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COLUMBIAN

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 44. COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 28.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Frank. County Clerk—John W. Miller. Treasurer—John W. Miller.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—L. Lowenberg. Clerk of Town Council—M. Woodward. Mayor—M. Woodward.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

St. Peter's Episcopal Church. St. Paul's Episcopal Church. St. Andrew's Episcopal Church.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL OFFICES. BLANK DEEDS. MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES. JUSTICES AND CONSTABLES.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. W. M. MILLER, Attorney-at-Law. W. H. HOWELL, Dentist.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. J. C. BUTTER, Physician & Surgeon. E. E. ORVIS, Attorney-at-Law.

DR. L. L. RABB, Practitioner.

BROCKWAY & ELWELL, Attorneys-at-Law.

C. F. W. J. BECKALEW, Attorneys-at-Law.

R. F. J. M. CLARK, Attorneys-at-Law.

F. P. BILLMEYER, Attorney-at-Law.

H. R. SMITH, Attorney-at-Law.

WILLIAM BRYSON, Attorney-at-Law.

A. C. SMITH, Attorney-at-Law.

C. W. MILLER, Attorney-at-Law.

W. H. HOWELL, Dentist.

C. M. DRINKER, Gun and Locksmith.

WILLIAM Y. KESTER, Merchant Tailor.

F. R. BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor.

L. S. KUHN, Dealer in Meats, Tallow, etc.

CATAWISSA.

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

WM. L. EYERLY, Attorney-at-Law.

WM. R. HENNINGHUGH, Attorney-at-Law.

China, Glass, and Queensware.

WAINWRIGHT & CO., Wholesale Grocers.

B. F. HARTMAN, American Insurance Companies.

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B. F. HARTMAN, American Insurance Companies.

VEGETINE

—WILL CURE—

SCROFULA,

Scrofulous Humor.

Cancer, Cancerous Humor.

Mercurial Diseases.

Salt Rheum.

Erysipelas.

Pimples and Humors on the Face.

Humors, Ulcers of Old Sores.

Constipation.

Piles.

Dyspepsia.

Faintness at the Stomach.

Female Weakness.

General Debility.

Important to Lawyers.

Prepares for Summons.

Prepares for Depositions.

Prepares for Affidavits.

Prepares for Subpoenas.

Prepares for Exhibits.

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Select Story.

AN ILLUSION.

By L. L. RABB.

Lucian was a young man of

great promise, and his

ambitions were high.

He had a natural

talent for the law,

and he was

studying hard

to qualify himself

for the bar.

His father was

an old-fashioned

man, and he

was very strict

in his demands

on his son.

Lucian was

very obedient,

and he was

very successful

in his studies.

He was

very popular

among his

classmates,

and he was

very respected

by his

professors.

He was

very ambitious,

and he was

very determined

to succeed.

He was

very hard

working,

and he was

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in his

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He was

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Colerian Funeral Rites.

In Corsia wailing and chanting is kept up, off and on, from the hour of burial.

The news that the head of a family has expired is quickly communicated to his relations

and friends in the surrounding hamlets, who hasten to form themselves into a troop or band, that are locally called the *Seirats*, and this advance in procession toward the house of mourning.

If the death was caused by violence, the *seirats* make a halt when it arrives in sight of the village, and then it is that the Corsian women tear their hair and scratch their faces till the blood flows, just as do their sisters in *Dalmatia* and *Montenegro*. The widow awaits the *seirats* by the door of the house, and as it draws near, the leader steps forth and throws a black veil over her head to symbolize her widowhood; the term of which must offer a dreary prospect to a woman who has the misfortune to lose her husband while she is still in the prime of life, for public opinion insists that she remain for years in almost total seclusion of the dead, and a few pointed allusions to the most important events of his life; but before long she warms to her work, and pours forth volleys of rhythmic lamentation with a fire and animation that stir up the women present into a frenzied delirium of grief, in which as the prostrates take breath, they howl, dig their nails into their flesh, throw themselves on the ground, sometimes cover their heads with ashes. When the dirge is ended they join their hands and dance frantically round the plank on which the body lies. More singing takes place on the way to the church and thence to the graveyard. After the funeral the men do not shave for weeks, and the women let their hair go loose and occasionally cut it off at the grave—cutting off the hair by the way, if a universal sign of female mourning; it was done by the women of ancient Greece and it was done by the women of India. A good deal of eating and drinking follows during the ceremony, and if the funeral feast comes short of that recorded of the funeral feast of Sir John Paston, of Barton, when 1,300 eggs, 41 pigs, 40 calves and 10 sheep were a few items—nevertheless the Corsian baked meats fall heavily upon the pockets of families as a deed themselves bound to "keep up a position." Sixty persons is not an extraordinary number to be entertained at a banquet, and there is, over and above, a general distribution of bread and meat to poor neighbors. After the funeral, and in the winter, are estimated the viands proper to the occasion. In happy contrast to all this luxurious feasting is the simple cup of milk drawn by each kinsman of the shepherd who dies in the mountains; in which case the body is laid out, like Robin Hood's, in the open air, a green sod under his head, his limbs begirt with the pistol belt, his gun at his side, his dog at his feet. Curious are the superstitions of the Corsian shepherds and neighbors. In the winter, and in the living in the night time, and he who answers will soon follow them; they believe, too, that, if you listen attentively after dark, you may hear at times the low beating of a drum, which announces that a soul has passed.—*Corinth Magazine*.

Shepherds on the Downs.

