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.

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The Columbian.

O. E. ELWELL. J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10. 1879.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6M.	1Y
One inch	$2.00	$3.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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One column	18.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

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april19,1878.

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March 26,'80—y

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Poetical.

A FOREST FANTASY.

BY RACHEL LANE.

Far in the forest a fountain is leaping,
Bubbling and clear in its pebble-strewn cup;
Ferns cluster round it and mosses come creeping
Down to the waters that never dry up.

Clasping some treasure with delicate fingers—
Singing sweet songs to the solitude dim—
Close by the fountain a water-sprite lingers,
Like a pale flower on its moss-covered rim.

My Fairy Prince had one heart of gold,
Never yet by nymph possessed.
For counterfeits lurked in every fold.
Of his pearl embroidered vest.

He climbed the stairs with the sprites of air,
And played in the fields of blue;
In jeweled caves where the gnomes repair,
He has laughed and frolicked too.

Beyond the blue and beneath the grass,
Those counterfeit hearts were known,
Ah! nymphs saw not they were only brass—
Till they had given their own!

I sit alway by my fountain's cup,
And watch that it never dries.
My Prince came here ere the moon was up,
Together we marked her rise.

Here did he linger till break of day—
Linger till noontide was past;
Why did he laughingly s ip away,
Leaving me lonely at last?

This is no counterfeit heart I hold;
Was it not plucked from his breast?
This is that heart of the purest gold,
Never yet by nymph possest.

Night passes on. To these forest recesses
Moonbeams steal trembling—a silvery band—
Glance by the water-sprite's illy-decked tresses—
Light on the counterfeit—drops from her hand.
—*Godey's.*

Select Story.

WHO TOOK IT?

THE STORY OF A TWENTY POUND BANK NOTE.

"Will you take charge of twenty pounds till to morrow morning, Martin?"

'Take charge of twenty pounds, Harold!' echoed my wife, in amazement. 'What do you mean?'

I settled myself down to an explanation. Explanations are things I hate, nevertheless they are necessary sometimes. One was due on this occasion.

'You know, my dear Martin,' I began, with a business-like air, 'that the failure of Hardinge Brothers threw scores of men, women and children in this neighborhood out of work, in the very hardest part of a very bad year. This evening a meeting was held with a view of enlisting the sympathy of the public. A subscription list was got up, and a collection made there and then to the tune of twenty pounds. As nothing else could be done with the money to-night, I was as treasurer, obliged to bring it home; and very nervous I felt' I can assure you, at coming along these lonely roads with such a sum. However, I have reached home safely, in spite of my fears, and now I shall deliver it over to you until I can get rid of it.'

'And so free your mind from all responsibility,' added my wife, with a smile.

She knows that one of my chief weaknesses is a dread of responsibility.

'As far as possible,' I replied.

We immediately went into a consultation as to where the money should be put. I suggested the meat-safe, as a place to which thieves would never dream of going for money, but my wife pooh-poohed the idea, as well as several other suggestions of mine, which I thought were not so bad.

At last an idea struck her in the shape of the wine-drawer of the cupboard of the sideboard. By this means the money would be doubly safe, she argued, for the drawer might first be locked, in addition to locking the door. I looked rather contemptuously on the plan, for if the truth be told, I felt it was only due to myself to do so, since my wife treated every suggestion of mine in a similar manner.

Both of us failing to hit upon anything better, the wine bin was agreed upon; and, as I looked over my evening paper, I watched her place the black japanned box in the drawer, lock it, lock the side board, and place the key in her own purse.

'There!' she exclaimed, triumphantly, 'I shouldn't think any one would get at that before to-morrow morning, for this purse goes into the well of my dressing case tonight, and that will be locked and the keys put away in my dressing-table drawer, so we are doubly and trebly secure.'

In spite of these precautions there was a load on my mind that I felt would only be removed when the money was safe in the bank. I envied my wife her happy insensibility, for in less than half an hour she was quietly sleeping, while I tossed restlessly to and fro, thinking about the money, and wondering whether any one could possibly get at it.

At last a grand idea struck me, which was to put it inside the piano. Who would dream of searching for treasure in such a place? Whereas, what robber coming into a house would not go to a sideboard? and the very fact of finding it doubly locked would make him suspect that something was hidden there. Plainly enough, Mistress Marian, with all her cleverness, had chosen the very worst place possible. Should I go down and remove it? I knew where the keys were to be found. I had half a mind to do so, if only for the sake of quieting my mind and getting a little sleep. No doubt I should have done so, had not a circumstance intervened— I fell asleep.

