The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.

AT $1.50 per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

☞No paper discontinued except at the option othe publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but ng continued credits will not be given.

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The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XX, NO 34
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. I., NO 24

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	1 W	2 W	1 M	2 M	3 M	6 M	1 Y
1 inch	$ 75	1 25	1 50	2 50	3 00	4 50	7 00
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SELECT POETRY.

THE ONE LOVED BEST.

She sits by his side with an anxious look
Marring her white, patrician face;
Ablaze with jewels which here and there
Gleam out from the folds of her sheeny lace.
Her tout ensemble is perfect quite,
From her bonnet down to her dainty shoe,
But why is my lady distraught to-night
While the fife is played and the drums tattoo?

Her smile is only a borrowed mask,
To hide her woe from the gaping crowd,
And the white of her face will never be
Whiter when she is in her shroud.
And why is this, when this kingly man
At her side is hers by legal right?
As the world can see, who more than she
Should wear the smile of content to-night?

Oh, the lies that are lived as the world goes on!
Oh, the vows that are broken every day!
And oh, for the hopes which the years now gone
Have hidden out of our sight away!
But the saddest thing for a wife to hear,
When only her heart in the darkness stirs,
Is the sound of a name from the lips loved best—
The sound of a name—and the name not hers.

She hears it now through the music's whirl;
It will haunt her down to her dying day:
The name of the gracious, sweet-faced girl
She met as she walked on the street to-day,
Ah, it needed not the whispered name
In his happy dreams, with his mind at rest;
My lady knows to her grief and shame
That the old love yet is the one loved best.

Helen A. Manville.

SELECT STORY.

THE GROANING GHOST.

Some five and thirty years ago, when I was a young man, my father's business experienced a sudden and severe check. We were many in family and it was necessary to retrench. We had to keep horses to take myself and my father to and from the city. We resolved to move within easy reach of our place of business. My brother and myself passed from house agent to house agent; we inserted advertisements; we answered advertisements. But to no purpose. We had given notice to quit our own house and matters were getting pressing. But late one Saturday afternoon we were investigating a quarter to which we had not hitherto penetrated and we came on the very thing. The house stood at the corner of a quiet, sober-looking, very old-fashioned square.

A bill announced that the house was to let: "Apply next door." We applied. The door was opened by a tidy, gray-haired, elderly woman.

"Can we look over the house next door?" I said. A rather queer look crossed the woman's face for a moment, but she answered civilly:

"Certainly, sir. But it is rather dark now."

"So it is," said I. "We may come in daylight if the place is likely to suit us. Can you tell us the particulars?" The woman enumerated the rooms and the various features of the mansion. All were most suitable.

"And the rent?" I inquired, nerving myself for a disappointment. She named so low a figure that I uttered an involuntary exclamation.

"You see we've had it on our hands for some time," she explained, "and we would offer easy terms to a good tenant."

And when can we look over it? Is it your own property?"

"No, sir. But we have the letting of it. My husband would show you over to-morrow, sir, if you didn't mind. He is always away all day, and until very late at night. He's employed behind the scenes at one of the theatres. He is a master carpenter." We thanked her, made an appointment for Sunday morning, and went home delighted. As we turned out of the square I said:

"Did you notice how odd that woman looked when I spoke to her? What did that look mean?"

"Surprise," said my brother, who was an observant fellow.

Next morning we were received by the landlord himself. He was a staid, responsible-looking man, of some 60 years, and we were favorably impressed with him. He took us over the house, and answered our inquiries freely and fully. Everything was satisfactory. I was delighted. But my brother, who was of a cautious temperament, kept on asking questions until I got fairly angry. At last he said:

"You don't ask a very high rent. How's that?"

"Why," said the landlord deliberately, "you see this neighborhood is out of fashion now. It isn't what it once was. We've had this house vacant for some time, and we're anxious to let it. You can see there's nothing wrong about the place. If it were in the West End you'd pay six or seven times the rent." His explanation seemed perfectly straightforward, and certainly the house bore the closest scrutiny. Eventually we closed the bargain.

The next day I was lunching at my usual chop-house along with two or three acquaintances.

