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 J. B. Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

G. E. ELWELL, J. E. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 43
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 8

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1W.	2W.	3W.	4W.	1Y.
One inch	$2.00	$3.00	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.00	4.50	6.00	8.00	14.00
Three inches	4.00	6.00	7.50	10.00	20.00
Four inches	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.00	25.00
Quarter column	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	35.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	18.00	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 insertion 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.

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Associate Judges—I. R. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c—William Krickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert R. Little.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Samuel Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Swoppenheiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. B. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—J. B. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seasholtz.
Jury Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—H. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—I. S. KUHN.
Clerk—Paul E. Wirt.
Chief of Police—D. Laybock.
President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier, John Peacock, Teller.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia County 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. J. Brower, President, P. E. Wirt, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Tustin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6¾ 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 7¼ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7¼ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

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Presiding Elder—Rev. W. Evans.
Minister—Rev. E. H. Yocum.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. W. A. Rhoads.
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.
Rector—Rev. L. Zahner.
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.

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Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Roeser
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
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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 1½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

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

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VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

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

J. B. 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 Market street. Above 5th East side.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street.

J. B. McELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market.

M. McHENRY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office N. W. C. Market and Fifth St. Diseases of the eye a specialty. Aug. 29, 6m.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Oct. 1, '79. Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
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Oct. 1 1879

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Room No. 18, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
april19,1878.

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	13,500,000
Lancanshire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,700,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$80,631,000

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg.
March 26,'80—y

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa
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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa,
oct. 26, '79-1y.

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BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
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NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and HAVE TRIED AND HAVE NEVER yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of FIRE ONLY.
LOSSES PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

By sending 25 cents, with age, hight, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage

Address, W FOX, Box 77 Fultonville, N. Y.
aug. 22, 3m.

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Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe. oct. 1, 1879.

L. E. WALLER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Increase of Pensions obtained, Collections made.
Office, second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 11, 1878

N. U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law.
Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ent's BUILDING.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

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

H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. 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.

B. FRANK ZARR,
Attorney-at-Law.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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Can be consulted in German.
jan. 10, '78-tf

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Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe oct. 1, 1879.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

W. H. RHAWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

SAMUEL FREDERICKS,
GENERAL FOUNDRY BUSINESS,
NEAR CATAWISSA.
New work and repairs neatly, quickly and cheaply done. Plows, Water-Wheels, &c., manufactured or repaired aug. 22, '79.

THE DAVIS.

THE LATEST IS THE BEST.

The Greatest Sewing Machine of the Age

Don't fail to see this wonderful piece of perfection, the New Davis Vertical Feed Shuttle Sewing Machine. Manufactured at Watertown, New York. Will be on exhibition at the Bloomsburg fair ground during the fair.

All are cordially invited to call and inspect the New Machine and obtain samples of work, more beautiful and desirable than ever before accomplished and utterly impossible for any other to duplicate. Thousands witnessing the immense range of work, and discarding their old machines for the NEW MACHINE, is sufficient proof of its superiority and bring for the DAVIS a trade that runs the factory to its fullest capacity.

The Vertical Feed,

Which supercedes the under feed, is the hinge upon which swings the UNPARALLELED SUCCESS,

Composed of only 13 Working Parts, while others have from forty to seventy-five, making the least complicated, the most durable and most reliable machine in use.

It positively leads all others, DOING AWAY with all basting, and is the LIGHTEST RUNNING SHUTTLE MACHINE IN THE WORLD! and gives general satisfaction. Will be sold at the recent popular REDUCED SCALE OF PRICES. Samples of work free.

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Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 3, '79-1y.

HOSTETTER'S
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STOMACH
BITTERS

Diseases, like thieves, attack the weak. Fortify your organization with the Bitters, and it will resist and baffle alike the virus of epidemics and the changes of temperature which disorder the constitutions of the feeble. There is vitality in it. It is a pure vegetable stimulant, a rare alterative and nutritious medicine, and has not a harmful element among its many ingredients.

For sale by all Druggists and respectable Dealers generally. Oct 8, 1y.

Poetical.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy-book is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's and the k's and the his,
Though I've certainly tried and tried
To make them just right. It is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted—
My teacher says she is too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.
There is the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain tops we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time;
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?

—Wide Awake.

Select Story.

POOR JESSIE.

