THE COLUMBIAN.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

AT TWO DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. 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. 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, SEPTEMBER 13. 1878.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

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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 advertisement half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

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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.

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All are invited. There is always room.

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Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
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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

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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.

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.

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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-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets

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Teeth extracted without pain.
aug 24, '77-1y.

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R. F. & J. M. CLARK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ent's Building.

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—In Barman's Building, Main street, 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.

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. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

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.

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
over MAIER'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	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancanshire	10,000,00
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Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$80,631,000

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:
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Pennsylvania of "
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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa. oct. 26, '77-1y.

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Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-28

AUG. L. KAUB. JNO. E. FRYMIER. CHAS. B. 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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
GREAT TRUNK LINE
AND
UNITED STATES MAIL ROUTE.
The attention of the travelling public is respectfully invited to some of the merits of this great highway, in the confident assertion and belief that no other line can offer equal inducements as a route of through travel. In
Construction and Equipment
THE
PFNNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
stands confessedly at the head of American railways. The track is double the entire length of the line, of steel rails laid on heavy oak ties, which are embedded in a foundation of rock ballast eighteen inches in depth. All bridges are of iron or stone, and built upon the most approved plans. Its passenger cars, while eminently safe and substantial, are at the same time models of comfort and elegance.
THE SAFETY APPLIANCES
in use on this line well illustrate the far-seeing and liberal policy of its management, in accordance with which the utility only of an improvement and not its cost has been the question of consideration. Among many may be noticed
THE BLOCK SYSTEM OF SAFETY SIGNALS,
JANNEY COUPLER, BUFFER and PLATFORM
THE WHARTON PATENT SWITCH,
AND THE
WESTINGHOUSE AIR-BRAKE,
forming in conjunction with a perfect double track and road-bed a combination of safeguards against accidents which have rendered them practically impossible.
Pullman Palace Cars
are run on all Express Trains
From New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington,
To Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis,
WITHOUT CHANGE,
and to all principal points in the far West and South with but one change of cars. Connections are made in Union Depots, and are assured to all important points.
THE SCENERY
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE
is admitted to be unsurpassed in the world for grandeur, beauty and variety. Superior refreshment facilities are provided. Employees are courteous and attentive, and it is an inevitable result that a trip by the Pennsylvania Railroad must form
A PLEASING AND MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE.
Tickets for sale at the lowest rates at the Ticket Offices of the Company in all important cities and towns.
FRANK THOMPSON, General Manager. L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. K. SHOEMAKER, Pass. Agent Middle Dist., 12 North Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
feb. 1, '78-1y.

F. M. BOUTON,
Main Street, Orangeville, Pa.
Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes, Combs, &c.
Fruit Flavoring Extracts, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles in Endless Variety.
Also a Fine assortment of
Dye Woods and Dye Stuffs,
Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos, Cigars, Snuff, &c.
Physicians Prescriptions
accurately compounded. A share of public patronage is solicited.
July 5, '78-3m

Select Story.

MAJOR HAMMOND'S RING.

'What's this?' cried Miss Hammond, breaking open a letter just handed to her by a servant. 'You read it, Maggie; your eyes are better than mine.'

Small wonder at that indeed, seeing that Maggie is aged about 18, and the other 65 at the very least, a pleasant looking, well preserved spinster, with a brown resolute face and sausage curls over the forehead. Maggie, a handsome modern girl, sits down and reads:

MADAM—The parishioners of St. Crispin, Gigglesham, in vestry assembled, have determined to rebuild their parish church, pronounced unsafe by the surveyor. Contributions are earnestly requested. The alterations will necessitate the removal of many vaults and graves; among others, that of the Hammond family. It is the wish of the church wardens to respect the wishes of survivors and others in the disposal of the remains. Any directions you may have to give, you will be good enough to communicate to the undersigned. Your most humble and obedient servants,

THOMAS TRUSCOTT,
WILLIAM BONNER,
Churchwardens.

The two Misses Hammond (Margaret and Ellen) are joint proprietors of the comfortable estate of Westbury, near Gigglesham, and of the handsome mansion thereto belonging. Maggie, the young girl, is a distant cousin—although she calls them 'aunt'—and lives with them. There is also a young man Ralph Grant, somewhere about the place, of which more anon.

