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 [illegible] after the expiration of the year [illegible]

[illegible] paid, but discontinued [illegible] at the rate of the first year [illegible] given.

[illegible] Editors must be paid 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.

[illegible] of the COLUMBIAN is very extensive, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on a fair, neat, and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 47
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 18

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	12.00
Three inches	4.00	4.50	7.00	10.00	16.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	12.00	15.00	25.00	50.00
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. Knickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—D. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. S. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
Deputies—John H. Clark.
Sheriff—John A. Hoffman.
Deputies—Isaac Derstine.
Treasurer—H. S. Mensweigh.
Commissioners—Noah Derringer, S. W. Mettenry, Isaac Van Horn.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Knickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Sloan, L. H. Casey, E. H. Brown, Jacob Harman.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Hess.
Trial Justice—William H. Snyder.
Board of Notaries—Directors—D. P. Bird, Sec'y, Bloomsburg; Thomas Foster, Bloomsburg; and Thomas Foster, Jr., Sec. Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President—John Salmon Ringrose.
Burgess—H. Lowenberg.
Clerk—W. Wirt.
Town Council—[illegible] Conner, [illegible] Jacoby, [illegible] Clark, Secretary—W. Miller.
Assessor—John A. Funston.
Assistant Assessor—Charles H. Paxson.
Collector—[illegible] Clark.
Chief of Police—Charles H. Paxson, resident [illegible].
Officers of Bloomsburg Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. M. Utt, President; A. W. Miller, Secretary.
Officers of Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—W. A. Searles, President; J. H. Robbins, Secretary.
Officers of Mutual Building and Saving Fund Association—J. Brower, President; C. H. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. L. S. Fox, in charge. Preaching 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. Eyton. 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. Sinsser. Sunday Services—1½ and 6½ p. m. Sunday School—9 a. 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 at 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner of Third and Iron streets. Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gerhart. 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—1½ 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. Heeser. 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.

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.

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, near 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.

CATAWISSA

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

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

AUG. L. KAUB. JNO. R. FRYMIER. CHAS. E. EDWARDS.

WM. R. HAGENBUCH,
WITH
Kaub, Frymier & Edwards,
(Successors to Benedict Dorsey & Sons, 923 Market street,
Importers and dealers in
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
923 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Constantly on hand Original and Assorted Packages
June 29, '77-1y

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 profit, be 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

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

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Insurance of Money Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin, of " "
Pennsylvania of " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of "
Office 17 Market Street, No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, '77-1y*

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. 16, 1875.

SAMUEL KNORR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market streets.

N. P. FUNK. I. E. WALLER.
FUNK & WALLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING. Jan. 19, '77-1y

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain.
Aug 24, '77-1y

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

C. E. & 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. H. & W. J. Buckalew.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

HERVEY E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in A. J. EVAN'S NEW BUILDING,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Member of Commercial Law and Bank Collection Association. Oct 14, '77-tf

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-tf

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH. Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
ESTATE OF JACOB BOMBOY, DECEASED.
Letters Testamentary on the estate of Jacob Bomboy, late of Centre township, Columbia Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted by the Register of said county to Edward Hartman of the Centre twp., and P. E. Bomboy, to whom all persons indebted are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the said estate will make them known to the said executors without delay.
EDWARD HARTMAN,
P. E. BOMBOY,
Executors.
no. 2 '77 6w*

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 Liverpoo	12,500,000
Lancashire	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
	$175,975,000

March 26, '77—y

Orangeville Academy.

REV. C. K. CANFIELD, A. M., Principal.
If you want to patronize a
FIRST CLASS SCHOOL,
WHERE BOARD AND TUITION ARE LOW,
give us a trial.
Next term begins
MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1878.
For information or catalogue apply to
THE PRINCIPAL,
July 27, '77-1y Orangeville, Pa.

EMPIRE TRANSPORTATION CO.
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT,
1127 GIRARD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, October 18th, 1877.
Notice is hereby given that the Empire Transportation Company has ceased to transact business, and has entered on a liquidation of its affairs preparatory to its dissolution as a Corporation.
JOS. D. POTTS, President.
The Empire Line, formerly owned and operated by the Empire Transportation Company, will continue to be operated as heretofore, but for account of its new owners.
F. J. FIRTH,
nov. 16, '77-1m Gen. Manager Empire Line.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
The assets of these old corporations are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of Fire only.
Moderate lines on the best risks are alone accepted.
Losses PROMPTLY and BONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, Special Agent and Adjuster, Bloomsburg, Penn'a.
The citizens of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses, if any, are adjusted and paid by one of their own citizens. nov. 16, '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.

BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
ORDERS, &C., &C.,
Neatly and cheaply printed at the COLUMBIAN Office.

BLANK MORTGAGES for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

Select Story.

A REPORTER'S STORY.

I had been stopping for a short time in the city of Jackson, Michigan, engaged in the capacity of traveling reporter for one of the New York journals, when one rainy, disagreeable day, I resolved to visit the State prison, in search of some item of interesting news. I did so.

After having passed through the entire establishment, I was at last shown into the cell of a young man doomed to suffer death.

The occupant of this cell was a fine, sad, intelligent looking personage of about twenty-three years of age. His high, classical forehead, deep blue eyes, and noble polite bearing, indicated him to be no common villain. His face was thin and pallid, but from those pure, expressive eyes, flashed a deep character, an endurable sorrow, a soul-destroying remorse, which no cold-blooded murderer could possess.

At his first words, "Pray, be seated," I was surprised at the deep, full, musical intonations of his voice. It at once proclaimed him a scholar.

I soon entered into a long conversation with him, and little by little learned the following sad, but truthful, tale, which I give as nearly as possible in his own language, and which I hope will prove a warning to the many weary, foolhardy thousands who are swiftly drifting into that fearful, whirling, domestic vortex—jealousy.

My name is George Melville. My father was a clergyman in the western part of this state, and descended from one of the best families in those parts.

I received a good education, and at the age of twenty, entered a large mercantile house in New York city. I soon, by close application and indefatigable energy gained the entire confidence of my employers; and after having been in their employ one year I was selected by them to visit the West Indias as their agent on some business of importance, and which would require considerable tact and forethought to execute faithfully, and promptly transact.

Previous to my departure for those islands I became acquainted with a Miss Reynolds, who was a few years younger than myself and the daughter of a gentleman who had recently purchased and removed to an estate near my father.

Everything that was graceful and lovely appeared centered in her form; everything that was virtuous and excellent in her mind I sought her hand. Our souls soon became united by the indissoluble bonds of sincere love; and as there were no parental or other impediments to our union, it was agreed that as soon as I returned from the West Indie, where it was expected my stay would be short, the marriage solemnities would be performed. Solemn oaths of love and constancy passed between us, and I sailed with a light heart for the West Indies. While there, I received from her, and returned to her, letters filled with the tenderest expressions of anxiety and regret of absence.—Oh! that I had never, never returned! What pain, anguish, and remorse, I would have been saved!

The moment I got on land, I hastened as fast as the railway train could carry me to the house of Mr Reynolds, to see the charmer of my soul.

She received me with all the ardency of affection, and even shed tears of joy in my presence. I urged her to name the day which was to perfect our union and happiness; and the next Sunday, only four days distant, was agreed upon for me to lead her to the altar. How my heart did bound at the prospect of of making Miss Reynolds my own, of possessing in her all that could render life agreeable.

I hastened home to my family, and informed them of my approaching bliss.—They all sympathized in the anticipated joy which swelled my bosom. I had a sister some years older than myself, who had been the friend and companion of my angel in my absence. They were now almost every day together, so that I had frequent opportunities of Emma's company.

One day she had been with my sister, at my father's; and, as usual, I accompanied her home. On my return my sister requested me to attend her in a private room. We therefore retired, and when we were seated, she thus addressed me:

"Georgie, you know that to promote your peace, your welfare, and your happiness has ever been the pride of my heart. Nothing except this could extort the sad secret which I now disclose, and which has hitherto remained deposited in my bosom. My duty to a brother, whom I esteem dear as life, forbids me to remain silent. As an affectionate sister I cannot tacitly see you thus imposed upon. I cannot see you the dupe and slave of an artful and insidious woman, who does not sincerely return your love; nor can I see your marriage celebrated with one whose soul and affections are placed on another object."

Here she hesitated, while I, with anguish of mind almost insufferable, begged her to proceed.

"About six or eight months after your departure," she continued, "it was reported to Miss Reynolds that she had a rival in the West Indies; that you had there found an English beauty on whom you lavished those endearments which belonged of right to her alone. This at first made a deep impression on her; and whether from this cause, fickleness of disposition, or that she never sincerely loved you, I know not; but this I do know, that a youth has been for some time past her constant companion. To convince you of this, you need only visit the old, uninhabited house bordering on the river, about nine or ten this evening, where you will undoubtedly surprise Miss Reynolds and her lover, enjoying one of their pleasant, loving interviews. If I should be mistaken, I will submit to your censure; but should you find it as I have predicted, you have only to rush from your place of concealment, charge her with perfidy, and renounce her favor."