Before I set out for the Yorkshire coast, I had been assured by my friend, Lord Ainsleigh, that in the person of Mr. Elgood Garth, sergeant of the coast guard, I would meet a remarkable character, who would give me the particulars of what had long been known as the Glensmere tragedy.

Upon arriving at the little fishing village of R——, where I anticipated a stay of some days, I was informed by the inn keeper that the object of my search was some miles down the coast making his weekly round of the guard under his charge.

It was still early morning, and the weather was clear and bracing, though cold. I had difficulty in procuring a horse and setting out at once in search of the sergeant.

I found him near another little fishing village, engaged in testing the qualities of a new telescope which had recently been set up in a small observatory on the cliffs.

He appeared by no means a creature of romance. A wet mist had gathered in from the sea, and he was clad to meet it—that is in clumsy waterproof overclothing, with an immense hat, like a Thames waterman's. From under the ample brim appeared a round, red, Yorkshire face, made still broader by sandy leg-of-mutton whiskers, but animated and intellectualized by small, piercing gray eyes, like illuminated beads.

He met my preliminary advances with caution and reserve, but soon brightened up, and invited me to accompany him to the neighboring tavern.

As we rode along the cliff he pointed below to a wild and desolate cove, wherein the tumultuous waters of the sea appeared to have but little rest, and the rocky head of which was reached by a tortuous footpath from above.

'That,' said he, 'is Glensmere. You cannot see from this point the mouth of the great cavern which was formerly used by the smugglers, because it is overbrowed by the crag; and the tide will not admit of our approaching it by way of the sands.'

We were soon seated in the sanded parlor of the cosy little tavern, with a bowl of smoking punch between us, and, under its generous influence, Sergeant Elgood Garth speedily dropped what remained of his official reserve, and even became loquacious. He was so full of present business in hand, and of confidential revelations respecting his private opinion of his superiors, and the chances of his own promotion to a lieutenancy of the guard, that it was some time before I could fasten him down to the Glensmere affair, but at last he swelled up with its recollection, and told me the story as follows:

'It is now nigh on thirteen years ago. Although I had been a coast guardsman for a number of years, and was even then hoping to get my appointment as sergeant every day in the week, I still continued to live in the large town of F——, where I was born and bred, though its distance from the coast—nearly nine miles—sometimes caused me serious inconvenience in the performance of my duties.

'I had known and loved Jesse Holt, the parson's only daughter, ever since I was a youngster; but, though she would always treat me as an old and near friend, she would always laugh, or in some other way stave me off, whenever I grew spooney, and threatened to declare my passion. However after her father and mother died, and she was thrown upon the needlework for her only support, and I, at the same time, had just received my appointment on the guard—which almost any young man in the town would have sold his soul for—I thought that I would have it pretty much my-own way; seeing that little Jesse had a hard time of it, while I was well able to support a wife, besides being not bad looking, and having a reputation for sobriety and industry.

'But little Jessie, to my surprise and mortification, after listening to my story very attentively, candidly told me that she could never be my wife.

'Oh, do not look so sad about it, Elgood!' said she, beginning to blubber to herself. 'It makes me so unhappy to see you take it so hard. Indeed—indeed I can't marry you! I can't marry you! I have known you so long—I like you so well—I would if I could; but I can't—I can't!' And she broke right down, and cried so bitterly that I felt ashamed of myself.

'However, I plucked up grit enough to say:

"I see how it is, Jessie; there's some other lad in your eye—that's it.'

'And then her words smote me like the blow of a fist, as she replied:

'Yes, Elgood, that's it.'

'Jessie,' says I. 'I'm not the man to want a girl who can't love me nor to hate the lucky fellow who has proved more attractive than myself; but I've known you ever since you were knee-high—leastwise, long enough to ask you who the other chap is.'

"Well, Elgwood,' says she, blushing right through her tears, 'it's Guy Harnett, the young artist.'

"What!' I cried, sort of dumbfoundered like. 'Why, he's a young gentleman, Jessie! And though the gentleman he be, he ain't got no more than a quarterly remittance from London, and that's hardly enough to keep him from starving.'

"I did not sell my love to him, Elgood Garth,' says she mighty proud. 'And besides, his remittance is going to be increased, and he says he knows a way to make money enough to enable us to get married in fine style.'

"Well I hope he may, and I wish you joy!' says I bitterly; and I bounced away in a huff—it made me mad to hear her summing up so coolly her chances with another man, when I had known her ever since she could toddle, and had carried her to school on my back, and fought the big boys that made faces at her, and all that.