It seemed scarcely an hour afterward that I awoke and heard sounds of life in the street below. Well so far all was safe enough, no robbers had molested us, and I felt so comfortable and easy now that all danger was over, that I began to laugh at my nervous fears. How stupid it would have been to have gone down stairs in the middle of such a bitter night! Thank goodness, I had been too strongminded for that.

I fell off into another doze, and, as a natural consequence, was late for breakfast. That meal was a hurried one, and when it was over and I had my coat and hat on, ready to start off on an important case, I remineded Marian of the money, and begged of her to get it out quickly.

'I had quite forgotten it!' she exclaimed. 'Here Marian, run up stairs and fetch my purse out of my dressing case; the keys are in my dressing table drawer.'

Marian flew up stairs to do her mistress' bidding, while I stood and chafed in the hall and submitted to having my coat brushed. In a moment she returned, bringing the purse, and Marian ran ito the dining room. Two or three minutes passed, and Marian was still fumbling about at the side board. I entered the room impatiently. Marian looked at me crossly.

'This is quite too bad, Harold. What have you done with the box?'

'Done with the box?' I exclaimed; 'what do you mean, Marian?'

'I won't stand this trifling any longer,' replied my wife. 'It's a shame to give me the responsibility of that money and then tease me like this?'

'What on earth is the woman talking about?' I cried, bewildered. 'Say what you mean in plain words, I beg.'

'The money's not here. It's gone, box and all,' Marian replied, with a white face.

'Gone!' I cried, 'gone! Where's it gone, or who has taken it, I should like to know? You must be raving. Let me come and look.'

Marian moved aside and I knelt down to the drawer. No sign of a box was there. As my wife had said, the money was gone.

But how, when, or where? The drawer was locked, the cupboard was locked, the dressing case was locked, the purse was inside it, the keys in the dressing table drawer. These things my wife and Martha were sure of. A man placed in such a position is bound to have an idea on the subject and to assert it, so I suggested that Martha must be the culprit.

'No, no, don't say that,' cried my wife, excitedly. 'I'd as soon believe that I was the thief as she. I've known her all my life. No, no, it isn't Martha.'

'You talk like a child,' I replied, with an air of superiority, for really women have no reasoning powers whatever—not even the best of them. "Can you suggest any one else who by any possibility could have taken the money?'

'Indeed I cannot,' Marian replied. 'It could not be a housebreaker, for the locks were just as I left them; nothing had been touched, apparently.'

'You admit that it could not be any one outside the house, so it must be Martha, that is plain logic,' I said, with as much evenness of temper as I could command at the moment.

'It isn't Martha,' replied my wife, stubbornly; 'I'll never believe it.'

For my part I felt sure that it was Martha. And as it was quite impossible that she could easily recover it.

But she denied the charge so emphatically that it was with a very anxious heart I betook myself to the bedside of my patient. The case was a complicated and peculiar one, and my mind soon became so interested in the progress of the various symptoms that my own cares became as things of nought. After paying one or two minor visits I returned home. Martha opened the door and immediately retired into the kitchen, without a word. Marian was nowhere to be found. I went up stairs in search of her. She was not there, but a little table in the corner, covered with writing materials, betrayed her recent presence. An open letter in a handwriting I knew and detested, attracted my attention. Husbands have certain prerogatives. I asserted one at that moment and read the letter. If you can do the same, here it is; if not, skip it:

"DEAR MAY—If you don't contrive to send me ten pounds before this day week, it will be ruination for me. If you send it you will enable me to retrieve my former position, and become a credit to my famly.

Yours, affectionately,
FRANK."

'The young rascal; what fresh mess has he been getting into?' I exclaimed, angrily. The same Frank had been the source of untold squabbles between myself and Marian; holding a fairly good position in the city for an unmarrid man, and always getting into debt.

Presently I heard Marian enter the house. With the letter in my hand I confronted her. She turned first white and then red, and asked me by what right a gentleman entered a lady's private room and read correspondence.

I paid no attention to this high flown language, but replied by asking her whether she had been out to post a letter. She admitted she had.

'To Frank?' I inquire d.

'I decline to say,' she replied, haughtily.

'Containing money?' I asked.

"That I also decline to say,' she replied.