Of all the plagues, of all the torments, of all the curses which torture the soul, jealousy of a rival in love is the worst.

Enraged, confounded, and astonished, it seemed as if my bosom would instantaneously burst. To conceal my emotions I left my sister's apartments, after having thanked her for her information, and proceeded to obey her injunctions. I retired to my room, and there poured out my execrations.

"Cursed woman," I cried, "is it thus you acquire my tender love? Could a vague report of my inconstancy drive you to infidelity? Did not my letters breathe constant adoration, and did not yours portray the same sincerity of affection? No; it was that wretched passion for novelty which more or less holds a predominancy over your whole sex.—To a new lover you will sacrifice engagements, though made in the face of heaven!"

Thus I did rave through the entire day. The proceedings of that day are a vacuum in my memory. Every fiend in Hades were pointing their sacred bony fingers at me, and with derisive sneering laughter, sarcastic tones were urging me on to "revenge."

Through the whole of that day I was a raving, frantic maniac. I was hopelessly and incurably a victim of that worst of all passions, jealousy. Slowly the day wore away. At last the sun went down. Better for me had it been possible for that bright orb to have remained immovable for all time.

It was a beautiful summer sunset. The fast receding rays, as they lingeringly rested upon the topmost crest of a distant mountain, engulfing its base in a pall-like gloom and slantingly beamed upon the dancing, shimmering waves of the silent river, threw back a mixture of shade and sunshine which plainly told that night was approaching. Night, oh, fatal night!

All nature was clothed in its most pleasant garb. The carolling of the birds, the purling rivulets, grand old forest, majestic river, and twinkling stars were all lovely.

But in the midst of this soul enchanting scenery appeared a cloud, a mere speck at first, but which rapidly increased. Bright sheets of lightning began to flash along the darkened heavens; and the low rumbling of distant thunder resembling the harsh growlings of ferocious beasts, announced the coming storm. Larger and larger grew the clouds; louder and louder pealed the thunder, while the lightning fairly flooded the gloomy heavens with a stream of electric light.

And there I sat in my room, occasionally giving outbursts to demoniacal laughter. Black and terrible as was the scene without, it was nothing to the storm of raging passions that were howling in my breast. The storm continued. A deep, hollow, distant roar announced the approach of summoned winds. The whole forest bowed in awful grandeur, as from its dark bosom rushed the impetuous hurricane, twisting off or tearing up by the roots, the stoutest trees, and whirling the heaviest branches through the air with irresistible fury.

Deep night now filled the atmosphere. The rain poured in torrents; the wind rocked the building, and bellowed in the adjacent groves; the river raged and roared; fierce lightning rent the heavens alternately, involving the world in the sheeted flame of its many colored fires; thunders burst with horrid din, bounding and reverberating among the surrounding woods, hills, and valleys, until it seemed nothing less than the crash of worlds resounding through the universe. The whole scene was majestically grand.

The clock struck the hour of ten, I sprang to my feet and rushed into the street. The "trysting hour" had come, but the storm without had made me oblivious to the hell within. The scenes, externally and internally, were well fitting to the black and damning deed I was that night destined to perform.

I was alone in the street. Not one of the hardy inhabitants of that town dared venture out on such an evening as that. On I went, with a burning fever consuming my inmost soul. On and on, unmindful of the terrible aspect of the raging elements. The boiling, seething, turbulent river, as it flowed angrily on, the howling winds, the lurid lightning, the loud bolts of thunder, were uncared for and unheeded by me. I arrived in view of the old house by the river side. I looked—all was dark, silent and gloomy. I closed my eyes, clenched my hands, and swore by the black heavens above me to be avenged.

I opened my eyes, and a bright, lurid, fantastic light was streaming from one of the lower windows. The light was so dazzlingly brilliant that it almost blinded me. I crept stealthily up nearer to the window, and there witnessed a scene which paralyzed every fibre in my organization, and caused every drop of blood to congeal in my veins. I saw Miss Reynolds close locked in the arms of a young man elegantly dressed, and of singularly delicate appearance. They were earnestly conversing in a low tone of voice, and the hand of my fair one was gently pressed in the hands of the stranger. I drew close to the window, applied my ear to a crevice, and, with the fury of pandemonium in my heart, I listened.

The stranger clasped Miss Reynolds in his arms.