Old Tom Hammond, the father of the two maiden sisters, was born in the year 1740, and might have seen the heads over Temple Bar after the rising of 1745. He lived till 1830. He had married late in life, and left only these two daughters. Thus two generations bridged over a space of time generally occupied by many successive lives; as in the case of another branch of the family, the founder of which, Major Richard Hammond (the uncle of the two old ladies,) who had been at the capture of Quebec when General Wolfe was killed, being the great-grandfather of Maggie Lauderdale and Ralph Grant. Major Hammond was the elder of the two brothers, and should have inherited the Westbury estate; but he offended his father General John Hammond, by what was called a low marriage, and was disinherited in consequence.

Tom Hammond had done his best to remedy his his father's injustice as far as he could without injuring himself and his own, by making a settlement of the estate, in failure of his own issue, upon the lawful descendants of Major Hammond, his brother providing that the issue of his elder brother should fail, the estate should go to the issue of a younger brother Henry, who by the way, had been well provided for by the small estate of Eastbury. This brother Henry was now represented through the female line by a Mr. Boodles of Boodle Court, who now also held the Eastbury estate.

The descendants of Major Hammond are now confined to these two young people Maggie and Ralph. They are both orphans and without means, their fore-fathers having been mostly in the soldiery and official lines. Ralph is a lieutenant in the artillery and his battery is now in India; but he is at home on sick leave; and he has taken advantage of his furlough to win the affections of his fair cousin. As the Westbury estate would come to be eventually divided between them, it was considered a most fortunate thing the young people had come to an understanding. Ralph was to leave the service when he married, and take the home-farm. By-and-by he would fall naturally into his position as country squire; and it was arranged that eventually he should assume the name of Hammond; hoping to continue the old line.

This preamble being necessary, let us now return to the comfortable, old-fashioned drawing-room at Westbury.

'What do you think of that, Ellen?' cried Miss Hammond, having read over once more the circular to herself with subdued emphasis. Miss Ellen was sitting looking into the fire, her great wooden knitting pins and bright-colored wools lying idly on her lap, as she shook her head while talking gently to herself.

'Do you hear, Ellen?' cried Miss Hammond more sharply. 'What do you think of that letter from Truscott?'

'I don't like the idea at all, Margaret. No, not at all. Why can't they leave our ancesters alone? And I am sure I always looked forward to being buried there myself.'

'La! don't talk about that, Ellen, and you five years the younger!' said Miss Hammond, briskly; 'and as we can't prevent its being done, we must make the best of it. Ralph had better go and see to it.'

'Very well, sister; as you like,' said Ellen. Presently she resumed: 'Sister, I've been thinking that this would be a good chance to try and get back Uncle Richard Hammond's ring.'

'Uncle Hammond's ring!' repeated the elder sister. 'I don't understand.'

'You must have heard our father talk about it. The family ring that ought to have gone with the estates—a ruby and sapphire that General Hammond brought home from Ceylon.'

'I ought to know all about it, Ellen, I daresay; but you were so much more with my poor father, and had more patience with his stories.

'My father often tried to get the ring, and had offered to give Major Hammond a large sum for it. But he was so vexed with father for supplanting him, that he vowed he never should have it; and they say, sister, that rather than it should ever fall into his brother's hands, he had it buried with him upon his finger. Our father always said that if he had a chance he would have the coffin open to see.'

'Maggie, who had retreated to a sofa, and buried her head in a novel, roused up at this and joined in: 'I hope you will, auntie. I do hope you will have it looked for.'

'I don't know, my dear,' said Miss Hammond. 'I don't approve of violating the sanctity of the tomb.'

With the elder Miss Hammond, a phrase was everything; she delighted to bring a thing within the compass of a well rounded phrase, upon which she would then make a stand—invincible. So Maggie threw up her head in a kind of despair, and ran off to look for Ralph, who, when last heard of, was smoking a cigar on the terrace,

'Ralph!' said Maggie, as soon as she had found him, and had submitted to a very smoky kiss—they were in the heyday of their young loves, when kisses were appreciated, even when flavored with tobacco—'Ralph! auntie is going to give you a commission—to go and see about a vault at St. Crispin's, where some of our ancestors lie.'

'I know,' said Ralph; 'they are going to pull the old place down. All right; I'll do it.'

Then Maggie went on to tell him about the ring, and how Miss Hammond would not have it searched for. 'But it is a very valuable ring—a family one too. It would be a great pity to miss it, if it's really there.'

