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 within the year. After the expiration of the year $2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance—$2 34 if not paid in advance and $3.00 if payment be delayed beyond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

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

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 17. 1878.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XII, NO. 19
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 47

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	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	6.00	7.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	18.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	13.00	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. Kickbaum, P. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—H. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Gerver, S. W. Weffenry, Joseph Kuntz.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, I. H. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles J. Murph.
Jury Commissioners—J. Robbins, Theodore Smith.
Chief Supervisor of Bridges—William H. Snyder.
Bridge Commissioners—Robert Shaw, John Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory

President of Town Council—D. Lovenberg.
Clerk—W. Wirt.
Chief of Police—M. C. Woolverd.
President of Gas Company—A. Jackson.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Bloomsburg Banking Company—John G. Haas, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxinos, President, P. Pustin, 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. Robbins, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. I. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Pustin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. 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. G. S. Mordan.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7½ 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. Shryer.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner of Third and Iron Streets.
Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gurley.
Residence—Central Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Rector—Rev. L. Zahner.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

Meets in the little brick church on the hill,—known as the English Baptist church—on stock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 2½ 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 correct fees as established by the last Legislature, and are from the original copy furnished by the Attorney General. Justices and Constables should buy them.

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

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 3, Bloomsburg, Pa.

W. H. ENSOR — W. H. RHAWN
ABBOTT & RHAWN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
CATAWISSA, PA.
Pensions obtained. dec 21, '77-1y

MISCELLANEOUS

W. H. WELL,
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.

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
over MAYER'S STORE, Bloomsburg, Pa.
April 19, 1878.

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 HONESTLY 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

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	4,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	2,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$80,675,000

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg.
March 26, '77—y

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa
Franklin, of " "
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Manchester of New York.
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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 26, '77-1y.

CATAWISSA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-36

AUG. L. KAUB. JNO. E. PETTMIER. CHAS. E. EDWARDS.
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WITH
Kaub, Pettmier & Edwards,
(Successors to Benedict Dorsey & Sons, 918 Market Street)
Importers and dealers in
CHINA AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 916 Market St.
Philadelphia.
Country merchants will find it to their interest to call before purchasing elsewhere.

GO TO
W. H. MAUS'
FOR YOUR
CLOTHING.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks and Valises.
Corner Main and Market Streets.

FIRST CLASS SCHOOL.
CHEAP BOARD AND TUITION ARE LOW, give us a trial.
Next term begins
MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1878
For information or catalogue apply to
THE PRINCIPAL,
July 27, '77-1y Orangeville, Pa.

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Choice books no longer for the few only. The best standard novels within the reach of every one (books usually sold from $1 to $2 given (unchanged and unabridged) for 10 and 20 cents.
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158. Treasure Trove, by Samuel Lover 20c
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For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, or sent postage prepaid, on receipt of price.
GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher,
P. O. Box 3657. 21, 23 and 25, Vandewater st., N. Y.
aug 3, '77-4m

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
PLATFORM WAGONS, &c.
Firstclass work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.
Jan. 5, 1877-tf

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
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Attorney-at-Law
Increase of Pensions obtained, Collections made.
Office, second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
jan. 11, 1878

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

SAMUEL KNORR,
ATTORNEY-A-T-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets

N. U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law,
Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING.

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

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
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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 Exchange Building.

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

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. E. 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. —39

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

J. B. McELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market.

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, 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, etween Second and Third.

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VEGETINE.
Her Own Words.
BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 13, 1877.
Mr. H. R. Stevens.
Dear Sir,—Since several years I have got a sore and very painful foot. I had some physicians, but they couldn't cure me. Now I have heard of your Vegetine from a lady who was sick for a long time, and became well from your Vegetine, and I went and bought me one bottle of Vegetine; and after I had used one bottle, the pains left me, and it began to heal, and then I bought one more bottle, and so I take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and yourself; and wishing every sufferer may pay attention to it. It is a blessing for health.
Mrs. C. KRABE, 628 West Baltimore street.

VEGETINE
Safe and Sure.
Mr. H. R. Stevens.
In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, and thought no overwork and irregular habits, its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling, since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified indorsement, as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.
Yours truly, W. H. CLARK,
190 Montgomery street, Allegheny, Penn.

