last couplet, and, protesting against such a slander on her sex, she declared that she could quote twenty instances of man's fickleness. Francis retorted that her reply was not to the point, and that he would rather hear one instance of woman's constancy.—"Can you mention a single instance of her inconstancy?" asked the Queen of Navarre. It happened that a few weeks before this conversation a gentleman of the court had been thrown into prison upon a serious charge; and his wife, who was one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, was reported to have eloped with his page. Certain it was that the page and the lady had fled, no one could tell whither. Francis triumphantly cited this case; but Margaret warmly defended the lady, and said that time would prove her innocence. The King shook his head, but promised that if, within a month, her character should be re-established, he would break the pane on which the couplet was written, and grant his sister whatever boon she might ask. Many days had not elapsed after this, when it was discovered that it was not the lady who had fled with the page, but her husband. During one of her visits to him in prison they had exchanged clothes, and he was thus enabled to deceive the jailor, and effect his escape, while the devoted wife remained in his place. Margaret claimed his pardon at the Kings hand, who not only granted it, but gave a grand *fete* and tournament to celebrate this instance of conjugal affection.—He also destroyed the pane of glass, but the calumnious saying inscribed on it has unfortunately survived.

"A woman' tongue wags like a lamb's tail"
"A woman's strength is in her tongue"—*Welsh*
"Arthur could not tame a woman's tongue"—*Welsh*

"Three women and three geese make a market," according to the Italians. "Foxes are all tail, and women are all tongue;" at least, it is so in Auvergne. "All women are good Lutherans," say the Danes; "they would rather preach than hear mass." "A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust," is a saying of the Chinese.

PERPLEXITIES OF A JOURNALIST'S WIFE.

The editor's wife has no peace of her life,
For troubles and cares that involve her.
"Oh, Heaven!" she said, "would the paper were dead,"
Whole continual scorn would dissolve her,
Never at dinner, never at tea,
Never an evening at home was he;
And, what was so very improper, he
Left other men, now, to dance, flutter and bow,
To take her to church and the opera.

Then, what was still worse—inexplicably worse!
Did she ask a small sum to replenish her purse,
His countenance fell,
Not an inch, but an ell,
While he vowed he had nothing, not even a dollar,
To spend upon crinoline, flounces or collar—
That is, not to-day! though this he would say,
When the PAPER began to pay,
To his darling's demands he would never say nay!

Then, as to the fame he seemed to crave,
It took on all such alarming shapes!
One journal had openly called him "a knave,"
While another had dubbed him "a jackanapes,"
And once, when the bell like a gong had rung,
And she peeped from her room at the head of the stairs,
She saw a man who a horsewhip swung—
A man seven feet high, she was ready to swear—
Who inquired with a strangely ferocious air,
"Wys the editor there?"
And if he was not at home, where?
As he had a little account to square!"
Giving her such a fright, that later, at night,
Her poor bosom was in a continual flutter,
Till her husband appeared, as she constantly feared
To see him brought home on a board or a shutter.

No money for dresses,
No time for caresses—
But only the ghost of the man whom she married—
A pale haggard creature,
With care on each feature,
Bending under the weight he carried,
Six months, as we said,
Have like pistol-balls sped.
When one day he came home: and lay down on the bed
And groaned, as he smothered in pillows his head,
"The paper, my darling, the paper is dead!"
That sweet little wife wasn't sorry a bit—
"My own love," she murmured, "I'm so glad of it,"
And taken, in room, with a hysteric fit,
She laughed and wept alternate.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.—Dr. Abernethy rarely met his match; on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an inn-keeper, who had a quarrel with his wife, who had scarred his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy thought this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender, and said, "Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself, to treat your husband thus—the husband who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?" "Well, Doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "may I not scratch my own head?"

LIEUTENANT LEFF.

All of you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Leff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard;
He did not like *soft water*,
So he took to drinking *hard*.

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no *Bohemian*,
So do not like *Bohea*.
It wine's a poison, so is tea—
But in another shape—
What matter whether one is killed,
By *canister* or *grape*?"

According to the kind of taste
He still indulged his drouth,
And being fond of *port* he made
A *port hole* of his mouth.
A pint he easy could have sipped,
And not been out of sorts,
In *geologic* phrase the *rock*
He spit upon was *quartz*.—Hood

☞Which of us has not idle words to recall, flippant jokes to regret? Have you never committed an imprudence? Have you never had a dispute and found out that you were wrong? So much the worse for you. Wo be to the man *qui croit toujours avoir raison*. His anger is not a brief madness, but a permanent mania. His rage is not a fever-fit, but a black poison inflaming him, distorting his judgment, disturbing his rest, embittering his cup, gnawing at his pleasures, causing him more cruel suffering than he can inflict on his enemy.—*Thackeray.*

☞The editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, who has been in Washington lately, writes home—"As we drove from the depot, a lady in the omnibus espied the great unfinished dome of the capitol, (which don't look much like a dome at present) and said innocently, "I suppose that is the gas works." "Yes, madam—for the nation," was the reply of a fellow passenger."