'But I soon thought better of it; and even began to like the young gentleman, too.

'Nearly every one liked him. There was a sort of mystery about him. He was known to get a small sum from London four times a year, with which he occupied a large, cheerless room over the green-grocer's, taking up most of his time with sketching and painting the wild scenery of the coast; excepting at regular intervals, when he would mysteriously disappear, and be absent for many days, looking, on his return, ready to drop with fatigue and the anxiety of something weighing heavily upon his mind. But he was as handsome as a picture, dressed in a free-and-easy, picturesque way, and had a bold, off hand, familiar manner, well fitted to please simple townsfolk; and, as I said before, every one liked him, while many a girl looked on Jessie Holt, with envy when it was given out that she was engaged to him.

'When I was convinced that I had thoroughly conquered my love for little Jessie, I felt so far satisfied with myself that I took an early opportunity of giving Master Guy my hand and wishing him well with his marrage.

'He laughed merrily, and yet in a sort of feverish way, it seemed to me, saying that he was striving to make all the money he could, so as to be married as soon as possible.

"I suppose you are working hard, and selling a great many pictures?' says I, encouragingly.

'He looked at me in a vacant way for a minute, as though he didn't quite understand me; and then said, with a short laugh: 'Oh, yes, I'm working very much harder than any of you know of.'

'After this it was noticed that he disappeared much oftener, and remained away longer than had been his custom, always coming home haggard and worn, as if by extreme fatigue. Worse than all, I noticed that Jessie appeared to share in her lover's uneasiness, as though he had let her into some secret, and, from the merry, light-hearted girl I had always known her, she became silent and suspicious like, and would scarcely speak to anyone.

'But as the cold autumn months drew on my duties on the coast grew so arduous and constant that I had little time to think of anything else, and even moved my lodging down to this little village here. The times were troublesome, and a vast deal of smuggling was said to be going on under our very nose, though the coast guard in this district was doubled, and I was made a full corporal. A large number of the poorer gentry in the interior were suspected of being in league with the smugglers.

'Watch as we might, our plans were nearly always defeated. Bales and boxes of goods were landed on the lonely shore at midnight and carted far inland before we knew what we were about.

'The most notorious of the smugglers was a bold fellow named Allan Burt, who had been wonderfully successful on the Cornish coast, and afterward gave us his individual attention. We laid innumerable traps for him, but only got down on the shore in time to see his swift schooner scudding away before the wind, and to scratch our heads over the probability that a rich cargo from her hold was already on its way to the wine cellar and private store rooms of some of the estates of the interior.

'At last, however, we discovered that the freebooters had a cave at Glensmere. The entrance was very small, and could only be approached—and then with considerable difficulty—at the lowest tide. Two of our men entered to explore it, and never returned. So we concluded that they had been slain by men concealed within the very cavern, and were very cautious in our plans.

'The lieutenant in charge of the coast determined to make a grand effort to capture the cave and all the smugglers connected with it. He received trustworthy information that Allan Burt was to make an attempt to land goods on a certain night, and took his measures accordingly.

'A revenue cutter was hid away behind the Long Headland, ready to steam out at a moment's notice, and cut off the escape of the schooner, shoud she put in an appearance. The majority of the guard—some thirty in number—were concealed under the cliffs along the beach, ready to tackle the smugglers as they landed at Glensmere; and I, with four men under my command, was to take up a position in that little footpath which you saw winding down the face of the crag toward the cove.

"Garth,' said the lieutenant, when the preparations were about complete, the thieves have many confederates ashore, and in case of discovery, I believe they will make a signal, and an attempt will be made to blow up the cavern, which I have all along suspected to be mined for the purpose. Your position will be directly over the cave, and you will have the opportunity of grabbing any incendiary who may be lurking around.'

"Yes, sir,' says I, scratching my head, and feeling anything but cheerful at the prospect of being blown higher than a kite. 'And do I understand you to hint, sir, that there is a reasonable chance of promotion for a poor fellow who does his duty under such circumstances?'

"Garth,' says he, 'there is a chance—a very reasonable chance.'

"Then, sir,' says I, 'You can count on me through thick and thin.'

'That afternoon, as I was going along the cliffs, one of my men, who had just come from the town here, asked me if I knew that Jessie Holt and Master Guy Harnett were going to be married in three days.

"No!' said I. 'Then I suppose the young man has got the money he was so anxious about?'

