

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15, 1857.

\$1,50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2,00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

## VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 6.]

		the altar with Frederick Wilmer, a newly	'That, though there were a great many	the waves with
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.	Poetry.	made wife.	lovely women around me. none, after all,	the wind, and
Office in Northern Central Railroad Com-	4:5	'I think it is too bad that Charlie Stevens,'	could compare with a certain Marion Wil-	blue waters, as
> pany's Building, north-west corner From and	Song of the Editor.	continued the lady, swinging absently in	mer.'	the proud man
Walnut streets.	-	one hand a locket containing her husband's	'Oh, Fred! did you think that?' And she	The small bo
Terms of Subscription.	DY C. TOLER WOLF.	likeness and hair, 'should take up so much	looked doubly beautiful now, with the smile coming up into her blue eyes, and the blush	
"one Copy per annum, if paid in advance, \$1.50 if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2.00	The Editor in his sanctum sat, With a visage grim and sour,	of Fred's time. Now, they've all gone off		their hats to th
months from commencement of the year, 2 00	All was silent without, save the wind in the street,	on this fishing excursion, I shan't see any more of him till night, I suppose. I know	'I did, most assuredly, dear. But,'-ab-	bravely, as the
4 Conts a Copy. No subscription received for a less time than six	And the Charley pursuing his usual beat,	Fred is very fond of fishing, and it's the first		larger boat.
No subscription received for a test that much all months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the pub-	Calling the midnight hour. His peepers were swollen and red,	time he has gone out since he was married,	strange that Charlie Stevens wasn't here to-	* *
tisher.	And the rushlight was incluing away,	but, then, Charles takes him once a week to	night. I missed the old fellow all the time.	The afternoo
er's risk. Rates of Advertising.	"And to-morrow," to hunself he said, "Is publication day!"	the association, and there's always some-		
square [6 lines] one week, \$0 39	Write! write! write!	thing coming on-some meeting, or nobody		selves in the sk
i three weeks, 50 1 (12) lines] one week, 50	I fear I am growing dumb!	knows what. I think after a man's married	Marion blushed again-not from pleasure	Again the he
1 (12 inter one weeks. 1 00 (1 each subsequent insertion, 25	I've divers notions in my head, Which feels like a ton or two of lead,	he belongs exclusively to his wife, and that his friends should understand this and let	11. 1 . 1 C	masses of clou
Larger advertisements in proportion.	But they vanish as soon as they come!	him alone. I can't have others sot up their	had asked her husband's friend to the party;	The two boat
wearly or vearly advertisers, who are shrowly commented	Brush and scissors, and paste- Paste, and scissors, and brush!	claims to Fred beside mine, that's certain;	but the truth must come out now.	this; but now l
to their business.	If I could collar one bright idea	and I just wish I could devise something to		Fiercer and fier
DR. S. ARMOR	I could write with a perfect rush!	keep Charles Stevens away from us. Fred		hurling up the apart, rocked a
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Office and Residence in Locust Street, opposite the Post	A nod, a start, and a nod! My pen worn down to a stump	has got me, (bless his heart!) and that ought	'Yes.' 'Well' I didn't invite your friend Charlie	
Office: OFFICE PRIVATE.	I pause, and ponder, and scratch my pate,	of course to satisfy him.'		Frederick W