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1860.

☞SEE NEW ADVERTISEMENTS OF A. M. RAMBO'S, ODD FELLOWS' HALL, IN TO-DAY'S PAPER.

☞*See Fendrich & Bros' advertisement in to-day's paper. Theirs is the largest Wholesale and Retail Tobacco, Segar and Snuff Manufactory in the State.*

FALL ADVERTISEMENTS.—Haldeman advertises an arrival of Fall goods. Call and see them.

Fondersmith is getting in his Fall stock. Do not fail to give him a call.

J. Rumple & Son are prepared for sportsmen, with every variety of fowling piece.

Jonas Myers has a house and store-room to rent.

Tax payers see the advertisement of Richard Derrick.

INAUGURATION OF THE PRINCIPAL OF WASHINGTON INSTITUTE.—The Rev. A. Essick will be inaugurated Principal of the Washington Institute on Friday evening the 31 t inst. The exercises will take place at the Odd Fellows' Hall. An address will be delivered by the Principal, and several short addresses made by other gentlemen. The friends of Education and the public generally are invited to attend. Exercises will commence at half past seven o'clock.

J. C. PFAHLER,
Secretary.

SENTENCED.—A short trial on Thursday afternoon sufficed to settle the case of the negroes who robbed the store of P. S. McTague & Co., last March. The jury rendered a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving their seats. The men were each sentenced to two years imprisonment at hard labor in the county prison. The younger Shultze, who turned states evidence, will be sent back to the House of Refuge.

FOSTER CLUB.—On last Saturday evening a meeting of the Democracy of Columbia was held in the Town Hall for the purpose of forming a Foster Club. William Mathiot was called to the chair and James Collins and Joseph Mack elected Vice Presidents; John K. Eberlein was appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was stated and on motion a Committee on permanent organization was appointed, to report this (Saturday) evening, 25th. A roll was prepared and signed by fifty-eight persons, and subsequent subscription has, we learn increased the number to one hundred. There was entire harmony between the Douglas and Breckenridge wings of the Democracy, and all seemed to bury the hatchet until after the October election. A meeting for permanent organization of the Club will be held this evening at the Town Hall.

PARADE OF WIDE AWAKES.—On last Saturday evening the Wide Awakes of the Peoples Campaign Club of Columbia paraded for the first time in their uniform.—They had only received fifty caps and capes, and these were speedily appropriated, and the body paraded with the fifty uniformed men. The list contains some one hundred and fifty names, and when the entire corps obtain their equipments we may expect a general turn out. The uniforms are drab oilcloth caps and capes, and each man carries a torch. The light dress shows to great advantage at night, and under the glare of the torches presents a striking appearance. When the club is completely drilled and turns out in a body the display will be admirable. The Wide Awakes paraded under command of Capt. John D. Wright.

CENSUS RETURNS.—We have received the following additional census returns since our last issue:

LITTLE BRITAIN TOWNSHIP.

Population in 1860,	1822
Increase since 1850,	28
White,	1637
Colored,	185
White males,	857
" females,	780
Colored males,	89
" females,	96

MARTIC TOWNSHIP.

Number of inhabitants,	1780
White males,	844
" females,	834
Colored males,	42
" females,	40

PROVIDENCE TOWNSHIP.

Created out of Martic township since the last Census.

Population in 1860,	1810
Population of Martic township in 1860,	1780
Total population of both twps. in 1860,	3590
Population in 1850,	3100
Increase in both townships,	490

PROVIDENCE TOWNSHIP.

White males,	892
" females,	874
Colored males,	20
" females,	24

EAST LAMPETER TOWNSHIP.

Population in 1860,	2206
Increase,	226
White males,	1096
" females,	1085
Colored males,	13
" females,	12

LARL TOWNSHIP.

Population, 1860	2877
" 1850	2702
Increase	175
White males	1377
" females	1488
Colored males	7
" females	5

FIREMEN'S PARADE.—On Thursday evening the Columbia Fire Company to the number of nearly one hundred drawing their Hose Carriage and headed by the National Band, paraded the streets of the borough. The turn-out was quite an impromptu affair, in recognition of the liberality of Mr. William Parker, of the P. R. R., who presented the Company with a beautiful picture for the walls of the engine house. The boys know how to show their appreciation of a favor.