"He's made plenty of it, anyway,' says the man, 'and has made Jessie some splendid presents. They said he went up to London several days ago to get his wedding suit.'

"Well,' says I, 'I wish 'em happiness and a long life.'

'We crawled down the narrow path, and took up our position about half-way between the summit of the cliff and the sands, and just at the edge of a narrow crevice in the rock, which cut through the path like a knife, and seemed to pierce away down, ever do deep, as the noise of the loosened stones we sent rattling down was heard a long time before it died away.

'It was a disagreeable afternoon, with fog and rain, and a heavy wind from seaward. The storm grew apace as it grew later, with lightning in dazzling sheets, and thunder the loudest and longest I had ever heard.

'Suddenly one of the men jumped up, and shading his eyes from the lightning with his hands, cried out: 'There's the schooner craft, by Jove! They're coming right into the trap.'

"Well, you needn't raise any alarm about it!' I cried, angrily.

'It was the schooner, sure enough. They had probably thought that we would be on the lookout at midnight, and had therefore chosen an earlier hour for their attempt.

"We saw her lay to in the offing, as near shore as she dare come, and presently two boats put off from her through the surf. They had not gained more than half the distance between her and the shore, however, before the revenue cutter, under a full head of steam, shot out from the shelter of the headland, like an arrow, and firing a shot from her bow chaser as she flew.

'The boats hesitated in the breakers, to their imminent danger, and the schooner ran up her topsails again in a jiffy. But it was too late. The cutter was already on her seaward side, and she must give in or fight for it. She did the latter, but first sent a rocket whizzing up in the storm.

'I had become so interested in the scene that I had forgotten all about the duties of my position; but, a moment after the rocket had risen and disappeared, I was suddenly recalled to them by a ball of fire, like a burning turpentine ball attached to a stone, whizzing by my head and disappearing into the crevices at my feet.

'I gave a shout, and, springing up the footpath like a goat, seized the form of a woman in full flight. Her face was veiled, and she struggled wildly to free herself. But it was of no avail; I held her like a vise. I tore the veil from her face, and gave a groan as I recognized Jessie Holt. She returned my scrutiny with stubborn, defiant stare, though her face expressed the wildest uneasiness and excitement. A host of suspicions rushed across my mind in an instant but no time was to be lost.

"Down the cliff, men!—down with you! The mine is fired, if there is any!' I shouted; and still bearing the girl in my arms, I led the way down the breakneck path, expecting every instant to be lifted from my feet by an explosion.

'We heard shot after shot in rapid succession, and when we reached the sands the coast guard were in active conflict with the smugglers, who had been beguiled into landing, but who were now endeavoring to regain their boats through the surf.

'Back!' I cried—'back! the mine is fired!'

'At this very instant, with a low, premonitory rumbling, and then a deafening roar, the explosion occurred. The only damage it effected, however, was to blow out fragments of rock at the mouth of the cave, without detriment to either party, as the fight was going on further up the beach. The smugglers were almost equal to the coast guard in numbers, and were making a gallant resistance. They were led by a dashing young fellow, whose face was partially concealed by a wide felt hat.

'The running waves were almost over his high-top boots, but, with a pistol in one hand, and cutlass in the other, he beat back the guard, while some of his comrades joined hands, and endeavored to reach out to one of the boats, which was being drifted away.

'At length a shot struck him. He threw up his hands, and fell forward upon the sands. As his hat fell off, and he rolled over on his back, I recognized the handsome face of the young artist, Master Guy Harnett.

Jessie tore away from me, and threw herself with a desolate shriek on the bosom of her expiring lover.

'A moment later, a bright light shot up from the smugglers' schooner—which had been fighting bravely, but unequally, with her single gun—and in a few moments more she was wrapped in flames. After a brief resistance, the remaining smugglers in the surf were overpowered, and made prisoners, though a large number of them had been previously wounded.

'Allen Burt, with the men who remained with him in the schooner, died in the ill fated vessel. It transpired that he was a relative of Guy Harnett, whom he had allowed so much a year to prosecute his studies with but he had continually held out inducements for him to enter upon his own wild and desperate course of life. The young man had only fully yielded when spurred by the prospect of his marriage; and had gained only death and dishonor. That is the end of the Glensmere story, sir.'

'But the girl—Jessie—what became of her?' I asked.

'Listen!' said Sergeant Elgood Garth, lifting up his finger. 'Do you not even now hear her singing?'