Here was a pretty pass things had come to—my own wife openly refusing to answer my questions! I think any one else in my place would have come to the same conclusion as I did—namely, that the letter was to Frank, and that it contained money. A few inquiries at the Post-office confirmed my supposition. From the time of this discovery a cloud seemed to have settled over the usually happy household. Marian was sullen and angry, and sat at the head of the table without speaking a word. Between meal times I scarcely ever saw her. Martha sided with her mistress, and always looked at me reproachfully.

In the meantime other cares were pressing hard and fast upon me. In spite of a rigid examination I could discover no clue to the lost money. Of course I had been obliged to make it good, and, in order to do this, had drained myself of every available farthing.

These events happened at a time of year when it was impossible to call in many outstanding debts; so that after a while of desperate struggle against our unfortune circumstances, I was compelled, sorely against my will, to appeal to my father. All this while I had not been inert about the lost money, but had held several discussions with a detective. A fear of incurring additional expense had deterred me from sitting him to work; but as he seemed to think that to trace the money would be the easiest thing in the world, I at last gave him authority to commence a strict investigation.

From the detective's I went to my father; and plainly stating the facts, asked him if he would lend me the sum I had lost. This he agreed to do, and the conversation turned on family matters generally. The unhappy coolness which had arisen between myself and Marian was presently discussed, and when my father taxed me with unkindness toward her, I felt bound to explain to him Frank's demand, and her resentment of my interference.

My mother started up suddenly from a fit of thinking and plied me with questions.

'Was Marian the only person who had access to the sideboard?'

'As far as I knew, the only person,' I replied.

'And did you say her letter to her brother Frank contained money?'

'Yes—a P. O. O. for ten pounds.

'Had she ten pounds of her own?'

'Not that I know of.'

'Was she likely to have saved it from her allowance for housekeeping or private purpases?'

'Very unlikely, indeed.'

'Then,' my mother continued, 'it seems to me that the nearer home you look for your money the sooner you will find it.'

When I arrived home my mind was torn and distracted by conflicting opinions. I felt very anxious to discover some sign of innocence, or, may be, guilt.

'Marian,' I said, as gently as I could, where did you get the money from that you sent to Frank?'

She started, and turned quickly round upon me.

'How did you know I sent money to Frank?'

'Never mind how I knew it,' I replied. 'Where did you obtain it? You must answer me that question before you leave this room,' I added, more sternly; for her evasion of my question disquieted me.

She looked at me steadily in the face for a minute, then, dropping her eyes and clasping her hands tightly together, she exclaimed:

'I see now the drift of your question. The money was lost at the same time that I sent some to Frank. Harold, you suspect me—your own wife, of being the thief, and you have sent that man (I saw he was a detective directly) to track me out, and prove this against me. Do you intend to send me to prison?

'Marian,' I answered, excitedly, 'when I sent that man here, no such suspicion had ever occurred to me, and now that I must confess it has, one word from you will dispel it; or, if it should be otherwise (here I extended my hand to her, but she flung it from her), you have only to acknowledge it to obtain my free forgiveness.'

'Your forgiveness!' she added, haughtily, 'I do not need it,' and without another word she left me.

For some minutes I remained stunned by this new aspect of affairs. Could it be possible that my Marian was guilty? I would never believe it. And yet she had not attempted to deny it. Again, the anxious face she had lately worn, to-gether with other circumstances of the case, served only to confirm the idea. Would that it had not been so, or even being so, that she would come to me for the reconciliation I was longing for and the forgiveness I was only too anxious to bestow.

A day or two after this I found a note awaiting me when I returned home to dinner. The handwriting was Marian's, and my delight at seeing it was so great that I kissed it again and again. Eagerly I opened it and read it. It ran as follows:

'The society of a thief cannot be congenial. For that reason I have kept out of your way till I had made up my mind what to do. I shall not trouble you any more. Baby and I have gone to my father. I know you can claim baby if you like to do so, but I think you will see that it is better for him to be with me. Do not ask me to come back. I never can. The miserable life I have been leading lately would soon have killed me, and my life is precious to my child. Your unhappy wife.

'MARIAN.'

That was all, except a few words at the end that had been hastily scratched out, of which I could distinguish only, 'Oh, Harold!'

Strange as it may seem, this note did not shock me as the discovery of Marian's guilt had done. I felt so angry with her for her unreasonable conduct that my tenderer feelings remained almost untouched. My love for the Marian of former days had not decreased one whit, but my anger with the present Marian was for the moment paramount. The child was better with her, and for the present she should keep him, for I had no idea of fetching her back. She had let me through no unkindness of my own, and no wife could be justified in leaving her husband in the way Marian had left me.

