the staircase.

"Who's that?" cried he.

"My husband, sir," returned I; "but, pray don't hurt him; pray."

"Is he not going to town, then?" cried the ruffian with an oath of disappointment.

"He is going at 12 o'clock," replied I; "he is indeed."

"If you tell him," said the burglar hoarsely—"if you breathe but one word of my presence here it will be the death doom of you both;" he had slipped into the alcove, and drawn the bed back again to its place in an instant.

Your Uncle Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me, and observed how terrified I looked.

"You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, my silly child.

"Not I, Frank," returned I as cheerfully as I could; "I have only a little headache," but I said with my fingers so that he could plainly read it in the firelight—"For God's sake, hush; there's a man behind the bed-head."

Your Uncle Frank was as bold as a lion, and had nerves like iron. He only answered, "where is your sal volatile, dearest?" and went to the mantel piece to get it. I thought he could never have understood, he spoke with so much coolness and unconcern, until I saw his fingers reply as he took up the bottle: "All right, don't be afraid!" and then I was not afraid, or at least not so much.

"He has a life preserver," said I with my fingers.

"Your fire is getting rather low, Georgey," observed he, taking up the poker, "I must leave you a good fire to comfort you before I go." He poked the fire, and left the poker in, but without ever taking his eyes off me and the bed-head. "I will just ring the bell and see whether Thomas has got my portmanteau ready. "Mary," continued he to the maid that answered the bell, "send Thomas up." Then when she had gone upon that errand: "By Jove! I never gave him that key; where is it, Georgey? I have not a minute to lose. Is it in your dressing-case with the rest there? I shall be an age in looking for it. Might I ask you to get out of bed for an instant and show me which it is?" He said with his fingers, "jump!" and I jumped you may be sure, Dicky, quickly enough, and was inside the dressing-room, and with the door locked in half a second.

"Come in, Thomas," said your uncle, "come in," for Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber door: "there is some blackguard has got into the house, and if he makes the least resistance, I'll kill him with this hot poker."

At these words the bed was pushed slowly outwards, and the burglar, without his crape mask, and with a face as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding place. Your Uncle Frank knew him at once as having been a bank messenger, who had been turned out of his situation since the fire, upon suspicion of dishonesty.

"Oh, sir, have pity on me," cried he. "I'm an unlucky dog. If it had not been for a sneeze, I should have had ten thousand dollars in my pocket by this time."

"Oh, you came after that did you," said my husband coolly. "Well, please to give up that life preserver you have in your pocket before we have any more conversation."

"And did your lady tell you that, too," cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the servant;" and yet I have stood by her yonder and never heard her utter a word."

"I never spoke," said I, through the dressing-room key hole.

"Then it is a judgment on me," cried the miserable wretch, "and it's no good to fight against it."

"It's not the least good," replied your Uncle Frank, decisively, "and you will go to the police office at once."

So off went the burglar in their custody, leaving poor Aunt Gregory safe and sound after all. And now, don't you think there may be some use in learning everything, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet?

Wiping Out a Bully.

General John Goshwieler, one of the leading capitalists of California, and one of the really good fellows of that state, tells a thrilling story:

One day in early times he was standing in a pioneer shanty saloon, in company with a great big fighter who was the terror of the camp and town.

There was nothing this giant could not whip, and very little that he had not whipped. The big fellow was sitting near the bar when a stranger entered. He was not more than twenty-five, slenderly built, pale, with big eyes, delicate features, and a hand like a girl.

He stepped quietly up to the bar and asked for a glass of brandy. The glass was placed before him, whereupon the bully rose from his chair, put his big brawny hand in front of the youngster, took the brandy and drank it. The youngster said nothing, but quietly laid down four bits and said:

"Give me another glass of brandy."

The brandy was put out, the glass was filled and the bully again reached forward, took the glass and drank it. The youngster put four bits on the counter and said easily:

"Give me two glasses of brandy."

The two glasses were put out, and filled and the bully the third time reached forward, took a glass and drank it. The young man paid no attention even to the giant's pistols and knives, but taking the other glass drank it and put down a dollar. Then with easy manner, he left the bar for the door, walked five or six steps turned like a flash of lightning and shot the bully through the heart.

As he walked out of the door he said to one of the bystanders:

"That fellow might have hurt somebody, yet."

TROOPS THAT ARE NOT WANTED IN THE SOUTH.—Company D. of the Eleventh United States Infantry arrived in this city on Sunday, and were obliged to lay over until Monday. They were from Fort Worth, or some other post in Texas, and on their way to the Indian country in Dakota. A meddlesome Radical politician met the boys soon after they had pitched their tents on a hill above the depot, and called out:

"Hurrah, boys, for Hayes!"

Not a solitary cheer responded. One of the sergeants stepped out of the crowd and remarked:

"You have made a mistake; we don't cheer for Hayes; we are Tilden men."

"What! you do not mean to say you oppose the men who give you food and clothing?

"Yes, we do. We are tired of Grant and his gang, and as for our food and clothes, we will excuse him for that if he will let us loose."

"Oh, nonsense, boys; you don't mean to go back on Grant and Hayes?"

"Yes, we will go back on any man who keeps two-thirds of our boys in blue down in 'Dixie' to keep white men down beneath the niggers, and who sends a handful of us North to be killed and scalped by the Indians, armed with guns and bullets furnished by Grant's brother Orville and his deputy post-traders; and I will bet you a keg of beer that three-fourths of my company are Tilden men."

"I will take that bet."

A vote was taken, and the vote in Company D. Eleventh United States Infantry, stood: Tilden, 40; Hayes, 4.—*Kansas City Times.*

A lady asked a very silly Scotchman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remained at home.

