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. $2.50 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.

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

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 18
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 9

Rates of Advertising.

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

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	[illegible]
Two inches	3.50	4.50	7.00	9.00	[illegible]
Three inches	5.00	7.00	8.50	12.00	[illegible]
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	[illegible]
Quarter column	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Half column	[illegible]	12.00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
One column	[illegible]	36.00	60.00	[illegible]	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—I. K. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
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. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, 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—Rev. L. Zahner.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 7½ 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.

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—

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

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. B. R. and are now prepared to sell lime at very reasonable prices and of good quality. Orders by the car promptly filled and shipped to any station on the above road.
A full line of LUMBER, of all kinds, dressed or in the rough, Shingles, Lath and bill Timber to which we invite the attention of customers.
Orders received and filled for all kinds of FAMILY COAL.
By strict attention to business we hope to merit a share of public patronage.
KNITTLE & ABBOTT,
Catawissa, Pa.
[illegible] 21, 1876.-

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 unparalled 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.-1ly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

E. E. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—Room No. 1, "Columbian" Building.
Sept. 15, 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. July 1, '73

B. FRANK ZARR. L. E. WALLER.
FUNK & WALLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING. Jan. 19, '77-1y

C. R. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House
Mar. 1, '74

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

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. July 1, '73

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

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. —38

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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
W. B. KOONS.
Oct. 8, '75 Proprietor.

WILLIAM Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Corner of Main and West streets, three doors below J. K. Eyer's store, Bloomsburg, Pa.
All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.
April 27, '77-tf

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
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,958,000

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

J. H. MAIZE'S
MAMMOTH
GROCERY
contains the large[illegible]
TEAS, GROCERIES
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware,
Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits,
CONFECTIONERIES, &c.
to be found in Columbia county.
A Complete Assortment
always on hand. Call and examine.
Jan 1, 1877.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention. tf.

PATENTS.
Persons desiring to take out patents, or desiring information from the United States Patent Office should consult F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. NO PATENT NO PAY. Send for Circular.

ROLLINS & HOLMES,
have removed to Evans' Block, Main Street.

Extra heavy Tin Wire, also
AWNINGS AND TENTS
of every description manufactured by
Rollins & Holmes.

Galvanized Iron Cornice
designed and manufactured by
Rollins & Holmes.

ARGAND HOT BASE STOVES
the best and most economical in the market.
Rollins & Holmes.

RANGES.
The BARSTOW ELEVATED Oven Range, the LION and EMPRESS Portable Ranges have no equal.
Rollins & Holmes.

STEAM.
Public and private buildings heated by steam. A variety of Steam Pipe, Valves and Fittings, constantly on hand.
Rollins & Holmes.

PLUMBING & GAS FITTING
promptly done
Rollins & Holmes.
Feb 1, '77—tf

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING
AND
Gentlemen's Dress Goods.
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his large and elegant stock
Cheap and Fashionable Clothing,
at his store on
MAIN STREET, IN THE NEW BLOCK,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
including the most fashionable, durable and handsome
DRESS GOODS,
CONSISTING OF
BOX
SACK,
FROCK,
GUM
AND OIL CLOTH,
COATS AND PANTS,
OF ALL SORTS SIZES AND COLORS.
He has also replenished his already large stock of
CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
STRIPED,
FIGURED
AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS,
CRAVATS
SOCKS,
COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS,
AND
FANCY ARTICLES.
He has constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of
Cloths and Vestings,
which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear and most of it is of home manufacture.
GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FINE AND CHEAP.
HIS CASE OF JEWELRY IS NOT SURPASSED IN THIS PLACE.
CALL AND EXAMINE HIS GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
Clothing, Watches, Jewelry, &c.
DAVID LOWENBERG.

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 Inflammation 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.
Hemorrhage 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 my 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, 1876.

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."
Price $1. Six bottles for $5. If not sold by your druggist, we will forward half 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 became 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, 334 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 $1.25. 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 mucus 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 no disease is more common, and none less 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 repeat it: it is 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	state the Human Hair	Hair Restorer
London	in all its youthful	Hair Restorer
London	color, lustre, softness	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 22 '76-1y

Poetical.

CLEOPATRA.

[This poem is said to have been written by W. W. Story, the sculptor.]