The English shepherds generally—certainly in the South Downs—is almost unique resembling in nowise, save in name the herdsmen of other countries. These are all, more or less, brought into contact at times with the outer world. The Scotch shepherd or drover's life is full of travel and incident; the Swiss herdsmen, as it were, to be perpetually on the defense against the stupendous forces of nature—hurricanes, the snowbanks, the ice and drift, the torrent. He who tends sheep in the wilds of the Antipodes, or on the prairies of the American continent is usually their owner; they are his wealth and substance, and he must be prepared to do, and often does, battle for his own life and theirs, as he drives his enormous flocks over leagues of pathless waste, mounted and armed to his teeth. The Oriental shepherd is still, even as we know him in Bible records frequently a warrior potent chief and leader of his tribe. But yonder we see him, bolder, elderly man, with whom we see our rambles over the Downs, is a being entirely apart from all these; he has probably gone twenty miles from that village in the hollow where he was born. "Wars and rumors of wars" affect him not more than they did his ancestors; they touch not his occupation, for that he is not peaceful, it is nothing, it is gone. For the greater part of his time he may sit as Shakespeare says and

He Couldn't Drink Wine.

There was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she rose, glass in hand, and with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," replied the heroic youth, resolutely gazing at the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that of a young man, who refused to be changed for the first and solid station of a famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, his voice trembling a little and his cheek flushed "I never drink wine; but (here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer) if you have got a little good rye whiskey, I don't mind trying a snifter!"

General N. Bedford Forbes, the great Confederate cavalry officer, died at 7:30 Monday evening, at the residence of his brother, Colonel Jesse Forrest.

Paul Schœppe in a New Role.

The Cincinnati Commercial of a recent date publishes the following paragraph, under the caption of "Adventures of a Bogus Count." Many will remember the then notorious case, several years ago, of Paul Schœppe, who was tried in Pennsylvania for poisoning a Miss Steinecke, who was very wealthy. He was twice convicted of forgery in the first degree, and on the third trial was acquitted in the third degree.

Through the influence of friends he was soon pardoned out of prison. Subsequently an engagement of marriage with a well-known German actress. On the day the marriage was set for he encountered a former eastern acquaintance, who recognized him, whereupon he immediately fled. Under the same name he was convicted of forgery in Chicago and served two years in the Joliet penitentiary. Afterwards he obtained a position as a German writer on the Courier newspaper in St. Louis, but his own name identified and dismissed. Hence he went to New York city, where he was known as Count Schmettow. As Count Schmettow he recently applied for a letter and obtained a position on the editorial staff of one of the Cincinnati morning dailies. Recently he arrived there. He was not long in the city before he met an old St. Louis acquaintance who threatened to expose him.

The last known of the count he was taking an afternoon train for the west.

Wild Men and Domesticated Snakes.

In the island of Rho the resident assured them, they will meet the wild men living in trees, had no language but cries; and in Sumatra the resident of Palembang said there were men who lived in the forests, with whom not only the Europeans, but even the Malays, could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one. Yet, strange to say, they have a petty traffic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. They live in the woods and live by the chase. They hunt tigers, not with the gun, but with arrows which they blow out of a tube, and which are so keen of point, and touched with such deadly poison, that a wound is almost immediately fatal. These tiger skins or elephant tusks they bring for barter—not for sale—for they never sell anything, for money is the most useless thing they could have. They cannot eat it, or drink it, or wear it. But as they have wants they exchange; yet they themselves are never seen. They bring what they have to the edge of the forest and place what they have to dispose of and retire. If the offer is satisfactory, when they return again they find what they brought gone, and take what is left and depart. If not, they add a few trifles more to tempt the eyes of these wild men of the woods, and at last the exchange is effected, yet all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible.

But if these (elephants) are unmerciful neighbors, there are others that are more so—the reptiles, which abound here as in India. But familiarly breeds contempt, or indifference. The people are not afraid of them, and hardly notice them, but speak of them in an easy sort of way, as if they were the most harmless things in nature—poor innocents in the family, and allowed to roam about the house at their will. Soberly, there are certain domestic snakes which are indulged with these liberties. Said Mr. K: "I was once visiting in Sumatra, and spending the night at the house of a friend. I heard a noise, and asked, 'What is that?' 'Oh, nothing,' they said, 'it's only the serpent.' 'What do you keep a large snake for?' 'Yes,' they said, 'it was a large black snake which frequented the house, and as it did no mischief and hunted the rats they let it roam about where it liked.' Thinking this rather a big story, with which our friend might practice on the credulity of a stranger, I turned to the resident of Palembang, who confirmed it. He said this domestication of serpents was not uncommon. There was a kind of a box that was very useful as an exterminator of rats, and for this purpose the good Dutch housekeepers allowed it to crawl about to be coiled up in the pantry. Sometimes this interesting member of the family was stretched out on the veranda to bark in the sun—a pleasant object to any stranger who might be invited to accept hospitality.—*Dr. Field, in the Evangelist*.

Ships of the Columbian.

Ships of the Columbian and bimonthly mail for the present year show a decrease of over 3,000,000 tons as compared with shipments for the same period in 1876.

Subscribe for THE COLUMBIAN.

Subscription price, one dollar per year for each line.

Advertisements.

Very liberal terms for advertising. Transient advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements payable for each insertion, and at this rate for additional insertions, except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per line for first insertion, and at this rate for additional insertions, without reference to length.

Receipts, Advertisements and Editor's notices three dollars per line for each insertion.

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.

MY GIRL.

BY JOHN S