

THE COLUMBIAN.
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PRINTING.
 The Printing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our work is done with the most skill and care. All work done on hand, neatly and at moderate prices.

Columbian.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 SPACES: 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000.

BLOOMSBURG COUNTY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
 President Judge—Wm. H. Herring.
 Clerk of Court—J. C. Herring.
 Sheriff—J. C. Herring.
 Treasurer—J. C. Herring.
 Surveyor—J. C. Herring.
 Assessor—J. C. Herring.
 Constable—J. C. Herring.

LAWYERS.
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 Attorney-at-Law.
 Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.
 Office in B'n's Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.
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Poetical.
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"Oh, no—of course not. But I do think, Melissa, it is a wife's duty to pay some attention to her husband's pocket."
 "Why our bills are not disproportionately large, Julius."
 "They must be, my dear—they must be. Positively it is enough to frighten one to run over these items in the housekeeping account! Sugar—raisins—oil—oysters! Melissa, do I keep a restaurant? If not, where do all these things go?"

"Melissa; what does this mean?" he whispered.
 "Does what mean, my love?" asked Melissa, with a face of the most innocent wonder in the world.
 "Just at that moment the little Ives burst into the room shabby and patched. As a general thing Julius was passing proud of his pretty, well-dressed children.
 "Go and get dressed my dear," he said sternly. "What on earth does nurse mean by allowing you to come down stairs in this outlandish manner?"

Diphtheria in Milk.
 It is said to be an established fact that milk is frequently an agent for the diffusion of disease. Epidemic outbreaks of typhoid or enteric fever have more than once been traced to a common supply of infected milk. In these cases, however, the injurious character of the milk has been attributed to its contamination from external sources, as by means of impure air or impure water, containing the germs of the disease. But a more startling theory concerning the epidemic agency of milk has recently been put forward in England, and demands attention from the sanitary authorities in this country in view of the present prevalence of diphtheria in so many localities.

Items.
 M'lie Ambro, the new prima donna, wears \$300,000 worth of diamonds and pearls in L. Africanus.
 "I'm a rutabaga and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp as he entered a farmhouse near Freepport, Ill., and sat himself at the table. "We all bite our own flesh," said the farmer's wife, and sussed him with a dish-panful of boiling water.
 Church-goers at Somerville, Mass., were surprised on Sunday morning to find the trees covered with sausages and lard, but subsequently discovered that a tank had exploded in a pork-packing establishment.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.
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"Oh, that's the way you women all talk!" said Mrs. Ives impatiently. "All I know is, that there is a screw loose somewhere. You must economize."
 "But, Julius,"
 "My love, don't you see I'm just lighting my cigar? I can never smoke when my mind is in any way disturbed. Suppose we discuss the subject? I am quite sure I have stated my wishes on the subject with sufficient distinctness."
 Mrs. Ives bit her lip and sewed away vigorously on her work. But if her thoughts could have descended in a shower bath of words on Mr. Julius Ives' head, how they would have startled him from his calm composure!

"I'm not crazy, my dear," sweetly answered Melissa, "only trying to follow the example of Mrs. Jones, and retrench."
 "Pardon me, Julius," she said that my extravagant housekeeping was "wasting you out of house and home, to think after this you will hardly venture to make that accusation a second time."
 "My dear, I—I was a fool," said Julius with a frowning expression on his brow. "I won't interfere in housekeeping affairs again. I promise you. I am quite convinced that I know nothing whatever about the subject. Hereafter I will leave the matter entirely in your hands."
 "Entirely and without interference," said Mrs. Ives doubtfully.
 "Entirely and without interference," said Mrs. Ives decisively.
 Mrs. Ives turned to her puzzled guests: "Gentlemen, will you please walk into the other room?" she asked with a calm self-possession that rather astonished them. As she spoke, the folding doors were thrown back, revealing an elegant little apartment furnished about as fresh and bright without attracting particular notice, among the cows from their roosts and a ban, while various vegetables were arrayed in tempting profusion. The glass and silver were all in a glitter, and a dainty little desert was neatly arranged on the side board, Julius Ives' white face flashed with magical promptitude. He turned round and gave his wife a hearty kiss before he commenced to carve the turkey.

Boys Wanted.
 A few mornings since a lady living on Chestnut street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.
 "I am the boy who sweeps out all the offices where he is," said the boy as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap box."
 "Well, you can leave it," she replied.
 "I—I guess I haven't better," he half-whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.
 "Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said as she advanced and extended her hand.
 "Oh, 'twouldn't be 'zactly right, ma'am, 'cause I know'd he gin me fifty cents."
 "See here boy," she said, as she felt for the dollar bill left her by coffee and tea, "you take this, give me the letter, and don't say a word to Mr. — about finding the letter."
 "I don't believe it's about a letter," he remarked.
 "Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!"
 "Maybe there ain't a word of writing in it, ma'am."
 "Here—give me the letter—now go!"
 She took it and entered the house, and the boy with the peach-colored ears, flew down the street like a cannonball going to dinner.
 In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not so happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas, default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, etc. She wanted to hold another interview with the lad. If this meets his eye he will please call between the hours of eight and ten o'clock a. m., when she feels strongest.—Detroit Free Press.

