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 —$2.24 if not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed beyond the year.
No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.
All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.
POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

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

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 25. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 20
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 11

Rates of Advertising.

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

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	4.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	5.50	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	15.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	48.00
One column	20.00	30.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.
Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.
Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars.
Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.
Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—I. K. Krickbaum, P. 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—O. 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. Austin, 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—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill," known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on Rock street, east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

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 & 6. Oct. 18, '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. R. 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 Silt 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,
R. 1876.— Catawissa, Pa.

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.-1m.

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. 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

S. C. FUNK. 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. 6, '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. july1,'73

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

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. H. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. —38

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
CMembers of the United States Law Association. ollections 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. Stotler, 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 largest stock of
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.
J an 1, 1877.

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

PAPER BAGS FOR SALE
AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

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 mucuous 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 SOVERIGN REMEDY.

Hemmorrhage or spitting of blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arise from various causes, a undue physical exertion, plethora, fulness of the vessels, weak lungs, over-straining 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, that enabling him to test 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 physicians 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. By person doubting the truth of the above stat m 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.

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 you worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at nightwhen 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 Rosdel & Christ, Boot and Shoe House, 354 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 $2.25. 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 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 Restore	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 nature's 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., 336, North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
June 23 '76-1y

Poetical.

THE NEW CRUSADE.

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

In the days of the voice of the seventh angel when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as He hath declared to His servants, the prophets.—Rev., x., 7.

I.
Trump of the Lord—I hear it blow!
Forward the Cross; the world shall know
Jehovah's arm's against the foe.
Down shall the cursed Crescent go!
To arms—to arms!
God wills it so.

II.
God help the Russ! God bless the Czar!
Shame on the swords that trade can mar!
Shame on the laggards, faint and far,
That rise not to the holy war.
To arms—to arms!
The Cross our Star.

III.
How long, O Lord!—for thou art just;
Vengeance is Thine—in Thee we trust.
Wake, arm of God, and dash to dust
Those hordes of rapine and of lust.
To arms—to arms!
Wake, swords that rust.

IV.
Forward the cross. Break clouds of ire
Break with the thunder and the fire!
To new Crusades let Faith inspire:
Down with the crescent to the mire!
To arms—to arms,
To vengeance dire!

V.
Forward the Cross. That night recall,
Of ravished maids and wives withal,
With blood that stained Sophia's wall,
When Christians saw the Cross down fall.
To arms—to arms,
Ye nations all!

VI.
To high Stamboul that Cross restore!
Glitter its glories as of yore.
Down with the Turk. From Europe's shore
Drive back the Paynim drunk with gore.
To arms—to arms,
To arms once more.

VII.
Forward the Cross. Uplift that sign!
Joy cometh with its morning shine.
Blossoms the rose and teems the vine;
The olive is its fruit benign.
To arms—to arms!
Come peace divine!

UNLOVED AND ALONE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The sea dove some twin shadow has,
The lark has loves in seas of grass,
The wild beast trumpets back his vow,
The squirrel laughs along his bough;
But I, I am as alone, alas!
As you white moon when white clouds pass,
As lonely and unloved, alas!
As clouds that weep and drop and pass.

Oh, maiden, singing silver sweet,
At cabin door, in field of corn,
Where woodbines twine for thy retreat—
Sing sweet through all thy summer morn,
For love is landing at thy feet,
In that fair isle in seas of corn,
But I, I am unloved and lorn,
As winter winds of winter morn.

The ships, black-bellied, climb the sea,
The seamen seek their loves on land,
And love and lover, hand in hand,
Go singing, glad as glad can be,
But nevermore shall love seek me,
By blowy sea or broken land,
By broken wild or willow tree,
Nay, nevermore shall love seek me.

Miscellaneous.

THE MODEL DETECTIVE.

BEING THE ONLY TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE FATE OF PAUL PIERA.