VEGETINE
The Best Spring Medicine.
HARRISTOWN.
H. R. Stevens
Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that for scrofula or Cankerous humors or Rheumatic affections it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE, 19 Russel street.

VEGETINE
What is Needed.
BOSTON, Feb. 13, 1871.
H. R. Stevens, Esq.
Dear Sir,—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. Vegetine was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and, after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health.
Respectfully yours, C. L. PETTENGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 10 State st., Boston.

VEGETINE.
All Have Obtained Relief.
SOUTH BERWICK, ME., Jan. 17, 1872.
H. R. Stevens, Esq.
Dear Sir,—I have had dyspepsia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines without obtaining any relief. In September last I commenced taking the Vegetine, since which time my health has steadily improved. My food digests well, and I have gained nineteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking Vegetine, and all have obtained relief.
Yours truly, THOMAS E. MOORE,
Overseer of Card Room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills.

VEGETINE
Is Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston,
Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

The Great New Medicine!

A Health-Giving Power!
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
INVIGORATES THE LIVER,
PROMOTES DIGESTION, and
STRENGTHENS THE NERVES,
Thus effectually curing disease of whatever name or nature. It is worthy of a trial. RELIEF guaranteed.
VIGORENE
Is AGREEABLE to the taste, GRATEFUL to the stomach, and acts efficiently as a CATHARTIC, ALTERATIVE and DIURETIC. Its action is not attended with any unpleasant feeling, neither is languor nor debility experienced, but on the contrary, refreshment and invigoration.
Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an engorged condition of the liver, as Biliousness, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, VIGORENE proves most valuable.
Its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy, a turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it.
Inflammatory and Chronic RHEUMATISM will soon disappear by a persistent use of VIGORENE.
For the cure of Skin Diseases and Eruptions of all kinds, VIGORENE is most certain.
VIGORENE is composed of the active properties of HERBS, ROOTS, GUMS and BARKS, that Nature alone furnishes, great care being taken by us that they are gathered at the right season of the year, and that they possess their native virtues.
That VIGORENE has the power to PURIFY THE BLOOD, INVIGORATE the LIVER, and STIMULATE the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, is indisputably proven by those who have given it a trial and have been permanently cured.
We do not ask you to try a dozen bottles to experience relief, for we GUARANTEE you will feel better from the first few doses.
VIGORENE is astonishing the world with its cures, and is throwing all other TONICS, ALTERATIVES and INVIGORANTS, into the shade. Put up in large bottles, double strength. Requires small doses, and is pleasant to take.
Price, $1.00 per Bottle.
WALKER & BADGER MFG. CO., Prop's.
33 John St., New York, and Jersey City, N. J.
"THE OBJECT OF EATING," a new book every one should read, sent free upon receipt of a one cent stamp.

For Sale at N. J. Hendershott's
DRUG STORE.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Jan. 18, '78,-1y.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
Health and Happiness are priceless. Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use
WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS,
The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Holler & Co., 70 N. 4th st., Phila. jan. 4, '78-1y nr

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.
G. A. HERRING
RESPECTFULLY announces to the public that he has reopened

SNYDER'S TANNERY,
(old stand) Bloomsburg, Pa., at the Forks of the Easy and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the times. The highest price in cash will at all times be paid for
GREEN HIDES
of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Bloomsburg, Oct. 1, 1875.

Select Story.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

'By Jove, Dick, I'm nearly done up.'

'So am I. Did any one ever see such a confounded forest, Charley?'

'I am not alone weak, but hungry. O, for a steak of moose, with a bottle of old red wine to wash it down!'

'Charley, beware! Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more it will go hard with me. If I don't dine off you. You are young, and Bertha says you're tender—'

'Hearted, she meant. Well, so I am, if loving Bertha be any proof of it. Do you know, Dick, I have often wondered that you who love your sister so passionately, were not jealous of her attachment to me.'

'So I was, my dear fellow, at first—furiously jealous. But then I reflected that Bertha must one day or other marry, and I must lose my sister; so I thought it better that she should marry my old college chum and early friend, Charles Costarre, than any one else. So you see there was a little selfishness in my calculation, Charley.'

