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 and $2.50 if not paid in advance and $3.00 if payment be delayed be ond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration 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 J b Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 35
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 24

Rates of Advertising.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.00	13.00
Three inches	4.00	5.50	7.00	10.00	15.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00	20.00
Quarter column	8.00	9.00	10.00	18.00	35.00
Half column	16.00	18.00	25.00	35.00	60.00
One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	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. Must be paid for when inserted.

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. Brickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. S. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr H. W. McHenry.
Commissioners—John Horner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Brickbaum.
Auditors—M. Y. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob S. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Leroy. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—D. Lowenberg.
Clerk—W. Watt.
Chief of Police—M. C. Woodward
President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, B. H. Giger, 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. Hodson, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. I. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Tuss in, (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. Gerron.
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. M. L. Smyser.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. 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.

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.

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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.

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.

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THE BEST IN TOWN,

Under Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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WM. L. EYERLY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Catawissa, Pa.

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HELPRENSTINE & BENTLEY, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

Oct 6, '76.-1y. s & w

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June 29, '77-1y

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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-A-T-LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Office Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa.

N. U. FUNK. I. E. WALLER.

FUNK & WALLER,

Attorneys-at-Law.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING. Jan. 19, '77-1y

C. P. & W. J. BUCKALEW,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

R. F. & J. M. CLARK,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Office in Ent s Building.

F. P. BILLMEYER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE—Adjoining C. R. & W. J. Buckalew.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

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WILLIAM BRYSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Centralia, Pa.

Feb 18, '76.

A. C. SMITH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office in "ENT BUILDING," Bloomsburg, Pa., near Court House.

aug. 10, '77-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. HOWELL,

DENTIST.

Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner Main and Market Streets,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

May 26—1y.

DR. I. L. RABB,

PRACTICAL DENTIST,

Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.

☞ Teeth extracted without pain.

aug 24, '77-1y.

BROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., R. Stoiner, Proprietor. Accommodations first-class. $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Restaurant attached.

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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.

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, '77-1f

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	12,500,000
Lancanshire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	5,000,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,968,000

March 26, '77—y

The Columbian Law Docket.

A complete record for the use of attorneys. Conveniently arranged for the docketing of all cases containing 500 pages, with double Index. This is the most complete book for lawyers that is published.

PRICE, $3.50.

Published by Brockway & Elwell

Editors and Proprietors of the COLUMBIAN,

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contains the largest stock of

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A Complete Assortment

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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.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs to me directed will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg, at one o'clock p. m. on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1877,

the following real estate to-wit:

All that certain tract of unseated land situate in Mifflin township, Columbia county, bounded by land of Daniel Nungesser, Abram Schweppenheiser and others containing two hundred acres more or less.

ALSO,

One lot of ground situate in the Town of Mifflinville, Columbia county, bounded and described as follows: On the north by 2d street, east by lot of Joseph Mastetler, south by 3d or Main street, west by lot of A. J. Buckalew, whereon are erected a frame house, barn and out-buildings.

ALSO,

One lot of ground situate in Mifflinville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by 2d street, east by —— street south by 3d or Main street, west by lot John of Keller, being 66 feet front and 230 feet deep.

ALSO,

All the defendant's title in one lot of ground situate in Mifflinville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by 2d street, east by lot of John Keller south by 3d or Main street and west by lot of Theodore Fedder.

ALSO,

All the defendant's title in four lots of ground situate in the town of Mifflinville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by 3d or Main street east by —— street, south by 4th street, and west by lot of Michael Knittle, containing one-and-a-half acres more or less:

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of John Keller.

ALSO,

On all that certain lot of land situate in Briarcreek township Columbia county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by land of Jesse Hicks, east by lands of Daniel Purcel, south by Susquehanna River, and west by land of D. A. Bowman, containing one hundred and six acres and 17 perches; on which is erected a Two Story Brick Dwelling House, Frame Barn and other buildings, all improved.

ALSO,

An Island in the Susquehanna River opposite the above and to be sold in connection therewith containing about 14 acres.