I did hear a wild, crooning voice from somewhere out in the fog, and said so.

'Well, that's she. And there she goes now, wandering about as she does day after day.'

I looked through the dirty window panes of the little tavern, and saw the desolate, forlorn figure of a woman, still young, straying through the driving mist, and waving her arms wildly about.

'Yes, that's Jessie Holt,' said the coast guardsman. 'Poor thing! she's got no end of friends in the village and town, and need want for nothing, but she's been light in the upper story ever since, and will go wandering in the rain.'

—The champion leaper of five continents never exhibits any vain glory or emotion when the ringmaster announces to the rural audience that he draws a larger salary than the Governor of the State.

PAYNE'S BRAVE TROOPERS.

THE STORY OF THEIR SUFFERINGS UNDER FIRE IN THE TRENCHES.

For the first three days, according to all the officers and soldiers who were there, the situation was chiefly horrible from the constant wounds and death struggles of the poor animals, which they could in no way protect from the Indian fire. 'Every few minutes,' says one, 'you heard the dying gurgle of a horse or a mule, and although we fastened them as securely as possible at night, their pangs were such that they would often break away after being hit, threatening the men's lives in the trenches. Once a wounded horse leaped in his agony right into the pit we had dug for the wounded, where Lieutenant Paddock and seven men were lying at the time. It was a miracle almost that he did not trample them to death. As it was we all opened a terific fire on the bluffs, so as to make the Utes stop firing, and under cover of this fusilade a lot of our boys jumped up and hauled the horse out of the trench. We had to watch out continually to give dangerously wounded horses and mules their quietus. If they got cavorting after receiving an Indian bullet, and we could see that they were maimed or fatally injured, the soldiers would take aim and finish them. It was awfully hard once in a while. A friend of mine got three flesh wounds in trying to save his horse's life. Finally the horse was shot through one of his forelegs. Instead of writhing around like the others he came hobbling up to the edge of the pit where Joe and I were and looked down at Joe, as if to say: 'Help me, for God's sake!' Joe turned to me and said, says he: 'You'll have to finish him, Hank; I can't do it. I watched my chance as the horse turned, and put a ball in right behind his left ear and dropped him. That night we hauled him outside with the rest.'

There were several pet dogs in the camp, among them a beautiful greyhound belonging to Lieutenant Cherry. 'I had to let him out of my pit occasionally,' says the lieutenant, 'to run down to the water. One night he came back with one of his paws shot off. It turned out that he had been fired on by one of our own sentinels, who mistook him for a crawling Indian. There was nothing to do but kill the poor old fellow to save him misery.'

One morning a soldier of Payne's command, wounded in the arm and so ill that he had had no appetite for two days, turned to a negro soldier close by him, saying: 'Here, pard, stop shooting at them bluffs, and for the Lord's sake make me a little coffee.' The colored hero thus addressed, whose name the narrator could not recall, answered not a word, but set to work. There was no coffee in the pit, but there was some in the next one, which was tossed over. But how to make the fire without wood, that was the question. The colored man calculated the chances, made a break for the sutler's wagon, snatched a loose side of a provision box and came back with a bullet hole in the board, which was meant for his own body. Then he made a fire in a corner of the pit and prepared the coffee for his patient.

The sutler's wagon was a fair target, and the sutler himself was hit in the leg while making an incautious approach to it. It had a limited supply of provisions, the regulation hard tack and raw bacon and a little liquor, which was of great service to the wounded. Another vehicle which was on view here to-day, and will doubtless be preserved at Fort Steele as a pet relic of recent history, is the ambulance taken down by Major Thornburgh. It stood out with the wagons, near the centre of the oval space occupied by the troops, and is ventilated by some thirty bullet holes. Rankin, the scout, got under it one day for a nap and was awakened by a ball which struck one of the spokes within two inches of the top of his head.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PRODUCTIONS OF AGRICULTURE IN THE CENSUS.

The agricultural schedule annexed to the Act of 1850, which is also made a part of the Act of March 4, 1879, providing for the Tenth Census, requires a report of the chief productions of agrculture "during the year ended June 1.'

Now, there is no distinct agricultural year which ends on the first of June, and there is no reason to believe that the statistics of agriculture from 1850 to 1870, in regard to many of the principal products, embraced portions of two different crops, inasmuch as the enumeration was protracted through three, four, and even five months.