"Dearest angel?" he exclaimed, "what an interruption to our bliss by the return of my hated rival!"

With very fond caresses and endearing blandishments, she replied, "Fear nothing. I have promised and must yield him my hand; but you shall never be excluded from my heart. We shall find sufficient opportunities for private conferences."

I could hear no more. My brain was on fire; and rushing from my concealment, I with a bound, sprang through the window and confronted them.

"Ungrateful and false hearted woman!" I exclaimed, "is it thus you return my idolatrous love? You have deserted me; you have perjured your most sacred vows; and thus am I avenged!"

And placing a pistol at her breast, I shot her through the heart; and turning to her companion—"And thou, perfidious contaminator and destroyer of my bliss, go attend thy companion in iniquity, a death too good for so foul a crime!"—and immediately drawing my knife, I stabbed him to the hilt in the breast.

With the words, "Oh, George! Your wife, your sister!" he fell fainting to the floor.

My God! That voice! It rang in my ear like a funeral knell! It rings to-day, and will continue to ring a requiem of agonizing remorse as long as time shall last.

It was, indeed, my betrothed wife; it was indeed my beloved sister. The one lay dead before me, the other weltering in her blood.

I raised my sister's head into my lap. In a faint and dying voice she told me that in a weak moment, they had concerted this plan to test my jealousy. She had dressed in male attire, intending as soon as I had discovered them, to reveal herself, and laugh at my discomfiture.

"Forgive me, George," she pleaded, earnestly,—"forgive me? A mad, unwomanly freak has robbed me of the happiness of a lifetime.

She said no more, for, with her arms entwined lovingly around her murderer's neck she, without a struggle, was wafted on the angel wings to her Creator. What words can describe such agony, such utter desolation as mine! By one rash act I had robbed myself of more than life, and I would not live to endure such bitter remorse as mine. I placed the pistol to my head; but ere I could fire, my arm was grasped by a hand of steel, and the weapon dashed upon the ground.

My firing had awakened those living close by, and they came just in time to save me the crime of a triple murder.

I made no resistance, and was conveyed to prison, there to await my trial, which came off in two months. I was condemned to death. My execution will take place four weeks from to-morrow. I shall cheerfully meet my fate, for who would endure life when rendered so peculiarly miserable?

The wretched Mellville here ended his tale of woe. No tears moistened his eyes; his grief was too depressing for tears; it preyed upon his heart, drank the vital streams of his life, and burst in convulsive sighs from his burning bosom.

The day appointed for his execution drew near; his past and approaching fate filled my breast with sympathetic sorrow.

He saw his venerable father, his mother, his friends and acquaintances, with several pious clergymen, who entered the cell to comfort him. His mind softened by their advice and counsel. Frequently he would burst into tears. Often in the solitary hours of the night was he heard addressing the throne of grace for mercy and forgiveness.

But the grief that preyed at his heart had wasted him to a mere skeleton. A slow but fatal fever had consequently implanted itself in his constitution. Exhausted nature could make but a faint struggle against disease and affliction like his, and about a week previous to the day appointed for his execution he expired in his mother's arms, with the name of his loved and lost one upon his lips—leaving a conclusive, incontrovertible evidence of the evil influence of jealousy.

A Sad Story.

It was a sad but dramatic scene that was enacted, when William C. Gilman walked into the Court of General Sessions in New York and pleaded guilty to the crime of forgery. The dispatches say that the officers of the court were affected unto tears at the melancholy recital of the prisoner's confession in which he described the gradual process of his temptation and final ruin. It is not all surprising that they were, for judges and ministers of justice have no exemption from the human feelings of pity and commiseration, and the story of Gilman's fall as told by himself, was a most woeful one.

Here was an aged man who had, through a long life, enjoyed the repute of an honest and upright man. He was neither a profligate nor a debauchee, a gambler nor a parasite, but a worker and toiler, living by his own industry and thrift and contributing his share to the aggregate of human labor and endeavor about him. He made bad investments, by which he lost all the honest earnings of years of thrift and prudence. They were lying in his hands, idle and unemployed funds belonging to other parties, and he sought to save himself and recover from his misfortunes by betraying a trust and using these moneys that had been entrusted to him. This was the critical moment in his life, the hour of his first temptation and concession. Here it was that the evil spirit made its subtlest appeals and brought into play its most seductive arts. It is not hard to imagine the alluring hopes, the paltry justifications, this Mephistopheles whispered in his ear, luring him by degrees from his honest purposes, pleading all manner of extenuations and appealing to every weakness of his poor human nature, till at last the small voice of conscience was hushed in his heart. These trust funds were to him that costlier casket of "ebony, brimful of pretty things," which Margaret found in her press. When he overcame his scruples and yielded to the temptation their misappropriation held out to him, he took the first step in that downward course that leads by such broad ways and easy stages to Avernus. The encroachments upon the funds entrusted to him, he says, began years ago, and grew gradually and insensibly to such magnitude that he lost all hope of ever meeting his deficiencies. Times grew worse instead of better, and he gradually drifted into the sea of troubles, until at length, under the pressure of adversity, he was driven to forgery. Blindly hoping that the next step would extricate him, he plunged deeper and deeper, until the deepest depths were reached by receiving a sentence to the penitentiary as a common thief.