Counterfeit Coin.
 The amount of counterfeit coin in circulation in the United States is said to be \$2,000,000, besides the great number of genuine pieces made fraudulent by the removal of part of the metal. Wholly spurious coins are always lighter than the good ones, but an exception, described by the Scientific American, is a \$5 piece made of gold or silver, and really costing the counterfeiter \$3.40 each. Various ingenious modes are used in stealing gold from coins. The most common is "leeching," which is done by placing the coin in the anode of an electroplating bath, the gold being abstracted from it and deposited on another surface. As much as two dollars worth of gold can be taken in this way from a double eagle, without making any difference that is detected except by weight. A less scientific plan is to file the smooth parts of the surface and rebursh the spots. The most extensive fraud is "splitting." The operator saws the coin through nearly, gouges out the centre until only a thin shell is left, substituting a base metal, and joins the parts again. The ring of the coin is destroyed, and the weight lessened. Sometimes holes are bored into the edge and plugs put in.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
 Rev. J. P. Tustin, (Supper).
 Sunday School—9 a. m. and 4 1/2 p. m.
 Sunday Morning—9 a. m.
 Sunday Evening—7:30 p. m.
 Young Men's—7:30 p. m.
 Young Women's—7:30 p. m.
 All are invited to attend.

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 But Kitty in her place installed, He would take the trouble to find out instead of indulging in sweeping denunciations. I wonder if he knows that I make all the puddings and pies, and give out the tea and coffee, and superintend everything—everything myself? He might know, if he would take the trouble to find out instead of indulging in sweeping denunciations. I wonder if he knows that I trim my own bonnets, and make my own dresses, and make my little ones' clothes, and save unnecessary outlay? It's almost enough to make one wish they had never got married!

"Hello, Elmer! Why, surely this is not you!"
 "Well, I don't know who else it can be, I'm looking remarkably handsome, bronzed looking gentleman, who had lounged into Mr. Ives' office. 'And I've brought Harry Lamarque with me. You remember him, don't you?'
 "Remember him—should think so. And we haven't met before since our college days. Well, I declare; this is a curious coincidence. You'll both of you promise to come and dine with me to-day at five o'clock, won't you? Come, I'm sure you haven't any other engagement, and I'll introduce you to my wife."
 "I'll come, and Elmer promptly, had I'll engage to bring Lamarque with me."
 "But you are not going?"
 "I must—I have no end of business to transact; but we'll have a regular chat at dinner, old boy."
 Melissa had hardly despatched her little band of chubby-faced children to school the next morning, when the office boy came knocking at the door with a note.
 "From Mr. Ives, ma'am, there ain't no answer."
 The note ran as follows—
 "I shall bring two old college mates, Elmer and Lamarque, to dinner. Let it be on the table promptly at six. Your affectionate JULIUS."
 Mrs. Ives folded up the note and deposited it in her desk with a comical smile hovering around her mouth.
 Economy is the order of the day she thought.
 It was a bleak day toward the end of December, with a raw wind and a sky overladen with clouds; and Mr. Ives' nose was decidedly tingled with blue as he ushered his two abiding guests into the parlor.
 "Walk in, gentlemen—walk in and warm yourselves," he said rubbing his hands with hospitable fervor.
 But contrary to all his expectations, contrary to the usual domestic arrangements prevailing in that household, there was no fire in the grate—the air was as damp and chilly as that of a mansement.
 Julius bit his lip and repressed the rather demonstrative expression that was rising on his tongue.
 "Be seated, gentlemen, I will rectify this mistake immediately," he said, leaving the room.
 "How is this? No fire and the room like an ice-well!" was his petulant exclamation as he met his wife in the hall.
 "Coal is seven dollars a ton, Julius—it is necessary for us to economize," said Melissa, demurely.
 "Send the maid this minute to kindle a fire," said Julius, in his teeth chattering.
 "And—my dear, you are surely not going into the room with that cold dress?"
 "Of course I am. My best silk is beginning to wear, and as I can't afford another, I must be as economical as possible."
 Julius Ives made a queer grimace; he didn't at all like the idea of swallowing his own words. And Melissa walked into the presence of his friends, faded old dress and all.
 "Six o'clock—ain't dinner nearly ready?" asked Mr. Ives, consulting his chronometer, with a sort of warning glance at his wife.
 Melissa rose, and at the same instant dinner was announced.
 Now Mrs. Ives was a capital house keeper who possessed the faculty of getting up naturally expected a repeat suitable to the occasion. What was his dismay on beholding the cold backed joint of yesterday, bank-