INAUGURATION OF REV. MR. ESSICK.—A notice will be found elsewhere inviting our citizens to assist in the inaugural exercises incident to the Commencement of the Fall session of the Washington Institute, under its new Principal, Rev A. Essick.—Apart from the interesting nature of the exercises, the occasion is one which should, for the sake of the future of the school—so important to the welfare of our town—call out a general attendance of parents and children. Nothing so essentially contributes to the character of a town for general intelligence, as the location within its borders of a first class institution of learning. We already have the necessary school-*building*, and we can, if we will, secure the *school*.—To do this requires more than the entering of pupils at the institution; parents must evince an anxious interest in the progress of those children, and the *manner* of their advancement, to the extent deemed permissible by the teacher. The public exercises must be attended by parents and citizens generally, and every opportunity afforded by the Principal for an exhibition of public interest in the working and progress of the school must be taken advantage of, and not discouraged by cold neglect on the part of parents and friends as heretofore. The exercises of next Friday evening will we hope, attract such attendance as shall show a disposition on the part of Columbians to encourage the Institute, and give promise of future attention to the subject of good education at home.

TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.—We would call especial notice to the Temperance Mass Meeting advertised to come off to-day at Klugk's Woods near Mountville. It will doubtless be very largely attended from the neighborhood, and from all the towns in this section of the county. Professor Gaddis, of Cincinnati, who will be one of the speakers, has a reputation as a temperance orator scarcely inferior to that of John B. Gough. We hope our citizens will bear in mind the opportunity they will have of hearing Professor Gaddis and the other speakers of the Mountville meeting, this (Saturday) evening, at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia. It will be an interesting occasion, and every one who wishes to listen to an able address will attend.

HUMPHREY'S MANUAL OF VETERINARY SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHY.—Is a complete system of Homeopathic treatment for domestic animals; the diseases of the Horse, Cow, Sheep, Hog and Dog are given with fidelity and minuteness and the treatment in each particular case is laid down in so simple a manner that it can be followed by any stock owner. Homeopathic practice for animals is not a new thing, but has been employed with great success in Germany, England and some portions of this country and experience has shown that while its medicines may be given with perfect ease and facility, they are far more efficient in controlling disease than the usual practice. Its advocates contend that many diseases are curable by it, which obstinately resist every other method of treatment, and that by its introduction ninety per cent of animals otherwise lost or rendered valueless by treatment may be saved. A neat case of specifics for all the more common diseases forms a part of the system and we can readily believe will prove a valuable acquisition to every owner of horses or stock.

Sold on application to F. Humphrey & Co. 562, Broadway, N. Y., or by the agents of Humphrey's Specific Homeopathic Remedies.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The September number of the Atlantic is a model number, containing some of the best papers and finest poems that have yet appeared in its pages. Longfellow and Whittier are both represented. The Professor's story progresses, growing in interest, and the reviews are, as usual admirable. The 'Atlantic" is *the* magazine of the country, decidedly.

MUSICAL "REVIEW" AND "WORLD."—The two excellent musical journals, the *Review* and *World* have been consolidated, and appear fortnightly, published by Mason Brothers, New York. Those desiring to be kept musically posted should by all means take the *Review and World*.

ARRESTED.—The Harrisburg *Union* of Monday says: Officer Becker started for Lancaster having in charge, in irons, a couple of black burglars named Henry Cornish and John, *alias*, Bucky Shultze, *alias* W. W. Patterson. These fellows are wanted in Lancaster to answer for a burglary committed on a dry goods and clothing store in Columbia in March last. It appears that immediately after completing the job in Columbia, these "cracksmen" came to this place, where they were joined by Thomas Dorsey and Peter Smith, and the party went into a system of wholesale plundering.—Their depredations were carried on skillfully, and for a long time escaped detection—but "the pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last." They were all arrested and committed to jail in April.—About the time of their commitment, the Columbia burglary was traced to Shultze and Cornish, and Lancaster county having "the age" on us, these chaps will have the felicity of being sentenced by Judge Long, and afterwards Judge Pearson, if the Prosecuting Attorney of this county insists on having his turn out of them.

In any event it is to be hoped that the chastening and reformatory institution known as the Eastern Penitentiary may cultivate their acquaintance and its ponderous iron doors be closed upon them for many a long day. The community will manage to get along without them.