Columbia, April 25, 1×57-6m Drs. John & Rohrer,	My peepers the size of a pewter plate, And my sconce on the desk I dump;	She was still for a moment, but the cloud did not lighten on that fair brow, and no	'Didn't invite him, Marion?' said Freder-	were the only t
HAVE associated in the Practice of Medi-	Nod, nod, nod,	smile wavered on her settled lips, or in her	lick, in a tone between surprise and displea-	boat that under
Columbia, April 1st, 1856-tf	As I sit tumbled up in a heap- What a sin that subscribers should be so scarce,	musing eyes, which looked, without seeing	sure. 'What in the world prevented you?'	age her, and sh
THE OF THE SECTION IN	And the paper so very cheap!	them, at the elegant figures on the Turkey	Because-because-Fred, I don't like	structed to ride
DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, opposite the Post	Write, write, write,	carpet; for pretty Mrs. Wilmer, to speak the	him as well as you do. He comes here and takes you away from me many evenings,	it, grew dizzy,
Otlice. Columbia. Pa.	With paper all blotted and smeared; Write, write, write,	plain, unvarnished truth, was actually jeal-	and seems to consider his claims greater	
Columbia, May 3, 1856. II. M. NORTH,	With eyes all blinded and bleared!	ous of her husband's regard for Charles Stevens; she really believed (why will wo-	than my own.'	nearly capsizin
A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.	Brush, and seissors, and paste. Paste, and seissors, and brush-	men be so petty and narrow minded,) that	Frederick gave a significant whistle.	the oar fell from
A Columbia, Pa. Collections, rompily made, in Laneaster and York	'Tis enough to drive an Editor mad,	this lessened, in some degree, his affection		leaned over, m
Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1850.	And his kindly feelings crush!	for herself-took away something that be-	the wife, laying her hand on her husbaud's shoulder.	1
J. W. FISHER,	O man, who no paper will take, To amuse your children and wife,	longed exclusively to her.	'Marion, I would not have had you done	she was righte was in the sea.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,	"Fis not the pens and ink ye waste.	Now Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens had known each other from their child-	this thing for a thousand parties. 'Charlie	Ife was not a
Columbia, Pa. Columba, September 6, 1836 (f	But the Editor's precious lite! Write, write, write,	hood, and there was something beautiful in	Stevens is a true friend to me, and would go	battling for a m
	For a livelihood I must,	the brotherly attachment that had grown up	further to serve me than all the people	
TTUOLESNE and Retail Bread and Cake	I wear out my shoes collecting the news, And walk till I'm like to bust!	and strengthened between them. They	together who were here to-night.'	him.
W Baker-Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, too numerous to mention: Crackers; Soda, Wines, Scroll,	Trudge, trudge, trudge,	would have gone to the world's end to help	This praise was not very pleasant to the	The men in t
and Sugar Biscuit, Confectioners, and Sugar Biscuit,	With checks both hollow and thin, Trudge, trudge, trudge,	cach other. The young merchant had been		None of them, of swim well, and
Feb. 2, 50. Between the bank and the	And all for a little <i>tin!</i>	indeed, under large obligations to Charles	'I think you set too much store by this	it would have
B. F. APPOLD & CO.,	For pleasure I have no space, Not a moment to lose have I!	Stevens, for rendering him assistance, at an important crisis of their business. The	friend of yours,' she said. 'I can't for my	committed then
	Rags and disgrace, stare me full in the face,	friends of both young men often laughingly	part see in what his great merit or attrac-	Frederick W