"Murder will out, sometime, sure!" exclaimed Daniel Wonder, to a few hearers, as he laid down a paper from which he had just been reading aloud a case of mysterious murder, the perpetrator of which had been discovered after years of ingenious and tortuous search. "I have many a time noticed it. It is according to the laws of nature, and must be so, if not right off, by-and-by; if not to-day, to-morrow, next day, then a year ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred years hence. The murder and the murderer are sure to come out. If I was on a plank alone with a man in the middle of the ocean, and was murder him, and sink him, with no ship in sight—I couldn't feel safe! Some time or other something would bring me out. If I didn't tell of myself, asleep or awake, his bones would rise, or—"

"Or his sperrit?" suggested somebody.

"No; I don't believe in spirits—but his bones, clothes, or the plank—or it might be somebody was looking at me from a ship out of sight, through a powerful spyglass, or perhaps from another plank, or perhaps happening to pass by overhead in a silk balloon, and see me do it—and so I should feel sure I was not safe until at last I was led out to be hung. You see there is always a chain of evidence between the murderer and the murdered. It may be short or long. It may be broken into many separate links; but in time one man picks up one link here, another a link there, and another, and so on until all the links are found and put together and they are strong enough to hang the man."

"It does seem so," said one of the listeners, in thoughtful awe.

"Seems so! It is so! I always know that murder will out, and have seen many singular cases of it. But the most singular case I ever heard of was the fate of Paul Piera, of Mosscreek, a clerk in a dry goods store, and so covered up, according to report, that no evidence was supposed to be left of it. He was unexpectedly missed one day, and his body was not found till three years afterward. People gave up all hopes of hearing about the poor fellow, how he came to death, or where, or what for, or who or where his murderer was until a traveler came to Mosscreek and hearing of the murder of poor Paul Piera, he undertook to find the body or at least the real criminal, and bring him to justice. This traveler's name was Solomon Foxpaw, and he prided himself on his detective powers—his penetration and perseverance—and he had a restless, rolling, staring, snappy kind of eye, that seemed to take in everything about him at a glance. People wished him success, but they didn't expect it. But he didn't care for what they expected. He set to work to find some links for a chain of evidence."

"But I don't see—"

"You can't see anything yet. You must wait and see. Solomon Foxpaw made inquiries for a month, but ascertained just about nothing which would lead to the first link. He then sat down reflected alone for three days and finally he said to himself, 'Here is a piece of woods out here, and Paul Piera was said to be poorly. What more likely than he should walk in the woods for his health—and there be murdered?"

"Be sure! What, indeed?"

"With this idea, Sol., without saying a word to anybody—because he hated interruption as bad as I do—walks out alone into the woods, and kicks about among the dry leaves, and examines the ground, and the rocks, and the trees, with strong suspicion."

"To find a clew?"

"Why, of course, to find a clew."

"But I don't see"—

"You never will see, if you don't wait, and follow his ideas. He pretty soon found various letters, carved on various trees—initials of names, perhaps and among them all at last he discovered, on a tree by themselves, the letters, 'P. P.'"

"Perilous Place, I suppose."

"Perilous Place, you suppose! No. Paul Piera he supposed, for he knew what to suppose. 'He certainly cut those letters,' Foxpaw felt convinced; and he put down 'P. P.' as his first link. 'Now,' says he, 'I've got something to work on,' and he felt encouraged. Looking about him a little sharper, as if Providence had directed him, he found a rusty jackknife, which had had ten blades. It had three now; a big one, a little one, and a saw blade. The horn was gone, but he felt a conviction that this knife was a second link, and he put it in his pocket. Looking about still further he saw a crack——"

"Heard a crack."

"No, saw a crack— a wide crack between some rocks. Something suddenly told him there was a cave there, and that he would find the body of Paul Piera in that cave. He did find a cave, a very cavernous cave, and he went and borrowed a spade, entered and dug for several hours, till he struck something hard."

"A box containing the bones of Paul."

"No. He thought so at first, but it proved to be nothing but solid rock. He dug here and he dug there, but all was rock, and now, being much tired, he paused, and began to suspect that he was on the wrong scent. A less resolute man would have despaired; but 'No,' says Foxpaw, 'I'll dig another way.' And so he dug off back to town again, and made further inquiries about what Paul Piera said and did the last time he was seen; and showed the jackknife confidentially.