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SCHOOL ORDERS. Blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

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 All quiet; a bright fire burning in the polished stove, the pussies clustered sleepily on the rug, the clock ticking like silver drops of water on the mantel-piece; and Mr. Ives' needle glancing in and out of the work like a small ray of lightning. The children were all tucked snugly up in bed, for Mrs. Julius Ives was the most devoted and obedient of conjugal partners. It was an exquisitely neat room—a room where the sweet home element predominated in every nook and corner—a room to which the tired business man might look forward all day, a haven of rest and peace.

Casey's Remarkable Adventures.
 A MONTANA MAIL-CARRIER WHO LIVED FOR TEN DAYS ON TOBACCO AND SNOW.
 Casey carried what is known as the horse-back mail, but which is, in fact, carried by a two-wheeled vehicle like a sulky, from Sun River to the Twenty-Eight Mile Springs. On the 27th ult. he started from the former place. There was a blinding snow storm that time, and the road across the prairie was wholly lost. As he did not reach the end of his drive at the appointed time it was assumed that he had lost his way. This theory proved to be well founded. There were not wanting brave men both at Sun River and Helena, to undertake the search for the missing man; but their most arduous efforts were in vain. On the 31st ult. the weather was fearfully cold; but this did not deter him from the attempt that humanity dictated. Mounted on a horse he set forth and in due time found a dim track where it seemed probable that Casey had left the main road. Following this he labored over the ice for some time, and at length discovered a driver about twenty miles north of Twenty-Eight Mile Springs. When Casey was found he was sitting in his cart, which the horse was drawing slowly and painfully along. He was in a doze and Mr. Rowe shouted to him once or twice before he was roused to consciousness. It was then found that his right foot and leg were frozen nearly to the knee, and that his left foot was in the same condition. It is believed that his injuries are not serious and that he will not suffer the loss of either limb. His story was "soon told," and with his recollection of his experience and what Mr. Rowe learned in his search is wonderful beyond fiction. The driver had been wandering over the trackless prairie for ten days and nights without food or shelter and with a temperature never above zero. All this time he had moved in a perfect circle and had picked his horse and camped almost every night in almost the same spot. More remarkable still, he had hardly passed within a mile and a half of the Twenty-Eight Mile House which was his destination. All this time, said suffering man, he had been craving for an ordinary meal. Bob Casey had only one thought, and that was to stay with the mail and get through whatever befell him. And he did; not a single package was lost. Starving, half frozen and dazed by exposure and privation, it was not of himself he thought; his duty was still uppermost in his mind. Here was heroic stuff, how many such can the postal service boast of! During all these terrible days and nights the only thing that passed through his mind was tobacco and snow. He had with him a good supply of the former article at the start, but as day wore late night and night into day he began hoarding it with as much avidity as ever did a miser his gold.

Another flagrant case of interference with Federal officers is reported from Georgia.
 An alleged revenue officer went into a Dalton cigar store and bought the last five cigars in a box; then arrested the proprietor for having an unlicensed empty box in his possession. The revenue official offered up anything to Secretary Sherman in consideration of \$10, but the merchant had him arrested for trying to obtain money under false pretenses and he has been held for trial.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN OFFICE. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these certificates.

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 Dry and Light Streets, where all descriptions of leather are made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the trade. The highest price in cash will be all times be given for
 GREEN HIDES
 of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
 Bloomsburg, Oct. 1, 1878.

W. M. L. EYERLY,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Office in B'n's Building, second floor, room No. 10.
 Bloomsburg, Pa.

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 Office in B'n's Building, second floor, room No. 10.
 Bloomsburg, Pa.

COMING HOME.
 BY MARY MAPES DODGE.
 "Come, Kitty, come!" I said, "But still the wailed—wailed, Nodding off her pretty head."
 "With 'I'm coming soon, Father's rowing home, I know, I cannot think what keeps him so, Unless he's just belated."
 "I'm coming soon."
 "Come Kate!" her mother called, "The supper's almost ready."
 But Kitty in her place installed, He would take the trouble to find out instead of indulging in sweeping denunciations. I wonder if he knows that I make all the puddings and pies, and give out the tea and coffee, and superintend everything—everything myself? He might know, if he would take the trouble to find out instead of indulging in sweeping denunciations. I wonder if he knows that I trim my own bonnets, and make my own dresses, and make my little ones' clothes, and save unnecessary outlay? It's almost enough to make one wish they had never got married!

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