ALSO,

One other piece of land adjoining the above containing 43 acres and 8 perches described in two pieces as follows: one bounded on the east by land of late Stephen Thomas, south by Susquehanna River, west by Wm. L. Freas and north by the Canal, containing 39 acres and 27 perches. The other bounded by land of Mrs. Sponenberger, Daniel Purcell, Public Road, and the Canal containing 4 acres and 81 perches.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. L. Freas.

ALSO,

On the following described lot or piece of ground situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by an alley, east by Iron street, south by lot of Thomas Vannatta and west by lot of Jane McBride, being about one hundred feet front on Iron street and sixty-six feet deep on alley, whereon is erected a Frame Dwelling House, a Frame wagon-maker shop and blacksmith shop. Said lot will be sold to suit purchasers, either in the whole or in two parcels. One lot of about 56 feet front on Iron street, containg the wagon maker shop and smith shop, and the balance about 50 feet on same street, containing the dwelling house.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of A. S. Crossley.

ALSO,

All that certain real estate situate in Main township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by land of John Gearhart, on the east by land of Joseph Geiger, on the west by Land of ——, on the south by public road, containing fifty-six acres more or less.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Isaac Yetter.

ALSO,

The following real estate situate in Madison township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, described as follows: Bounded on the north by James Kinlen and Funston, east by Kinney Shultz, south by heirs of J. W. Girton and west by Wm. McNinch et. al., containing eighty acres more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling house, frame barn and out-buildings.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Frank Graham and William Graham.

ALSO,

All that certain piece of land situate in Scott township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: On the north and west by land of Mary L. Hopper, on the south and east by public road, containing one-half acre more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling house with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of William Hopper.

ALSO,

The following tract of land situate in Montour township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of Gideon Gist, east by land of Jacob Girton, south by land of widow Gigger, west by land of Elias Gigger, containing twenty-six acres more or less, whereon are erected a dwelling house, barnand out-buildings.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Christian Heist.

CONDITIONS OF SALE—Purchasers must pay ten per cent. of the purchase money, or at least enough to cover all costs at striking down of sale otherwise property to be resold at once.

JOHN W. HOFFMAN,
aug. 10, '77-ts Sheriff.

PROTHONOTARY'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Henry D. Knorr, Committee of Levi Miller, a lunatic, has filed an account in the office of the Prothonotary of Columbia county, which will be presented to the Court for confirmation on the fourth day of September next and if no exceptions be filed within four days thereafter, the same will be confirmed.

Also the account of C. W. Miller, Trustee to receive and pay out moneys due on mortgages from Anna Miller and Levi A. Hidlay and J. E. Aikman to Levi A. Hidlay which will be presented to the Court at the same time and subject to the same conditions for confirmation as the above account.

Also, the account of E. J. McHenry, Committee of Weliver A. Kline, a lunatic, which will be presented to the Court at the same time, and subject to the same conditions for confirmation as the above accounts.

B. FRANK ZARR, Proth'y.

July 29, 1877—aug. 3-4W

WE WILL mail one and one-half dozen Chromos, in French oil color, ever seen for $1.00. They are mounted in 8 x 10 black enamel and gold mats, oval opening and outsell anything now before the public. Two samples for 25 cents, or six samples for 50 cents. Send 10 cents for grand illustrated catalogue with Chromo of Moonlight on the Rhine, or 20 cents for two Landscapes and Calla Lilies on black ground. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington street Boston, Mass. Headquarters for Chromos Engravings and Art Works. A FORTUNE.

June 8, '77 June September and October jw & C.

Lands for Sale.

960,000 ACRES

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First class stock farms, excellent Agricultural lands, and the best Tobacco region in the West. Short Winters, no grasshoppers, orderly society, good markets and a healthy country. Low Prices! Long Credit!

Free transportation from St. Louis to the lands furnished purchasers. For further information, address A. L. DEANE,

Land Commissioner St. Louis and San Francisco Ry. Co., N. W. cor. Fifth and Walnut streets, St. Louis, Mo. jw & co aug. 10, '77 4w

GOLD. Great chance to make money. If you can get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person everywhere to take subscriptions to the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports making over $50 in a week. A lady agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine. aug. 10, '77-1y

$777 is not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Feb. 16 '77 1yr.