"Oh! madam," said he "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass; and for the honor of the country, no one is permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding."

"Then," said she, "I suppose you were smuggled!"

In a thriving town of Michigan, a year or two ago, when the country was full of agents, and almost everybody was agens for something or other, at certain infant of that town, being blessed by the advent of a baby brother, was very inquisitive as to where the little stranger came from. Being informed that Dr. S. had brought it, he stood in a brown study for a moment, when, with the intelligent look of one who has solved a difficult matter, he asked: "Say, pa, is he the agent for them?"

TOUGHENED GLASS.—The new process for making a tough or unbreakable glass, has been greatly improved since its first announcement, and the material, in the form of lamp chimneys, tumblers, etc., is now offered in commercial quantities. The success attending the experiments already made have inspired further research in the same field, and a number of new processes, of more or less value, are reported. In the original process, glassware raised to a red or melting heat, is plunged into a bath of oily and fatty matter, and the result is to give the glass an entirely new character. Instead of breaking with a star-like fracture under a slight blow, it resists serious blows, and besides a certain amount of elasticity above that it had before, displays a toughness and cohesion many times in excess of its ordinary character. If broken at all, it disintegrates and flies into a great number of minute particles, resembling quartz sand.—"*The World's Work;" Scribner for October.*"

THE SHOOTING FISH.—This very remarkable fish is a native of the West Indies. Nature has constructed this aquatic sportsman in a very singular manner, but one admirably adapted to his sporting predilections. The fish has a hollow cylindrical beak. He frequents the rivers or the seashore in search of food, and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants he derives his name. When this hungry gentleman espies a fly or an insect not taking due care of himself, but sitting on plants in shallow water, he swims away to the distance of four or five feet, and often of six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is so well directed and so swiftly shot forth that it never fails to knock the fly into the water, and once there all hope of escape is gone—the fish darts upon his prey and eagerly devours it; thus supplying us with another instance of the diversified modes in which nature qualifies its countless millions of creatures with the powers necessary for procuring food.

A Specimen English Farmer.

The London *Telegraph* says: In the neighborhood of Newbury, not a hundred miles from the place where John Hampden was born and bred, a sturdy yoeman has given us a specimen of what can be done even late in the autumn of life by those who "scorn delights and live laborious days." Mr. Charlwood, a farmer and miller near Newbury, and some years past the prime of his strength, made a small bet that he would singly and unassisted, cart twenty acres of wheat between the earliest moment at which he could see in the morning and the last moment at which he could see at night. He began his work on a Friday morning at 3.45 on the farm of Mr. N. G. Hutchinson, at Crookham, near Newbury, and by 9.20 at night he had carried the whole contents of the twenty acres. The ricks built from his carting were five in number, three of which were ten yards by five, one ten yards by six, and one which was—as the clown says in the pantomime—"a little one in." It is calculated that while Mr. Charlwood was at work he lifted from two hundred to two hundred and fifty sacks of wheat and fifty or sixty tons of straw, and it is said it would take three ordinary agricultural laborers an entire day to get through such a job. The physical power of the British farmer has always been exceptionally above the average; but at the same time it is seldom that we come across a man who is able in the course of one day's daylight to pitchfork into the wagon twenty acres of wheat. It is too much the fashion at present to utter mournful prophecies of national decadence, and to declare sadly and solemnly that the nation is going to the dogs. As far however, as can be made out, the ordinary physique of Englishmen was never higher than it is now; and when one man swims the channel and another single-handed carts twenty acres of wheat in seventeen hours and three-quarters of continuous work, there is not much reason to complain of national degeneracy.

A SILVER LINING IN A DARK CLOUD.—There has lived in this city the past few years a quiet modest gentleman by the name of Peter Miller. He has resided in this state for the past twenty years, worked in the mines, and part of the time at his trade, carpentering. Years ago he commenced to send home to his widowed mother, living in Michigan, what he could afford to spare from his earnings.

Being a bachelor, he could not brook the idea of having the idol of his heart toil in her declining years; consequently he sent her money at times, making no entry of it, but presuming that his worthy relative would use it as she deemed proper. After years of absence his mother kept writing for him to return, but like other old Californians, he was proud and did not desire to go back until he had sufficient to show that he was from the golden state.

Time works changes, so it did with Peter. He found himself about a month ago without labor—"strapped," to use the common term—and the surroundings neither pleasant nor satisfactory. He was unwell, and thought of home and the friends of his youth back in the wolverine districts.

He wrote his mother that he could not conceal his pride any longer, and stated the situation: if he had money he would return, but he had to make it. Monday last he received a check for $500, and in the letter it was stated that the money he had been sending home for years had been invested in real estate, and that he had better come back and take charge of his property, which was worth over fifty thousand dollars.—*Oakland, Cal., Transcript.*

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—A Yankee traveler out west has written to his mother, telling her his experience, as follows: "Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man he lies, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling one of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper!' Says he he, 'Lay there stranger,' and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch a perfect quadruped. Upon another occasion says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?' Says he, 'You're afraid of fever and ague ain't you?' Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman I swear that these two pistols'—which he held cocked in his hands—'shall cure you of that disorder entirely' So I knelt down and politely apoligized. I admire the Western country much; but durn me if I can stand so much etiquette—it always takes me unawares."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—At a fire in a provincial town the goods in the burning shop had to be cast into the street, and as a matter of course, the night being dark, the articles were disappearing rapidly. A policeman observing a man in the act of picking up a fine cheese made his way through the crowd and stationed himself behind so as to prevent any escape. The man rose with the cheese in his hands and was preparing to decamp, but on beholding the policeman he suddenly changed his mind, and placed the cheese in the policeman's arms, remarking as he did so: "There, you had better take care of that or some one will be walking off with it."