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The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for advertising rates: One inch, Two inches, Three inches, Four inches, Five inches, Six inches, Seven inches, Eight inches, Nine inches, Ten inches, Eleven inches, Twelve inches.

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C. R. BURKLEW, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in the National Bank.

JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in the National Bank.

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JAMES REILLY, Tensorial Artist. Office in the National Bank.

W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR. Office in the National Bank.

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the Fall Business,

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at \$2.25. These are all black. The colors are all black. The colors are all black.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, \$4.35. 123 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, \$3.25. 112 pairs Women's Kid Ties, \$2.00.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for \$25. The same goods in Cherry for \$25.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suits per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at \$1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes

are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not a full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often done. The expense being infinitely less—\$25.

Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each. \$2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street. Market Street and New City Hall.

PHILADELPHIA. BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY. 107 N. 13th St.

N. S. TINGLEY, MERCHANT and CUSTOM TAILOR. In now fully prepared to furnish SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

BEST MATERIAL. IN THE MARKET AT REASONABLE RATES. ALSO TO FURNISH Ready-Made SUITS.

As Good & Cheap AS CAN BE HAD AT ANY Ready-Made Establishment.

Orders taken for shirts, made from measurement.



Our preparations for the approaching seasons of Fall and Winter are now completed. We carry a large stock of fine Ready-made Clothing, samples of which, with self-measurement blanks, will be furnished on application.

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts PHILADELPHIA

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known specific for Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Hysteria, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, Nervous Debility, etc.

It is a great relief to the sufferer, and a great blessing to the world. It is a great relief to the sufferer, and a great blessing to the world.

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Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is Brown's Iron Bitters, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why Brown's Iron Bitters will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

Brown's Iron Bitters is not a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

CRYING FOR AID. Loss of Appetite, Headache, Depression, Indigestion and Constipation, Biliousness, a Sallow Face, Dark Eyes, and a Rheumatic Stiffness are among the symptoms which indicate that the Liver is crying for aid.

It is a great relief to the sufferer, and a great blessing to the world. It is a great relief to the sufferer, and a great blessing to the world.

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SELECT STORY. A WIFE'S LETTER.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

On the evening of the 29th of May, 1867, at about 7 o'clock, two men entered the "Day and Mangle" Inn, some ten miles from London, on the old turnpike leading into the city from Middlesex centre.

The inn was a stopping place for the farmers as well as commercial travellers, their way into and going from the city; a snug, old-fashioned house, two-storied, and one of the few still sound and substantial relics of the coaching days of a former period.

In front of the door was the customary wayfarer's bench, and a little further off toward the road were the pump and the long watering trough. On what was termed the "London end" of the inn, separated from it by a small courtyard, were the stables with their long shelter shed.

From a wooden arm at the summit of a post, flanked near the horse-trough, and beside a stepping-block, swung the old sign, bearing on each side the weather-vane and then almost colorless pointing of what the painter, twenty years before, had designed in its former glory.

The kitchen servant was Mary Ederkin; the bar-maid, Jenny Marten; the hostler, George Tompkins.

The man seated himself at one of the three tables of the room and called for drinks, both of them demanding "gobs" of brandy.

The bar-maid in serving them noticed that their faces were considerably flushed, and that the shorter man of the two had what she termed "an ugly, quarrelsome look."

The two men sat at the table nearly an hour conversing in a low tone, and appeared to be on very friendly terms.

Presently the taller of the two arose, and asked Ransome if he would let him lodge for the night, as they didn't care to "tramp it into London so late at night."

They paid their score and were shown into a bedroom directly over the barroom, a snug but snugly-furnished apartment, principally occupied by a huge, high-post bedstead, which looked as if it had been built in the age of Queen Anne.

The bar-maid showed them to the room, and placing the candle upon the little table at the foot of the bed, and pausing upon the threshold of the door, asked: "What time shall you be called?"

"We'll call ourselves when we want to get up," was the gruff answer of the shorter guest.