NO SMALL CHANGE.—In the official report of the California Mint the following passage occurs, which illustrates one of the singular phases of social life on the Pacific:

"Half-dimes, three-cent pieces, coppers and nickels and unknown to our commerce, and are almost unknown in our mint, although a few half-dimes were once issued, *to the great indignation* of some people, who consider them *a dangerous innovation*, as having a tendency to reduce the price of labor and the profits of trade."

THIODON'S MUSEUM OF ART.—On the authority of several gentlemen who had witnessed the exhibition of this unrivalled work of art in other cities, we promised that the citizens of Lancaster would see something far superior to anything in the exhibition line which had ever been presented in this city. It is gratifying for us to know that in all our prospective praise, we did not exaggerate. What was seen at Fulton Hall last evening, and will be seen every evening next week, cannot be exaggerated.—We are pleased also to see unerring indications that so fine a work of art, one in which so much time, labor and money have been invested, not only by the ingenious projector and proprietor, but by the enterprising lessees of this city, will meet with that substantial appreciation from our citizens which will justify them in continuing its exhibition here for some time.

The opening last night may be written a complete success. The audience was large and embraced a large number of those who can appreciate the mechanic arts in their highest development; and yet we did not meet with any one in the audience who was not only pleased and delighted, but really astonished. The programme gives nothing like an adequate idea of the various scenes in the exhibition. To see the rocky coasts of Gibraltar, with its harbor covered with shipping, the sails spread, and the vessels moving gracefully through the undulating ocean, a war steamer heroically breasting the waves, the smoke issuing from her funnel, minature marines now and then firing a salute, the boom of the cannon following at a proper interval upon the vivid flash, is a mechanical result well calculated to tax the credulity of any one who has never seen it. And yet this is but one of a hundred of the mechanical marvels which constitute the programme of the evening. If possible the "Storm at Sea" is more sublimely beautiful. The clouds lower, the billows roll and dash upon the beach, a light house appears in the distance, the lightnings flash and the thunders roll, the noble ship labors and strains through the storm, untill struck by lightning, she reels like a drunken man and goes down—automaton men sink and rise, the wreckers, from an overhanging cliff come to the rescue, a rope is thrown and the last man is hauled up to shore in safety; the storm subsides, the light from a clear sky obscures the light of the light-house, and the angry ocean is seen to subside as naturally as we have seen it at Cape or Long Island.

The Automaton Rope-Vaulter, is withal, the great feature of the programme, and may well be lined in the bills as the "Wonder of the World"—but we must pay our respects to this interesting little fellow on another occasion—merely remarking that it is hard to conceive why he has not brains, and muscles and nerves, like Blondin himself—seeing that he has got more sense than the daring Frenchman.

Most persons supposed that the figures in this exhibition would merely *move* not *walk*; but the walking is the wonder of the mechanism. In the view of Rome, a "fine old English gentleman" lifts his pedals with the measured dignity of Johnny Bull; Brother Jonathan slides along like a New York notes-hawker on his way to Wall Street; while ladies vigorously ply their fans, beggars take off their hats and ask for alms, and the donkey illustrates his character by stubbornly moving backwards under the spur of his rider! Altogether the like of this was never seen by our citizens, and if any one says it is not worth "a quarter," we will set him down as the second curiosity.

The lessees were pressed for time to get ready for the exhibition last night, and the carpenters could get only one stairway completed. This evening there will be another on the south side of the Hall, when the audience will have greater facility for entrance and exit. The arrangement for ventilation will also be improved, and several other comforts for the audience attended to.

We are pleased to notice that the lessees have taken the precautions to exclude all improper characters from the Hall, and if any should elude the vigilance of the door keeper they will be promptly ejected.—*Daily Express.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—The monthly meeting of the American Photographical Society, in New York, on Monday, was made specially interesting from the presentation of a minute description of the new apparatus of Mr. Fontagne, of Cincinnati, by which copies of photographs can be multiplied indefinitely and with wonderful rapidity. It was stated that miniature photographs had been printed at the astonishing speed of two hundred a minute, or 12,000 an hour, from one negative. The means by which this is accomplished is the adaptation of machinery to the process of printing by development.—Prints so produced, are conceded to have the advantage in permanency over the ordinary print, produced by the direct action of light. The negative is fixed in a box, together with a sheet of prepared paper, and the latter exposed by automatic machinery, to the condensed light of the sun passing through the negative. The time of exposure at the above rate of speed was but .03 of a second for each impression. The condensing lens being seven inches in diameter, and the circle of condensed light about one and a half inches, the above exposure is equal to .65 of a second direct exposure to the light of the sun. If, therefore, the machine were to be used for a large class of pictures, such as book illustrations, a condensing lens might be dispensed with, and yet nearly 2500 impressions be taken in an hour.

