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, 50 cents discount allowed if paid in advance. After the expiration of the year extra will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance. Papers discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long 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.
DISCONTINUANCE is no longer expected from subscribers in the county.
JOB PRINTING.
The Job 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, JANUARY 24. 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 4
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIII, NO. 48

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
One inch	$2.00	$3.00	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.00	15.00
Three inches	4.00	6.00	7.00	12.00	18.00
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Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	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. Brickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Brickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert E. Little.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Samuel Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Swepenheiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. B. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—J. B. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seesholtz.
Jury Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Directors of Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Conyngham.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—G. A. Herring.
Clerk—Paul E. Wirt.
Chief of Police—Jas. C. Sterner.
President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Ohl, Cashier, John Peacock, Teller.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxson, president; P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia Chapter 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. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. Brower, President, P. E. Wirt, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Tustin, (Supply)
Sunday Services—1 ½ 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. O. D. S. Marclay.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. 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. W. Evans.
Minister—Rev. M. L. Smyser.
Preaching Services—1 ½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Class Meeting—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Class and Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. W. R. Krebs.
Residence—Corner 4th and Catharine streets.
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.
Pastor—Rev. L. Zeliner.
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. Heeser.
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
Sunday Service—2 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 9 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.

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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.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5

J. E. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Hartman's building, Main street.

SAMUEL KNORR Attorney at Law, Office in Hartman's Building, Main street.

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.

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main st., above Central Hotel.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc Centre street, between Second and Third.

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Clark & Wolf's Store, Main street.

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Room No. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
april19, 1878.

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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

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March 28, '77—y

B. F. HARTMAN
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Pennsylvania of " "
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Manover of New York.
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Office on Market Street No. 8, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, '77-1y.

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Attorney-at-Law
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 11, 1878

N. U. FUNK,
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ent's Building.

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

H. LITTLE. ROB'T. E. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

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

B. FRANK ZARR.
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
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ABBOTT & RHAWN,
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CATAWISSA, PA.
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GREAT TRUNK LINE
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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

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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.

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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

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JANNEY COUPLER, BUFFER AND PLATFORM
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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.

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From New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington,

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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.

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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

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Tickets for sale at the lowest rates at the Ticket Offices of the Company in all important cities and towns.

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THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
No. 10, Mechanic's Block, Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Bloomsburg by C. A. Klein, and by all Druggists everywhere.
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sept. 6, '78-6f

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aug 3, '77-4m

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and can be purchased on FAVORABLE TERMS. Possession will be given April 1st, 1879.
For further particulars address
H. H. WESTLER,
Executrix of N. G. Westler dec'd.,
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Poetical.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL

Riding up from Bangor,
On the "Eastern" train,
From a six weeks' shooting
In the woods of Maine;
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student fellow,"
Tall, and fine, and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.

Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged!"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged.)
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through,"
Thinks of the long tunnel!—
Thinks what he might do.

So they sit and chatter,
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student fellow"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about—
"May I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?

Happy "student follow"
Feels a gentle touch;
Hears a gentle whisper,
"Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz, ding dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And its glorious darkness,
Black as Egypt's night;

Out into the daylight
Darts the "Eastern train;
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And then there appeared
Cunning *little ear-ring*
Caught in student's beard

Select Story.

SNATCHED FROM NIAGARA

FROM BELGRAVIA MAGAZINE.

'Yes, stranger, it is a mighty fine fall. I guess Niagara beats creation for bigness. You curiosity-hunters can't find a dip of water better worth eyeing over in all your jaunts anywhere. Well, you see, it's just an ocean, as it were, rolling over that limestone ledge. Foam, spray, and thunder—one dull, eternal, awful roar, spanned by shifting rainbows—that's it.

'I hate it, but I calculate the sight's right to you. You think that nature's got it up fine for you to stroll down to, after breakfast at Forsyth's.

'It's like an entertainment provided for those who house at our hotels; something to draw customers and tot up a jolly return for the capital invested. That's it, isn't it? It gives you a pleasure to talk about and pay for, and brings dollars to those that let you lodgings. Come, it is up to your notions, is it not, stranger?'

