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The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1879.

Table with columns for ad type (per line, per square inch, etc.) and rates.

Columbia County Official Directory.

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Bloomsburg Official Directory.

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Corner of Third and Iron streets. Pastor, J. P. Fitch.

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VENUE NOTES.

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DR. I. L. RAB, Office, North Market street.

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DR. W. F. RYER, Office, North Market street.

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Increase of Pension obtained, Collections made. Office in E. W. Herring's.

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Office in E. W. Herring's Building.

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Office in E. W. Herring's Building.

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Old stand Bloomsburg, Pa., at the corner of the Erie and Light streets.

G. A. HERRING.

Respectfully announces to the public that he has reopened.

SNYDER'S TANNERY.

Old stand Bloomsburg, Pa., at the corner of the Erie and Light streets.

GREEN HIDES.

Every description in the country. The publication of the price list is free.

STRICTLY PURE WHITE LEAD.

At the lowest market rates.

MONTOUR SLATE PAIN TS, 8 CENTS.

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY!

GRAY'S SPECIFIC TRADE MARK. GRADE MARK IS ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

Before Taking. After Taking. Many of our customers...

At the apothecary are direct, packages are written for the latest without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg, Pa., March 28, 1879.

B. F. HARTMAN.

AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES. American Mutual Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

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Poetical.

SCANDAL.

BY MARY C. JOHNSON.

A woman to the holy father went, Confession of her sin her intent;

And so her misdeeds, great and small, She faithfully rehearsed them all;

And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin, She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,

And borne a bit of scandal up and down To all the long tongue'd gossip in the town.

The holy father for her other sin, Granted the absolution exact of him;

But while for all the rest he pardon gave, He told her this offense was very grave,

And that to fit penance she must go, Not by the way-side where the thistles grow;

And gather the largest, ripest one, Scatter it seeds, and that when this was done, See most come back again another day.

To tell him his commands she did obey, The woman, thinking this a penance light,

Hastened to do it with that very night, Feeling right glad she had escaped so well;

Next day but one she went the priest to tell, The priest still still and heard her story through;

Then said, "There's something still for you to do, Those little thistle seeds which you have sown, I bid you go to gather, every one!"

The woman said, "But father, 'twould be vain To try to gather up those seeds again;

The winds have scattered them both far and wide, Over the meadow vale and mountain-side."

The father answered, "Now I hope from this The lesson I have taught you will not miss;

You cannot gather back the scattered seeds, Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,

Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown By any penance be again undone."

"CONQUERED AT LAST."

A PRIZE POEM ON THE GRATITUDE OF THE SOUTH FOR NORTHERN HELP.

[Some time since the Mobile News offered a prize for the poem which, by a Southern writer, should be judged most meritorious expressive of the gratitude which existed in the Southern heart towards the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence. This offer on the part of the News called forth seventy-seven competitive compositions from various parts of the country. The committee, to whom the manuscripts were submitted, decided in favor of the poem entitled "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Georgia, which is here given.]

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath, And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part, For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main, And the forests bend to his breath like grain,

Their heads in the dust and their branches broke, But now shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You sweep o'er the land like the whirlwind's wing, But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will; But our hearts of hearts were unconquered still.

"We are vanquished!" we said, "but our souls are unconquered!"

We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore.

And "we to the conquered" on every door, But the spoiler came and he would not spare,

The angel that walketh in darkness was there: He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street, And he left the print of his fiery feet.

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere, And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, to the very heart, There went forth a cry to the foremost part—

You heard it, O brothers! With never a measure, You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.

O Sisters of Mercy, you gave above those! For you helped, we know, on your benedicted knees.

Your pity was human, but it was more, When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side.

Your lives for our lives, you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give Than lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave; We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

Our last wish was there and it held out long; It is yours, O friends! and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art, And "Conquered by Kindness" we'll write on our heart.

AN AWKWARD BLUNDER.

In Paris a young lady went into one of the great drapery houses to shop with her maid.

They kept watching her; and one of these making sure he had seen something, presently tapped the young lady on the shoulder and asked her to follow him to the searching room.