I was beginning to get a little accustomed to my renewed bachelorhood, when one, night, very late, a telegram was brought me, worded thus:

'Come at once to baby.'

The night train would leave in about an hour's time. I packed a few things and started to catch it. In about three hours more I was conducted into the room where Marian was sitting with our little one lying in her lap, struggling hard for life. Some medical man was already there, bending over the child and anxiously gazing at its contorted and livid features, but, as far as I could see, doing but little to assist in the battle against death. He left at once, and Marian looked up into my face, and said:

'Thank God, you have come! He was doing no good. Oh, Harold! save my baby; save my child.'

'I will do what I can to save my child,' I answered.

I called a servant and gave my instructions. In a few minutes the room was filled with vapor, every vent carefully guarded. The cloud of vapor kept on steadily increasing, till drops of water began to trickle down the walls. Still the child on Marian's lap lay almost choked, its struggles growing fainter each succeeding time. The cloud was still pouring out into the room, and nothing more could be done, so I stood at Marian's knee, watching for the approach of some favorable symptom. Only once Marian spoke, and then it was to ask me with blanched face and faltering lips if there was any hope.

'To the last moment, yes,' I answered, and she was relieved at once, hardly comprehend from my words how faint that hope was.

Presently the struggle grew more frequent; gradually the almost lifeless limbs became imbued with fresh vigor, the heavy lids relaxed, the gasps for breath became more effectual, and with a mighty effort nature asserted her sway. In a short time baby was nestling peacefully in Marian's arms, wrapped in a sweet, life-giving slumber.

When he was laid in his cot, his mother turned to me and said pathetically:

'Oh, Harold! when baby was so near death, and you far away, I could not help seeing how wicked I had been to leave you as I did. Will you forgive me, dear, and take me back, for baby's sake?'

I could only kiss her, and press her to my heart. After a while I said:

'It was only those words, 'Will you forgive me?' that I wanted. If you would have spoken them sooner, we need never have parted.'

'Oh, Harold! how can you? It was not that I was asking you to forgive me, but my folly in leaving you. I am as innocent of taking that wretched money as my own child. Won't you believe me?'

'I do, my darling, I do,' I replied, with genuine delight. 'I would have believed you then if you had said this to me; but you know you never deigned me a word, and what was I to think?'

'I was so horrified at your even suspecting me that I fancied it was beneath me to deny it. I cannot now understand what could have prompted you to think such a dredful thing of me. It is very hard to bear.'

I was beginning to wonder, too, how I could have suspected my own Marian. Circumstances and my mother were more to blame than I, however.

In answer, I murmured somethiug about Frank.

'Ah, that letter to Frank, I remember it. You were always so hard on him that I didn't like to tell you about it. He really had been trying to keep on steadily at the post your kindness had obtained him, but old debts were constantly coming in, and his limited salary would not meet them and keep him as well. There was one man who pressed him hard for £10. He had spent has last quarter's salary within a pound or two, and more would not be coming for some time. He wrote and told me this, asking me to help him, but I could not. He wrote again, and said he must draw on his salary, but I begged him not to do so, so soon. I was sure his employers would think it a bad sign. The man threatened to expose his former habits to the firm, which you know might have ruined him with them. I resolved to help him this once, and in order to do so sold my diamond brooch, which I scarcely ever had occasion to wear. I got £10 for it, and I sent him notes to that amount—he little guessed at what cost.'

'My poor, persecuted, self-sacrificing little woman; why did you not tell me all this? Why could you not trust me?'

'Why could you not trust me?' Marian demanded, half playfully, half pathetically. Then she added, earnestlg: 'I have been very much to blame. I was proud and self-willed and all sorts of bad things, and then leaving you was worse than all. Harold, dear, I am so ashamed of myself for that. No women is justified in leaving her husband on so slight a pretext as I had.'

I thought so too. She was becoming the most sensible little women in the world; but I had been to blame too, but I was not going to let the magnanimity be all on her side. 'We were both to blame,' I replied. I am not going to exonerate you quite, little wife, but am going to own to my fault. I was a brute to doubt you. Marian, you must forgive me, dear.'

'Oh, Harold! we shall be so happy again now, shan't we?' the little woman replied; and then she wound up our reconciliation in a truly womanly style, with tears and smiles and kisses.