The dollar giving uses of this sublime cataract had not, I must own, occurred to me. I looked with some natural wonder at the speaker, who took this view of perhaps the most marvellous scene that this world of ours has to show. Indeed, with its deep, dread roar throbbing through my very brain and blood, I heard the suggestion with no little disgust. The spray clouds ever steaming up from the abyss which received the plunging sea, the overflow of the vast American lakes, failed altogether in my mind to associate themselves with cash calculations. The twenty miles of river rolling the drainage of a continent to its giant leap, did not bring with their mighty mass of doomed waters ideas of profit that better suited a New York counting house than the shuddering surface of Table Rock.

My manner, as I replied, I dare say somewhat smacked of surprise and candor, but my American friend took it with that self-possessed coolness which showed him to be quite careless of my estimates of his want of what our fine old sculptor Nollekens used to call "entusymusy."

'Can't you see something beyond dollars and cents in this wonder of wonders?' I said. 'I know familiarity breeds contempt towards most things, but I rather expected to find Niagara beyond this customary result.'

'Well, to say the plain truth, Britisher, I don't go in for outlandish howlings about this roarer; but when you talk of my having any sort of contempt for it, I tell you my fancies about Old Thunder are something particularly different to that. Shall I tell you why? Are you in a listening fit? Yes. Then for once I'll let out a story I have in my memory, and no living man, native or foreign, has anything to pair off with it as respects this tumbler below us.' So with the dread music in my ears of this mighty mass of flashing down waters, I listened to a tale that has ever since formed part of my recollection of Niagara.

'Why do I get savage at travellers' spoony raptures about this awfulest work that the power of God Almighty has turned out? This is why: They are so much Brummagem tinsel—not got up well. You come here not just to feel as this would naturally make any creature feel, but to froth and fuss about what you do feel and what you don't. That riles me. I like to sneer down such bosh. This thing was not made to be talked at. It wasn't meant to be raved over. It's too darned real, too horribly grand for that. You're a quiet one—not one of the mouthing sort, I guess; my dander isn't riz by you. You're genuine, you are. I saw that; that's why I mean to give you a real share with this tale of mine. If your wool doesn't straighten before I've done, you're a cooler card than I give you credit for being.

'I'm toughish still you see. Oldish rather, for 60 odd years I've lived hereabouts, for here I was born. I know this place pretty well, I guess; every foot of every rock, of every track for long miles away, up to Erie and down to Ontario field and forest know my shoe leather all through these parts.

'When I was 30, or thereabouts, I hutted up this river some four miles or so away. You've tracked it down may be to here. You'd hardly think we were coming upon this. The country up river is flattish. The river slides along quiet enough, too. No crags, no precipices, no darksome forests; all is fertile and good to the eye of man—just peace and plenty. It is different, though as the sound of the thunder ahead grows upon you, dull, awful, everlasting, that has sounded on from creation, and will outlast you and me, stranger, and thousands of generations yet to come.

'Where I lived was, as I said, but a few miles above this. Farther down the calm flow of the river swirls into ripples, and whirls and grows scared like of what's before it. Then it exercises itself for the hell it is to pass through. It tastes purgatory. It's all foam and dash and splutter and growl, through the frothy rapids that rough en it for a while. Then it settles for steady work. It braces itself for endurance, and then pluckily smooths itself to face its fate.

'How grand that calm, deep flood is that flows along without stay or hurry. But stranger, smooth and peaceable as it looks, it's deep enough to astonish weak nerves or iron ones, as I know well, and you'll know before I've done, if my tongue does its duty.

'Just look across the fall. You see it best from the British side. Run your eye round the great horse-shoe near you. That curve is some two thousand feet broad and hundred and fifty feet deep. Then there is Goat Island, snug in the midst of the mighty plunge. Can you see a small, flat speck of rock not so many yards off its shores? No? I know it, as you'll hear. Our American fall be yond knuckles under a little to this nearer to us. But it's a mighty respectable watershed, too. Twelve hundred feet in breadth, a hundred and fifty high. You know-als guess that every passing minute some seven hundred thousand tons of good fresh river roll over that rock into spray and foam in the dim gulf below.