The importance of this discovery cannot be over estimated. For the purpose of book illustrations alone the new process will prove invaluable, for the number of impressions capable of being produced in any given time are far beyond the ordinary manipulations of lithography or plate printing.

☞"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"—"Why, my dear," replied Julia, "I believe I could *take him at a pinch*."

An Exciting Scene.

In 1835, the late Col. Creecy made an *equestrian cruise* through the wilds of Mississippi, in search of good lands and a pleasant location. During this cruise, the Colonel witnessed some rather frightful and many very ludicrous scenes. On one occasion, he found himself, at night, in a rude log cabin, in company with thirty or more rollicking gamblers, who were on their way to a horse-race. In this mere shell of a cabin, there was only one bed, and that occupied by a sick woman. In the work recently published by the widow of Col. Creecy, the doings of the night are thus described by him:

Some of the party early went into the shed, with their overcoats and horse-blankets, where they endeavored to rest or sleep; but the majority, having a fair supply of whisky, resolved to "keep it up" all night, and nearly filled the room in which the fire was burning brightly, being kept well supplied with wood during the whole night. A small table stood on the floor, at which *five* of the "blessed and unterrified Democracy" of the Union took seats to play poker. I had often heard the game mentioned, but had no idea of it, except that it was a gambling game, played with cards.

They had not long been at the table when a violent quarrel took place. The words used were so particularly infamous and blasphemous that I involuntarily looked round; and at that instant I saw a man snatch or grab a handful of bank notes from the table with one hand, and a pistol near him with the other; and then I noticed several other pistols and bowie-knives on the table. The man nearest me sprang from his seat, caught up a stick or piece wood—more like a stave than anything else—which was leaning against the side of the chimney or fire-place just before me, and, as quick as thought, turned and raised it, evidently determined to strike some one of the gambling party. I involuntarily rose instantly, caught him by the shoulders in front, and pressed him with all my strength against the chimney, so as to prevent him from striking, but looked him kindly in the eyes, and beseeched him to detest. He spoke not, but gave me a look I can never describe or forget.—I, however, held him firmly, though several loud voices exclaimed:

"Let him go, sir! Let him strike!"

And simultaneously I heard the clicking of several pistols as they were cocked. My back was to the table. I looked round, and there were certainly six or seven pistols pointed at me and the man against the wall, and as many bowie-knives glittering in the fire-light—making, altogether, a display, a scene I shall never forget, and never desire to witness again.

I spoke to them as mildly as I possibly could, entreating them to put up their weapons. At that moment a voice exclaimed:

"Stranger! Let him go, and stand aside, or you'll be shot!"

"I quietly replied:

"I will not let him go while he holds the stick; and if on shoot him now, you must shoot him through me."

The fellow dropped the stick, and the only elderly man present straightened himself up, and said, loud enough to be heard above all the "noise and confusion:"

"Shut up, boys—end this fuss; the stranger ain't acquainted with our ways—he means good; stop it all, and drink, friends."

There was a little hesitation—silence—when one of the gamblers put up his weapons; and remarked,

"It's all right; let it go. Jim was cheated when he intended to cheat. It was a fair fight: that's the row—let's all take a drink."

The old man worked his way to me and offered his hand, which I took, as a tall young man came up, with some raw whisky in two glasses, and said:

"Here, stranger, you and father take a drink, and we'll be friends."

That liquor has always been my particular aversion, and I endeavored to beg off—told him I could not drink it; that it would make me sick. He looked astounded, and the old man came to the rescue, saying:

"Don't insist on the stranger's drinking, my son."

And then turning to me, said:

"Just touch your lips to the glass; and say, "Let's all be friends;" that will satisfy all 'em."

I did so, and that scene was closed.

AN EMBARRASSING MISTAKE.—An Englishman who could not speak good German, was riding, a few weeks ago, on the railroad from Dresden to Leipsic, when he asked as well as he could, how long it took to go through the tunnel. The person he spoke to thought he said how long before the tunnel would be reached, and so he answered, "In half an hour." When they approached the place, the Englishman threw down his carpet bag and pulled off his coat. In a few moments all were enveloped in the darkness of the tunnel. After some ten minutes a streak of light appeared, and the ladies, oppressed by the heavy atmosphere, seemed impatient to be again in pure air.—Soon the full light came—every one took a long breath—when suddenly the ladies gave a simultaneous shriek and pulled their veils over their faces, to hide them from the disastrous condition of the Englishman.—The poor man thought the passage through the tunnel would take thirty minutes, and had been surprised by returning light in the midst of his toilet, which he had not been able to make at Dresden, and for which he thought he would take the advantage of the supposed half hour's darkness.