Select Story.

PURSUED BY WOLVES.

A RACE FOR LIFE IN A RUSSIAN FOREST.

"And so, mine host, you wish to frighten me with the old fabled cry of 'Wolf;' no, no! it won't do. You don't suppose a few cowardly rascals like your wolves are going to frighten two such old hunters as myself and Paulo, here? What say you, Paulo?" and the speaker, a tall fair-haired young Englishman, turned to his companion, who stood in the rear and exhibited the respectful familiarity of a confidential servant; a man who had passed the prime of life, but was yet hale and strong; a thorough picture of the true Muscovite.

"I will drive wherever the master orders," was the quiet reply.

"Good! I knew that, Paulo. And our host thinks to keep us here when a glorious welcome is waiting us at Grovonoff palace, only three leagues away, by the fanciful story that the wolves are about. For my own part I should like a spot shot at them. But I forgot, there's Isabelle, and she might not care to venture."

"Don't mind me, Harry," replied a soft voice at his elbow, proceeding from a graceful young lady who had at that moment entered the apartment, holding in her arms an infant. "I am as anxious to reach the palace to-night as you can be. Is not dear Alexis waiting for me? You forget I have not seen him these three months; and baby here wants to be presented to his father."

"Not a doubt," was the laughing reply. "Well, we had better see about starting. Paulo, get the sledge round."

"Will your excellency order the bells to be taken off; they attract the wolves," interposed the host.

"Not I, indeed. The horses would not get along without them It encourages them; besides, I like the music of the bells on the frozen air; and if the wolves are to come, they come, bells or not."

The innkeeper bowed and withdrew. Now while the party are settling themselves comfortably in the sledge, let us briefly explain who they are, that they find themselves at a Russian outpost late on a harsh winter's night. Harry Fordyce, who has been on a hunting tour with his trusty servant, Paulo, a thorough hunter and trapper, has appointed to meet his sister on her way from England, where she has been spending the summer, and escort her to her husband, a Russian noble, who, as governor of a district, is located on an outlying post far removed from civilization. The journey has been accomplished, up to the time of our meeting them without accident; but, putting up to rest their horses at a wayside inn, three leagues from their destination, the landlord endeavors to persuade them from proceeding by informing them that the pine forest which lies midway between the little village and the palace is infested with a pack of wolves—but the answer to this has already been given.

"Now then. Paulo, shake the reins and we'll be off. You are all right, Isabelle," turning to the lady, "perfectly safe and warm, and the little one?" queries our hero.

"Quite, thank you."

And waving his hand to the innkeeper, Paulo shakes the reins, and the sledge with its three horses dashes over the hard snow with a speed and ease hardly equaled by any other conveyance in the world, and at this pace the pine wood is neared. But Paulo is an old hand, and almost imperceptibly slackens the speed of his horses, allowing them to take breath, as he knows that they may require all their strength before the forest is passed. With one hand holding the reins, he looks calmly to the priming of a pair of revolvers and then, quietly leaning over to his master, whispers in his ears.

"All right," is the sole response, but the young Englishman as quietly looks to the adjustment of a breech-loading rifle which has hitherto been concealed by a fur rug, and brings his cartridge belt nearer to his hand.

The forest is entered by this time, and the deep shade thrown by the gigantic pines creates a darkness almost as intense as that of night to the party who have just come out of the glare of the snow; the one relief to the solemn shade is the long road stretching out in its whiteness, and in its winding and turning looking almost like a living serpent. No sooner are the party well within the shade of inhospitable and grim-looking trees, than Paulo begins to peer about him, now forward, now to the right and now to the left, and on the snow covered ground, but evidently he sees nothing to alarm him, when suddenly he exclaims "Hah!" and gives the reins that he has been holding in his hand a shake that seems to send a thrill through the horses, who have also seen or heard something that they do not like, for they throw back their ears, and the thirk spume flakes fly from their mouths as they chafe at the bits.