'As a boy, I used to see beauty as well a wonder in all this. Where it's not hid white with foam, see what a clear sea-green the flood is as it shoots over. You can measure the force of the rush of waters, for the curve of the shining sheet is fifty feet from the wall of the rock it slips down.

'How does it strike you? You see it, I dare say, I saw it two score years ago. To you it is terrible, but not all terror. It's lovely, too. And to me? well, to me it is horror only; it has been so since that day when I hung on its very brink for hours, and thought of it as one might think in a nightmare dream of some hideous thing, inconceivable unutterable, that held one in its awful grasp. But mine was no vision of the night to laugh at when awakened. Those hours grizzled the then brown of my young head into the iron-gray you see it now. Their iron entered into my soul, as they say. It has lived there ever since, night and day, season and season. There it will stay till the death rattle kills the memory of all this side my coffin.

'I hunted and fished then. That's how I lived. Visitors then came pretty plentiful to see this wonder. I caught, whether it was fur or fin. I had canoed it from when I could recollect anything, and pretty venturesome, too, I became, till I thought I was strong enough and skilled enough to run risks hereabouts that others would have shuddered from.

'I thought I knew Niagara too well to be in any danger from it. I was so familiar with it, I thought of it with none of the scare new-comers found in it. I used to laugh at their genuine fears at the very sight and sound of it. I knew it by night, when the calm moon-light through the silvered spray clouds that hung over it; by day, when the glad sun danced rain-bows above its flashing floods. Then it was too old a friend of mine to be feared by me.

'One day changed all this, and I knew it for the hungry monster that it is—pitiless, craving for its human prey.

'It was on Wednesday in August. The hotels were full. Fish was in request, as much as I could bring. Price didn't matter. Pleasure seekers bled freely. I was paid well for what could be charged for as they liked. I had found that the nearer the rapids I got the finer seemed what I caught, and the more freely the bait was taken. I had so often gone where most were too timid to venture that I had come to believe I could skim anywhere.

'Even now I think, had my paddle been sound, I should have come off safe.

'Well, that morning I was out at sunrise, and pretty successful I was. I steadied my course, letting the canoe drift little by little towards the rapids that frothed and raved some miles below. I felt at any moment I could shoot it out of the strength of the current into the smoother waters by the shore.

'I got fully employed with my lines, for, as I glided down the stream my take was rapid, and that of the finest. So eager was I that I failed to pay that attention to the drift of my canoe which was so needful.

'It was with a start at last I felt I was far too much in the full, deep current of the river, and that its strength would need my utmost efforts to escape from its grasp. For the first time I felt real dread, for the boiling and hiss of the seething water could almost be heard below me. I plied the paddle strongly, and for a while I had hopes of safety, though I had never known the need of the exertion I was now using to draw myself out of the mighty force of the flood that sped onward to its fearful fall.

'Inch by inch I fought my way up stream and towards the shore where I was to sell my morning's takings. Every inch was won by a strain that made the perspiration start from every pore. It was for life I fought, for dear life. It was death that I pulled against—and such a death! for it was as if a curtain was suddenly withdrawn to show me all the danger I had so long been running unconsciously. It flashed into my thoughts how I had played in the very jaws of destruction that now seemed to hunger for me.

'As I toiled frantically against the rushing waters, they were living things whose clutch sought to drag me with them to share their awful doom. I had grown so used to the roar of the cataract (as I now recollected, so near!) that my thoughts had ceased to be cognizant of it; now it almost stunned me.

'I talk strangely, don't I? I tell you, stranger, if you want to wake up your fancy really well, just try an hour's pull against Niagara, with the feeling that perhaps fate is against you. You'll be far from cool and commonplace in thought or speech if you think or utter anything.

'Minutes that had seem