'Dick, we were friends at school and friends at college, and I thought at both of these places that nothing could shorten the link that bound us together, but I was mistaken. Since my love for and engagement to your sister, I feel as if you were fifty times the friend that you were before. Dick, we three will never part!"

'So he married the king's daughter, and they all lived together as happy as the days are long,' shouted Dick, with a laugh, quoting from a nursery tale.

The foregoing is an extract out of the conversation with which Dick Linton and myself endeavored to beguile the way, as we tramped through one of the forests of northern New York. Dick was an artist and I a sportsman, so when one fine autumn day he announced his intention of going into the woods for a week to study nature, it seemed to me an excellent opportunity to exercise my legs and my trigger-finger at the same time. Dick had some backwoods friend who lived in a log hut on the shores of Eckford Lake, and there we determined to take up our quarters. Dick, who said he knew the forest thoroughly, was to be the guide, and we accordingly, with our guns on our shoulders, started on foot from Root's, a tavern known to tourists and situated on the boundaries of Essex and Warren Counties. It was a desperate walk, but we started at daybreak, and had great faith in our pedestrain qualties. We expected to reach the nearest of the Eckford lakes by nightfall. The forest through which we traveled was of the densest description. Overhead the branches of spruce and pine shut out the day, while beneath our feet lay a frightful soil, composed principally of jagged shingle cunningly concealed by an almost impenetrable brush. As the day wore on our hopes of reaching our destination became fainter and fainter, and I could almost fancy, from the anxious glances that Dick cast around him, that in spite of his boasted knowledge of the woods he had lost his way. It was not, however, until night actually fell in and that we were both sinking from hunger and exhaustion, that I could get him to acknowledge it.

'We're in a nice pickle, Master Dick,' said I, rather crossly, for an empty stomach does much to destroy a man's natural amiability. 'Confound your assurance that led you to set up as guide. Of all men, painters are the most conceited.'

'Come, Charley,' answered Dick, good-humoredly, 'there's no use in growling so loudly. You'll bring the bears and panthers on us if you do. We must make the best of a bad job and sleep in a tree.'

'It's easy to talk, my good fellow. I'm not a partridge, and don't know how to roost on a bough.'

'Well, you'll have to learn, then; for if you sleep on the ground, the chances are ten to one that you will have the wolves nibbling at your toes before daylight.'

'I am hanged if I do either,' said I, desperately. 'I'm going to walk all night, and I'll drop before I'll lie down.'

'Come, come, Charley, don't be a fool.'

'I was a fool only when I consented to let you assume the role as a guide.'

'Well, Charley, if you are determined to go on, let it be so, we'll go together. After all, it's only an adventure."

'I say, Dick, don't you see a light?'

'By Jove, so there is! Come, you see Providence intervenes between us and the wolves and hunger. That must be some squatter's hut.

The light to which I had so suddenly called Dick's attention was very faint, and seemed to be about half a mile distant. It glimmered through the dark branches of the hemlock and spruce trees, and weak as the light was, I hailed it as a mariner without a compass hails the star by which he steers. We instantly set out in the direction of our beacon. In a moment it seemed as if all fatigue had vanished, and we walked as if our muscles were as tense as iron and our joints oily as a piston-shaft.

We soon arrived at what in the dusk seemed to be a clearing of about five acres, but it might have been larger, for the tall forest rising up around it must have diminished its apparent size, giving the appearance of a square pit rather than a farm. Toward one corner of the clearing we discerned the dusky outline of a log hut, through whose single end window a faint light was streaming. With a sigh of relief, we hastened to the door and knocked. It was opened immediately, and a man appeared on the threshold. We explained our condition, and were instantly invited to walk in and make ourselves at home. All our host said he could offer us were cold Indian corn-cakes and a slice of dried deers flesh, to all of which we were heartily welcome. These viands in our starving condition were luxuries to us and we literally revelled in anticipation of a full meal. The hut into which we had so uncermoniously entered was of the most poverty-stricken order. It consisted of but one room, with a rude brick fireplace at one end. Some deer skins and old blankets were stretched out by way of a bed at the other extremity of the apartment, and the only seats visible were two sections of a large pink trunk that stood close to the fireplace There was no vestige of a table, and the rest of the furniture was embodied in a long Tennessee rifle that hung close to the rough wall.

