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 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 short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO 2
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 48

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	$2.00	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.00	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—R. S. 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—2 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.

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. 68

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.

WHEN YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE or anything in the TONSORIAL LINE go to
JAMES REILLY'S BARBER SHOP,
THE BEST IN TOWN.
Under Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 13, '75—ly

CATAWISSA.

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

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

THE "MOODY SHIRT."
MADE TO ORDER ONLY.
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
Gentlemen desiring Shirts will please drop us a line and our Agent will call and get the measurement. Factory Corner Penn and Centre streets.
Address F. O. MOODY,
March 16, '76-ly [illegible]

J. B. KNITTLE. W. H. ABBOTT

Important to Farmers.
and everybody in want of
LIME, LUMBER, AND COAL.
We have erected kilns at or near the Paper Mill, on the D. H. & W. R. R. and are now prepared to sell [illegible] at very reasonable prices and of good quality. Orders by the car promptly filled and shipped to any station on the [illegible] of LUMBER [illegible] in the rough [illegible]

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.

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

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

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

C. P. & 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-ly.

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. ly—28

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Opposite the Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The LARGEST and BEST in all respects in the county
Oct. 8,'75-ly W. B. KOONS, Proprietor.

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	500,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	250,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,500,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,200,000

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 21-3m.

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. 18, '76-6m.

To the Working Class.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best Illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.
Sept. 8, '76.—1m.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. Dec. 8, '76-3m

$999 Can't be made by every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, and boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish you a complete Outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of starting you. Particulars free. Write at once. Farmers and mechanics, their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.
Sept. 8, '76.—1m.

THE LUNGS
CONSUMPTION.

This distressing and dangerous complaint, and its premonitory symptoms, neglected cough, night sweats, hoarseness wasting flesh fever—permanently cured by Dr. "Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry."

BRONCHITIS—a Premonitor of Pulmonary Consumption, is characterized by Catarrh or Inflamation of the mucous membrane of the air passages, hoarseness, pains in the chest. For all Bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice, coughs,

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Hemmorrhage or spitting of blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arise from various causes, as undue physical exertion, plethora fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry
strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

Its marvelous power not only over every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is needed, Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsides, the pulse returns to its natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food and every organ has a purer and better quality of blood supplied to it, out of which new recreative and plastic material is made.

DR. SWAYNE graduated at one of the best Medical Colleges in the U. S., and was engaged in an active practice for many years, thus guaranteeing that his preparations are prepared upon strictly scientific principles.

Reliable Evidence.

HOME TESTIMONY.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: I feel it to be due to you and suffering humanity to give the following testimony respecting the wonderful curative powers of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla and Tar Pills. I was afflicted with a violent cough, pains in the side and breast, night sweats, sore throat, my bowels were costive, appetite nearly gone, and my stomach so very weak that my physician was at a loss to know what to do for me, as everything I used in the shape of medicine was rejected; spit different times a pint of blood. I remained for months in this awful condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. At this time you recommended the use of your syrup and Pills, which immediately began to soothe, comfort and allay the violence of the cough, strengthened and healed the lungs; in short, it has made a perfect cure of me, and I am now able to pursue my daily labor. Any person doubting the truth of the above statement will please call on or address me, at the factory.

EDWARD H. HAMSON,
Engineer of Geo. Sweeney's Pottery,
Ridge Road, below Wallace, Phila.

Over 20 years have elapsed, and Mr. Hamson still remains a hearty man to this day—September 30th, 1875.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, Boyertown, Berks Co., Pa., writes: Your compound syrup of Wild Cherry I esteem very highly; have been selling and recommending it to my patients for many years and it always proves efficacious in obstinate coughs, bronchial and asthmatical affections. It has made some remarkable cures in this section, and I consider it the best remedy with which I am acquainted.