"Nobody had see Paul have such a knife, but Sol Foxpaw happened at last on an old lady who remembered she had bought some mixed yarn of Paul the day he was missed. He seemed sick and unhappy, and said he wanted to go to sea for his health. This was all Foxpaw could paw out of her. It seems little, but he thought it a good deal. 'Wanted to go to sea. That's another link?' says Sol. 'A man who goes to sea naturally goes to a vessel in the first place. Mosscreek is a seaport place. I will go down and inquire among the vessels.' So he went down and by good luck he soon discovered that for years past the schooner Flying Turtle had been in the habit of bringing stock from the city for the dry goods store. 'Another link,' says Foxpaw. 'What is more likely than that Paul, knowing the skipper, went in the Flying Turtle that day to the city?'"

"So he asked the captain, who said he was not sure he didn't; and that sometimes he had; and he wouldn't wonder. 'Here is half a link more,' says Foxpaw. 'I will go in the Flying Turtle, and make further inquiries.'"

"It was during this trip, only a day's voyage, that he added three or four more links to his chain. On closely questioning the captain the latter remembered that on the fatal day one of his passengers from Mosscreek to the city was a raw-boned, swarthy, ugly-looking man, who had a dissipated nose and a several-bladed jackknife. He remembered a saw-blade in it, because it was the first he ever saw, and had said at the time that if he was as homely as the owner of the knife, he should cut his throat with it, and leave the consequences to other people. Foxpaw now showed the rusty knife, and he said it might be the same and added that the stranger's name was Murdman, or Murkman, and that on landing in the city, he had seen him at the Jolly Tar tavern at the head of the wharf."

"Seen Paul Piera?" said one listener, much gratified.

"Why, no! Pay attention! Seen this ugly fellow—don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, but I don't see——"

"But you must wait and see, or you will certainly lose the links. Up goes Solomon Foxpaw to the Jolly Tar, as interested as if he had been Paul Piera's only brother——"

"Did he have a brother?"

"None of your business—and asked the landlord to let him look at his arrival book of three years before. The landlord sent to the garret for it, and they overhauled it together; and sure enough! there stood the name, at the proper date, in a fierce, big hand, of Mike Murdman and——"

"Paul Piera."

"No! What do you know about it? 'Mike Murdman and Friend.' 'This is the biggest link of the lot,' says Sol to the landlord 'Do you recollect what kind of a looking man his friend was?'"

"'No,' says the landlord, 'but I recollect that next morning the two had a quarrel. They had slept together, and Murdman was charged by the other with stealing his money in the night. But Murdman swore no, and as proof said he hadn't enough money to pay his own bill; and they went out quarreling, without paying. And that's the last I ever saw of the other fellow, to my knowledge.'"

"'More links—I'm getting a chain!" says Foxpaw. 'Went out together, quarreling, about robbery. And did you ever see Murdman again?'"

"'O yes,' says the landlord. 'He's captain of a brig now. He came back a year afterward and paid his bill, and now he stops here every three months every return trip he makes. It is time for him now; brig was due yesterday; if you stop, I'll introduce him to you.'"

"Was the man hung?"

"Well, this beats all, I declare!" cried Daniel Wonder, exasperated. "Here you are, wanting to get to the end of the chain, before I've got the links fastened together. You would never make a detective."

"I don't care anything about the links. All I want to know is, was the man hung? You've got me so excited I can hardly keep my seat. It would be a satisfaction to know if the man was hung at the start."

"Well, he wasn't hung at the start, and never would have been, if Sol Foxpaw had been as impatient as you are. Have you no interest in the philosophy of the thing?"

"No," said the man, nettled: "and I don't care, now whether the man was hung or not; I hope he wasn't; and I hope Paul Piera was cut into as many bits as there are links in your story!"

"Go on, Daniel, go on," said the others, "and if he interrupts you again, we'll hang him."

"So, do. Well—Foxpaw waited three days, patiently, for the next link, and then the brig came to port, and Murdman came to the tavern, and the landlord introduced him to Foxpaw, over a glass, and they sat down to talk. Sol was usually a cool fellow, but, as he afterward said, he had his scruples about sitting down and talking with a murderer, and he felt very pale and nervous considering the critical business he was on. Sol eyed him carefully all over, and he seemed to look homelier and homlier the more he examined him. He thought of poor Paul Piera, and felt ashamed of himself because he had been drinking in a friendly manner with this monster, who for three years has escaped being hung, and who no doubt imagined he should escape forever.

