C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. mee in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1

Bloomsburg, Pa. B. FRANK ZARR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Bloomsburg, Pa.

o mee corner of Centre and ain Streets. Clar) a Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL -- ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, ---

BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office on First floor, front room of Cot-tonian Building, Main street, below Ex-change Hotel.

DAUL E. WIRT,

Attorney-at-Law. nice in Columbian Building, Room No. 2, second BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Browers' Building, 2nd floor.

FOR MEN AND YOUTHS.

FOR BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Manufacturers of

CARRIAGES BUGGIES, PHAETONS

First-class work always on hand.

Prices reduced to suit the times,

SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS &C.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL

The undersigned having put his Planing Mi on Railroad Street, in first-cases condition, is pre pared to do all kinds of work in his line.

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, MOULDINGS,

FLOORING, Etc.

urnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen

ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS

irnished on application. Plans and specific onsprepared by an experienced draughtsman

CLOTHING! CLOTHING

G. W. BERTSCH,

THE MERCHANT TAILOR.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Suits made to order at short notice

and a fit always guaranteed or no sale.

Call and examine the largest and best

selected stock of goods ever shown in

Store-next door to First National Bank,

MAIN STREET,

ORNAMENTAL IBON FENCES

OF CAST CR WROUGHT IRON.

Cemetery Lots

Suitable for

The following shows the Picket Gothic, one of the several beautiful styles of Fence manufactured by the undersigned.

Public Grounds

Bloomsburg Pa.

Columbia county.

CHARLES ERUG.

Bloomsburg, Pa

may 1-tf KNORR & WINTERSTEEN, Attorneys at-Law. Office to 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa. Penerons and Bounties Collected.

F. P. BILLMEYER, (DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 66 Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Ps. [apr-30.86.

W. H. RHAWN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Catawissa, Pa. mee, corner of Third and Main Streets.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY, Conveyancer, Collector of Claims. -AND-LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF

EFFORCE IN THIS SETTLEMENT OF
EFFORCE IN DELIVER BUILDING WITH P. P. Bill
meyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, and floor
Bloomsburg, Pa. (apr-9-8a. W: E. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Berwick, Pa. DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.

Office and residence, West First street, Blooms burg, Pa. novi6 of 19.

DR. J. H. MOORE. EYE, EAR AND THROAT, A SPECIALTY. PITTSTON, PA.
Will be at Exchange Hotel, in Ricomsburg, every two weeks, on Saturday, from 8:30 p. m. to 2 p.m April 23, May 7 and 21.

B. McKELVY, M. D.,Surgeon and Phy sician, north side Main street, below Market

A L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office DR. J. C. RUTTER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

omce, North Market street,

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market

EXCHANGE HOTEL W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR BLOOMSBURG, PA.

OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE Large and convenient sample rooms. Hath room, hot and cold water; and all modern conveniences

F. HARTMAN REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES orth American of Philadelphia.

Franklin,
Fennsylvania,
Fors, of Fennsylvania,
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London,
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
oot, 24,

DIRE INSURANCE CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOME, OF N. Y.
MERGHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J.
CLINTON, N. Y.
PEOPLES' N. Y.
READING, FA.

READING, PA.
These old corporations are well seasoned by a and first terred and have nover yet had a oss settled by any court of law. Their assets are il thrested in sorid securities are liable to the start of first only.
Losses Promptly and Honestly adjusted and ald as soon as determined by Christian F. NATP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSUES, a. The people of Columbia county should patron-tzs the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of ther own citizens. FROMPTNESS. ROUITY. FAIR DEALING.

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE ROOMSburg, Main street Roomsburg, Pa.

Royal of Liverpool. 10,084,086
Lancashire 10,084,086
Fire Association, Philadelphia 4,163,710
Phoenix, of London 1,709,975
London & Lancashire, of England 1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford 2,082,080
As the agencies are direct, policies are written or the Insured without delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, %1-

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, RTC., ETC. N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts. Orders will receive prompt attention.

we can obtain Fatents in less that we can obtain Fatents in less that send mode for drawing. We advise as to patents and the patents of charge, and we make no charge unless patent is secured.

We refer here, to the Fostmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U.S. Fatent office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State of references to actual clients in your own State of All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. There extranormal warranted as represented. There extranormal warranted as represented. Office in Barton's building, Main street, below Market, five doors below Kleim's drug store, first floor.