Ralph agreed.

'Well, then, mind you look for it, sir; only don't say a word to auntie, or she'll put a stop to it.'

'I'm fly,' said Ralph, with a knowing wink and attempted a renewal of the osculatory process; but Maggie escaped him this time, and came fleeing in at the dining-room window panting into the presence of her aunts.

Since she first left the room a visitor had appeared—Mr. Boodles, a distant relative, who had inherited some of the family property, as before explained, a tall grim-looking man, with thin iron gray hair, carefully brushed off his temples.

The aunts were looking rather serious, not to say frightened, and both started guiltily when they saw Maggie.

'Leave us, my dear, please,' said Miss Hammond gently.

Maggie had just caught the words, 'No marriage at all,' from Mr. Boodles, who seemed to be speaking loudly and excitedly; and she went out wondering what it all meant. Some piece of scandal, no doubt, for Boodles was the quintessence of spitefulness.

'It is very dreadful—very,' said Miss Hammond. 'I never had much opinion of Uncle Richard, you know; but for the sake of the young people, I hope you'll let it be kept a profound secret.'

'Sake of the young people!' screamed Boodles at the top of his harsh voice. 'And what for the sake of old Boodles? I'm the next heir, you'll remember, please, through my maternal grandfather, Henry Hammond.'

Mr. Boodles had come to Westbury to announce an important discovery that he had recently made. In turning over some of his grandfather's papers he had come across some letters from General Hammond, in which it was firmly asserted that his son Major Hammond had never been legally married to the woman known as his wife.

'What end do you propose to serve, Mr. Boodles, by bringing this ancient scandal to light?' asked Miss Hammond, with agitated voice.

'End!' cried Boodles. 'This is only the beginning of it. I am going to a court of law to have myself declared heir to the Westbury estates under the settlement.'

'In that case,' said Miss Hammond, rising with dignity, 'you cannot be received on friendly terms in my house.'

'Oh, very well,' cried Boodles, snatching up his hat and whip, and sweeping out of the room without further ceremony.

As soon as the door was shut upon him the sisters looked at each other in blank consternation.

'I always feared there would be a difficulty,' said Ellen, tremulously; 'but oh, to think of Boodles having discovered it!'

'We must send for Smith at once; the carriageshall go in and fetch him,' said Miss Hammond, ringing the bell.

Mr. Smith, of Gigglesham, was the family solicitor, and the carriage was sent off to bring him up at once for a consultation. But Smith brought little encouragement. He had heard from his father there were curious circumstances attending Major Hammond's marriage, and if Boodles had put his finger on the flaw—Smith shrugged his shoulders for want of words to express the awkwardness of the case.

'But search must be made everywhere; the evidence of the marriage must be found; the children must not suffer, poor things, and always brought up to look upon the property as their own!'

'Why, they could never marry,' cried Miss Ellen; 'they could never live on Ralph's pay.'

'It's altogether dreadful; and not getting married is the lightest part of the calamity, said Miss Hammond.

Smith undertook that every possible search should be made, and went away, promising to set to work at once. But his inquiries had no result. He had traced out the family of the reputed wife, who had been the daughter of a small farmer living at Milton in Kent; but they had now fallen to the rank of laborers, and had no papers belonging to them—hardly any family traditions. He had searched all the registries of the neighboring parishes; no record of such a marriage could be discovered. He had issued advertisements offering a reward for the production of evidence; all of no avail. What more could he do? To be sure there was a presumption in favor of the marriage; but then if Boodles had documents rebutting such a presumption—Again Mr. Smith shrugged his shoulders in hopelessness of finding fitting words to represent the gravity of the crisis. 'And,' he went on to say, 'that the very fact Boodles is spending money over the case shows that he thinks he has a strong one.'

Boodles did not let the grass grow under his feet; he instituted proceedings at once, and cited all interested to appear. The thing could no longer be kept a secret; and Maggie and Ralph were told of the cloud that hung over their fortunes.

'I don't care if the property does go away,' said Maggie, bravely. 'It will make no difference. I shall go to India with Ralph, that's all. I will be a soldier's wife, and ride on the baggage wagons.

Ralph shook his head. He had never been able to manage on his pay when there was only himself, and there were ever so many lieutenants on the list before him, so that he could not hope to be a captain for many years.