"'I have drunk with him,' thinks Sol, 'but it was a means to an end; and as that end is a rope's end, I shouldn't feel ashamed but I must begin to gather up more links, however, I feel.' And pretty soon he had a good opening."

"Do you chew?" says Mike Murdman.

"I do," says Sol holding out a plug "and if you don't like to bite it off here's a knife to cut it." And he pulled out the rusty jackknife he had found in the woods.

"What's this," says Mike, staring at the knife, just as Sol expecting he would.

"Only a knife I found," says Sol. "Perhaps you've lost one. Does it belong to you?"

"To me!" said Mike, looking at it with a shudder and coloring up. 'I guess not. Take it back. Horrible. I don't cut tobacco with such a knife as that."

"You needn't be afraid. It is rusty—but you don't think there's blood on it, do you?"

"Blood!" says Mike with another shudder.

"Yes, blood!" repeats Sol, severely. 'As I told you, I found that knife; and who knows but there's blood, and human blood on it, which makes it so rusty? The murderer might have thrown it away after he had done the deed, mightn't he, and thought nobody could find it?"

"How should I know."

"It is an old knife," continues Sol. "but an older head owned it, I reckon. Yet the oldest heads are liable to get out of their latitude and longitude. Now, you are a seafaring man, and have you ever been to Mosscreek?"

"Mosscreek! Well, I may say I have once."

"And more too."

"No. Only once."

"Only once. And what did you go there for?"

"I didn't go there for!" says Mike, with a kind of sneer; as if he was mad to be so questioned; and Sol said he looked confused. "I didn't go there for anything. I got drunk—stepped aboard the vessel by accident."

"By accident? A stranger there? Then you don't remember a young clerk Paul Piera?"

"No."

"Nor the woods—nor the cave?"

"No."

"I thought not. Short memory, I suppose."

"You ask a great many questions," now says Mike. "Are you crazy? You are very pale."

"It is you are pale," says Sol; "and I want you to answer me some more questions."

"Not another word, till you take more brandy," says Mike. "You need it."

"One word for me and two for himself," though Sol. "His guilt made him faint, and he wants a glass to stiffen him up. I'm willing. More drink will make him less cautious."

"So he agreed, and they drank two or three times more. He seemed to gulp it down like a fish," Sol said, "and I thought I should soon get him drunk. But instead of that I got floored myself. I lost all consciousness, and was put to bed, and next day I was unable to find him anywhere. Suspecting that he had got the start of me, and had fled out of my reach for the present, I now thought," says Sol, "that the best thing I could do was to go back to Mosscreek for a day, and have a talk with Paul's old employer and the town authorities." So Solomon Foxpaw did go back and told them all that he had discovered and heard; and what do you think? They actually laughed in his face, and said that all these links which he had taken so much pains to get together, amounted to nothing!

"That was all they knew!" exclaimed Daniel Wonder's indignant hearers. "But how did Solomon Foxpaw get hold of the slippery murderer at last?"

"He didn't get hold of him, said Daniel Wonder.

"No?"

"No What the authorities said discouraged him, and he then resolved that he would not pursue the search any further."

"But who did get the murderer."

"Nobody."

"Then, who found the body of Paul Piera?"

"Everybody. For on the very day when Foxpaw gave up the search Paul Piera came back to Mosscreek, safe and sound."

"What! Then he wasn't murdered at all."

"Why, no! I told you in the first place that it was a report. But it seems he had got a letter in the city, calling him in a hurry, as his mother was dying, a long way off. He went home and she died, and he inherited a rich property, and not caring a fig for the people in Mosscreek, he never wrote to them."

"Not murdered after all!" cried the disappointed hearers. "Where was the singularity you spoke about, then?"

"In the perseverence of Solomon Foxpaw."

"Pshaw! O, pshaw! What did you work us up so for?"

"That is what Solomon Foxpaw said to those who had excited him so; but they said to him, as I say to you, that it was so reported and that he had expected to work a miracle, without reason—namely, to find from no evidence at all, the dead body of a man who was not dead. And he was as dissatisfied as you are that the man turned up alive. But still, as