In every section of the country there are persons who have been cured of Consumption, in its several stages, by the use of Dr. Swayne's Medicine. Many persons have been restored to health after being confined to their beds, reduced to mere skeletons, and troubled with cough, night sweats, hectic fever, and all other indications of an advanced stage of disease. It is true that in all cases where cures are effected the patient must have some lungs remaining, but thousands of

Victims of Consumption

have descended to their graves who might have been cured if they had used Swayne's Compound of Wild Cherry in time. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. If not sold by your druggist, we will forward half a dozen by express, freight paid on receipt of price.

Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. No charge will be made for advice. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

LIVER COMPLAINT

That dreaded disease, from which so many persons suffer, is frequently the cause of
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
is speedily relieved, and are often permanently cured by

Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

Fevers are often prevented by the use of these Sarsaparilla Pills, as they carry off, through the blood the impurities from which they arise. For Costiveness there is nothing so effectual as Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

They are purely Vegetable, and act specially on the Liver as Blue Mass or Calomel, without any bad results from taking.

Address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. No charge for advice. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price 25 cents a box; five boxes for $1. Ask your Druggist for them.

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,

HOME TESTIMONY.

I was sorely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases, Pruritus or Prurigo, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently become quite sore. I bought a box of Swayne's Ointment; its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure Swayne's Ointment at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without finding any permanent relief.

JOSEPH W. CHRIST,
Firm of Roedel & Christ, Boot and Shoe House, 344 North Second street, Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's All-Healing Ointment

Is also a specific for tetter, itch, salt rheum, scald head, erysipelas, barber's itch, blotches, all scaly, crusty, cutaneous eruptions. Perfectly safe and harmless, even on the most tender infant. Price 50 cents, or six boxes for $2.50, sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. 6th St., Philadelphia.

CATARRH.

SYMPTOMS AND CURE.

Catarrh is an affection of the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, chest, &c., accompanied with dull heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, weak eyes, watery and inflamed, hacking or coughing, to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, smell and taste are impaired, stopped up feeling in the head, incessant blowing of the nose, and other symptoms are likely to appear very distressing, and this disease is more common, and not a few understood by Physicians. Nine-tenths of the cases of offensive breath are occasioned by Catarrh.

"Swayne's Catarrh Remedy"

is a certain and permanent cure, and warranted in every case, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. Mailed to any address on the receipt of the price, one dollar, with full directions for use, also a full account of the origin and nature of this distressing complaint. We regard it as beyond all comparison the best remedy for Catarrh ever discovered. Remember! It can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, with a remittance, as we do not place it in the hands of dealers, the same as we do our other preparations. In writing for our "Catarrh Remedy" please state you saw this advertisement in the "Columbian" Bloomsburg.

Why Dye?

No matter how Gray or Harsh the
Hair may be, it can be restored to its original color and youthful appearance, by using

London Hair Color Restorer.

London	A Remedy to Rein-	Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London	state the Human Hair	Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London	in all its youthful	Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London	color, lustre, softness	Hair Restorer
London		Hair Restorer
London	and beauty.	Hair Restorer

All persons who aspire to Beauty

of personal appearance, should not neglect that natural necessity, the hair. By many it has been neglected until it has become thin, gray or entirely fallen off. The London Hair Color Restorer restores natures losses, and imparts a healthy and natural color, thickens the hair, cures dandruff and all itchy, scaly eruptions on the scalp, making it white and clean, and insuring a luxuriant growth of hair in its natural youthful color. Price 75 cents. Principal depot for the U. S., 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
June 23 '76-ly

Poetical.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

South mountain towered upon our right,
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still,
The day died slow and wan:
At last the gunners' pipes did fill,
The sergeant's yarns began.

When as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our briarwoods raised, within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed,
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed.)

And, as we started, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home, he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
"Why don't you know! I'm little Jane,
The Pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer boy
On Sundays at review:

"But now our bacca's all give out,
The men can't have a smoke,
And so they're cross—why even Ned
Won't play with me and joke,

"And the big Colonel said, to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'll give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yank had, over there.

"And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill.