Under Exchange Hotel. HOT AND COLD BATHS. HARRIE B. PURSEL



The Columbian.

G. E. ELWELL.
J E BITTENBENDER, Proprietors. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1887.

The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health. Ten years ago my health began to fail.
I was troubled with a distressing Cough,
Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but
became so weak that I could not go up
stairs without stopping to rest. My
friends recommended me to try Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now
as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs.
E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.
Unaversed Aver's Sarsaparilla, in my

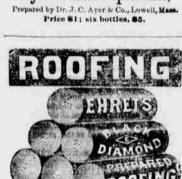
I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scro'ula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured. It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians, and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springhold, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—
H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.;

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,



FOR STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS

CAN BE PUT ON BY ANY PERSON. THOUSANDS OF ROLLS SOLD ANNUALLY FOR BUILDINGS OF EVERY SEND FOR NEW CIRCULAR, CONTAINING PRICE LIST AND REFERENCES.

ACENTS WANTED. M. EHRET, JR. & CO. SOLE MARUFACTURERS,

423 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA. marta&s3ms. MANY LAMP CHIMNEYS ARE offered for sale represented as good as the Famous

PEARL TOP BUT THEY ARE NOT!

And like all Counterfeits lack the Remarkable LASTING Qualities OF THE GENUINE. ASK FOR THE

Exact PEARL TOP on Each CHIMNEY CHIMNEY Pat.0ct. 30 , 1883. The PEARL TOP is Manufactured ONLY by

GEO. A. MACBETH & CO., PITTSBURGH. PA. For Beauty and Durability they are unsurpassed. Set up by experienced hands and warranted to give satisfaction

CARPETS Prices and specimens of other designs sent to any address.

Address S. M. HESS, J. J. BROWER

INGRAINS.

At prices which cannot help

but please. Call and examine

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. R. SMITH & CO.

DEALERS IN

Hallet & Davis.

Can also furnish any of the

cheaper makes at manufacturers

prices. Do not buy a piano be-

-.'.0.'.-

Catalogue and Price Lists

On application.

them-at the old stand,

Knabe,

Weber,

fore getting our prices.

Having received his Spring stock BLOOMSBURG PA. of Carpetings, is now ready to show a large stock of \$25,000.00 VELVETS,

IN GOLD! WILL BE PAID FOR ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

- \$500.00 - \$250.00 2 Premiums, 6 Premiums, \$100.00 \$50.00 25 Premiums, 100 Premiums, 200 Premiums, 1,000 Premiums, For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' COFFEE.

PATENTS MILTON, Pa., PIANOS Chickering,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which wil bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outsit free. Andreas, True & Co., Augusta Maine.

N.W.AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENTS BUILDING PHILADELPHIA Cor- Chestmit and Eighth Sta-Receive Advertisements for this Paper. ESTIMATES for NEWSPAPER ADVENTISHES FREE Bond 100-1m AYER & SON'S MANUAL



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. [Washington, Max, 1865.]
Soldiers, return'd from many a fight, to-day
I call another year, another May,
When from your homes at first ye march'd away. Your country summon'd-what oulek answer

came
Shall never be forgot by human fame;
The north was red with one electric flam The dragon's teeth were sown that started men (So may the land be never sown again!)— Ye were the crop that sprang in armor then. Lo, every highway made its end in one,

With stern, advancing dust against the sun |-A line of bayonets thrust to Washington: I heard, I saw!—the street ye trend to day Took echoes that shall never pass away— Visions that shall be visible for eyo! Ye came from many a long remembered fight;

Your flags are glittering, in the windy light, With names that make their tremulous stars more bright. Banners whose rags are famous, veterans too, Pathetic with the storms they fluttered through, Ye bear in pride and tenderness with you!

Ye come—ye are not all that went away; Another myriad as great as yours to-day Keep their encampment with the flowers of May. Ye came from homes that hap'ty echo still With your last footsteps on the quiet sill; Go back, go back, the empty afr to fill!

Ye came from new plowed fields and wheated lands, Where the old harvests call'd for willing hands; Go backto join the gentle reaper bands;

Ye came—the work is done ye came to do; Go back, go back, O servants tried and true— Go back to find your land created new! John James Piatt.

THE CAPTAIN'S PENSION.