GENERAL FORWARDING AND COMMIS	So "root. pagee, or die!"	protested that as they could not marry each	tions consist.'	Stevens saw the
SION MERCHANTS, SION MERCHANTS,	Wake, wake, wake, Ye who learning hold as naught;	other they would not marry at all; but Fred	'In his noble soul and his warm heart, Marion. I must call on him to-morrow	face that had b
COALAND PRODUCE.	Do ye not know, for a dollar or so,	Wilmer had proved the fallacy of this asser-	morning, and make up this matter, some-	from boy into stood still for p
And Delinerers on any point on the Columbia and	What your children can be taught? Tuke, take, take,	tion, for the blue eyes of Marion Worth had	how. It will be a very disagreeable busi-	A moment m
Philadelphia Realroad, to York and Baltimore and to Pittsburg;	The paper and read the news;	won a place in his heart which his friend had never occupied.	ness though.' .	the oar, and sp
DEALERS IN COAL, FLOUR AND GRAIN,	Don't let your off-prings live and die Lake a parcel of wild Yahoos!	Charles congratulated Frederick warmly	Marion burst into tears.	clutched the yo
Durchase of Monongularia area sumly constantly	Scratch, scratch,	when he heard of the engagement, although,	'And make your wife ridiculous by throw-	hair, and beat
on hand, at low prices, Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Basin. Columbia, January 27, 1854.	While my brain is oozing away-	perhaps, he conquered a secret pang when	ing the blame on her. I would not have believed you could do this, Fred, even for	rible struggle f
OATS FOR SALE	Scratch, scratch, scratch, Till my head is turning gray!	he remembered the evenings they used to	Charlie Stevens' sake!'	pletely exhaust than a dead w
DY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities,	O man, for a moment think	pass together, and thought how seldom	Her tears softened the young husband at	courage and sk
BY THE BUSHEL, or in larger quantities, at Nos. 1, 2 & 6 Canal Basin. E. F. APPOLD & CO.	How the PRINTER you rob of his labor. When a paper you fob, from a front door knob,	Frederick now ever spared one from his be- trothed.	once, and he was ready to do almost any-	thoroughly exh
Columbia, January 26, 1856.	Or borrow one of your neighbor!	Well the young people were married and	thing to call back the old smiles to that	vens drew his fi
Just Received,	Write, write, write,	went to housekeeping. Charles was fre-	bright face; then he saw plainly that he	'My husband
50 BUS. PRIME GROUND NUTS, at J. F.	Oh! but I'm weary and worn!	quently a guest at his house, and admired	could not apologize to his friend without implicating Marion, and he finally concluded	drowned?'
establishment. Front street, two doors below the	Write, write, write, And the cocks are crowing for morn!	Marion greatly, but jealousy is prejudiced		White as the lips as they as
Washington House, Columbia. [October 25, 1856.]	And when for home I start,	and unjust, and, alas! it makes one evil.—	would hear nothing about the party. And	stood upon the
Just Received, 20 HHDS, SHOULDERS, 15 TIERCES HAMS.— B F, APPOLD & CO	I reel like a fami-hed rat, Folks say on the sly, as I totter by,	She did not reciprocate his feelings. But she ought to have rejoiced in this brotherly	so Marion Wilmer had triumphed. With	the rain beating
20 For sale by B F. APPOLD & CO. Nos. 1, 2 and 6, Canal Basin. Columbia. October 18, 1566.	"There he goes with a brick in his hat"	bond, and strengthened it by every word	her woman's arts and fears she had come	hair.
	The editor in his sanctum sat.	and deed in her power.	between her husband and the best friend he had on earth. How many a wife has done	The storm ha
Rapp's Gold Pens.	With a visage swage and sour, All was silent without, save the wind in the street.	'There, that will be just the thing,' said	had on earth. How many it who has done such a thing?	she had rushed