Isabella, who has been dozing, suddenly opens her eyes at the jerk which has been given to the sledge, and in accents of terror exclaims: "What are those eyes amongst the trees on the hill?"

No need to ask a second time, as the hoarse howlings, which had been but mutterings mingling with the sighing of the wind through the leafless branches, now swell into a loud chorus, and a pack of wolves dash from the trees after the sledge and its inmates, and then ensued a race for life indeed. The horses were as sensible of the danger as their human freight, and plunged along with all the speed of thoroughbred animals. Attracted by the cry of the child and the alarming shriek of its mother the fierce pursuers came up on that side of the sledge nearest to them, and seemed determined to leap into it. They were close alongside, their hot breath could almost be felt, while the glare of their fierce-looking eyes was terrifying. At this moment Paulo pulled out his revolver and fired, and the one nearest the side rolled over and bit the dust in his death agonies, but the others, nothing daunted, leaped over the body of their dying comrade and kept up the chase. Harry leveled his rifle and another beast rolled over. Just then one who appeared to be the leader sprang at the nearest horse and hung on his side, while the affrighted animal plunged and struggled to such a degree as to threaten the overthrow of the sledge To reload and fire was for the experienced hunter but the work of a moment, and the horse was freed from his assailant.

Paulo had not been idle. His revolvers had told more than once upon the hungry pack, but they were pressing closer and closer, and it seemed as though they must be eventually sacrificed to the rapacity of the wolves, when a turn in the road showed them that the forest was nearly ended, and that the remaining portion of the journey ran through an open country, where the wolves would doubtless hesitate to follow; indeed, the pace had been such that they were already falling off, and a shot or two more from the rifle and revolver seemed to check their on rush. But it was as if they were only concentrating their energies for a fresh charge, for just as the forest was cleared, they surrounded the sledge on all sides, and Paulo had just time to fire at the first on one side, when, turning quickly, he lodged the contents of another barrel in the brain of one that had already mounted the sledge.

But this was the final charge. Once in the open fields the cowardly beasts turned tail and slunk back to their native wilds, while our travelers reached Grovonoff palace in safety, but did not easily forget, amid the festivities that awaited them, the terrible race for life they had run on that harsh winter's night.

A Romance of Fort George Island.

Fort George Island—a winter resort at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, which is coming into fashion—is the subject of an enthusiastic writer in Scribner for September, who relates the following story:

The young owner of the Island, cultivating hundreds of acres and raising enormous crops of cotton and sugar, used to build schooners in a ship-yard of his own, and imported slaves directly from the African coast, selling to his neighbors such as he did not want He was unmarried. Perhaps no one of the daughters of the neighboring planters could be persuaded to share the lonely life which could hardly have appeared attractive in any woman's eyes; perhaps he preferred a life of freedom and independence. However that may have been, he was in the habit of going occasionally to Africa himself, and of buying his slaves from the native chiefs, who disposed in this way of their prisoners of war.

During one of these visits, while engaged in bargaining, he was struck with the grace and beauty of the chief's young daughter, a child of ten years old. He proposed to buy her, but she was a favorite child and her father could not part with her. Persuasions were for a time unavailing, but at length the savage father, unable to resist the glitter of the white man's gold, agreed to part with his child upon condition that she would be treated with consideration and brought up as becomes a king's daughter. The planter promised, and, strange to say, he kept his word. She was kindly cared for and well educated, and in course of time became the planter's lawful wife. She had according to tradition, with the exception of a dark skin, none of the usual negro characteristics. Her handsome features were regular, her hair smooth, her presence dignified and commanding. Her husband seems never to have regretted his unusual course, and her influence over her captive countrymen was unbounded. In addition to her position and superior intelligence was the consideration of her native rank, which to them at least was a source of unquestioned right.