COMMON STYLE OF PULPIT VERDOSITY.—The other Sunday, an eminent divine was preaching upon the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and when he arrived at the point where, in great heat, Dives lifted up his eyes and asked Abraham to allow Lazarus to come to him with a drop of water, he said, "To this apparently reasonable, but, under the circumstances, totally inadmissable request, a negative answer was returned."

DIAMOND OR PASTE.—There has been much talk in Paris for a few days past of an adventure of a Russian who is very rich, and has great passion for diamonds. At a house to which he was introduced, he saw one evening seated at a card table a young man very elegantly dressed, and having on his finger a superb diamond ring, which, as he handled the cards, reflected the light very brilliantly in every direction. The diamond naturally attracted the attention of the Russian, who asked permission to examine it. He looked at it, tried it on, and became so enamored with it that he offered to purchase. The young man declined on the ground of family associations, which made him unwilling to part with it. A large sum was offered, but again declined. The Russian still persisted. At length the young man told him that if there were no other reason, he could not think of selling it as it was not a genuine diamond. Astonishment succeeded admiration in the mind of the Russian, and he asked the loan of it for a single day. Consent was courteously given, and he took the ring to his jeweller, who pronounced it a diamond of the first water. He sought again the young man.

"Monsieur," he said to him, "I return you your ring; here it is; but I am still very anxious to purchase it. I ought to tell you, however, that my jeweller pronounces it a genuine diamond. I offer you six thousand francs."

"Your jeweller is mistaken. I cannot accept six thousand francs for what I know to be a mere bit of glass."

"But if I want the bit of glass?"

"Still I am not willing to cheat you."

"But I insist on being cheated."

"Very well; you may have your wish, on one condition, that you will sigh a paper saying, that of your own free will, you gave six thousand francs for what I assure you is only a morsel of glass."

The paper was readily signed, the ring given up, and the Russian went off triumphant. A few days afterward meeting his jeweller, he showed him exultingly, his new purchase. The jeweller glanced at it; then examined it more closely.

"This time," he remarked, quietly, "it is paste."

The ring, undoubtedly, had been adroitly exchanged at the moment of delivery, but the paper the Russian had signed left him, of course, without any legal remedy.—*Home Journal.*

VERDANCY.—Knox went down to the Court House yesterday, to raise some money by mortgaging some property. In respose to an inquiry as to whether there was any mortgage on his property, he said no, but upon referring to the books, it was found that a mortgage was entered on all his implements.

"For de Lord, Master Brodbeck, I neber put 'em dar!"

"But how comes your name to be signed to the instrument?"

"Wall, I duzzent know nuffin about it, only dat I len Misser Call one hundred dollars two years ago, and he makes me sine dat ar paper to secure wat he owed me!"

And this is apparently the case. Knox lent a man a hundred dollars, and then executed a mortgage on his own property to secure the debt. Good for Knox—he can boast of another color than blue now, and that is—green.—*Dubuque Herald.*

☞The rush to Pike's Peak is great, and thousands are going out only to be disappointed. The ranch men on the route are bored beyond endurance by questions, and one at Fremont Springs has adopted this shrewd device to save trouble:—

☞Read! Don't ask any questions, for God's sake, for here are the answers:—Question—How far is it to Denver? Answer—84 miles. Q—How far to Cottonwood Springs? A—Two miles and a half. Q—Can we get any wood there? A—Not a d——n bit. Q—How do you like living here? A—Well enough. Q—How long have you owned this ranch? A—About two years. Q—Are you married? A—No.—Q—Why don't you get a wife? A—None of your business. Q—Do you sell whiskey? A—Yes. Q—How much a drink? A—Fifteen cents.

A THORN FOR THE ROSE.—At the late Woman's Rights Convention, an argument, decidedly *couleur de Rose*, was advanced to prove that the "oppressed sex" (this is probably an allusion to the female element of our population,) had the right of taking part in elections and of serving on juries.—Perhaps Mrs. Ernestine L. forgot that jurors are compelled to sit for hours, and sometimes days together without speaking a word!

☞Talking of language, the other day, in a company of scholarly folks at Saratoga, a gentleman remarked that many illiterate people attempt to give their conversation a grammatical sound by putting one or more superfluous "whiches" into their sentences. "That is," said S., a tall Vermonter of our acquaintance, "like divers other poor people, they lean upon their *relatives!*"

☞Whatever is voted on in a female convention is probably either carried or defeated by a handsome majority.

☞The long and short of the Presidential canvass—Lincoln and Douglas.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Eastward.