the wind, and her green sides breasting the impulsive little woman, and in her gratitude uble to split six bullets on a knife, in six blue waters, as if she knew and rejoiced in for the life more precious than her own, shots, at fifty paces. Accordingly, he has the proud manhood and womanly loveliness which he had saved, her pride entirely van- sent to Paris (of all places in the world!) for which she carried. The small boat was quite filled by the six wrong she had done to the preserver of her stantly for the United States; where, at gentlemen on board of her, who, waving husband.

their hats to the ladies, plied their oars right bravely, as they followed in the wake of the cant keep it back now,' she said, turning ican to a match of two thousand five hun-\* \* \* \* The afternoon wore brightly on, but ere 'but I was really jealous of you, Charles, and ed, he will hang himself! ong, the wind sprang up and strenthened, -and when I gave my last party, I didn't 'My poor sister, my poor niece!' exclaims

and clasped them both together.

'Marion, my sister!'

me off.'

'Charles, my brother!'

From Household Words...

French and English.

selves in the sky. Again the heavens grew black with great The two boats had seperated long before this; but now both were turned homeward. ipart, rocked and quivered as they ploughed give me.'

hrough the white foam. Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens

age her, and she was by no means well con- any more.' structed to ride against the wind. Two of

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it, grew dizzy, lost their equilibrium, and, of his wife and the hand of Charles Stevens, has recently made.
in attempting to regain it, fell to one side,
nearly capsizing the boat. In Fred's alarm,
the oar fell from his hand into the sea. He
to secure it, the boat dipped again, and when
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she was righted again, Frederick Wilmer Wilmer. was in the sea. He was not an expert swimmer, and, after battling for a moment with those wild waves. he went down, and there was none to save

them. him. The men in the boat sat horror bound. None of them, except Charles Stevens, could swim well, and the shore was at a distance; I care,' laughed Marion. it would have been certain death to have

committed themselves to the waves. Frederick Wilmer rose again; and Charles Stevens saw that white, uplifted face-the face that had beamed up all along his path.

from boy into manhood—and his heart own dainty, graceful fashion, and laughed stood still for pity. a laugh, so full, and sweet, and frolicksome, A moment more, and he had thrown down that both the listeners could not chose but the oar, and sprung into the waves. He join in it.

clutched the young merchant by his long hair, and beat for the shore. It was a ter rible struggle for life. Frederick was completely exhausted, and soon a little more han a dead weight upon his friend; but of Charles Stevens again.

horoughly exhausted himself, Charles Steens drew his friend upon the shore. 'My husband-my dear husband! Is he

lrowned?' White as the dead were Marion Wilmer's ps as they asked this question, while she tood upon the wet sands, with the wind and

he rain beating through her long, unbound The storm had roused her from her sleep,

her eyes for the large vessel, which was not

the waves with her white suils leaping in far more keenly of the two. She was an Joe Erickson, who has eclipsed him; being ished, and she determined to confess the a pair of pistols-and intends starting in-

[WHOLE NUMBER, 1,411.

Baltimore-near the praries, and the Huron 'I am very much ashamed of it, but I Indians-he intends to challenge the Amerround her tearful face, and flashing up dred shots. If victor, he will return by the through it her smiles on the young man; first vessel sailing for England; if vanquish-

and thick black clouds began to pile them- invite you because I thought my husband Tom Wild, 'have you the courage to make would care less for me if he loved you so the one a widow, the other an orphan?"

much. It was very, very wicked, and God 'Oh.'' replies Ephraim, calmly taking masses of clouds. The wind freshened .- has punished me for this feeling: but still, an envelope sealed with black out of his if you knew what a young wife's tenderness pocket, 'I have prepared for that, and you is for her husband, you would not find it so will be my executor. Mistress Wheat will Fiercer and fiercer stormed the wind, madly hard to-to do what, with these tears of have the finest diamonds, the best horses, hurling up the waves: and the boats now far penitence and shame, I ask you now to for and the most comfortable chateau in the county of Durham; and, as for little Mary, I

'To be sure I will,' answered the hearty have left her ---' tones of Charles Stevens, as he lifted the At this stage Tom Wild sees that arguwere the only two on board of the smaller little hand Marion Wilmer had presented to ment is perfectly lost on his brother-in-law, boat that understood perfectly how to man- him to his lips. 'We will never speak of it and changes the subject to horses, hounds, parties de crickets, and yachts; telling And then Frederick Wilmer rose up and Ephriam he expects to win enormous sums the gentlemen, thoughtlessly standing up in stepped towards them. He took the hand of money in bets by new arrangements he

'How, pray?' cries Ephriam, evidently "We have been brothers all our lives, piqued.

Charles,' he said,' and it is right now I 'Why,' replies Tom, 'as you are leaving caned over, making a quick, blind motion should bring you a sister. It is the best, England, I don't mind telling you that, as the only reward that I can bring you.' And you have for two years always beaten me Charles Stevensurew his arm around Marien on the turf at Epsom, and in regattas at the Isle of Wight, beside steeple chases and skiff matches, I have determined to regain my lost honors and money.'

He proceeds to explain that he has Lought And so there was 'peaco' made between the best horse of Lord Yarmouth, as well as 'And now, you may take Fred to the club, an extraordinary little mare, and had orderand the association, and to all the fishing ed a clipper, to be built in Newport, on the

and hunting frolies in Christendom, for all model of the America, and a gig from Scarle, on a plan of his own invention. With the 'Look here, I don't know but the tables help of these, in the absence of his brotherwill be turned, and I shall be jealous of you in-law, he hoped within fifteen days to have

Charlie. Marion is most too willing to turn in his drawing-room the gold cur of the Derby, and the silver oar of the Lambeth Mrs. Wilmer clapped her hands in her regattas.