A STORY OF DECORATION DAY IN BRACE-VILLE. Capt. Hatton was the highest authority on war subjects in Braceville. He could tell stories of army life from hour to hour and stories of army life from hour to hour and day to day without repenting himself—stories which made the eyes of his listeners grow as big as saucers. For him the war was never over. He continued to march, to pitch his tent and to light with all the patriotic fervor which distinguished him in the days when the boom of the cannon shook the land. So engrossing an interest did he take in his career as a soldier that he never cut much of a figure in business. His talents in peace were purely of a marrative character, and as exercised in

cial standpoint,
The captain never troubled himself about this, but his family did, a fact not to be won-dered at, since they experienced all the discomfort resulting from it, and the captain none at all scarcely. Trouble never adhered to him. He had the beautiful faculty of let-ting somebody else carry all the difficulties while he went on with his reminiscences. When his signature was needed his wife or his son brought him the papers and he signed them, but he never read them. The only thing he ever read was war history, and this he found fault with because it wasn't always correct.

Braceville wholly unprofitable from a finan-



ambitions in a different direction. They be longed to and fraternized with the present and its material interests. His wife had been and its material interests. His wife had been obliged to be both financial and domestic manager, and her busband's improvidence often placed her in very awkward predicaments. Their son turned his attention to law and looked forward hopefully to future distinction. He had worked hard to pull himself up to the starting place, too; and the neighbors said he deserved credit. The daughters leaned to music and painting, and dreamed of careers, and valuely wished it were possible to convince their over patriotic father that the war had long since ended.

The captain, though a bodily figure in his The captain, though a bodily figure in his household, in spirit dwell in the past, amid the roar of battle or in the idle days of waitthe roar of batte or in the tile days of waiting in camp, and was happy as only one who indulges his pet dreams can be. As his hair whitened and old age began to face him squarely, his war stories were often finished with a sigh, and he spoke more frequently of reunions in that unknown country into which flesh and blood can never enter, and where were said the swipes of war are neither. war and the engines of war are neither known nor needed. And when there were reunions here—when the old veterans met and marched on fields of peace under flags that had been triumphantly borns in war—Capt. Hatton's eyes were always dim with tears, Once he looked at the shrunken column of veterans and feelingly repeated these lines; Another mighty host comes marching slow From their long bivouacs in the grass and snow— By these they fought and suffered long ago. Through every street they march with silent

tread
(Quicken the living, ye the living dead);
Look, the same tattered flag is overhead.

His materialistic and unpectical friends said
that he was getting old and possibly a little
teble minded; but those who are much inter-Sæble minded; but those who are much interested in life never understand the feeling of those who are slipping out of it.

Last year, as Becoration day approached, Capt. Hatton's eyes burned with more patrictic fervor than ever. Honors to the dead heroes of the war gave him great joy. His fellow townsmen, knowing the depth and strength of his patrictism, requested him to give a talk on Becoration day, in the cemetery, on the war and its heroic dead.

The day came. The few soldiers' graves in the Braceville cemetery were most prodigally covered with flowers. Prayers were offered, p.ems read and eulogies pronounced over the brave men who died in their country's service. But there were few to weep over them. Their companions and friends had nearly all vanished from under the sun.

Capt. Hatton's address astonished everybody. It was the outpouring of his heart on

capt. Hatton's address astonished every-body. It was the outpouring of his heart on a theme dearer to him than all else, and the force and feeling with which he spoke set the hearts of his hearers on fire, and they wept. He painted the spirit of the war as it came to and overshadowed the peaceful land; he de-cribed the action of battle, the courage of scribed the action of battle, the courage of He painted, too, the Battle of Shiloh, when he had given the best of his corporeal frame—that awful scene, where after the light one could walk long distances stepping only on

And when he spoke of the dead it was with strong and tender feeling and much simple, moving elequence. He told how he had seen them lying on the field after the battle, their white or ashen gray faces, with contracted muscles, taking ghastly or distorted shape of contracted muscles, taking ghastly or distorted shape of again wearing smiles of scraphic sweetness. He became a poet in describing the scene. His friends and neighbors listened with tear-ful attention and felt a new and deeper

respect for the brave and loyal old soldier.

That evening the Hatton family sat down to supper in unusual spirits. The captain was still under the influence of the day's hallowed glory; and, for the first time in their lives, his wife and children were proud

of his abnormal patriotism.