Marietta Accommodation arrives,	8.15	A. M.
Lancaster Train leaves	8.15	"
Columbia Acc. "	1.00	P. M.
Harrisburg " "	5.15	"
Emigrant, "	10.10	"

Westward.

Emigrant arrives	1.30	A. M.
Mail leaves	11.27	"
Columbia Acc. arrives	3.20	P. M.
Harrisburg " leaves	6.10	"
Lancaster Train arrives	8.20	"

☞The Columbia Accommodation Eastward, will arrive at Lancaster at 1.40 P. M., connecting there with the Fast Line East; returning, will leave Lancaster at 2.40 P. M., or after the Fast Line West passes, arriving at Columbia at 3.20 P. M.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

	ARRIVES.	LEAVES.
Morning Train,	6.30 A. M.	6.55 A. M.
Noon "	12.15 P. M.	12.30 P. M.
Evening "	5.00 "	6.10 "

Columbia Lumber Market.

Panel Boards and Plank, W. Pine,		$35.00
1st Comm. "	" "	30.00
2nd " "	" "	18.00
Culling "	" "	12.50 a 13.00
Inferior "	" "	9.00
Bill Scantling,		15.00
Joists and Scantling,	Hemlock	$9 a 10.00
Boards,	"	9 a 10.00
Bill Scantling,	"	12.00
Ash Plank,		20.00 a 25.00
Siding,		$12 a 15.00
Long Shingles,		9 a 16.00
Cypress "		10.00
Plastering Lath,		2.25 a 2.50

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—NEVER DESPAIR—SOMETHING that never fails—Fever and Ague. To the sick it is of little consequence how they are cured, whether from a rational view of the disease or by the rules defined for the guidance of the profession, so long as the cure is certain and expeditious. To a suffering man the question on the relative merits of quinine or calomel is uninteresting. The faculty may wrangle and discuss their various theories, but Dr. Holloway's treatment dispels doubt ere the disciples of Esculapius have finished the first stage. In the West, Holloway's Pills are the only remedies which effect a speedy and radical cure without danger of relapse. Read the advertisement elsewhere.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!
What is it? How cured?

Thousands of persons have Piles—suffer for years with the disease—yet few know what it is, or how it is cured. Every case of Piles, whether manifested in the form of external tumors, frequent bleedings, or in violent itching and irritation, depends essentially upon congestion of the abdominal venous circulation. This produces the engorgement, dilation of the veins, formation of tumors, hemorrhages, pain and suffering; and the disease can only be fundamentally cured by medicines which, taken internally, relieve this venous congestion. Hence ointment, washes, and even injections, are so ineffectual.

Humphrey's Homeopathic Pile Specific, a simple sugar pill taken two or three times per day, cures the disease by curing the condition upon which the disease depends. Hundreds have been cured by it, even of the most obstinate cases. All will be promptly benefited by it. Price, 50 cents a box.

N. B.—A full set of Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics, with Book of Directions, and twenty different Remedies, in large vials morocco case $5 & $6, in plain case, $4; case of fifty vials, and book, $3.

These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail or express, free of charge, to any address on receipt of the price. Address—

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.;
No. 562 Broadway N. York.

A. M. RAMBO, Odd Fellows' Hall, Agent for Columbia.
July 14, '60-1m.

The heavens were illuminated on the evening of August 28th, 1859, by the most splendid Aurora Borealis ever seen in the Country. Rays of purple-colored light flashed across the sky, and the changes were beautiful in the extreme. At one time a rap observer remarked that he noticed he could see the sparkling lights form themselves into the following words: Buy all your garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut st., above Sixth, Philadelphia.
September 10, 1859.

MRS. WINSLOW,

A experienced nurse and female physician, has a Soothing Syrup for children teething which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases. See advertisement in another column.
Oct 29, 61; 59-1y

POND'S EXTRACT OF HAMAMELIS, OR PAIN DESTROYER,

Is one of the few domestic remedies which have come into general use and favor without puffing. It is the product of a simple shrub harmless in all cases, and as a domestic remedy unequalled. For Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sorenes, Lameness, Sprains, Rheumatism, Boils, Ulcers, Old Sores and Wounds, it has not an equal. It is also used, with great success, for Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Colic, Diarrhœa, Hoarseness, and other similar troublesome and painful affections, while it promptly arrests all Hemorrhages. Hundreds of physicians use it daily in their practice, and give it their unqualified recommendation. Sold by our agents and dealers and by

F. HUMPHREYS & CO., 562 Broadway,
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

☞A. M. RAMBO, Odd Fellows' Hall, Agent for Columbia. [May 12, 1860.

FOUND.