"Still house-hunting, Denton?" said one of these.

"No, thank heaven," I said. "We've got a house at last. In—— square."

"—— square," echoed he thoughtfully. "Which number have you got?"

"Number 45," I said. He threw his head back and burst into a fit of laughter. The other men laughed, too. I looked from one to the other for explanation.

"When you've done," said I with dignity.

"Why, don't you know," said my friend, recovering his gravity, "number 45 —— square, is haunted?" I saw the other men looking at me, so I put on a bold front.

"As if every one didn't know that," said I composedly. He was somewhat taken aback, but returned to the charge.

"Well, you'll have plenty of company there," he said. "We shall have you appearing in the city with a fine head of snow white hair, acquired in a single night. Poor old boy!"

"Don't be afraid," I retorted. "There are enough of us to frighten any ghost. We shall crowd him out."

"I bet you a new hat you don't stop there a week," said he.

"Done with you," said I promptly. "As often as you like. Any one else want to bet?"

No one volunteered, and the subject dropped. But I was extremely uncomfortable. In the course of the afternoon I took my brother aside and told him.

"Phew!" said he. "That explains the low rent. But it's rather serious. The Governor can't stand anything of the sort. You know how nervous he is."

"Yes, I know," I said. "And it strikes me that the best thing we can do is to move into the house ourselves, so that we can tell him the story is a myth, if any one lets it out to him. Just you and I."

"Right," said he. "We have taken the house and we can't afford to lose the money. Besides, it's such a capital place."

The whole family were about to move in about three weeks' time. We had no difficulty in finding a pretext for preceding them, and it was arranged that some of the bedroom furniture should be sent in to our new domicile. So one evening we took possession. A bright fire, lit by our landlady, was blazing in the kitchen. We made ourselves comfortable with our slippers and lounging coats, and prepared for a night of it.

"Uncommonly comfortable," said my brother approvingly. "Gad, the old lady knows how to make a fire!"

"And what a grate! And a chimney as big as a blast furnace. There is nothing like one of these old-fashioned kitchens for comfort." Ensconced in our chimney corners we passed the time luxuriously enough. We had made up our minds to sit up all night and show the ghost what manner of men he had to deal with.

Finally the fumes of the whiskey we drank and the heat of their fire had their inevitable effect and we began to doze.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, but I suddenly awoke with a violent start. A cold shudder ran through me from head to foot. I rose and stretched myself and tried to feel at my ease. But I could not. I touched my brother and he awoke.

"Hallo!" he said. "What's the matter? Why, I've been asleep! What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said I.

"Just the time for a ghost," said he with unseemly levity. "Do you know, Will, I don't think he'll come here. Ghosts are uncomfortable things and don't like good fires. Get too much of them where they are, I suppose. Let's go and look for him."

"Anything for a change," said I, although the thought of perambulating that great lonely mansion in the dead of night was anything but agreeable. "I am wide awake."

"So am I," said he; and taking up the brass candlestick he went toward the door. I followed him—close. We passed along the passage, our stealthy footfalls making a faint sound on the uncarpeted floor. We examined the rooms on the ground floor. We heard and saw nothing. We ascended the stairs. Every individual stair creaked horribly, but that was all. No ghost.

My brother suddenly opened the door of a bedroom on the first floor. Instantly a gust of air blew the candle out. And as we stood there in the icy cold we distinctly heard—a groan. It was no fancy. It was a long-drawn, wailing moan of inexpressible horror and pathos. It died away in a despairing cadence. It seemed like the sorrowful lament of a soul in torment. As we stood there grasping each other's hands, with our hearts throbbing in great pulsations, it came again. Oh, the horror of it! It seemed to be in the room and close to us. The cold was deathly, the silence broken only by that weird and awful moan. Once more it rose and fell—and somehow or other the next moment we found ourselves in the kitchen, with shaking limbs and ashen faces, relighting our extinguished candle. Then we looked at each other.

"That was no fancy, Will," said my brother.

"Fancy—no," I replied, my teeth chattering in my head. "What are you going to do?"

For my brother had relit the candle and was moving away.

"I'm going to have another look," he said.