The establishment was kept up in almost princely style. The sons were sent to England to be educated; for the daughters French and English governesses were procured, and established in separate houses near the mansion; white artisans of various kinds were constantly employed, making quite a large community aside from the hundreds of slaves upon the island. And over all this, in her husband's long and frequent absences, reigned our dusky princess, as absolute in her insular domain as her savage father in his native wilds. She had a strong and powerful mind, and womanly kindness and sympathy as well. One old negro, who died some time since, so old that no one could remember him as other than old, used to tell how he was brought over when young to this island, where he had lived ever since, and how he and others, sick and exhausted, were ministered to by the "missis'" own hands, and how they all loved her and always prayed, "Lord bless Ma'am Hannah!" Every morning as she stood upon this very spot the field hands passed in review before her, each gang with its driver, going to their daily work. She inspected them all, picking out such as were unfit for labor and sending them to the hospital or to lighter tasks; and every night in the same spot she heard a report of the day, examined into all complaints, and with strict justice adjudged each offender's punishment; and without her order not a lash could be given.

Gambling as a Trade.

Chamberlain, the great gambler, has failed, and failed badly. His debts are astounding—ten thousand dollars for meat, ten thousand for liquor, six thousand for clothes. The fact is that Chamberlain's business, as the colored people sing, is "Sometimes up, and sometimes down." One night his bank is loaded down with gold. The next night he could not buy a box of cigars. Yet the glitter, glare and glow of the institution, the fine furniture, the clink of the gold, and the sumptuous tables, free as a hydrant, do their work on the unwary as really as if gambling was a paying business. There are men in New York, however, who follow gambling as a trade—who have done so for years—and who have made money by it. Not one in ten thousand could imitate them. These men live in fine style in fashionable New York. Their houses are elegantly furnished, and their tables are sumptuously supplied. Their business is unknown, and they pass as brokers. Their families move in good society, and occupy high-priced pews in fashionable churches. These men act on a rigid rule, from which they never depart. They do not drink, they smoke sparingly, keep their heads clear, and have command over their nerves. They play every night. They play while they win, if it is till daylight. They limit their losses. They can lose fifty dollars, or three hundred dollars, and not feel it. Blow high or blow low, they never go beyond this. They believe in luck, and when luck is against them they retire. Out of the thousands of gamblers, not ten have made money over the "green cloth."

A Turkish Romance.

THE PACHA WHO NEVER SAW A PAIR OF GLOVES—HOW A POOR AUSTRIAN BECAME CHIEF OF THE OTTOMAN ARMY.

The great facts of the Eastern war do not enter into our humble province; but we may glean a few anecdotes on the heroes of this Iliad. Here is one related by Mr. Edmund Texier, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

About fifteen or twenty years ago, a young man presented himself at Widdin, and asked for Hussein Pacha, the commandant of that place. This young man was as handsome as a woman, and as imposing as a demigod. His complexion was white and clear, his eyes soft and penetrating, and his form slender and vigorous. The Turks, who are superstitious about countenances, received him with cordiality, and pointed out to him the Pacha's dwelling.

Hussein had encamped before Widdin, in a superb tent. The young unknown presented himself for an audience just as Hussein awoke in a very bad humor.

"What do you want?" asked he, roughly, of the importunate solicitor.

"To enter the service of your excellency."

"I have too many servants already. Go!"

In Turkey men of the most humble condition may offer presents to a great nobleman, without infringing on customs. The young man drew from his pocket a small package, carefully enveloped, which he handed to the Pacha, entreating him to accept it.

"What are these?" said the pacha, when he had opened the package.

"Gloves, your excellency."

"And what are they?"

"When you march in the sun, its rays will not burn your hands. (those of Hussein were very white), and when you hold the bridle of your horse your fingers will not be wounded by the hardness of the leather."

"And how are these gloves put on?"

The young man put a glove on the pacha's hand.

"Now the other,"

The young man complied. Hussein then clapped his hands three times, and held them over his head, while the officers of his suite entered and looked wonderingly at the gloves.

Thanks to these, which were a long time the admiration of the pacha and his staff, the unknown was admitted to the service of Hussein, and became his confidential aid-de-camp.