His son brought letters and handed them to his father before they seated themselves at table. The captain, themselves
table. The captain,
with his thoughts
on fields of battle
and dead comrades, handled
them tilly without
lessling at them
and hald them aside.
The young man
seemed to be
these lettermind

nte, and when the meal was finished and they still sat about the table chatting pleasantly

with polite alacrity he got up and handed them to the white haired dreamer.

The captain opened one after another with-out interest. Suddenly his eyes flashed and he began to tremble. "Here, my children, look here!" he cried excitedly, holding at arm's length an official paper and a letter of imposing appearance. "My grateful governarm's length an official paper and a letter of imposing appearance. "My grateful government insists that I shall have all this money for the wounds I received at Shiloh—wounds of which I have always been proud and felt it an honor to bear without thought of compensation. I have ever held that the true patriot gives his spirit and his body freely to his country. I never asked for a pension, though I knew I was entitled to it. No. I did not ask it, but my government has proved itself worthy of loyal service: It offers it to me voluntarily."

Here the cantain's son colored and began to

Here the captain's son colored and began to cough violently, "I rejoiced that I had suffered for my country," continued the captain. It is a poor order of patriotism that is willing to give nothing. I am grateful for this acknowledgment of my service, because it came un-solicited. Here it is, my darlings, here is the reward of your father's loyalty to the land he loves. Take it, and do what you will with it. I don't want it. I want to die knowing that

I have given something to my dear country and have taken nothing."

"How much is it father?" asked Lilian, the eldest daughter, who had dreams of going abroad to study art.

"Nearly \$7,000," he answered dreamily. His mind was again roaming over the field at Shilob. Both young ladies caught their breath. Their mother looked unutterably astonished at the vastness of the sum which, as it were, had been miraculously thrown into their laps; while the enterprising son tried in

vain to appear unconcerned.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Emma,

the other daughter, who had musical an bitions.

"Build a really comfortable house, a home," said the sensible mother, whose genius for domestic management had often been put to sore straits in consequence of her husband's indifference to the material things of life. "Just a slice of it would educate Emma and me in our professions," said Lilian, in a voice of sever interest. of eager interest,

of eager interests.

The son remarked that he knew of an enterprise sure to bring extraordinary results, into which, in his opinion, a large part of the pension money might be put with profit.

"Let us fix up this house, refurnish it, and divide the remainder equally between us," said Lilian. "Remember, children, Mat we need a com "But when we get to earning money at our

professions we can soon build you and father a lovely home," said Emma. The daughters both held warmly to the subject of going abroad, the son to the investment, while the stood by the project

warmer grow the discussion. Argu-ments, appeals, as-sertions, retorts the family board like wicked spirits at war with each other. No one at to counseled patience and deliberation in the matter of deciding what to do with the

noney. All excitedly insisted on fixing its lestiny then and there. Only one of the circle offered no suggestion. Only one of the circle effered no suggestion, said no word in regard to it, was not appealed to. This was the white haired soldier who had so bravely earned the money. Indeed, he seemed quite unconscious of the wangle going on about him. He had moved from the table and was sitting in the easy chair near the open door, holding his letters carelessly in his hand and looking dreamity out on the hills fresh and fair in their garments on the hills fresh and fair in their garments of spring. He was thinking, not of the possible joys of the future, but of the dear anguish of the past. Over his face spread an expression of screne, exalled delight. It came from the memory of what he had suffered for the sake of principle. His was a nature that understood the blessedness of giving. The dissension about the money went on, growing in strength and wrath every minute, At last, stung to defending his position, the

declared that he had some rights in the case, since his energy and perseverance had secured This speech made its way straight into the captain's consciousness like a knife, and like a knife was the wound it made. This money, then, this pension, was not as he had proudly believed, the voluntary gift of a grateful government. His son had begged, schemed, planned and struggled to got it, and in the eyes of his country he was no better patriot than the meanest of her servitors.

son, forgetting his father's presence, boldly



He turned toward the disturbed group a the table with a look in his eyes the like of which they had never seen, and which they never will be able to forget. It had in it unspeakable astonishment, overwhelming anguish and something else not translatable to the limited spiritual perceptions of those who saw it. That something was not of this world. It was a beam from the unseen sun of infinity shining through the old soldier's surprised eyes. Instantly all were awed into silence. Instantively they recognised that something mightier than their wills confronted them-something they could not understand.