We might go on with the parallel we have instituted between his temptation and undoing and that of Margaret, for his confession, freely given, proves his downfall to have been the result of weakness rather than of positive depravity, while it holds out the assurance that "Saved!" may be written at last opposite the record of his life.

We might show the gradual process of his ruin, how he went on from his first venial sin to crime, as the poor girl yielded to the temptation that beset her, till that sad night when she laid her head upon her shoulder and exclaimed:

"Would that I slept alone and unobserved,
I'd leave the bolt unshot to-night!"

This is not necessary, however, to the impressing of the moral this story of temptation and weakness teaches. We scarcely think, either, that it can be made more impressive than it is in the simple way in which it is told, even in the few short sentences of the despatch, which we have given almost word for word. The story is indeed a sad one, but the moral must not be overlooked in a sympathy that can hardly be refused to the unhappy man whose downfall it tells. Let all read it, and realize the danger of the slightest deviation from strict honesty, the smallest violation of integrity, in their business affairs. Let it impress on them anew that the only safety is in a stern and resolute integrity and honor, which temptation cannot even approach. Verily, the descent to hell is easy.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

A woman quarreling with her husband told him she believed, if she was to die, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter. "The law does not allow a man to marry two sisters," replied the tender husband.

Juliana Cox, the Witch.

A friend in Glastonbury sends the following account which had been cut out of the *Times* away back in 1823, and pasted in an old scrap-book. Juliana Cox, we rejoice to believe, was the only witch that was hanged in Connecticut—and it is a matter of regret that even one such case of superstition and shame can be brought up against the good old State. The place of the execution on "Gallows Hill" in this city, is now known as the commanding trap-rock ridge by the "stone pits." Here is the account:

In the beautiful town of Glastonbury, in Connecticut, the following remarkable event occurred in 1753: In March of that year, one Julius Perry went out with his dogs to hunt. In the depths of the forest he discovered (as he alleged) an old grey fox and his dogs gave chase. After chasing this fox upward of two miles the animal was holed. When Mr. Perry came up he heard a strange noise over the other side of the hole, and going to the spot, he found Juliana Cox lying and panting for breath. Her left shoulder was bleeding and had on it the marks of the dog's teeth. This was just the spot on the gray fox's shoulder where the dogs had seized hold. Upon this testimony Miss Cox, a maiden lady of forty-four, was brought to trial on the capital offence of being a witch. On her arraignment she pleaded not guilty, and it was then determined that a committee of the Selectmen should examine her person for witch-marks in order to introduce confirmatory proofs against her. She was therefore remanded to prison. The following persons were appointed on the committee: Eben Brewer, Alexis Jones and Samuel Cutworth. These men proceeded at once to the prison, and stripping Miss Cox, they began their examination with tears and sobs. Finally, when they had pricked many places on her body without success, she confessed to two marks—one a little below the right hip and one on the left arm. The committee now became satisfied that these were true marks, as the flesh was thereon discolored in a slight degree. They thereupon made their report to the Court appointed to hear the trial. The evidence confirming that of Mr. Perry, was thought to be conclusive, and on the 3d of April the trial took place. It was thought necessary then to resort to further tests, and Miss Cox was found guilty of witchcraft and sentenced to be hanged. Strange noises and demons haunted the jail at Hartford up to the time of her execution, which took place on the 7th of April, at five o'clock in the morning. There was a large concourse of men and women attending her execution, and, although she declared that she was unjustly accused and that she confessed to the witchmarks to stop the pain of being pricked so cruelly by the committeemen, yet every person present believed her to be a true witch and in a league with the devil. She further declared that Jules Perry accused her wrongfully. She said she was in the forest gathering herbs and that Jules Perry came along and would have his will of her; that, she constantly refusing, he set his dog upon her, and the animal bit her shoulder, and that he, fearing to be detected in this bad act, had laid the charge of witchcraft against her. This she said under the gallows. Whereupon a shout was made among the people to "burn the witch," as hanging was too easy a death for so foul a trumpet of the devil. While the people went to fetch wood to burn her the sheriff hung her up so that she died on the gallows before the wood could be brought.