"But, perhaps," I suggested, "the—the ghost extinguishes the light."

"I'll give him another chance," said my brother coolly. "Come along, you chattering idiot." I was too shattered to resent this unflattering description, and with a quaking heart I followed his foolhardy footsteps.

He examined the room carefully, but there was nothing to be seen, neither was there anything to be heard. So we gave up the thing for that night and went to bed.

At noon that day I had to run the gauntlet of my friends. And, I am bound to say I lied like Ananias. As the day drew on I grew more and more uncomfortable, and I fairly dreaded the ordeal of the ensuing night. It was a fine night, and we took a walk around the square before turning in. The houses all looked cheerful with their bright lights. Ours alone was bleak and gloomy. We agreed that at 2 o'clock precisely we would again visit the haunted room.

At the first stroke my brother rose and took up the candle. I had provided myself with a second candle on my own account. We ascended the stairs and paused outside the haunted chamber. My brother turned the handle, and the weird sound came again. It rose and swelled and died sorrowfully away. It was singularly human. Yet it was beyond all description unearthly. It was awful to stand there, waiting for the sound to come again. My matter-of-fact brother spoke.

"He's in good voice to-night," said he approvingly. "A bit hoarse, but I don't wonder at that. Still, I wish he'd try another key. He's been at this long enough. And he might get himself tuned—hush!" I quite expected some supernatural visitation to rebuke this ill-timed levity. None came. My brother, having politely waited until the ghost had finished, began again:

"All these groans are exactly alike," he said, considering. "That's odd, isn't it? Will, I'll tell you what. The ghost's up the chimney." Once more the sound came as though to confirm his words. And it certainly did appear to proceed from the region of the fireplace.

"Still," resumed my brother, thoughtfully, "a ghost in a chimney is an uncomfortable sort of thing. Will, we'll have that chimney swept. Fancy a ghost coming down with the soot. We'll see about it the first thing to-morrow."

This awful threat appeared too much for our unearthly visitor, for he gave tongue no mere that night. We went to bed, and I dreamed that the spirit of a chimney-sweep appeared to me and confessed to the murder of one of the little boys, who were still employed in those days in his profession.

We left the office early in the afternoon. We secured the services of an intelligent sweep and a sharp little bright eyed boy. Up he went. We waited in suspense.

When he came down he reported that he had found nothing. We questioned him eagerly, but he had seen no ghost or anything belonging to one. We sent him up again. This time he found out something. This chimney communicated with the one next door.

"That will be the kitchen chimney next door," said my brother. "We must explore that." Our landlady was considerably amazed when we presented ourselves and asked to be allowed to explore. After a little demur, however, she consented. There was but a small fire in the grate, and this was taken out.

"I don't make it up until 11 o'clock at night," she explained. "Not until my master comes home tired after his day's work. Then we have our bit of supper and drink our grog, and we like to see a cheerful blaze. But in the day I don't trouble about it." The boy went up smartly and shortly reappeared.

"Why, you've got a smoke-jack up there missis," said he.

"What's a smoke-jack?" said my brother hastily. The sweep explained.

"It's a h-apparatus for roasting meat, fixed in the chimbley. It has little sails, just like a windmill, only they are laid flat instead of being upright. The hot air comes up from the fire and blows these sails round. Then there's a cog-wheel and that communicates the motion to a fly-wheel. A chain passes round the fly-wheel, coming down to the grate, and turns the spit."

"But where are the chains?"

"Oh they've been taken off, I suppose. It isn't used now."

"I didn't know it was there," said our landlady.

"Doesn't it make a noise?" asked my brother, with a quick look at me.

"We don't hear it replied the landlady indifferently.

"Will," said my brother, "just run back to the bedroom and listen. I believe we've got it. I am going to send the boy up to turn the thing." I did as he requested. When I got into the room the ghost was groaning in splendid form. He was going far faster than I had ever heard him before.

The mystery was solved.

During the day the current of hot air was not strong enough to act on the blades and set the revolving portion of the machine in motion. But when the great fire was made up at night the force was ample. The revolving portion of a jack is raised to a small extent from the frame and bearing of the pivot on which it revolves. Reduce the force of the current by letting the fire go out, and the blades of the jack descend. The revolutions become gradually slower and slower. The pivot bearing had no lubrication, and consequently made the groaning noise.