"You have just put a pair of new gloves in your pocket, madam; don't deny it!" "I know I have," said the young lady quietly; "and if you will be good enough to look inside them you will see that, as they were bought at another house, they could not have been stolen from this."

The watcher had made a mistake; and he and the whole gang of searchers began to grovel in excuses.

"Now," said the lady, turning to her maid, "go to the nearest commissary of police and tell him that the daughter of Prince Orloff requires his protection!" It was the awkward blunderer's father who was the Russian ambassador. The comrade drapery company offered thousands to hush it up.

Germany exported last year, in the eleven months ending with November, over 11,775,000 bushels of potatoes.

Select Story.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

"Harry, my boy, what are you reading?"

"Harry Nelson colored a little as he closed his book.

"Only Robinson Crusoe, papa."

"Only Robinson Crusoe? I'm astonished at you, Henry Nelson, spending your time over such trash as that when the bookshelves are full of histories, philosophies, and compendiums. Is that the way, do you suppose, to become an intelligent and well-read man? Give me the book!"

Harry reluctantly delivered into his father's hands the pretty morocco bound volume. Mr. Nelson turned it over and over again with a supercilious air.

"Where did you get this?"

"John Peaslee lent it to me, sir."

"He lent it to you, did he? And a precious loan it is. Go right away and carry it back to him."

"Not a word of remonstrance—do as I tell you."

"Papa, I haven't finished it."

"All the better for you—you have already wasted too much precious time over it. The idea of a boy like you, with his education yet incomplete, sitting down to Robinson Crusoe!"

The accent of sneering contempt with which his father pronounced the last two words brought scarlet blood to Harry Nelson's cheek, but he obeyed without a syllable of remonstrance.

"There," said the father, rubbing his hands triumphantly, "I think I've put an end to that Robinson Crusoe nonsense."

"Are you sure you have done rightly, my dear sir?" quietly asked Mrs. Nelson, who had been silently at work in the bay window which opened out of the library.

"Right?" Of course I have. Is the boy to spend his whole time in reading such absurd, improbable trash?"

"Harry is a very good student, and I do not think the perusal of a few such books would hurt him, merely by way of recreation."

"Well, I do," said Mr. Nelson, irritably, "I don't choose to allow it."

Mrs. Nelson sighed softly, but offered no further remonstrance; in her secret heart she was convinced that her husband was altogether too severe with her boy, but she knew it would be productive of little good to express her opinion. In the hope that Harry's grandfather will be here to-morrow, she thought, and perhaps his advice and counsel may have a good effect."

Mrs. Nelson looked forward with great anxiety to this visit of her husband's father—she somehow felt that things were going wrong in Harry's training and education, and she trusted with a blind, womanly faith that some influence would supervene to protect her son from the hardening effect of daily perusal of perpetual restraint.

"Harry entertains a deeper respect for his father than for any other living soul," she thought as she arranged the furniture in the handsome suite of apartments destined for his use; "if I can only win him over to my way of thinking."

"Judge Nelson arrived—a spare, hale looking little old gentleman, with hair thickly streaked with gray, and blue eyes as keen and penetrating as that of a falcon, and did take him very long to perceive the exact state of things in his son's household."

"And what do you think of our Harry, sir?" demanded the younger Mr. Nelson, rubbing his hands complacently, when the old man had gone to his bed at the close of the first day's visit.

"He is a fine boy—a very fine boy," said the judge, briefly, and with that verdict the father and grandfather returned to their family in the evening.

"He is a good, conscientious fellow, and is unusually forward in his studies," said Mr. Nelson. "I should like you to look over to-morrow, sir."

"I will do so," said the judge.

"And, for an only son, he really has very few faults," went on Mr. Nelson. "Of course, like other boys of his age, he has his failings."

"But they can scarcely be called failings," Mrs. Nelson interposed. "Harry, I think you are sometimes too severe with him."

The keen-eyed old gentleman glanced from one to the other in silence; he perfectly comprehended the situation of affairs.

"Severe! Nonsense, Harry, you would spoil the child if you had your own way," said Mr. Nelson a little impatiently.

