

The Columbian.
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1882.
BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XLVI, NO. 51
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Worms

Day	Per Line	Per Column	Per Square
First	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
Second	.75	.75	.75
Third	.50	.50	.50
Fourth	.25	.25	.25
Fifth	.10	.10	.10
Sixth	.05	.05	.05
Seventh	.02	.02	.02
Eighth	.01	.01	.01
Ninth	.01	.01	.01
Tenth	.01	.01	.01

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In special his old stand, next to Exchange Hotel, and has a usual first-class barber shop. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his old customers and of the public generally.
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Teeth extracted without pain.
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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms and cold water, and all modern conveniences.

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And WE HAVE GOT IT.
AN Immense New Stock of CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, SHIRTS, and A Grand Line OF Gents' Furnishing GOODS.

Fall Novelties AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED AT D. Lowenberg's.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING. A. J. EVANS, The up-to-date tailor has just received a line of New Goods, and is prepared to make up FALL AND WINTER SUITS For Men and Boys in the neatest manner and at lowest prices.

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DR. J. B. MARCHISI, DISCOVERER OF DR. MARCHISI'S CATHOLICON. A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

SELECT STORY.

A MAN IN THE COACH.
BY C. L. HEDRETH.

It was past ten o'clock, and one of the coldest nights that ever blew. The blasts came roaring through the mountain gorges as if bent upon overturning the lumbering old stage. It had begun to snow, too, and the wheels creaked heavily under the drifts, threatening a complete standstill at no distant moment.

Wrapped in my cloak I lay shivering in a corner of the vehicle, the sole passenger in the very worst of winter. I was a disappointed and disheartened man. I was then at the outset of my career as a detective, young and ambitious. I thought I had been intrusted with no case of importance, but on this occasion fortune had thrown a grand opportunity of making a reputation in my way, only to flout me with complete failure.

The case was one of murder, a very interesting one from its complicated and mysterious character. James Platt, a well-known citizen of N. Y., a village in Northern Vermont, had been found dead in a pit beside the very road I was now traveling. There were marks of violence upon his person, death having resulted from a heavy blow with a wooden cudgel upon the back of the head. Robbery could not have been the motive, since a large sum of money was laid out on his pockets. The man was not known to have an enemy in the world, and the most searching inquiry into his private history revealed no secret enmity or quarrel. The only person in any way interested was his nephew, Thomas Judson, his only relative and heir-at-law.

This individual had been the first object of my suspicions, unfounded it should seem. Personally he impressed me unfavorably. He was one of those rigid formalists whose very freedom from all of the petty weaknesses of men is their chief evidence of the incapability of crimes of greater magnitude at any rate in my experience with humanity. He was a pale-faced, pale-haired, light-eyed and altogether washed-out-looking person, with a soft voice and quiet manner, and withal a great factor with the tea drinking gossip of the village. His past record, so far as I could get it, was simply perfect. At the death of his uncle, moreover, he was known to be in possession of several thousand dollars in cash. While he was the dead man's heir he exhibited no impatience to know the terms of his will or to take his inheritance. On the contrary, he seemed to be in sorrow, and no one lent his efforts to discover the assassin such ready aid as he.

If there had been any plausible doubt it was, to say the least, baffled by the fact that he could, if necessary, have a nearly entire fortune, and that, nearly, because there was, to my thinking, a flaw in it. At a quarter to six he was seen in conversation with the dead man on the corner of the village street, where they separated, the uncle going down the road toward his home, a little way on to town, and the nephew proceeding to attend to some social matter at the town church. He was known to have arrived here, certainly, at a quarter past six. The evidence as to time was doubtful, no one being able to swear to the exact moment of his arrival. There was, however, in my view, the possible hiatus of twenty minutes, it requiring only ten minutes to reach the church from the point where he had last been seen.

PLAIN TRUTHS.

The blood is the foundation of life. It circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. It is the only sure and quick way to drive it out to purify and enrich the blood.

These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition, and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious. JORDAN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

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THE HENRY.

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whose deadly chill seemed to freeze the marrow in my bones. "Who are you?" I cried, recoiling. The stranger dropped the muller from his face, and by the light of the lamp I expressed, in the rigor of death, excepting only the eyes, which burned with a lurid intelligence. I had seen the portraits of James Platt; it needed only a glance to assure me that he was before me, in flesh or phantom, the murdered man.

For an instant I saw him; the coach jolted heavily over a stone and came to a standstill. The door flew open and a rush of cold air entered. When I recovered from the momentary shock and looked around me, my fellow passenger was gone. I descended from the coach and found the driver engaged with some part of the harness of the horse.

"Who was the passenger you let in when the coach stopped a mile above here?" I asked. The man turned and looked at me curiously. "Passenger?" he echoed, "there has been no passenger here, besides yourself tonight. Up there on the hill the horses died at something, and I had to stop a moment, but no one got in. You've been dreaming, sir."

"I have suspected as much myself," I answered, "but there is no proof." "Yes," he replied, with startling energy, "proof that will condemn him."

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