Ephriam Wheat, Esquire, fired by the challenge, swallows the bait, and exclaims: 'Are you in condition?'

'Feel my arm,' replies Tom Wild.

But Marion's face grew sober again as And Ephriam, 'feeling with all the care she said-'I shall never forget the lesson of a surgeon seeking for a fracture, finds the which the last three weeks have taught me. | biceps of his brother-in-law as hard as iron.' And she did not: she was never jealous He takes leave declaring that he shall delay his departure to be present at the race.

A month after this conversation, Ephriam Wheat, Esquire, in a cherry colored jacket, leather breeches, and top-boots, galloped past An oath, a red wig, red whiskers, a white the stand, beating his only adversary, Tom

great coat with a cape, a thick stick, and a Wild, by five lengths. Tom Wild had lost bull-dog in a string, were characteristic ex- four or five hundred guineas, and was disternals of an English Milor on the French graced as a jockey, among his friends, the stage, during the time when Englishmen members of the Coventry; but-noble selfwere anything but honored guests in France. | sacrifice!-he had saved his brother-in-law

A few years ago, a favorite comic song, sung | from Baltimore and Joe Erickson. on the Boulevards, was an Englishman's But on the night after this victory, amid he had rushed out on the piazza, straining dream; in which, in a series of stanzas, the the 'howrahs' which accompanied each libadreamer imagines he is on the point of death tion of port and champagne from the cup of in sight, and in which she fully believed her by pistol, by poison, by drowning, and by the Derby, the vision of Joe Erickson, the husband had sailed with the party. She the hangman; but starting up at the critical Backwoodsman of Baltimore, tormented the did not meet for several days after this; and observed the smallest boat, and thought it moment, he wakes and exclaims at the end peace of Ephriam Wheat. Soon he again proposed to set out for America; but, the of each stanza-Ah, what happiness, if we could go on dreaming forever night before his departure, he is informed Even now the popular notion of English by his valet that Tom Wild has just launched melancholy and affection for suicide still a gig fifty feet long, in order to challenge dwelle among the French in spite of railronds | the rowers of the College of Oxford-a colwith their hundred thousand travelers per lege we nover heard of before. Forthwith season, and we know not how many ten- Ephriam Wheat orders his trunks to be unthousand British permanent residents in packed, and sends for Mr. Noulton the boat France and French residents in England; builder. set the bull-dog has been exchanged for The day of the Greenwich regatic arrives. most marvellous stories of our devotion to Tom Wild makes his light skiff by over the steeple chase, cricket, and course of yachts muddy waters of the Thames. No Ephriam and 'gige.' Wheat appears. The president begins to In a recent collection of stories, purport- call over the names of the entries. Suddenly ng to illustrate the eccentricities of several a murmur arises in the crowd on the banks nations, written by Monsieur Charles Newil, of the stream. Four stout watermen apwe have stories of Englishmen which could pear bearing on their shoulders 'a long picertainly have only been written by a regue made of a single plank of mabogany Frenchman, after a week in London, lodg- bent by steam.' Two of the watermen walk ing in Leicester square, and studying Eng- into the water, waist deep, to float the wonlish character nowhere beyond the purlicus derful cance. The other two lift into it a of Soho and the confines of Regent street .- | stout fellow dressed in red financl. 'Hurrahl All the Englishmen so drawn have the same for Ephriam Whest!' cry the crowd. Tom peculiarities-a disgust for life, a passion Wild first shouts with joy; then thinks bimfor sport, a habit of drinking porto and grogs, self a fool to sacrifice his reputation to his and of smoking of cigars at all times of the brother-in-law. The race begins. Tem Wild rows his best, but Ephriam wins with the impossible cance by a quarter of a Thus the story of Ephraim Wheat, Esq., the impossible chance of a quantum the impossib opens with Ephraim examining the decorason. tions of a long file of carriages, drawn up owe my life to you!' said the young mer-before the Club of Coventry, in Piccadilly, Tom Wild, haggard and wretched-looking, At the end of that time he rushes in to then, entering the porte cochere, and ascend-ing the staircase leading to the club, he conded in sufficient and sufficient an ceeded in splitting nine bullets on a knife, ing the staircase leading to the chain, he occeded in splitting nine ballets the staircase leading to the chain if acks a powdered and liveried footman if Monsieur Tom Wild is in the drawing room? to which the lackey replies, bowing respect-to which the lackey replies, bowing respect-to which the lackey replies, bowing respectfully. Yes, your honor.' Wheat proceeds Epsom and Greenwich, declares that he will to the drawing room, and finds Wild leaning with his back against the chimney-piece, chatting to a circle of friends. He calls him does not sail for six hours, enter a tavera Charles'-she had never called him Charles on one side, into a little private room, say on the quay, of course order 'des grogs' and before—'instead of sitting here by Fred's ing to a waiter, who was engaged in arrang pile the grate with coal. They are disturbed side a happy, happy wife, I should have ing chessmen, 'Davis, a bottle of port, and by the sporing of a man in a bearskin jacket. ing chessmen, Davis, a bottle of port, and cigars:' port and cigars being, it seems, the inevitable accompaniment of every English intervitable accompaniment of every English surprise and pleasure, which were inter-rupted by the hurried preparations to em-bark. The sailing boat was not very large, and when the ladies were seated, the boatmen thought it unsafe to put off with so large a party. On this account, a number of the gentlemen volunteered to take a small boat that lay on the shore near them and among them were Charles Sterens and Frederick Wilmer. It was a beautiful day when the two boats swept from the chore—the one riding over