There was no use in sitting brooding over coming misfortunes; and Ralph took the dog cart and drove over to Gigglesham to see about the family vault at St. Crispin's. It was an occupation that agreed well with his temper; the weather too seemed all in keeping—a dull drizzling day.

'Don't forget the ring,' Maggie had said to him at parting; 'that is ours, you know, Ralph, it we find it; and perhaps it may be worth a lot of money.'

Ralph shook his head incredulously. And yet it was possible. The ring might be there, and it might prove of great value. In misfortunes the mind grasps at the smallest alleviations, and Ralph consoled himself in his depression by picturing the finding of a of a splendid ruby worth say £10,000. No more artillery work then—no more India.

Gigglesham boasts of several churches, and St. Crispin's lies in a hollow by the river, close by the bridge. A low squat tower and plain ugly knave. But in its nook there—the dark river flowing by, the sail of a barge showing now and then, the tall piles of deals in the timber yard beyond, the castle keeps frowning from the heights, and the big watermill with its weirs and rapids, the noise of which and of the great churning wheel sounded slumbrously all day long—allied with these things the old church had something homely and pleasant about it, hardly to be replaced by the finest modern Gothic.

Workmen were swarming about it now. The roof was nearly off. There were great piles of sand and mortar in the graveyard. Mr. Martin, the plumber and glazier who took the most lively interest in the underground work, even to the neglect of more profitable business, was on the lookout for Lieutenant Grant, and greeted him cheerily.

'We've got 'em all laid out in the vestry, Cap'n Grant—all the whole family; and now the question is, what are you going to have done with them? Would you like 'em put in the vaults below, where they'll all be done up in lime and plaster? or would you like 'em moved somewhere else—more in in the open air like?'

'The least expensive way, I should say,' replied Ralph, grimly. Somehow or other his appreciation of his ancestors was deadened by this last stroke of fate in cutting him adrift from his succession. 'But look here, Martin,' he went on, taking the plumber aside; there is one of the coffins, Major Hammonds, I should like to have opened. It can be done?'

'Easy enough, sir,' cried Martin, who to say the truth, was delighted at the prospect of a little charnel house work. 'He's a lead 'un he is. I'll have the top off in no time.'

Ralph looked gravely down at the last remains of the Hammonds. The wife, if she had been a wife, on whom their inheritance hung, was not there; she had died in India. But there was the Major's coffin, the wood work decayed, but the leaden envelope as sound as ever.

Martin was quickly at work with his tools. The cover was stripped off and for a moment the Major's features were to be seen much as they had been in life; then all dissolved into dust.

There was no ruby ring—that must have been a fable; but there was something glittering among the remains, and on taking it out it proved to be a plain gold hoop.

'Well, that's worth a pound, that is,' cried the practical Martin, carefully polishing up the treasure trove. It had probably been hung around the neck of the departed—a tall bony man—for the ring was a small one and there were traces of a black ribbon attached to it.

It was a disappointment, no doubt; and yet somehow the sight of the ring had given Ralph a little hope. It was the wedding ring he said to himself, his great grandmother's wedding ring. The Major must have been fond of her to have had her ring always about him; and it had been buried with him. That had given rise to the story about the ruby. He drove home, after giving direction about the disposal of the coffins, feeling less sore at heart. He was now convinced that they had right on their side, and there was some comfort in that.

When he reached home he showed the ring to Maggie, who agreed with his conclusions.

'But there is something inside—some letters, I think,' she cried.

'It is only the Hall-mark,' said Ralph, having looked in his turn. 'But stop. That tells us something; it will give us a date.'

'How can that be?' asked Maggie.

'Because there is a different mark every year. See! You can make out with a magnifying glass. King George in a pigtail.'

The silversmith at Gigglesmith turned up his tabulated list of Hall-marks, and told them at once the date of the ring—1760,

'But it might have been made a long time before it was used,' suggested Maggie.

'True; but it could not have been used before it was made,' replied Ralph. 'It gives us a date approximately, at all events.

At first the knowledge of this date did not seem likely to be of much use to them. But it gave them the heart to go on and make further inquiries. Ralph threw himself into the task with fervor. He obtained leave to search the records of the Horse Guards; and ascertained at last where had been stationed the regiment that Richard Hammond then belonged to in in that same year.