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You give me some Lone Jack,
Please do—when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—
If I do what I say
I'll be a general yet, may be,
And ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,
You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men
Until the Sergeant's husky voice
Said "'Tention, squad!"—and then

We gave her escort, fill good night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned
A man, nor spoke a word
Till after a while a far, hoarse shout
Upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes
Upon the scene round,
A baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers' once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missies fell.

Our General often rubbed his glass,
And marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery B.

PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE.

To church the two together went,
Both doubtless on devotion bent,
The parson preached with fluent ease
On Pharisees and Sadducees;
And as they homeward slowly walked
The lovers on the sermon talked;
And he—he deeply loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said,
"Darling, do you not think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?"
She flashed on him her bright black eyes,
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And then he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper,
"But, Mary, I insist," said he,
"That you are very fair, I see;
I know you don't care much for me,
And that's what makes me sad, you see."

Miscellaneous.

TURNING THE TABLE.

"Mary your corn bread is never done! I wonder what is the reason everybody else has things done right, and we always have things wrong!"

"Why Joe, I am sure the corn bread has never been in this state before." You see the fire had a fit and couldn't be made to burn this morning.

"Oh, yes! you are ready with an excuse. Now, there is Mrs. Smith; her stove never has fits, and she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern of her."

"Well, I am sure, Joe, I do my best, and I think I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose, can scarcely be expected; and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which she had found house keeping rather uphill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her very best to please her husband; but he—whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please—in fact, seemed determined not to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier in one of Dickens' stories he had a vital and constant sense that 'discipline must be maintained.' At any rate, he never allowed Mary to be pleased herself on any occasion if he could help it.

Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated, though, to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried, for instance whenever she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery or, manners, or dress on the part of his wife, *pro bono publico*. For instance, it would be:

'Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge cake you make! Mary take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can't ever have it so puffy? Or, 'Mrs. Brown, you certainly are adept at entertaining company I wish, Mary, that you would try and steal Mrs. Brown's art.' Or 'Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary, that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the '*je ne sais quoi*' of Mrs. Green.'

On these occasions Mary would blush and bite her lips, and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin; and she was really too good natured and Christian a person to let it change her feelings toward Joe whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very just man at heart. After a while, too, seeing the fault was probably curable; she [illegible] herself how she should proceed [illegible] break him of his disagreeable h[illegible]

Fortune favored. One day a lady, one of her most valuable friends and neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea party at her house.

'It will be a small affair,' said she, 'but very pleasant I think. You only are wanted to make the circle of harmony complete.

"Well, said Mary,' I will come Mrs. Vane on one condition.

"Condition! Is it to come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary 'that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments.'

"Well that is an odd idea! Mary, my dear, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hattie; thank fortune, she has showered her favors on you quite liberally.

"But I have a reason for this, which, if you please. I will not divulge; only let me have my own way once, just for the oddity of the thing.'

"If anybody but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I certainly should have taken offence. But I never could be angry with you. So if it will be any satisfaction to you, though for the life of me I can't imagine what your drift is, I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect the supplies?"

"Let me see; to-morrow is my baking day and your tea party is not to be before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, buscuit, cake and all other accessories; and mind the only think I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well it's all settled then, and I will leave you. On the whole, this arrangement suits me; it relieves me of a great responsibility, for your cookery is well-known to be particularly nice. So good-bye until Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this Hattie, to any one; it is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say. I'll keep mum. Good-bye again, for you will have your hands full and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crotchet demure little Mary had got into her steady little head.

Everything came off on the baking day precisely as Mary cou'd have wished it. Her bread was light and as sweet as a snow-flake with just a golden brown line of crust surrounding it; her cakes were perfection; her crullers crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice, and if ever there was a sponge-cake more like solidified froth she would like to see it. Everything was sent in to Mrs. Vane's on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress. Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redden her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this that she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the belle of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself; for, strange to say, he made no remark on her appearance that night calculated to lower her self esteem; but contrariwise, gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction.