CONSTANTLY on hand, an assortment of O these celebrated PENS. Persons in want of i good article are invited to call and examine them. Columbia, June 30, 1835. JOHN FELIX.

lust Receiv LARGE LOT of Children's Carriages, A Gigs, Rocking Horses, Wheelbarrows, Propelers, Nursery Swings, &c. GEORGE, J. SMITH. April 19, 1856. Locust street OHINA and other Fancy Articles, too numerous to Omention, for sale by G. J. Shiffil, Locust street, between the Bank and Franklin House. Columbia, April 19, 1856. THE undersigned have been appointed All was silent without, save the wind in the street,

And the watchman parading his usual beat, Chiming the midnight hour! His eves were swollen and red. While the taper was melting away, "Is publication day!" Selections.

Mrs. Wilmer, swinging her locket and chatelaine vehemently. 'I'll give a party next

and I shall see you there, of course.'

week, and not invite him. This will be a

such a thing? ÷

Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens pretty strong hint as to my wishes respect-

ourage and skill triumphed at last, and

AL unutratatu navo ucui appointed ngents for the sale of Cook & Co's GUTTA PER-CHA PENS, warranted not to corrode; in clasheity they ulmost equal the quill. SAYLOR & MeDONALD. Columbia Jan. 17, 1557.

Just Received,

A BEAUTIFUL lot of Lamp Shades, viz: Vic-and torme, Volcano, Drum. Butter Fly, Red Roces, and the new French Frait Shade, which can be seen in the window of the Golden Mortar Drug Store. November 29, 1856.

ement in New York, just received H. SUYDAM& SON'S Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HAIR DYE'S. Jones' Batchelor's, Peter's and Expruent hair dycs, warranted to color the hair desired shade, without mury to the skin. For sale R. WILLIANS, ay 10, Front st., Columbia. Pa. by May 10,

TARE & THOMPSON'S justly celebrated Com-L' mercial and other Gold Pens-the best in th market-just received. P. SHREINER. Columbia, April 23, 1853.

EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR, by the barrel, for sale by B. F Al'POLD & CO, Columbia, Jone 7. Nos. 1, 2 and 6 Canal Dasin.

WIY should any person do without a Clock, had for \$1.50 and opwards SHREINER'S? Columbia, April 23, 1855.