It was at Canterbury, as it happened; and that seemed significant, for it was not so far from there to his sweetheart's home at Milton. Ralph went over to Canterbury, and with the help of a clerk of Mr. Smith's, searched all the parish registers between the two places, but found nothing.

The trial was coming on in a few weeks, and, not a scrap of evidence could they get of the marriage of Major Hammond. The other side were full of confidence, and well they might be. Ralph had made up his mind to return home, and was walking disconsolately down the High street of Canterbury one day when he saw over a shop window the sign, 'Pilgrim, Goldsmith; established 1715.'

'I wonder,' he said to himself, 'if my great-grandfather bought a wedding ring there?'

A sudden impulse sent him into the shop. A nice looking old gentleman, with long white hair, was sitting behind the counter, peering into the works of a watch though an elongated eyeglass.

Ralph brought out his ring. "Do you think this ring was bought at your shop?' he asked.

'How long ago?' asked Mr. Pilgrim, taking up the ring and looking at it all around.

'About the year 1760.'

'Ah-h! I can't remember so long ago as that. It was in my father's time; but for all that, perhaps I can tell you.'

He took up the magnifying glass, and examined the ring carefully once more.

'Yes,' he said, looking up, a mysterious expression on his face, 'that ring was bought from my father, I have no doubt.

Ralph questioned him as to the source of his knowledge; and Mr. Pilgrim told him at last. It was his father's practice to put his private mark upon all the jewelry he sold. He could do it in those days when his stock was small and all his own. In these times of changing fashions, when much of a jeweler's stock is on approval, this would be impossible.

Ralph listened to these explanations with breathless impatience. Had Mr. Pilgrim any books belonging to his father which might possibly show the sale? The old gentleman admitted that he had a lot of his father's old account books up in a garret; but it would be very troublesome to get at them; and what would be the use?

'Why,' said Ralph, 'you might possibly make the happiness of two young people who otherwise may be sundered all their lives.' He explained enough of the circumstances to show the old gentleman that it was not an affair of mere idle curiosity; and after that he entered into the quest with ardor. Pilgrim, his father had kept each year a sort of rough day book, in which he entered transactions as they occurred, with occasional short annotations. And at last, after a long, troublesome search, they found the book for the year 1760 and 1761. Nothing was to be made of the first; but in the second they had the delight of finding the following entry: '25 March, sold ring, young Master Hammond, two guineas saw ye wedding afterwards at St. Mary's, Faversham.

That night all the church bells of Gigglesham were set a-ringing, for the news oozed out that Ralph Grant had come home with full proofs of the marriage that would make good his title to Westbury. For the young people were liked by everybody, while Boodles was generally execrated. Indeed, the case never came on for trial, as Boodles withdrew the record when he found that there was full evidence to refute his claim. Ralph and Maggie were married soon afterwards; and the bride wore as a keeper over her golden circle, her own special dower, the long-buried but happily recovered treasure, Major Hammond's ring.

Flogging in Virginia.

The public whipping of a white girl by a negro constable at Mill Creek village, near Old Point, a few weeks ago, has naturally excited much comment in the press, and the people of Virginia have come in for liberal abuse in the radical press. The *Post* has taken pains to learn the facts in the case from residents of the place and eye witnesses of the punishment. It is true that a young white girl was stripped to the waist and publicly flogged by a burly negro constable while the sheriff of the county stood by and told him to 'lay on harder,' but the white people of the Old Dominion have no responsibility for the shameful transaction. The justice who tried the girl, and, convicting on slight evidence, sentenced her to the lash is, is a carpet bagger named Larrabee, from Dover, Maine. The sheriff is a fresh arrival from some other state, and the constable an ignorant and brutal negro under the control of the other officers. The county is republican, although the white radicals in the county number less than twenty persons. These few whites from other states manipulate the colored vote, elect themselves to office, and run the affairs of the county to suit themselves, regardless of the wishes of the men who pay the taxes.

The democrats have a monopoly of brains and property, but the republicans monopolize the offices. This shameful public flogging of a young girl stripped to the waist before a brutal crowd of negroes and their managers is a fair sample of the degradation that such political conditions bring upon any community so unfortunate as to be thus situated. The down east justice of the peace could have sent the girl to jail, imposed a light fine, or acquitted her as he deemed just; but he and his associates wanted to witness the spectacle of her public beating in a state of semi-nudity. We understand there is intense indignation among all the respectable people of Elizabeth City county, and that "Judge" Larrabee and his negro constable are in receipt of many evidences of the detestation in which their bestiality is held. The good people of New England who have indulged so freely in unflattering comments on Virginia and her people in connection with this affair have now an opportunity to bestow their wrath where it belongs—on a product of their own peculiar institutions.—*Washington Post.*

The Marquis of Lorne.