The old soldier began to rise to his feet. His hips moved but no sound came forth. Slowly he sank back into the chair again. The light faded out of his eyes and his face grew ashen white. The awestruck family lesled at him with specifies tongues. Before they realized the presence of the strange guest, death, who had come so unexpectedly into their presence, he and departed

A MEMORY. [May, 1804.]
The morning stars were growing pale, But still we stept, as soldiers steep.
Who know not fear, deep in the vale
Between the mountains dark and stee

A quiet brooded o'er the camp, And not a cloud was in the sky, With soothing dows our brows were damp.

A sweet breeze fanned us tenderly.



Some loves were wives and maidens some, And some were mothers sweet and fair; And some were children left at home Without a mother's tender care,

Burah, how mournful was that strain, That low, sad song in dreaming ears! It rose and fell and rose again, And died as if in sobs and tears. Then brayed the trumpet, clashed the drum:
"Fall in!" Up sprang we all as one;

Builets like bees began to hum, And warm, red blood like wine to run On which side fought we, shall I say? (We fought so hard, with hearts so true!) We may have worn the stainless gray, Or loyally the precious blue.

Some fell, some lived, and all were brave For all had heard love sing that morn: Oh, woman, weeping by a grave! Oh, golden dream to tatters torn: What without love is victory worth?

Hearts of the south, hearts of the north,
Throb louder than the drum or gum!
MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE MEDAL OF HONOR. A Decoration for the Living Soldiers of A Decoration for the Living Soldiers of the Late War.

Nearly 60,000,000 people of the United States scarcely know that there is a national tribute paid to its brave soldiers. This is the medal of honor given by congress for distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy only. This medal has been in existence for more than twenty years, and has been conferred upon several hundred heroes, but very few besides the recipients know of its existence. This ignorance is due to the fact that a mis-

the fact that a mistaken simplicity marks the method of its presentation. In other countries, particularly those we imitate in military matters, the decoration is often handed to the soldier by his sover-eign in the presofficers of state, of large bodies of troops and of thou-sands of people. The name of the

happy recipient is MEDAL OF RONGS.
published in the official gazette and by the
press throughout the dominions. In our ountry this reward from the highest power country this reward from the highest power in the government is sometimes conveyed to the brave winner by the hands of the post-man. Rarely, indeed, is the presentation made an occasion of public ceremony. It is received, gazed upon reverently by its pos-sessor, for it is full of significance to him, and then it is put carefully away and is only brought out occasionally for inspection by a comrade, or worn on parade if specially

authorized. This medal of honor has been awarded to about 800 officers and men of the volunteer service for individual acts of gal-lantry during the late war, and to 320 en-listed men in the United States army since, but it seems to have been conferred with a modesty so excessive that it amounted to secrecy, and without any public recognition of the honor it was intended to confer. HIS VIEW OF IT.

Upon the open porch we sat, Our host had doff'd his slouchy hat, And tilted back his easy chair. His corn cob's smoke rose in the air, The sinking sun threw golden lines. The hills were sweet with breath of pinca. "Yes, I war in ther war," said be; The hills were sweet with breath of pines. "Yes, I war in ther war," said he; "I war a traifor once, may be, Tho'l had work'd my farm all day, An'didn't care a durn which way They settled ther questions o' ther state. I owned no niggers myself—but wait—When Yanks kom down an'took my corn, An' burnt my house, wher I war born, An' carted off my hull blame crop, ised, sed I, this thing must stop! Fer I hed a kind o' honest pride in ther ownership of my fireside. I say, it made no odds ter ms Whether ther blacks war bound or free: But I couldn't see them sogers take What my hands had toiled ter make! Then, when Mandy paled and sigh'd, An' our kid got scart an' cried, By jinks, I rose an' grabbed my gun, An' sed, it's time these raids war done! So I fit right thro' in Longstreet's corps. Till Bobby Lee gev up ther war. An' I war glad to see it cease, For all I wanted, sir, war peace, An' I hadn't ther heart fur layin' low A lot o' chaps I didn't know!

Look at thet hand. You see it? Well, That hurt kem o' a burstin' shell.
No pension, sir! By thunder, I would Not draw one fer it ef I could!
For I'm kinder proud this fist war spiled While raised defendin' home and child!



But it's past, an' I'm doin' well In keepin' this little one hoss hotel. An' as long as this house stands, An' they've no weaplins in thar hands, I don't care of they wore gray or blue. Thar jest as welcome har as you."