But 'murder will out.' It came out on this occasion, when they sat down to supper. Everybody was delighted, there had not been such an unexceptionable 'tea' in that neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very found of their 'teas' they compare one with another with admirable connoisseurship. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are quite beautiful. Were ever such crullers? How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge cake!

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally ex-exchanged glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it.

Joe had been behaving so beautifully all the evening that Mary began to be afraid her plans had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed. A fellow is fortunate who has a wife that can make such bread as this to say nothing of the sponge-cake. I can't see why it is, Mary, you improve, it is true; I give you credit for that but I don't see why it is that women cannot have the knack that Mrs. Vane has, at cooking to perfection. If you could make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken upon the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion—not of thunder, but of laughter

Joe looked up, amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did these women mean to laugh so at a sober sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean to trifle with the respect she owed to her husband.

He began to grow very red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it, presently, and came to his and Mary's relief, for poor Mary had already begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry at any rate.

'Mr. Starr,' said Mrs. Vane, 'I am truly glad you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing, you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use to get angry with so many people; so, before long, Joe joined the chorus himself.

So the tea party broke up with the greatest good nature all round. and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot, for it was the last time that Mary ever heard any complaints from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband for ten miles around.

Thirty-eight years ago, on Nov. 19th, says the Paris *Gaulois*, a terrible fire broke out in a convent for young ladies in the town of Limoges. At the last moment it was perceived that one of the pensionnaires had been left in her room. There appeared to be no hope of saving her, when a fine young girl, with dishevelled locks and with her night dress floating around her, pierced the crowd, crying "Let me do it." And she rushed into the midst of the flames, and shortly afterward appeared, carrying the [illegible] infant in her arms. A few days [illegible] sent the heroine [illegible] captain in the French [illegible] sed her courage asked [illegible] er. That captain is [illegible] French republic, and [illegible] Duchesse de Magenta.

On the Verge of Death.

A GYMNAST'S ADVENTURE.

I had among my fellow students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, presence of mind, all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character,

When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in Western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that the young clergyman of the church of St. Blasius had been seen hanging in his garden by his legs, and in this headlong position caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate, I had steered into the harbor of matrimony.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorching, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay below me—a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in soiltary majesty over my subjects, consisting of daws and swallows—often very noisy an intolerable one. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, and the great grinning stone heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wild prospect, over a picturesque landscape.

Sometimes I climbed down in the broad gutter in the middle of the roof, from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and, below, the broad paved church square, on which one hundred and twenty feet beneath the people crept about like ants.

It was during one of these excursions that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for house climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a collosal figure of Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm chair without legs.

Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized me that it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my cigar in this fantastic arm chair.

Without hesitating a moment I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in mid air over the abyss more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it—indeed it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprung safely into my resting place in the broken lantern.

Here I sat a long time smoking my cigar drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of the evening and the magnificent prospect.

The sun was setting before I thought of making my return, which I was especially induced to do by the sight of one or two persons, who were standing below and gazing up at me.

It was not three minutes before a crowd of people had gathered about them to enjoy the spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lantern.

"Halloo!" thought, I "it is now time to return! Some one will find out who I am, and then there will be a pretty gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so easy.

My seat was so constructed that I could rise in my usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands on the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could rise to my full height and turn around on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure and that any mistake would occasion a failure—perhaps, too, a fall below.

Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation the less it pleased me, and there I sat, smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help or make known my fear.

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered like a child that has gone astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters. Up, then! I will close my eyes and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my garden.

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they [illegible] at le[illegible] half beyond [illegible]

In vain did I rise on my tiptoes and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situation.

This was truly no agreeable consideration: for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and if I fell asleep which was possible, I should be precipitated headlong upon the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the eaves. He had missed me and had come to seek me.

"Silberman!" I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you have no room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength and raise me. You are a powerful man and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift you he replied.