We kept our secret. We were the admiration of every one who knew the story of the house. And for a very substantial reduction in the rent of a very comfortable house we had to thank the Groaning Ghost.

Every one who has visited that historic town of Salem, Massachusetts, remembers the queer museum in the Essex Institute, in which are preserved an extraordinary variety of curiosities from the ends of the earth, the relics of the early seamen of two generations ago, whose adventures and heroisms gave a glory to American shipping in East Indian trade and in the war of 1812 that has sadly faded since. These "Old Salem Sea-captains" are the subject of an excellent article in the September *Harper's* by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose narrative is none the less entertaining because of the part taken by his ancestors in those stirring events. "These men were the humbler Drakes, the Cavendishes of their day; they carried the American flag when it was an unknown ensign; they voyaged from distant island on to island without chart or light-house: they made and lost great fortunes—made them commonly for others, lost them for themselves....During the Revolution Salem alone sent out 158 armed vessels, carrying in all more than 2000 guns. They took 445 prizes, 54 out of their own fleet being lost. The loss of their vessels was to be expected, but the loss from history of all detailed memorial of these daring men is more serious." Their fearless commercial enterprise is traced from before the Revolution, through the scenes of antipodal traffic, among the unrivalled deeds of prowess in the two wars with England, and into the early Federal politics.

The heads of the bank notes of different denominations are not generally known, and very few persons can tell what portraits are on the different notes. They are as follows: On United States $1, Washington; $2, Jefferson; $5, Jackson; $10, Webster; $20, Hamilton; $50, Franklin; $100, Lincoln; $500, General Mansfield; $1000, De Witt Clinton; $5000, Madison; $10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates, $10, Robert Morris; $20, Com. Decatur; $50, Edward Everett; $100, James Monroe; $500, Charles Sumner, and $1000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes, $20, Garfield; $50, Silas Wright; $100, Thomas H. Benton; $500, A. Lincoln; $1000, Alexander Hamilton; $5000 James Madison, and $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

Unfitted for the Business.

"That boy of yours is not adapted for the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged.

"What's the trouble with him?"

"He hasn't a realising sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B. buried her fourth husband. I sent the boy up to learn at what hour she wished the ceremony to take place, and he asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely."

A sound conclusion.—A dying echo.

The Candidates.

HON. CHAUNCEY FORWARD BLACK FOR GOVERNOR.

Hon. Chauncey Forward Black, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is a son of the late Judge Jeremiah S. Black, and was born at Somerset, in this State, in November, in 1839. He was educated at the Monongahela academy, in West Virginia, and afterwards attended Jefferson college, in Washington county. He was under instruction at Hiram college at the time the late President Garfield was a student there. A friendship was established between the men, and their relations were most cordial up to the time of the death of the late President. Young Chauncey studied law with his father, and in 1861 was admitted to the Bar of Somerset county. He practiced but little, the profession of the law not suiting his tastes. Literary work was more suitable to his tastes, and Mr. Black began as a correspondent for several of the daily newspapers. For six or seven years he was a regular contributor to the columns of the New York *Sun*, and his letters showing the inside movements of Pennsylvania politics always attracted considerable attention. Although he has not published any books written by himself, there are numerous publications from his prolific pen in existence under the names of other persons. Although he has a manifest liking for the whirl and excitement of politics, he did not become much of an active politician until he was brought forward four years ago as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. He was, indeed an aspirant for the nomination as Congressman in the York and Cumberland district in 1874, but was defeated by Hon. Levi Maish, the gentleman who placed him in nomination for Lieutenant Governor in the State Convention of 1882. By that body he was placed second on the Pattison ticket on the first ballot by a vote of 175½ to 73½ for George H. Irwin, of Dauphin. In 1880 he was a member of the Cincinnati Convention, and voted for Judge Field at first, but changed his vote to General Hancock. He went through in 1882 with the rest of the Democratic ticket. Mr. Black is credited with being the author of a revival of the so-called Jeffersonian system of politics, which consists in the establishment of societies throughout the country for the study and practice of the Jeffersonian principles. He is the President of the organization of that name in York Co., at the capital of which he resides. For many years before he was made Lieutenant Governor nearly all the platforms adopted by Democratic State Conventions were his handi-work, and he always attended the Conventions well provided with planks of all sorts. His counsel was sought by the leading men of the party, and his acquaintance has been extensive with the prominent men of the country of all shades of political opinion. Mr. Black married the daughter of Hon. John L. Dawson, who represented the Fayette district in Congress and was a prominent politician in his time. In personal appearance he is tall, of good physique, and bears a strong resemblance to his distinguished father.