M. W. B.

FIGHTING FOR THE FLAG

It was last Decoration day, after they had returned from beautifying with flowers the graves of the Union soldiers, who seemed to sleep so peacefully in the soft sunshine, that four former companions in arms were seated under the tender green of the trees in Central park. They were full of the sad yet precious in memories of the war, and naturally rehearsed many of its incidents in which they had taken part. Their patriotism had been freshly stirred by the ceremonies at which they had assisted, and, as they recounted scenes where guilant fellows had given their lives for their country, their eyes, that had often looked doath in the face with a strong glance, moistened visibly, and were cast down to hide their emotion. While they were talking they caught sight of the stars and stripes or under the tender green of the trees in Central pectedly into their presence, he had departed with the soul of the old patriot.

the old Arsenal building. A purt of wind gracefully blew out the banner of the free; they instinctively stood up together, removed their hats, and, as one of them said: "Bless the old flag! I would be happy to die for it to-morrow!" they fervently clasped each other's hands in recognition of a common sen-timent.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 21 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL 11, NO 10

The speaker was ex-Mayor Goodwin, a native of Connecticut, aged about 50, who had been living in St. Louis at the breaking out



Mason, ex-Capt. Bennett and ex-Brigadier Gen. Wirtley. The first had made his home in Cincinnati, Bennett and Wirtley had settled in Chicago, and, as martial represen-tatives of Ohio and Illinois, had entered the settled in Chicago, and, as martial representatives of Ohio and Illinots, had entered the field immediately after the fire on Sumter. They were all bachelors then, nearly the same age, and having gone with their commands to Missouri, were soon dr. wn into acquaintance and friendship by similarity of opinions and tastes. They had seen a good deal of service in different parts of the south; had all been wounded.—Goodwin and Wirtley several times each—and had kept up the friendship joined in the early days. After the close of the struggle they found themselves in New York, where they are still engaged in business. The endless distractions of the city prevent their meeting as often as they would choose; but on Decoration day they are always in company, and are likely to be bound together by associations of the past while life continues. They are creditable examples of the citizen soldiers on whom the republic can always depend in time of need. They, in common with millions of their countrymen north and south, so revere the national ensign that they would sacrifice everything in its defense.

"Goodwin" said Wirtley (the four had

vere the national ensign that they would sacrifice everything in its defense.

"Goodwin," said Wirtley (the four had dropped their military titles, like sensible men, with the termination of the war), "we all feel as you do about the old flag, as you well know. I have been told that you showed your devotion to it by recapturing the colors of your regiment at Wilson's Creek. Cau't you give us the story?"

"It's not worth telling," replied Goodwin. "It was only one of the many incidents that

occurred on many battle fields; and, besides, it is bad taste, you will agree, for a man to recite his own experiences. He is very apt to imagine himself a hero when he is a very

to imagine himself a nero when the commonplace mortal."

"Let us have the story, Goodwin," exclaimed the three. "We are friends," added Mason, "and we know you too well to think you capable of boasting. On this day any one who has been a soldier is excusable for indulting in personal reminiscences. We indulging in personal reminiscences. We have all been doing it, you know. Fire away,



"If you are bored, then it will be your own fault," remarked Goodwin. "The story is not long, anyhow; no, you won't suffer much more than you acticipate. I had formed a high idea of Capt. Nathaniel Lyon when he broke up the secession camp formed by Governor Jackson in St. Louis, and I was very glad to be in his command. He had been appointed brigadier, and I was with him at Booneville, where he routed a Confederate force that the governor had got together, and at Dry Spring, where he defented McCulloch. force that the governor and got together, and at Dry Spring, where he defeated McCulloch. When McCulloch and Price united, and threatened to gain possession of southwest Missouri, I approved of Lyon's determina-tion to give them battle at Wilson's Creek, in spite of their superior numbers. I had en-listed as a private in St. Louis and was already a captain, so that my opinion had some weight. We were all so inexperienced then that a man who had participated in such skirmishes (we called them battles) as Booneville and Dry Spring was regarded as a trice

soldier.
"How vividly I remember the 10th of August, the day on which the engagement at Wilson's Creek occurred. The ground was rolling, like most of the land in Greene county, Mo., with clumps of trees here and there and a forest in the distance. The weather was intensely hot, and the dust from the movements of the adverse armies almost sufficiating. Gen. Lyon, as we were drawn up for battle, rode along the line encouraging the men. He told them how much depended on the result of the fight, to stand firm, to remember the flag of the country, to think that on each soldier's conduct the result might hang. I could see that he was anxious, but he looked hopeful, cheerful and undaunted. A braver, more patriotic man never fought in the Union cause. I felt that he would, if he should live, lead us to victory; that he