SAPONEFIER, or Concentrated Lye, for making Soap. 1 lb. is sufficient for one barrel of Soap, or 1lb.for9 lbs. Hard Soap. Full direc-will be given at the Counter for making Soft, Soft Sonp, or Lin, or at the Counter for making son tions will be given at the Counter for making son Elard and Fancy Sonps. For sale by R. WILLIAMS.

Columbia, March 31, 1855.

LARGE lot of Baskets, Brooms, Buckets A WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUYDAM & SON. 20 DOZEN BROOMS, 10 BOXES CHEESE. For sale cheap, by B. F. APPOLD & CO. Columbia, October 25, 1-56. A SUPERIOR article of PAINT OIL, for sale by R WILLIAMS, May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST RECEIVED, a large and well selected variety of Brushes, consisting in part of Shor. Hur, Cloth Crumb, Nail, Hat and Teeth Brushes, and for sale by R. Will, LAMS, March 22, 56. Front street Columbia, Pa. March 22, 56. A SUPERIOR article of TONIC SPICE BITTERS, Suitable for llotel Keepers, for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Columbia, Front street, Colum May 10, 1856. RESH ETHUR FAL OIL, always on hand, and fo sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

JUST received, FRESH CAMPHENE, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, May 10, 1956. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

From Dr. Bartlett's Angle-Saxon. Marion Wilmer.

'I declare I don't quite like this!' solilonoon. She was a little, graceful woman, Marion Wilmer, as her smiles usually did. with a face which owed most of its charm to its brightness and vivacity; for though her

mer's face had but very little regularity of here,' the speaker turned round suddenly; erick all the evening to herself. features.

She was a warm-hearted, impulsive young woman, who loved her husband with all that acquaintances, for it's to be a large party, strength and devotion which makes a wo-

The young man looked up with a quesman cling to a man through good and bad, tion on his line, but his friend was gone. sacrificing and suffering for him to the end 'It must have been an oversight on all of her life.

sides, or else it's all his wife's doings,' Thus Marion Wilmer loved her husband. mused the young clerk, as he dipped his pen But she had been tenderly cared and petted into the inkstand and run the line of figures in her childhood; she was accustomed to reon the book before him for the tenth time, ceive homage but to give none; and, though although the sum involved no rule but that full of beautiful impulses, her mind had never been educated, and she was not in the habit of analyzing her own feelings.

cordial!'-his brow here lowered. 'Well, Frederick Wilmer was a proud and happy there's one thing, if they've treated me to husband, loving his young wife almost to such a marked slight as this, I shan't trouidolatry, and never dreaming that she might ble them very soon again, that's certain.be at times a little exacting and selfish in But, then, there's Fred; it will go hardher love. Now, it is certain that a heart. very hard to give him up. Hang the whole that has room for only one affection cannot race of women, I say; and yet, if he desert be a very large one, and newly married me, my best resource, I'm thinking, will be women should do well to remember this. A to take one of them either "for better or for wife should, of course, have the first place worse.",

in her husband's heart, the chief scat at his \* table, the best room in his house, and the 'Well, haven't we had a good time, Fred?' prettiest furniture; but there should be seats And the young wife threw herself down by and rooms, too, for others; and that love the side of her husband, and surveyed, with which ignores every other tie, demanding real pleasure, the disordered parlor, and, all for itself, is pure selfishness. There are the tables confusedly scattered over with bark. other gems beside the diamond, and this heaps of china, and glass and silver, intermay not lose any of its brilliancy because it mixed with broken pieces of cake, and cream is set in the midst of them. and fruit.

There was a shadow on the brow of Mrs. Wilmer, that day, as she walked up and know what I thought when you stood at the gentlemen volunteered to take a small boat down the parlor, with richly carved sofas on table, Marion?'