COL. R. BRUCE RICKETTS.

Colonel R. Bruce Ricketts, who received the nomination for Lieutenant Governor, comes of Scotch-Irish parentage, and was born at Orangeville, Columbia county, Pa., on April 29, 1839. He was educated at the Wyoming Seminary, near Wilkes-Barre, and was reading law when the Rebellion broke out. He promptly entered the Union service, and having assisted in recruiting a battery of artillery, was mustered in as a member of Battery F, First Pennsylvania Artillery (Forty-third Regiment), on July 8, 1861, and promoted to be First Lieutenant, August 5, 1861; to Captain, May 8, 1863; to Major, December 1, 1864, and to Colonel, March 15, 1865. Battery F was furnished during the month of August, 1861, with horses and equipments and four smooth-bore pieces. As early as September 12 following it was ordered to join Gen. Banks' command at Darnestown, Md., and from that date on was in active service constantly until the close of the war. For a time the battery was divided into two sections, one under Lieutenant Ricketts and the other under Lieutenant Brockway. The former had its first engagement December 20 with a body of the enemy's artillery and cavalry, which was attempting the destruction of Dam No. 5 on the Upper Potomac. For more than three full years from that date, Ricketts was always in the front, and his battery became one of the most famous in the Union army. In almost every one of the great engagements of '62, '63, and '64 in Maryland and Virginia, and in scores of minor conflicts, it was prominently engaged and at Gettysburg especially it did brilliant service in assisting to repel the fierce terrific onslaught of the Confederates upon the right of the Union lines. In this battle Colonel Ricketts lost forty horses and twenty-seven men, and the ground on which his guns were planted is among the historic spots of that great contest. He was under fire one hundred times, and engaged in fifty-seven battles. At the close of the war Colonel Ricketts returned to Wilkesbarre, and has since been engaged in managing his large lumber estate at what is known as North Mountain in Sullivan county. He has been an active and consistent Democrat ever since he reached manhood, but has never been an office-holder.

J. SIMPSON AFRICA.

J. Simpson Africa, who was selected as the candidate for the office of Secretary of Interral affairs, was born in the town of Huntingdon, which is still his home, on September 15, 1832. He is descended from Revolutionary stock through the Simpsons, of Bucks, and Murrays, of Lancaster. He was educated at the Huntingdon Academy, and after completing his studies there he adopted the profession of surveyor and civil engineer, and has since then devoted his entire time (except when engaged in public duties) to his profession, and was first employed as a civil engineer in the location of the Broad Top Railroad. In 1853 he was elected County Surveyor of Huntingdon county on the Democratic ticket over the nominee of the Whig party, and served until 1857. He served as one of the Clerks of the Senate during the sessions of 1858 and 1859. In October, 1859, he was elected to the House of Representatives over the Republican nominee. He was several times elected Burgess of his native borough, and is identified with the leading business enterprises there. In May, 1875, he was appointed by Gen. McCandless Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs, and upon him fell the labor of organizing the new Department of Internal Affairs created by the Constitution of 1873. He gave the duties of the office his undivided attention. In May, 1878, he was nominated as Gen. McCandless' successor by the Democratic Convention, receiving 156 votes to 67 for the two other candidates. His Republican opponent, who was elected to the office in November of that year, was Colonel Aaron K. Dunkel of Philadelphia, but Mr. Africa led his ticket by from 4,000 to 14,000 votes. In February, 1880, Mr. Hayes appointed him Supervis