"My good man, you must!" I asserted. "I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and moreover, I might tie up my bundle immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand."

In reply the sexton crouched down, unwillingly, and stretched out his hand, which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into mid air. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze may I never in my life see again. It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abyss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"Let go!" he cried. "Curse you, let go! You will break my arm, I can hold on no longer and will be dashed in pieces below!"

He wailed like a child at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose—my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to be plunged on the stone pavement below My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silberman," I said, "listen to me and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish, if not, we both will, and I assure you that I will not let go, as long as I can hold on. You had better, therefore, draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now carefully bore him through the trap door to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; but neither of us have forgotten that perilous adventure upon the eaves of the church roof.

As for myself, three months passed by before I again trod this almost fatal place, and you can easily imagine that I avoided St. Peter's lantern like fire.

The sexton kept his secret, assuring inquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern, and this version of the story was currently believed.

Although the gymnastics mania was not entirely frightened out of me by this adventure, it only remained in a modified form and I have since confined my athletic exploits to places less perilous than the scene of those moments of terror.

The Careful Man.

Soon after noon yesterday a stranger entered a Woodward avenue hardware store and asked if they kept shingle nails there. Being informed that they had a dozen kegs on hand, he further inquired:

"Are they genuine shingle nails, or only imitations?"

"They are shingle nails, of course."

"Let me see them."

A handful was placed on the counter before him, and he took several nails to the door, where he could get a stronger light. After scanning them thoroughly, he tested two or three between his teeth, tried to bend them between his fingers and said:

"Well, they seem to be all right, and I'll take five pounds. I don't want to appear captious, but I bought some shingle nails along here about a month ago, carried them home, and what do you suppose they turned out to be?"

"Six-pennys?" answered the clerk.

"No, sir. They were shoe pegs, sir!"

"That was strange," mused the clerk.

"And another time when I ordered shingle nails," continued the stranger, "the clerk put up four stove handles, three nutmeg graters and a coffee mill. Can I build a cow shed out of coffee mills? Can I shingle a barn with stove handles? Can I clapboard a house with nutmeg graters?"

"Curious mistake, that," said the clerk.

Another time, when I asked for shingle nails, they put me up four corn poppers and a match safe. These things have sunk deep into my soul, and you musn't blame me for seeming particular. Now, these are nails, are they?"

"Of course."

"Shingle nails?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just write it on this card and give me your name, the name of the firm, the number of this store and the date of the month

I dont want to make trouble, but if I find when I get home, that you have put me up bath-brick and harness straps in the place of shingle nails, I'll come back here and make it warm for you!"

The Apple Cure.

The apple cure is the use of apples as food on the same principals that grapes are used. The cure by apples might be equally popular if introduced. Who has an orchard where it can be tried? A writer states that after being troubled with [illegible]urn, wakefulness, indigestion, etc., he [illegible] the practice of eating apples with [illegible] daily, and it cured him. When [illegible] he weighed 130 pounds. Two [illegible] he had increased to 160 po[illegible] being similarly increa[illegible]

A Curious Intimacy.

THE MAN WHO SLEEPS IN HIS STABLE AND UNDERSTANDS HORSE TALK.

There is a retired trainer named Long residing on a small farm in Alamede County, who lives for nothing else but the pleasure of being near horses. He eats his meals in the same stable, often-times passing the night in the same stall with a favorite pony, and among his equine pets is a mare who winnies in answer every time he speaks to her, Our informant relates that the most perfect understanding evidently exists between Mr. Long and at least three out of the five horses in his stable. Two are recent additions, but even in their case affinity is seen in a lesser degree.