This account of Juliana Cox's witchcraft and death is abridged from the statement of Diana Jones before a Committee of Delegates to revise the Laws of Connecticut.

An Odd Joke.

A correspondent describes a dispute he witnessed in an English railway carriage, between an Irish gentleman and a clergyman, on the atrocities question. He says: The fun grew fast and furious; the Irishman was working himself up to a pitch of fever heat, when suddenly, to the horror of everybody, while emphasizing some statement, he whipped a formidable looking knife out of his pocket, brandished it about wildly for a second and then stuck it into the very thick of the thigh of his right leg. It must have gone in at least an inch, and there it stood vibrating, he sitting perfectly still, calmly looking at it.

Everybody was afraid to move, lest the blade should be transferred from the gentleman's own flesh to our bodies. The parson was the first to venture a word of expostulation.

"Goodness gracious, sir," said he, "for Heaven's sake take it out at once, sir; think what a mess the carriage will be in; indeed you will seriously injure yourself."

"Not a bit of it," mildly replied the son of Erin, all his excitement having apparently subsided; "I positively like it. It doesn't hurt me—I have accustomed my muscles to it! I assure you I don't feel it the least.

"Accustomed your muscles to it?" exclaimed the parson, "impossible! Do take it out and oblige me; it makes me shudder to hear you."

"Well, of course, if it pains you at all to see it, I will oblige you; but as I tell you, the effect is rather pleasing than otherwise, so far as I am concerned," said the stranger; and having pulled it out with an apparant effort, he carefully wiped the instrument with his handkerchief, shut it up and put it in his pocket, to our relief. "Do you often do such a silly thing as that?" inquired the reverend gentleman. "Oh yes, frequently," was the reply. "Have you ever tried it on your arm?" "No, never on my arm—the muscles aren't yet accustomed to it!" "Really!" and the eccentric individual got out at the next station. We called the guard. "Is that man mad?" we asked. "He has just horrified us by running a knife an inch and a half into his leg." "Mad, no, he ain't mad," observed the official. "It's a very old game of his that. He has a cork leg and likes to frighten people."

The secret of running a boarding house profitably is to find out just what your boarders don't like, and then feed 'em lots of it.

Sour kraut isn't ripe yet. The way to test sour kraut is to hold the family cat over the barrel five minutes. If she doesn't turn wrong side out, your kraut isn't fully flavored.

"Anna dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up. Whereupon William said: "Because when I come to c u, of course I cannot go further."

Poetical.

ALNASCHAR: NEW YORK, 1877.

BY MRS. M. F HANDY.

Where was I last week? At the Skinners';
It's really a nice place to dine,
The old man gives capital dinners,
And is rather a good judge of wine.
The daughters are stylish and pretty—
Nice girls, eh? Don't know them, you say?
Indeed? That is really a pity;
I'll take you there with me some day.

You'd be pleased with the eldest—Miss Carrie;
But Maude's rather more in my style,
By George! If a fellow could marry,
There's a girl who would make it worth while!
But it costs such a lot when you're doubled;
You must live in some style, there's the rub.
Now a single man isn't so troubled,
It's always good form at the club.

As to Maude, she'd say yes in a minute,
If I asked for her hand, I dare say;
Soft, white hand—if a fortune were in it,
I'd ask her to have me to-day.
Father rich? Well, you know there's no knowing
How a man will cut up till he's dead.
Have I looked at his tax-list? I'm going
To do it, old boy, that's well said!

But even rich fathers aren't willing
Always to come down with the pelf;
They'll say they began with a shilling,
And think you can do it yourself.
What's that paper, just there? The "Home Journal?"
What's the news in society, eh?
ENGAGED! Now, by all the infernal—
It can't be, pass it over this way.

Hm! "Reception"—"Club breakfast"—"Grand dinner."
"We learn that the charming Miss Maude,
Youngest daughter of Thomas O. Skinner,
Is engaged to George Jones"—He's a fraud!
"Of the firm of Jones, Skinner & Baker.
The marriage will take place in May."
Hang the girl for a flirt—the deuce take her!
Well, what are you laughing at, eh?

—*