Looking down, and smiling with the dark the one side, and crimson-cushioned chairs, and marble tables on the other. It was the eyes in her face, she replied-

1000 LBS. New City Cured Hame and Shoulders, heaviest shadow that had been there since 'No: Feb. 31, 157. I. SUYDAMA SON. that morning when she turned away from know?' 'No; something I shall like to hear, I

ing his future relations with my husband; when the former called to invite his friend but what will Fred say? No matter, it will to dine with him he felt at once that he was would understand well enough how to manbe very easy to make him promise that I no longer the same Charles Stevens of the age her, but her eyes were beat in another shall give out the invitations, and that he old time. He talked and joked after the old direction, and it was not until the swimwill not mention the party to a human be- fashion, and said the old words but his maning. Then when he finds that Charlie Ste- ner, ard even his very smile had lost their tracted her attention.

vens is not here, he'll certainly be surprised old heartiness; and Frederick felt it all. and, of course, he won't like it; but I guess Men have not the tact of women in makquized Mrs. Wilmer, a wife of three months, a little of my coaxing will make the matter ing apologies, or getting out of an awkward as she walked up and down her tastefully all right.' And she smiled-but somehow, dilemma. The young merchant had it furnished parlor, one pleasant summer after- that smile did not brighten the face of several times at his 'tongue's end' to allude to the party, and apologize in some way for the inadvertedcy on his part. But he could \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* the inadvertedcy on his part. But he could 'I'm in a prodigious hurry, Stevens, and not implicate Murion, and he was too conmouth looked like a cleft rosebud with a I can't stay, indeed I can't to discuss the scientious to tell a falsehood. So they partstray sunbeam in its heart, and her eyes matter now;' and the young man hurried ed, and Charles Stevens did not come to LARGE lot of Shaker Corn, from the were blue as the skies that strike out from from the desk where Charlie Stevens was dinner because an imperative engagement the edges of some May cloud; Marion Wil- sitting-for he was clerk in a bank. 'See prevented; and after this Marion had Fred-

> \* \* \* \* \* \* 'we'll see the thing to-night, at Wilmer's .--I've had an invitation, though we are mere

'I'm very sorry you can't go, Marion; but I'll run down and tell them not to wait for me,

as I shan't leave you alone.' 'Yes, you will, Fred,' answered Marion. lifting her head from the pillow, and faintly smiling. 'I shall sleep until your return:

so your being here wont do me any good .-Kiss me now, and then run off.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had ridden down with a large party to the shore that day; but she had been taken ill with a severe of simple addition. 'It struck me the last head ache, to which she was subject, and time I was there, that the lady was not very obliged to keep her chamber in the hotel, while the rest of the party were preparing to go on a sailing excursion.

Well, then, if you insist upon my going, good-bye,' and Wilmer laid back the uplifted hand very tenderly on the pillow, and left his young wife to that best physician of head and heart-sleep.

When the young man reached the shore. he found a large addition had just been made to the party, among whom was his

own friend Charles Stevens. They met cordially of course, with mutual expressions of been a-

'Yes, a most delectable one; and do you party. On this account, a number of the

swept from the shore-the one riding over both husband and wife; but Marion felt it England, has heard of an American, one You see he had and

was filled by a party of fishermen, who mers nearly reached the shore that they at-

Suddenly a change came over her face.-She grasped the railings of the piazza, and gazed with distended eyes and quivering lips on the two forms that one moment rose, and the next were buried under the spray. It was some distance to the shore, and the young men reached it before she did, though she rushed almost like a spirit over the sharp rocks and wet sands.

'No, he will revive soon; don't be alarmed!' said Charles Stevens to the frightened wife, and then fell to the ground, overcome by his long struggle with the waves. There was help at hand, and the two young men were conveyed to the hotel, and, in a short time, both were restored to conciousness-to learn that the storm had abated, and that both the boats had, after imminent peril, reached the shore.

\* \* \* ¥ It was evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, day. with Charles Stevens, sat together in one of the chambers of the hotel.

'Charles, my dear old fellow, to think I chant, lifting up his pale face from the hand that rested on the arm of his chair, for he had not yet regained his strength. 'There are debts too great for a man ever to cancel; there is a gratitude too deep for words .--Charlie, what shall I say to you?'

'Nothing at all, Fred. It is enough of a reward to think that I saved my best friend.' 'And to-night, if it were not for you,