Now this unknown youth was Michael Hattas, originally from Croatia, formerly sub-inspector of bridges and causeways in Austria—at present Omer Pacha, general-in-chief of the Ottoman army. How came this young man without a country, this fugitive without resources, this German turned Turk to risk his future destiny on a pair of gloves? This history is not less curious than that of his audience with Hussein Pacha.

The fourth son of Peter Hattas, a poor and noble Austrian lieutenant, Michael was in his childhood so delicate that he lived only by a prodigy of maternal love. At eighteen he was appointed superintendent of the bridges and causeways of Carlstadt. At twenty he was nominated sub-inspector at Zaro, in Dalmatia. Compromised in a political affair, he exiled himself and gained the Turkish frontier with a few sequins in his pocket.

The first Ottoman village which he traversed being Omer Unas, he took the name of Omer with the turban, and advanced at random into the province of Bosnia. Some wagoners met him, attacked him, robbed him, took away even his clothes, and left him almost naked on the public road A peasant furnished him with a garment and a little money. He arrived thus at Boujalaka, where he entered the shop of a merchant as a clerk.

Here a consolation awaited him, which had nearly turned him from the arduous paths which led to glory. The merchant had a charming daughter. Omer perceived it by the beatings of his heart. The young girl, on her part, could not see without emotion this exile pursued by fate, this brave and skilled engineer reduced to the condition of a clerk, this white and delicate but energetic and valiant and, which trembled at holding a pen instead of a sword. The two young people understood each other without speaking, and the father comprehended them in his turn, without needing their confidence.

One fine morning he sent to Omer two caskets. The one contained a wedded ring his and the inventory of business, the other a purse full of gold and a Damascene saber. Omer divined the choice which was offered to him—the fortune of the merchant and the hand of his daughter, or departure and a military life, with the expenses of the journey to the nearest camp.

Omer kept the book and the ring, and restored to the merchant the saber and purse. The next day the two young people were affianced amid a joyous family festival. But on the day after, the young girl, overcome with happiness, fell ill, to rise no more. The father and lover watched over her eight days and nights, and tearfully received her last sigh. Then the merchant, taking the saber and the purse, offered them again to the young man, saying to him:

"God has willed it! It was decreed! May glory be more faithful to you than happiness!"

This time Omer accepted the arm, and kissing the icy hand of his dead betrothed, took his way toward Widdin, where he became the aid-de-camp of Hussein, as we have seen.

After the death of the pacha of Widdin, Omer repaired to Constantinople, where he rose rapidly from rank to rank, and was appointed in 1852 and 1854, by his merit and success, to the supreme command of the Ottoman forces against Russia.

See what a pair of gloves may produce—in good hands.

Mr. George William Curtis, writing of official precedence in his "Easy Chair," says: "A Senator gave a dinner, and when the moment arrived, he turned to the senior Senator of the United States, who was present, and asked him to hand out the lady of the house. "But I see the Secretary of State," replied the senior. "No guest in my house takes precedence of the senior member of the body that makes Secretaries of State," was the lofty reply."

A Terrible Secret.

AN ENGLISH GREENROOM STORY—THE SKULL OF A MURDERED WOMAN.

There is a story told in English greenrooms for the truth of which (writes Celia Logan in the New York *Dispatch*) I cannot vouch. It is to the effect that a certain carpenter, a long, long time ago, murdered his wife by driving a nail into her skull. He fled, and the better to conceal his identity became an actor. He rose to eminence, and the whirling of time and wheel of chance brought him to the very village in which he years before had killed his wife, whose murder, however—so the story run—had not been suspected, her long, black hair concealing the cruel wound from which the blood had flowed.

The part was Hamlet. Whatever memories the place evoked, he had sufficient mastery over his feelings to keep them hidden. The first scene of the fifth act came on. The theatre stood on what had formerly been a burial ground, and the property man had not to go far for skulls, but just dug a little and brought up a dozen or more, and at night tossed them into the trap for the gravedigger to shovel on the stage. He handed a skull to the Hamlet, saying:

"Here's a skull now hath lain you in the earth for three-and-twenty-years."

Hamlet—Whose was it?

Gravedigger—This same skull, sir, was Yorrick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet took the skull, sa