But the mystery of the money was still more dark after Marian's explanation, and it was months before we penetrated it. We did so at last, however.

Our piano being sadly in want of repair, I sent to a professional man to come and 'do it up.' I was in the room when he proceeded to take it to pieces. As soon as the front was removed I perceived a little black box snugly lodged inside, which I immediately recognized. My grand idea now flashed into my mind. Here, then, was the clue to the mystery. I was the thief. In my anxiety I had placed the money inside the piano, while still under the influence of sleep.

Marian was delighted. She actually shed tears of joy when I told her of my discovery.

'Oh, you abandoned man,' she said, shaking her head at me, 'to suspect me when all the time you had stolen your own money!'

IN KEMPER COUNTY.

The Republican press of the North, which fairly held its breath when Stewart L. Woodford said he would travel South with Mrs. Chisholm to attend the trial of the man charged with killing her husband, seems to be very much put out that he got back safe. That he did not fall the victim of a shot gun of some unreconstructed rebel is a matter that apparently grieves the stalwart editor. But it troubles them still more that Mr. Woodford announces that the trial was a fair one. The jury list was 'fairly made up' and 'fairly drawn;' of the fifty one persons from whom it was selected, twenty-five were black and twenty-six white; the district attorney 'did his duty well and bravely;' he prepared his case 'with care and tried it with good sense and sound professional judgment,' assisted by an ex-chancellor and a Mr. Morris, from Vicksburg, 'one of the most logical and forcible criminal lawyers' that Mr. Woodford ever met; the judge tried the case fearlessly and justly, erring, if at all, on the side of the prosecution. Personally Mr. Woodford says, he received entire courtesy and civility from everybody whom he met. This is his testimony. What do the lunatics think of it who were predicting that he and his ward would never get back alive? Mr. Woodford says the verdict was against the law. We will conclude for the argument that he is right. This is nothing in the Northern courts. We submit that when juries are fairly selected from the whole body of citizens, honestly drawn, prosecutions pushed with zeal and cases fairly tried the government and the prevaling political majority have done all that can be reasonably asked of them to secure justice and promote peace. Kemper county has been sadly racked with political feuds. For the anarchy, mob law and murder that reigned there for years, it is admitted that the dead Chisholm was largely responsible. He had killed his man. Blood answered for blood and the avenger slew him. We deprecate the act and it should have been vindicated by the outraged law; but, while we cannot excuse, we can understand the feelings which led a jury to the verdict they reached. However wrongit may have been Mr. Woodford's testimony fully acquits the court of responsibility for it. He attests that those who have control of public affairs in Mississippi are resolutely determined to substitute law and order for misrule and anarchy. —*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

THE HORRORS OF SIBERIAN EXILE

Of the treatment of political exiles in Siberia, I have before me a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robert Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia, with an official legitimation. He had been to Tobolsk; after which he had to make a long, dreary journal (?) in a wretched car, until a high mountain rose before him. In its torn and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapors, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it.

Pressing his handkerchief upon his lips, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, where he found a large watch-house, with a picket of Cossacks. Having shown his papers, he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark and narrow corridor, which judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold After a walk of some ten minutes through the dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable. 'We are in the mine!' said the guide, pointing with a significant gesture to the high iron cross-bars which closed the cavern before them.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared, who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil lamp, the visitor asked: 'Where are we?' 'In the sleeping room of the condemned! Formerly it was a productive gallery of the mine, now it serves as a shelter.'

The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by neither sun nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work. Over each cell a cramp-iron was fixed, wherewith to lock up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door; no window anywhere.

Conducted through another passage, where a few lanters were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a large vault, partly lit. This was the mine. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw some hundreds of wretched figures, with shaggy beards, sickly faces, reddened eyelids, clad in tatters, some of them barefoot, others in sandals, fettered with heavy foot chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they shyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the tatters of the convicts were thoroughly wet. One of them, a tall man of suffering mien, labored hard with gasping breath, but the strokes of his pickaxe were not heavy and firm enough, to loosen the rock.

'Why are you here?' Mr. Lemke asked.

The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work,

'It is forbidden to the prisoners,' said the inspector, 'to speak of the cause of their banishment!'

Entombed alive; forbidden to say why!

'But who is the convict?' Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice.

'It is number 113!' the guide replied, laconically.

'This I see,' answered the visitor; 'but what are the man's antecedents? To what family does he belong?'

'He is a count,' replied the guide