The family were assembled round the breakfast-table the next morning when Judge Nelson came down; and Harry was, as usual, receiving constant admonition from his father.

"Harry, take your elbows off the table, sir—this minute! I am astonished at you. You are not holding your fork rightly; Harry. Now see here, young man, if you don't pay a little more attention to what I say to you, you will be sent away from the table."

Harry bit his lip with intense mortification. Mrs. Nelson looked annoyed. The judge drank his coffee in silence.

"Where are you going, Harry?" demanded the father, as his son took his cap after breakfast.

"Just over to Tom Leslie's, sir, to arrange about that boating matter."

"Put up your cap and remain at home, sir. Have you no lessons to look over before school?"

"Yes, sir; but I shall have plenty of time for those after I come back; it is not eight o'clock yet."

"Permit me to be the judge of that, Harry," said Mr. Nelson, authoritatively. "I choose that you shall remain at home and devote your attention to your studies. Idleness in a boy of your age is a fault too heinous to be tolerated."

"How old are you, Harry?" inquired his grandfather, as the disappointed boy sat down to his study-table.

"I am fourteen, sir."

"Fourteen?—you are nearly a man," said the old man, musingly.

"I wish he would conduct himself a little more like a man," said Mr. Nelson. "Harry where are your feet, and why don't you sit up a little straighter when you study?"

"The hour of school brought a blessed reprieve to poor Harry Nelson. He departed with his book under his arm, feeling very much like a relieved convict. Three hours, at least, before him, during which he would be free from the perpetual fault-finding, reproach and censure that made his home-life a burden to him.

"Harry," said his father, at dinner-time, "you are eating too freely of those grapes—put back that bunch!"

"They are very fresh and fine, my dear," said Mrs. Nelson, timidly.

"I have only eaten two bunches, papa, pleaded Harry.

"Put them back this instant, sir!" thundered Mr. Nelson. "Of all things I detest a glutton!"

And Harry obeyed, with a sorrowful look at the blooming purple clusters.

In the evening Harry was slipping quietly out of the front door, when his father called him back.

"Are your lessons all prepared for to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you done that copying for me?"

"Well, be sure you are in the house by eight o'clock."

"No, sir, I stay until nine, father? The other boys all do."

"I don't care for the other boys. You will be home at eight o'clock precisely?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Nelson, when the little boy had gone. "I think you are a little too hard on Harry."

"No, I am not," said Mr. Nelson, sharply; women do not understand such things. I am his father, and it is my business to keep him properly reined in!"

Mr. Nelson was smoking his morning cigar the next day, as the judge came down stairs.

"James," said the old gentleman, fretfully, "is this the proper place for your feet—on the mantel?"

Mr. Nelson smiled and took them down.

"Not exactly, sir, I must confess."

"And I desire that you will throw that cigar away. It is an outrageous habit, and one which I will not for an instant tolerate."

Mr. Nelson looked surprised; but he obeyed.

"And what is this you're reading? One of Bulwer's novels? Have you read the last volume of Middlehead's sermons?"

"No, sir; that is—"

The old gentleman took the noxious volume gingerly between his thumb and finger and tossed it out of the window. Mr. Nelson colored; but respect for his father was too strong to allow him to remonstrate either by word or deed.

At a moment Mrs. Nelson came in to announce breakfast.

"James, that omelette is too rich for you; I desire you will not eat it."

"But I have always been in the habit of eating them, sir."

"No matter; you will not eat it to-day."

Harry looked on in open mouthed astonishment. His father's face grew scarlet.

"And I wish James, went on the judge, "that you would not make quite a noise about it, while you are eating. It is very ungentlemanly and it disturbs me."

"No; because you've fallen into the habit and no one has ventured to correct you, Harry, my boy, I'll take another muffin."

Breakfast was no sooner over than the judge commenced a search for some missing newspaper.

"You had it last, James. When will you ever learn to put things back in their places? Now if you will go to work and find that newspaper for me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

Mr. Nelson glanced at his watch.

"I was some other time do as well, sir? I have an engagement at nine, and—"