If the hut was remarkable, its proprietor was still more so. He was, I think, the most villainous-looking man I ever beheld. About six feet two inches in height, proportionately broad across the shoulders, and with a hand large enough to pick up a fifty-six pound shot, he seemed to be a combination of extraordinary strength and agility. His head was narrow and oblong in shape. His straight, Indian like hair fell smoothly over his low forehead, as if it had been plastered with soap, and his black, bead-like eyes were set obliquely and slanted downwards towards his nose, giving him a mingled expression of ferocity and cunning. As I examined his features attentively, in which I thought I could trace almost every bad passion I confess I experienced a certain feeling of apprehension and distrust I could not shake off.

While he was getting us the promised food we tried, by questioning him, to draw him into conversation. He seemed very taciturn and reserved, he said he lived entirely alone, and had cleared the spot he occupied with his own hands. He said his name was Joel; but when we hinted that he must have some other name he pretended not to hear us, though I saw his brows knit and his small black eyes flash angrily.

My suspicions of this man were further aroused by observing a pair of shoes lying in a corner of the hut. These shoes were at least three sizes smaller than those that our gigantic host wore, and yet he had distinctly replied that he lived entirely alone. If those shoes were not his, whose were they? The more I reflected on this circumstance the more uneasy I felt, and apprehensions were still further aroused when Joel, as he called himself, took both our fowling-pieces and, in order to have them out of the way, as he said, hung them on crooks from the wall, at a height that neither Dick nor I could reach without getting on a stool. I smiled inwardly, however, as I felt the smooth barrel of my revolver, that was slung in the hollow of my back by its leathern belt, and thought to myself, if this fellow has bad designs, the more unprotected he thinks us the more incautious he will be; so I made no effort to retain our guns. Dick also had a revolver, and was one of those men whom I knew would use it well when the time came.

My suspicions of our host grew at last to such a pitch that I determined to communicate them to Dick. Nothing would be easier than for this villainous half-breed—for I felt convinced that he had Indian blood in him—nothing would be easier than, with the aid of an accomplice, to cut our throats or shoot us while we were asleep, and so get our guns, watches, and whatever money we carried. Who in these lonely woods would hear the shot, or hear our cries for help? What emissary of the law, however sharp, could point out our graves in these wild woods, or bring the murder home to those who committed it? Linton at first laughed, then grew serious, and gradually became a convert to apprehensions. We hurriedly agreed that while one slept the other should watch, and so take it in turns through the night.

Joel had surrendered to us his couch of deer-skins and his blanket; he, himself said he could sleep quite as well on the floor near the fire. As Dick and I were both very tired, we were anxious to get our rest as soon as possible. So, after a hearty meal of deer-steak and tough cakes, washed down by a good draught from our brandy flask, I, being the younger, got the first hour's sleep, and flung myself on the couch of skins. As my eyes gradually closed I saw a dim picture of Dick seated sternly watching by the fire, and the long shape of the half-breed stretching out like a huge shadow upon the floor.

After what I could have sworn to be only a three minutes' doze, Dick woke me and informed me that my hour was out, and turning me out of my warm nest, lay down without any ceremony, and in a few minutes was heavily snoring. I rubbed my eyes, felt for my revolver, and seating myself on one of the pine stumps, commenced my watch. The half breed appeared to be buried in a profound slumber, and in the half-weird light cast by the wood-embers his enormous figure seemed almost Titanic in its proportions. I confess I felt that in a struggle for life he was more than a match for Dick and myself. I then looked at the fire, and began a favorite amusement of mine shaping forms in the embers. All sorts of figures defined themselves before me. Battles, tempests at sea, familiar faces, and above all shone, ever returning, the dear features of Bertha Linton, my affianced bride. She seemed to me to smile at me through a burn-haze, and I could almost fancy I heard her say, "While you are watching in the lonely forest, I am thinking of you and praying for your safety.'