could not fail. So he seemed to affect every-body that came into his presence. "My regiment was one of the first ordered forward on the enemy's right. We were ordered to withhold our fire until within fifty ordered to withheld our fire until within fifty yards; but the men were so excited and undisciplined that they began firing long before they could do much harm. The fire was returned when we were near enough to see the faces of the Confederates, and appeared to be very destructive. My men seemed to be falling all around me. But I soon saw that it was partially confusion in the ranks, caused by unfamiliarity with danger. The men were speedily rallied, and I observed that only a few had been struck. I ordered my company not to mind the wounded and we rapidly advanced. I had had at the outset a keen sense of fear; I believed I should be hit every moment. But the fear quickly passed. I became intensely excited, and yet I was outwardly calm. The dust and the smoke of the guns covered everything, for the air was clore and stifling. I heard the roar of the engagement, mingled with the groans of the engagement, mingled with the groans of the wounded and their pitiful cries for water. I had a choking thirst myself. The field seemed like a burning desert. What wouldn't I have given for a drink of water, and there was water nowhere, the canteens being exhausted. being exhausted.

being exhausted.

"Notwithstanding my excitement, I grew steadily calmer. I ceased to think of myself. I had no idea of personal peril, though I saw men dropping constantly. When it was one of our mon, I was amazed. When it was one of the enemy, I was rejoiced, and I found myself shouting like the rest with delirious joy at every casualty on the other side. I hungered for blood. I was like a wild beast, If I could have slain a thousand Confederates with a blow of my blade, I should have been happy. One of our officers rode before us. He waved his sword, and cried out something that I could not understand. The words had

with gless, a filtrate after, as I saw a Confederate officer reel in his saddle and tumble.

"The oddly uniformed line opposite, in which butternut was a conspicuous color, showed signs of giving way. Just then our standard bearer, who was in advance, was struck and fell. A fresh Confederate force had been ordered up to relieve the troops we had been fighting, and bore down upon us in such numbers that we were ordered to withdraw slowly, our faces to the foc. A dozen members of our regiment had hurried forward to rescue the flag, which had already been torn from the staff by one of the enemy, a fine looking fellow, an officer plainly, and which he thrust into the breast of his coat. I marked his countenance and figure. I was sure that I should remember him. What pleasure I should have taken in killing him, in order to recover the colors of the regiment, which I felt it such a diagrace to lose in one of the first real battles of the war.

"But there was no chance of recapturing it. We steadily fell back, and were soon relieved by fresh troops. Our regiment had lost beavily. Out of 600 or so, one quarter were killed, wounded and missing, and the remainder were in no condition for further fighting at once. I still mourned over the captured flag. During the first year of the strife we soldiers, you remember, thought the loss of a stand of colors as bad as a general defeat, and we never altered our opinion greatly afterward either. It may be superstition, but it is

we never altered our opinion greatly after-ward either. It may be superstition, but it is

ward either. It may be superstition, but it is a patriotic superstition that every true soldier is inclined to cherish. The flag of a country represents our highest interest.

"I could not bear to be off duty on that day. As soon as I had quenched my excessive thirst in a pool of dirty water, where a score of men were half frantic and fighting for drink, I went to Gen. Lyon and offered my service to act as one of his aides. He accepted it, and giving me a horse sent me with an order to a distant part of the field. I delivered the order, but in doing so bullet after builet whistled near me, one of the bullets passing through the skirt of my coat. I

already began to imagine that I might be testined not to be struck—constant danger makes us fatalists—and I galloped along to the music of the guns, fancying myself in feverish dream. To be beyond the sound of cries and groans, the sight of blood and

cries and groans, the sight of blood and wounds was a great relief.