"This is the lover and the wife of the murderer," mentally said the detective.

Two hours later the man and woman were under arrest, and their lodgings searched. Surely enough, there was in her trunk the evidence that she was the wife of the murderer.

There being no answer, she stepped out to the head of the stairs and called to her husband. He came up and went into the room, glanced about, then turned to the bedside. There lay the lodger Thomas Ashton—quite enough.

Ransome uttered a cry of horror, which was echoed by his wife. Then, upon the bed, the lower limbs drawn up and the hands clenched, the face white and bloodless, the eyes glazed and staring, was all that was mortal of Thomas Ashton.

cut from ear to ear. In fact, the head seemed to be almost completely severed from the body. The sheets and clothing were soaked in the blood, which had run from the ghastly wound in torrents.

The blood had not yet coagulated nor hardened in the least. The hostler and the few people who were early patrons of the bar were summoned to behold the ghastly spectacle; the stable-boy was despatched to the village to secure the presence of a local police official and a Magistrate, and one neighbor mounted his horse and galloped to London to apprise the authorities of Scotland Yard of the awful occurrence.

Closer examination of the surroundings, revealed by a Scotland Yard detective, made the fact that the murderer had very thoroughly searched the room. The dead man's pockets were turned inside out; there was nothing found, not a scrap of paper or personal trinket left to aid in the identification of the victim, or in making known his history or family relations.

The remains were tenderly carried off, and after the usual inquest and verdict were had, were deposited temporarily in the little charnel-vault almost within sight of the inn.

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"We walked on to the inn; sat down there, drank together, and finally retired together. In the room he prayed, implored me to go away; that he would forgive everything on account of his great love for his wife; he had 2000 pounds Bank of England notes in his pocket—he offered me these if I would leave the country and never return; that he would forward me more still. He showed me the letter you have, which he read to me; then, weeping over it, he threw it out of the window, tearing the paper as he did so. To quiet him, I agreed to see her no more and to write a farewell letter to her advising her to live with him again.

"At 4 o'clock I arose. He was soundly sleeping. I dressed and silently left the room and started on the way toward London. The rest you know. As God is my Judge I did not murder Mr. Ashton."

Despite this statement James Barton was put on trial in the old Bailey, and the verdict of the jury was "guilty of murder."

He was remanded for sentence, sentenced, and the day of execution fixed. The woman was next to be tried as an accessory before the fact on account of the letter she had written.

Two days before the time appointed for the execution George Tompkins, the hostler—pallid, trembling in every limb and suffering from the goadings of conscience, half dead—lay on his cot in his sleeping place over the stable, and sending the stable-boy for his master, Ransome, confessed that he was the murderer of Mr. Ashton. He said he was sitting under the window on the bench when he heard Mr. Ashton say he had two thousand pounds; that then the temptation struck him to rob the guest; that when Barton left at 4 o'clock he saw his opportunity; he watched Barton until he was out of sight on the London road, then crept up stairs, entered the room, which he knew was unlocked, and while searching for the money in the sleeping man's clothes, the man awoke. Before he could rise or scarcely speak the hostler rushed upon him and cut his throat with his harness knife. Then he secured all the valuables in the clothing and left the room. The letter he had brought in fell at his feet while he was sitting on the bench, and he hid it under the cushion of the chair.

The official took the letter, and with accurate a description of the supposed assassin, James Barton, as he could get, returned to London.

A search for the murderer was at once instituted. So far as could be ascertained by inquiry, had not been seen on the road after the hostler's report of his disappearance.

It is the unexpected which always happens. One day in passing through Little Oxendon, a man was seen turning the corner toward him a man dressed in the height of fashion, with a handsome young lady upon his arm.

A few steps nearer and the detective stopped short. There was the man he wanted—the broad-shouldered and muscular man, with the scar over the sinister eye, the red hair, large ears, but with the face closely shaven. The woman was small, not more than 20, and upon her clear-cut features there was the expression of a determined, willful nature, and the dark eyes were those which are found in a woman of a hot and vengeful nature.