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets,
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice window,
A gauze o'er my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished,
The music has died away.
The flames and the perfume have perished
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor,
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And those little clouds are motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and lash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry "come, my love, come home!"
Shriek "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brains,—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circle its temples around.

I will lie and dream of the past-time
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started,
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendors,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my love to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then, like a storm he seized me
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grasped and struggled together,
For his love, like his rage, was rude,
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times in his play drew blood.

Often, another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight
While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for,
Not this weak human life
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife.

Come to my arms, my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us
And love as you loved me then!

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1841 the British had not only laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying East of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith and Sir John Sherbrooke, the latter being the governer general of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession and occupy the town of Castine, which place commands the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned, and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August, a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the commodore received the intelligence his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide to set him off; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where he belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you will only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and, though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse. When he told her he would do as she had requested, she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man that drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen, as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. But it may have been but prejudice

"Blow me! so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly a-port. "But say, didn't you notice anything peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you're as scared as a child in a graveyard."

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The commodore pronounced the name of his Satanic Majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I can swear to it. I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough and bearded as an holystone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom gibe if I didn't look out. I know'd there wasn't no 'oman there, and so I told her. Call somebody at the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The commodore was wonder struck by what he had heard, but, with that calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he sat coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then he went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in, and seemed to be sleeping. Tucker returned, and took Carter one side.

"No noise now, Carter; follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the after break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in heaven!" burst from the lips of the commodore.

"By Sam Hyde" dropped like a thunder clap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the commodore.

"I know'd it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment, and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but, in place thereof, there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gun-powder and pitch-wood; upon a light frame work in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought, he dashed three or four buckets full into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no—my men. Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the door. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night, and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place; then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I shouldn't have been noticed in the fuss—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. And all I can say is, that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told to remain until the vessel got into port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the Eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with a clutched fist the commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguine was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, commodore. Perhaps he jumped over-board."

The old commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then he turned away, and muttered to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to death, he's only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far it would be for him, than that my noble crew were now all in ocean's cold grave."

n their part, but the seaman should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. "Hush, my good men," said the commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrance, "Suppose you were to die away from home—would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents? Come, hurry now."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on dre'fuly!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes? but they shone, though, when she stood here, looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin's being brought on board and hence he was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taft-rail and looked over at the stern boat and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out or you'll gibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes a-port, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Thank'e ma'am," said Dan. "Ha hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. Ho—not there. Here—I'll—Ugh!"

This last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "Ugh!" above mentioned.

Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why man alive, you're two points to the southard of your course."

Some time ago in Tunis a Sicilian athlete of Rinaldo's circus excited general admiration by his manly beauty and feats of strength. He was in the habit of overcoming a lion during the performance, which however, was trained to succumb. The Bey of Tunis hearing of this, sent him an offer of a thousand ducats if he would kill a lion which he possessed. The proposal was accepted, and on the day appointed, the Bey and a large company gathered round the pit where the lion was kept. The beast had been three days without food, and was furious. The iron door of the pit opened, but instead of the athlete a trembling dog was thrown forward, which timidly took refuge in a corner. The lion who was at a distance turned in surprise at the humble intruder. His tail ceased to lash his sides, his roars ceased, and he sat, with paws extended, contemplating his victim. Propelling himself forward upon his belly he finally made a spring. The dog, however, who had watched him with a vigilant eye, sprang in the opposite direction. The lion seemed astonished at missing his prey, but after rolling over a few times made another jump, which was also avoided. Pity for the dog induced the Bey to order a cord to be lowered for him, and while the lion was gyrating preparatory to a renewed spring, the dog intelligently seized the cord with his teeth and was drawn up. As he ascended, the lion sprang again, but was too late. At this moment, the Sicilian appeared, calm and fearless. He was in a rich circus costume, and carried a heavy mace. He took his position in the same corner previously occupied by the dog. At first the lion did not perceive him, but, on turning, his eye expressed a vague inquietude. He slowly withdrew a very few steps, watching his enemy with a furtive sidelong glance. The Sicilian, on the contrary, looked straight in his eye and watched every movement. The lion evidently had misgivings, but impelled by hunger, sprang upon the man with a terrible roar. The Sicilian slipped aside with agility, and before the paws of the lion touched the ground, a violent blow from the mace upon the head laid him insensible. The mace was raised for the death blow, when the Bey interposed. He offered the man another thousand for the life of the beast. It was accepted and the lion was allowed to recover.