"I seemed to be only in danger myself, and of that danger I was almost unconscious. I was in a part of the field away from the battle, riding fast to where I supposed Gen. Lyon to be, when my horse reared as if in pain. I believed that he must be mortally Lyon to be, when my horse reared as if in pain. I believed that he must be mortally wounded by a stray shot. I disengaged my feet from the stirrups, and just in time, for I felt that he was failing. I tumbled heading—I could not save myself—and then I was unconscious. How long I remained so I ennot tell. I nose with senses dazed, but the din of battle, the sight of dust, powder and smoke restored me. My horse lay dead a few feet distant, the blood still flowing from his side, caused apparently by a grape shot. No one seemed mear mo, and I was walking away somewhat lame, when a voice, saying 'Surrender, you d—d Yankee, or I'll blow your brains out!' drew my attention. Out of a cluster of trees had stepped a Confederate officer, whom a glance disclosed as the captor of our colors. To allay any doubt, if there could be doubt, the silten end of the stripes was still visible in the breast of his coat. He was coming toward me with a revolver leveled at my head, perhaps fifty feet off. He doubtless believed me unarmed; but I reached instinctively toward my best and drew my pistol, which had happily been uninjured by my fall.

"Never." Lehouted. "You have taken the

injured by my fall. "'Never, I shouted. 'You have taken the olors of my regiment. I'll get them back of

"'Die then!' he responded, and a builet



bably to no purpose, as he still advanced. I advanced also. The recovery of the flag was far dearer to me than life. "We exchanged shots again. It was a re-gular duel. Once more we fired. I felt that I must be hit. But I was strong enough to

lischarge another barrel, and had the sudischarge another barrel, and multiple supreme satisfaction of seeing my antingonist fall. I was immediately at his side, intent only on the stars and stripes, which I drew out and was trying to hide in my clothing when my head swam, darkness passed before my eyes and then oblivion.

"I was found unconscious, as I learned after-

my eyes and then oblivion.

"I was found unconscious, as I learned afterward, on the breast of the dead Confederate, a captain from Kentucky. His ball had passed through my lungs; mine into his breast. The flag was closely grasped in my hand and stained with my blood. It is at my home and counted among its most precious treasures. Again I say, 'Bless the old flag! To-day every true son of the great republic, even those who fought so blindly against it twenty old years ago, is willing to give his last drop of blood to guard it from dishonor.'"

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNS.



How Men Die in Battle. Frank Wilkeson, in his very interesting book, entitled "Recollections of a Privato Soldier," recently published by the Put-nams, tells how men die in battle. The fol-

nams, tells how men die in battle. The following paragraphs give the citizen an idea of what glory coats the soldier:

After Lougstreet's soldiers had driven the Second corps into their intrenchments along the Brock road, a battle exhausted infantryman stood behind a large oak tree. His back rested against it. He was very tired, and held his rifle loosely in his hand. The Confederates were directly in our front. This soldier was apparently in perfect safety. A solid shot from a Confederate gun struck the oak tree squarely, about four feet from the ground, but it did not have sufficient force to tear through the 19cgk wood. The soldier tear through the tough wood. The soldier fell dead. There was not a stratch on him. He was killed by concussion. While we were fighting savagely over these intrenchments the woods in our front caught fre, and I saw many of our wounded burned to death.

Must they not have suffered horribly! I am not at all sure of that. The smoke rolled heavily and slowly before the fire. It envel-oped the wounded, and I think that by far the larger portion of the men who were roasted were suffocated before the flames curled round them. The spectacle was cour-age sapping and pitiful, and it appealed

curied round them. The spectacle was courage sapping and pitiful, and it appealed strongly to the imagination of the spectators; but I do not believe that the wounded soldiers who were being burned suffered greatly, if they suffered at all.

When we got into the Brock road at the battle of the Wilderness) intrenchments a man a few files to my left dropped dead, shot just above the right eye. He did not groan or sigh or make the slightest physical movement, except that his chest heaved a few times. The light went out of his face instantly, leaving it without a particle of expression. It was plastic, and as the facial muscles contracted it took many shapes. When this man's body became cold and his face hardened it was terribly distorted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have said that he had endured sapient agony before death released him. I have seen dead soldiers faces which were wreathed in smiles, and heard their comrades say that they had died happy. I do not believe that the face of a dead soldier lying on a battlefield ever truthfully micates the mental or physical anguish or peacefulness of mind which he suffered or enjoyal before his death. The face is plastic after death, and as the facial muscles cool and contract they draw the face into many shapes. many shapes.

No spring poet has yet jumped the bridge at midnight, when the clock was chiming the hour -N. Y. Journal.

The way of the transgressor is hard-to find out.



W. H. HOUSE,

-DENTIST,-BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, Pa

Tobe open at all hours during the day DURSEL'S BARBER SHOP, The Tonsorial Art in all its branches.