The Marquis of Lorne, who has just been made Governor-General of Canada, is the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Argyll, and was married in 1871 to Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, it being the first instance of the marriage of a subject to the daughter of a reigning sovereign. The Marquis has been in public life for 12 years past, for in 1868, when only 23, he was returned to parliament as member from Argyllshire. When his father, in 1868, went into office under the Gladstone administration as secretary of state for India, his son acted as his private secretary. The Duke of Argyll, whose titles descend to his eldest son, is the most powerful of the Scottish noblemen. He is hereditary master of the queen's household in Scotland, chancellor of the university of St. Andrews, a trustee of the British Museum, and hereditary sheriff and lord-lieutenant of Argyllshire. His political service has been long and active, and he has also written an elaborate book entitled "The Reign of Law." His son is also an author, and published several years ago a volume of poems.

Winter Oats.

A correspondent in the *Country Gentleman* writes: Noticing an inquiry from a correspondent in your paper of July 18th, as to winter oats, where good seed could be purchased, and the time of sowing, I would say that the seeding of winter oats is very common with us. September is the month in which most of the seeding is done in this locality, though many seed later and some even earlier, say the middle of August. It is desirable to have the oats make a good growth before the biting frosts come, but it must not get into the joint state before winter, as that would be fatal to it. The yield of winter oats on even thin land is far superior to spring seeding and much more certain; it stands the winters here as well as wheat. I have more trouble from the cold snaps in the spring of the year than from the excessive cold spells of mid winter. I have seen it very successfully raised in the mountain districts of this State, and it is growing popular wherever tried. It makes a good growth in the fall and covers the ground very well.

Historical.

HISTORY OF COLUMBIA COUNTY.

MILITARY RECORD.

Nine Months Service

132d *Regiment.*

COMPANY A.

This company was from Montour county and was mustered into the service August 15 1862. In the subsequent arrangement of this history the Regiments will be placed in order, and a sketch of the battles added. The Regiment was at South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Its war record is first rate. When not other wise accounted for the men were mustered out with the Company, May 24, 1863. Clinton W. Neal, of Bloomsburg, was Quartermaster of the Regiment.

Joseph E. Shreve, captain, promoted to major September 18, 1862.
Charles E. Norris, captain.
G. W. Vangilder, 1st lieutenant, discharged on surgeon's certificate October 26, 1862.
Thomas Maxwell, 1st lieutenant.
Charles A. Meylert, 2d lieutenant, missing since February 23, 1863.
Edward W. Roderick, 2d lieutenant.
David Shutt, 1st sergeant.
J. M. Hassenplug, 1st sergeant, killed at Antietam, September 17, 1862.
John S. Ware, sergeant.
Isaac D. Crewett, sergeant.
Michael Kessler, sergeant, wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.
George Lovett, sergeant.
Jacob H. Miller, sergeant, discharged January 30, 1863, for wounds received at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.
Joseph H. Nevins, sergeant, discharged on surgeon's certificate March 6, 1863.
Daniel Vanronk, sergeant, killed at Antietam September 17, 1862.
Jacob Redfield, corporal, wounded at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863.
James Williams, corporal.
Conrad S. Aten, corporal.
George Snyder, corporal, absent, sick, at muster out.
Alexander Huntingdon, corporal.
Samuel Stall, corporal.
Henry Vincent, corporal.
John Harig, corporal.
Charles Flick, corporal, discharged December 6, 1862, for wounds received at Antietam September 17, 1862.
Nathan F. Lightner, corporal, discharged on surgeon's certificate 8 December, 1862.
William C. McCormick, corporal, discharged March 1, 1863, for wounds received at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862.
Henry L. Schick, muc.
Appleman, Amos, private.
Arnwine, Sylvester W., wounded at Antietam.
Adams, Henry, died September 22 of wounds received at Antietam September 17, 1862.
Beaver, Arthur W.
Bookmiller, Jacob, wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
Blee, Franklin G.
Black, Jeremiah.
Carroll, William, wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
Cooper, Samuel E., deserted October 22,