Punished by God.

A Lebanon paper tells this strange story: "Mr. Samuel R. Smith, of Union township, is a graduate of Poughkeepsie Business College, and engaged in farming. His father is a member of the Dunkard church and highly respected. The son is aged about twenty-five years, married and the father of one child. On Monday evening at about nine o'clock, he was at home engaged in settling with a neighbor, when he suddenly shut his account book and threw himself on the lounge in the room. Very soon after he attacked his servant man and threw him on the floor. He then attacked the neighbor who was still in the room and after an hour's struggle he escaped from his grasp. He seemed to be possessed of some supernatural power, and was very violent. He stated that he was punished by God for sins committed and that the punishment would continue three days and three nights. The servant brought to the house neighbors who attended to him. On Wednesday he said they should get more men as Thursday was the last day and the severest trial. His suggestions were acted upon and seven men were present on that day. It required their combined strength to keep him from committing injury upon those around him. To do this he was thrown to the floor and held there only by the most desperate struggle. His hands, arms and legs were tied with straps, and he was placed in bed, but had hardly been there before he rushed out with the straps in his hands and as violent as ever. He told his wife to go somewhere for safety as he did not want her about the premises. He told his keepers that at nine o'clock on Thursday night the punishment would end, which proved to be the case. At that time he informed them that with safety they could go home, which they did, and since nothing has transpired. Dr. Leshe was called in when he was first attacked, but he refused to receive his advice and his keepers had a severe struggle to keep him from attacking the doctor. He was not judged temporarily insane, although he did not know any of his neighbors yet conversed reasonably. He maintained that it was only a punishment of God which would pass away as he predicted. He says that his disembodied spirit roamed through heaven and hell, and he afterwards made some startling communications on that subject. The affair has caused no little excitement in that neighborhood.

Artificial Butter.

If we have to eat artificial butter it is gratifying to know that it can now be made equal in flavor, texture and odor to the best butter made from cream. There are several manufactories in New York and Brooklyn which turn out many tons of this product weekly, and a well-known chemist recently declared that, while he had no doubt that more than half the butter consumed in New York was artificially made, he conscientiously believed that it was quite as good as butter made in the dairy, and often much better. The imitation is made of suet, which, after being thoroughly washed, is reduced to oil at a low temperature; to each 100 pounds of oil some twenty pounds of sour milk are added and the two substances are churned, half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda and two or three tablespoonfuls of solution of annoto being thrown into the mixture. The product of this churning is allowed to come in contact with ice, and is again churned with more sour milk. After fifteen minutes' agitation the solidified oil takes up a certain percentage of the milk as well as its flavor and odor, and the butter is ready for the market. An analytical chemist of this city, who has prepared and published a pamphlet on the manufacture of artificial butter, furnishes a number of analyses, including those of artifical and genuine butter. Of the factors including olein, palmitine, stearine, butyrine, &c., artificial butter contains 82 per cent., cream butter 86 per cent. The most perceptible difference in the constituents of the two products is in the matter of salt, of which artificial butter contains 5.225 per cent. and the genuine article 1.51 per cent. It is claimed for the counterfeit butter that it does not become rancid so quickly as dairy butter, and that it can be made much more cheaply.—*N. Y. World.*

Seldom do religious papers deliver such telling stories straight from the shoulder as is the following from the *Methodist Recorder*: "The name which is 'above every name' is frequently taken in vain by professedly pious people. For example; In ordinary business letters it is common for an order for new books, or a communication on a purely secular subject, to close with the phrase, 'Yours in Christ.' Some years ago we received a most abusive epistle in which the sourest possible spirit was manifested, and all sorts of hateful names misapplied on account of some supposed editorial defection, and the self-same letter ended with 'Your Brother in the Lord.' Adam Poe of the firm of Swormstead & Poe, Methodist Episcopal publishing agents, Cincinnatti, used to look with suspicion upon every business communication that closed with such a pietism as 'Yours in Jesus.' He said his experience proved the singular fact that his largest losses, and the biggest commercial lies, so too speak, were traced back to the correspondents who trifled thus with sacred things. There is a suggestion here worth remembering.