The training of horses, their obedience, docility and tricks in a circus, are no novelty; all of us have seen a horse fire a pistol, stand on two legs, waltz, lie down with its trainer, and perform a hundred acts of sagacity, but these are simply the result of patient training and systematic correction. What Mr. Long claims is far more astounding. He asserts that, from a life-long intimacy with horses, he understands their speech; he goes further and declares that their nasal, guttural, explodent and unobstructed sounds have a different meaning, are used by the coalition of the brain and vocal organs, and that not only do his favorite horses understand him, but that every sound which they utter is perfectly plain to him. When arguing with him that though he might comprehend the meaning of the sounds emanating from the vocal chords of a horse, yet it was a patent impossibility for a horse to understand the English language, he replied: "Living, eating and sleeping with my horse has given me the knowledge I possess, and the same intimacy has acquired for my horses the power for them." Here, turning to a slender, light-built gray pony, he said, "Billy, we are talking of you; if you understand what I am saying, turn your head round on the off side." The pony did so, and then resumed its feed. "Billy," he continued, "tell me your age, how long you have lived here and on which side of you is your friend Vesta?" The pony whinnied for about two minutes consecutively, and then, being loose in his stall, walked into the adjoining one, occupied by the mare Vesta. "Now," he continued, "do you and Billy walk down together to the trough and drink while I make up your beds." Vesta and Billy walked quietly out and proceeded straight to the trough.

While they were out, Mr. Long turned over the straw carefully with a fork, and carried on an animated conversation with a roan gelding about fifteen hands high, Vesta's neighbor on the other side. The name of this horse was Poley, and after talking angrily to him for some minutes about some fault he had committed the day before, he ordered Mr. Poley to lie down and not get up until after Vesta and Billy had returned. Our informant says but little in this to prove Mr. Long's claims, as many a horse will lie down at the words of command; but when, without a word, Poley arose and walked out to the woter-trough after the return of the other two horses, the subject became as difficult of solution as before.

They had a masquerade over at Wilmington the other night, aad Peter Lamb went as a kangaroo. He got a kangaroo costume down from a place in the city, and everybody said he made an uncommonly good representative of the animal. He got back to New Castle about two o'clock in the morning, and while walking along the street in the costume, Cooly's bull-dog suddenly flew out at him. The kangaroo had barely time to draw up his legs before the dog was close upon him, Here he sat in the darkness, the dog trying to jump up and seize him, and Peter meanwhile calling in vain for help. But two or three hours passed by without any help coming, and Peter was nearly frozen to death, while the dog was as demonstrative and persistent as ever. About five o'clock, just about dawn, Cooly came around through the yard on his way to early market. To his amazement he saw a huge animal of some kind perched upon the gate-post. He made up his mind that it must have escaped from some menagerie and walking quietly back to the kitchen he got the clothes-line, made a slip noose in it, and came cautiously out again. Removing his boots he stepped softly up behind the kangaroo, and slipping the noose over its head he suddenly retreated and, pulling the rope, jerked Mr. Lamb to the ground, when the dog seized him by the leg. Peter screamed with fright and pain, and as soon as Cooly saw his mistake, and understood the situation, he called off the dog, and untied the rope. Then the kangaroo stood upon its hind legs, and Cooly said he was sorry about it.

"Oh, never you mind about being sorry," said Mr. Lamb. "It's all very nice to talk about being sorry. But if it hadn't been for that infernal dog of yours I'd been in bed five hours ago, and if you hadn't come fooling around with the rope the dog wouldn't a bit me. Don't talk to me about being sorry. What good's that going to do my leg? I am going home to dress, and then I am coming around with a shot gun to blow the liver out of that dog, and bust you over the head with the butt."

Then Mr. Lamb limped off. Next time he goes to a masquerade party he will assume the character of Mary Queen of Scotts.—*Max Adeler*.

Throwing Light on It.

"Mr. Bliffkins," said the stern judge "I wish to understand your exact relation to this case."

The "case', was an action against ce[illegible] evil disposed young men who [illegible] ty of disturbing an evening re[illegible] ing held in the schoolhouse of the [illegible]

"If I understood aright, sir," pur[illegible] judge, "you were in the desk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Officiating there?"

"Well—yes, sir—I think you so."

[illegible] mean by that