The officer passed them and then at a proper distance followed them. From one street to another, into Regent street, then at last into a quiet street, which terminated in a small park known as Bloomsbury Terrace.

Into one of a row of dwellings in the name "Mrs. Ashton," and directly beneath the sign of "Lodgings," he wrote that letter. He is the murderer; she his mistress. She, in her fervor for revenge, incited the man to commit the crime; was the detective's theory.

At 4 o'clock in the morning the short man, who had given his name as James Barton, entered the bar. Only the hostler and the stable-boy were up.

"See here," said Barton. "Tell the landlord when he gets up that he's not to rouse my friend, Tom Ashton."

"Yes, sir," was the reply of the hostler.

The man went out upon the road, walking rapidly, and was soon out of sight, going in the direction of London. The hostler said to himself, as he entered the inn quietly: "That's a queer cove, and wouldn't be safe chaps to travel with on a dark night."

"If he don't walk as if Jack Ketch were after him," was the remark of the stable-boy.

The landlord, Ransome, was down at the bar at 7, the bar-maid having preceded him by an hour, and the daily routine of the house began.

At 9 o'clock the stranger, Thomas Ashton, not making any movement in the room overhead, the landlord feeling somewhat uneasy in reference to the early and hasty departure of the companion, sent his wife up to knock on the room and arouse him. She did so. There was no response. Then she tried the door and found it unlocked.

What a Lie Did.—How a Fearful Candidate Played a Bold Game and Lost.

"I once had an example of how well it is to tell the truth," said a gentleman who was once a prominent candidate for Governor of Arkansas. Some time ago I was traveling on horseback through a very lonely part of the country. I was never a brave man, and I was not in the least surprised upon discovering that I was scared. Every rattle of the leaves, every sudden cry of a bird startled me. I could not think anything but robbers and desperadoes, and shuddered as I remembered a man who, years ago, had been found in the woods, murdered in cold blood. Every feature of the ghastly face came up, and I turned sick when the gaping wound in his throat rose before me with startling vividness.

"When I thus reflected, a short turn of the lonely road, winding around a thickly wooded hill, brought me almost face to face with two men, who seemed to be standing me. Their horses were hitched to a neighboring grape-vine, and the suggestive manner in which they looked at the animal I was riding sent a thrill like a stroke of ice water up my back. I saw at once that they were desperadoes, and I felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. Flight was out of the question, for any such move on my part would, I was convinced, prove certain death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and, assuming with my fingers an unconcerned expression, I said, 'Good morning!'

"How are you?" they replied, 'Going far?'

"I don't know that it is any of your business, I replied. I don't want any trouble with you for I have decided to lead a better life. Never again do I want it said that I shed the blood of a human being."

"A bad man, I reckon," said one of the desperadoes.

"At one time I could not have denied such a charge for I have decided to lead a better life. Never again do I want it said that I shed the blood of a human being."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Bill Poston, and this is my brother."

"Oh, Lord, I supplicated; 'have mercy on me!'

"Climb off that horse, Cap; I reckon we'd better hang you right here."

"I begged, but saw no mercy in their eyes. I prayed, but I heard no answer."

"I'll teach you how to go around the county committing depredations and lying them on to me! Fine man, you are! Stole this horse, I reckon. John, get that rope off my saddle. We'll swing him right here."

"Oh, my friend, I have committed no depredations. I am a candidate for Governor of Arkansas, and am on my way to meet an appointment at a place of discussion."

"Who is your opponent?"

"Colonel Backus, the outlaw, and the man of whom you have often heard. I have killed men for less than this, and I don't want you to cause a breaking of my resolve."

"Do as you like about your resolve," said the taller of the desperadoes. "I don't know who you are, but I know that you are not Bill Poston, the robber."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Bill Poston, and this is my brother."