By the Act approved March, 3 1879, it is provided that the Tenth Census shall be taken and completed during the month of June 1880. This provision greatly reduces the liability to error which has been noted.

As the enumeration commences on the first of June and closes on or before the thirteenth, all the crops which are gathered once a year will fall pretty clearly on one side or the other of the dividing line.

Thus the cotton crop reported in the census will be that of 1879, gathered in the fall of that year; while the wool clip or "wool crop" will be that of the spring of 1880 except in portions of California and Texas, where both a fall and a spring clip are secured.

For certain of the productions of agriculture, however, there is no harvest, in the usual sense of that term; but the product is gathered week by week, or day by day, as it matures; milk, butter, cheese, meat fall into this class.

In view of the requirements of the law, and of the great importance of accurate statistical information relative to agriculture, it is deemed to be highly desirable that farmers should prepare themselves in advance to give the information with promptness and accuracy. It is urgently recommended, therefore, that agricultural journals and the officers of agricultural societies and clubs give publicity to this announcement, and that all persons engaged in agriculture who shall receive this circular, or shall see it in public prints, make notes from time to time of the quantities and values of their several crops gathered, and the number of acres of land planted, in order that their statements, when made to the enumerators, may be of the highest possible value.

WIDE AWAKE for November is an excellent number, with its usual amount of instructive and interesting matter for the young. This is one of the best magazines for children that is published, and only $2.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co. Publishers, Boston, Mass.

LEGAL MATTERS.

Dogs.

The act of 1878 relating to the registering of dogs has been referred to in this paper. We give below the act in full.

AN ACT

Extending the provisions of an act relating to dogs in Allegheny, Chester, Northampton, Schuylkill and Lancaster counties, approved the sixth day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, to all the counties of this commonwealth.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That the several provisions of an act of assembly, entitled "An act relating to dogs in Allegheny, Chester, Northampton, Schuylkill and Lancaster counties," approved the sixth day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, which enacts as follows:

"AN ACT

Relating to dogs in Allegheny, Chester, Northampton, Schuylkill and Lancaster counties.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That the respective clerks of the courts of quarter sessions of the counties of Allegheny, Chester, Northampton, Schuylkill and Lancaster, shall, as soon after the passage of this act as possible, procure a docket, at the expense of the county, for the registering of dogs, in the manner following to wit: The owner of any dog within the counties of Allegheny, Chester, Northampton, Schuylkill and Lancaster, who shall furnish to the clerk aforesaid a description of his or her dog, giving the name, age, color, height, and such other marks, description and designation as he or she may be able to give, the clerk shall enter the same at length on his docket, and furnish the owner with a certified copy of the registry so made, for which services the clerk shall receive the sum of one dollar, one-half for the use of the county in which such registry is made.

SEC. 2. That the owner of any dog so registered selling the same, may transfer such certificate of registry to the purchaser, who, on presenting the same to the clerk, shall note the transfer on his docket, and index the same in the name of the person purchasing, and the same shall stand to his or her benefit and so of all future purchasers observing the provisions of this section, as fully and effectually as for the person in whose name the same was first registered, for which entry of transfer and indexing the same the clerk shall be entitled to receive the sum of twelve and a half cents.

SEC. 3. That all dogs registered according to the provisions of this act, are hereby declared to be personal property, and such dogs so registered as aforesaid shall be as much the subject of larceny as any other kind of personal property; and every person so stealing and taking away such dog, shall be liable to prosecution and indictment in the court of quarter sessions, and on conviction thereof shall be sentenced by such fine or imprisonment, or both, as the court in their discretion may think proper," be and the same are hereby extended to all the counties of this commonwealth.

Relief for Paupers.

In the issue of September 5th, we published a short item from an exchange, stating that "applicants for relief from the poor directors are no longer required to procure certificates of their poverty from a justice of the peace. Their own personal application is now sufficient to get admission to the alms house or relief from the directors of the poor." Upon examination the law does not appear to be so general as that. It reads as follows:

AN ACT.

Providing for the more speedy relief of poor and indigent persons in poor districts, where directors of the poor are appointed by the courts or quarter sessions.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That from and after the passage of this act, any overseer or poor director of any poor district, who is or shall be appointed by the court of quarter sessions according to law, in any of the counties of this commonwealth, may, at his discretion and without order or certificate from a justice of the peace or alderman, enter upon the poor book, grant relief to or admit to the poor house of his proper district, any poor or indigent