A slight movement on the part of the slumbering half-breed here recalled me from these sweet dreams. He turned on his side, lifted himself slowly up on his elbow, and gazed attentively at me. I did not stir. Still retaining my stooping attitude, I half closed my eyes and remained motionless. Doubtless he thought I was asleep, for in a moment or two he arose noiselessly, and creeping with a stealthy step across the floor, passed out the hut. I listened—O, how eagerly! It seemed to me that through the imperfectly joined crevices of the long walls I could plainly hear voices whispering. I would have given worlds to have crept nearer to listen, but I was fearful of disturbing the fancied security of our host, who I now felt certain had sinister designs upon us. So I remained perfectly still. The whispering suddenly ceased. The half-breed reentered the hut in the same stealthy way in which he quitted it, and, after giving a scrutinizing glance at me, once more stretched himself upon the floor and affected to sleep. In a few moments I pretended to awake—yawned, looked at my watch, and finding that my hour had more than expired, proceeded to awake Dick. As I turned him out of bed, I whispered in his ear, 'Don't take eyes off that fellow, Dick. He has accomplices outside; be careful! Dick gave a meaning glance, carelessly touched his revolver, as much as to say, 'Here's something to interfere with his little arrangements,' and took his seat on the pine stump, in such a position as to command a view of the sleeping half-breed and the doorway at the same time.

This time, though awfully tired, I could not sleep. A horrible load seemed pressing on my chest, and every five minutes I would start up to see if Dick was keeping his watch faithfully. My nerves were strung to a frightful pitch of tensity; my heart beat at every sound, and my head seemed to throb until I thought my temples would burst. The more I reflected on the conduct of the half breed, the more assured I was that he intended to murder. Full of this idea I took my revolver from its sling and held it in my hand ready to shoot him down at the first movement that appeared at all dangerous. A haze seemed now to pass across my eyes. Fatigued with long watchfulness and excitement, I passed into that semi-conscious state in which I seemed perfectly aware of everything that passed, although objects were dull and dim in outline, and did not appear so sharply defined as in one's waking moments. I was apparently aroused from this state by a slight crackling sound. I started, and raised myself on my elbow. My heart ceased to beat at what I saw. The half-breed had lit some species of dried herb, which sent out a strong aromatic odor as it burned. This herb he was holding directly under Dick's nostrils, who, I now peceived to my horror was wrapped in a profound slumber. The smoke of the mysterious herb appeared to deprive him of all consciousness, for he rolled gently off the pine log, and lay stretched upon the floor. The half-breed now stole to the door and opened it gently. Three sinister heads peered in out of the gloom. I saw the long barrels of rifles and the huge, brawny hands that clasped them. The half breed pointed significantly to where I lay with his long bony finger, then drawing a large thirsty looking knife from his breast, moved toward me. The time was come. My blood stopped—my heart ceased to beat. The half breed was within a foot of my bed; the knife was raised; another instant it would have been buried in my heart, when, with a hand as cold as steel, I lifted my revolver, took deadly aim and fired!

A stunning report, a dull groan, a huge cloud of smoke, curling around me, and I found myself standing upright with a dark mass lying at my feet.

'Great God! what have you done, sir?' cried the half-breed, rushing toward me. 'You have killed him! He was just about to wake you.'

I staggered against the wall. My senses until then immersed in sleep, suddenly recovered their activity. The frightful truth burst upon me in a flash. I had shot Dick Linton while under the influence of a nightmare! Then everything seemed to fade away and I remembered no more.

There was a trial, I believe. The lawyers were learned, and proved by physicians that it was a case of what is sometimes called somnolentia or sleep drunkenness, but of the proceedings I took no heed. One form haunted me lying black and heavy on the hut floor; and one pale face was ever present—a face I saw once after the catastrophe, and never saw again—the wild, despairing face of Bertha Linton, my promised bride!

HISTORY OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

MILITARY RECORD.

Nine Months Service

132d *Regiment.*

COMPANY H.

"CATAWISSA GUARDS."

George W John, Captain, resigned December 9, 1862.
Martin M Brobst, Captain