The place to have your likeness is at Jolley's.
Jolley takes pictures as low as 8 cents a piece by the dozen.
Jolley takes Ambrotypes as low as 50 cents in cases.
Jolley takes pictures at 25 cents.
Jolley takes pictures at $1.00.
Jolley takes pictures at $1 25.
Jolley takes pictures at $1 50.
Jolley takes pictures at $1 00.
Jolley takes pictures at $3 00.
Jolley takes pictures at $10 00.
Jolley takes pictures at $25 00.
In fact Jolley takes the best and cheapest in the county. Call and see Jolley, opposite the Spy Office.
Columbia, June 23, 1860.

!!! DEATH !!!
TO EVERY FORM AND SPECIES OF
VERMIN.

"CO-TAR'S"
"CO-TAR'S" RAT, ROACH, &c., EXTERMINATOR
"COSTAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" BED-BUG EXTERMINATOR.
"CO-TAR'S"
"COSTAR'S" ELECTRIC POWDER, FOR INSECTS, &c.

DESTROY INSTANTLY

Rats, Roaches, Mice, Moles, Ground Mice, Bed Bugs, Ants, Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Insects on Plants, Insects on Animals, &c., &c.—in short, every form and species of

VERMIN.

10 years established in New York City—used by the City Post Office, the city Prisons and Station Houses, the city steamers, ships, &c., the city Hotels, "ASTOR," "St Nicholas," &c., and by more than 20 000 private families.

☞Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them.
☞Wholesale Agents in all the large cities.
☞Regular sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1 boxes, bottles, flasks.
☞"BEWARE!!" of spurious imitations. Examine each box, bottle and flask, and take nothing but "COSTAR'S."
☞$1.00 boxes sent by mail
☞$3 and $5 boxes for Plantations, Hotels &c., by express.
☞Address orders—or for "Circular to Dealers" to

HENRY R. COSTAR,
Principal Depot 410 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by Dr. W. S. McCORKLE at the Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia.
May 19, 1860-6m

MARRIED.

In Marietta on Monday morning last by the Rev. G. M. Clawges, Mr. D. A. Fish, of Lycoming county, to Miss M. A. Orr, of Marietta.

TEMPERANCE MASS MEETING.

The Good Templars of Lancaster County cordially invite all the Friends of Temperance to participate in a Grand Mass Meeting to be held in Klugk's woods, near Mountville, this day (Saturday August 25, 1860,) beginning at 9 o'clock, A. M., and continuing throughout the day. The meeting will be addressed by Prof. M. P. Gaddis, of Cincinnati; Rev. T. S. Diehl, of California; James Black, Esq., of Lancaster, and other distinguished speakers.

The exercises will be accompanied with music by the Mountville Band.

MOUNTVILLE LODGE.—Jacob H. Witmer, D. F. Reese, J. N. Marks, Reuben M. Friday, Wm. Reese.
MILLERSVILLE LODGE.—Henry Bowman, J. H. Passmore, Joseph Zimbecker.
LANCASTER LODGE.—James Black, S. Ketchum.
HOPE LODGE.—L. C. Oberlin, D. Bumgardener, S. W. Miffin.
SALEM LODGE.—S. Z. Tripple, F. Mechlin.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENT.

☞The speakers at the above meeting will address a meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall on the evening of said day. Saturday, Aug. 25.

ADJOURNED SALE.

ON Saturday, Sept. 15, 1860, will be sold at public sale, by the undersigned, Assignee of Gerhard Brandt, on the premises, S. W. Corner of Second and Locust Sts., Columbia, Pa., the following Real Estate, viz:

No. 1. A lot of ground fronting on Locust street 34 feet and on Second street 120 feet, on which is erected a large and commodious three-story

BRICK TAVERN HOUSE,

known as the "National Hotel," and now kept by the Assignor. The house has a fine basement, conveniently fitted up and kept as a RESTAURANT, doing a very large and prosperous business. There is also on the lot a large

BRICK ICE HOUSE,

with all other conveniences necessary to a well regulated Hotel.

No. 2. A Lot of Ground on the East side of Second street, adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall, opposite lot No. 1, on which is erected a large

TWO-STORY BRICK STABLE,

covered with slate, having a hydrant and all other necessary conveniences in the yard.

Sale to commence at 6 o'clock, P. M., of said day when terms will be made known by

C. S. KAUFFMAN,
Assignee.

Columbia, Aug. 25, '60-td

PIANO FOR RENT.

A Second Hand Piano in first-rate order. Inquire immediately of GUSTATUS HEGMAN,
Columbia, Aug. 25, '60—1t. Walnut street.

RITTER'S Compound Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, for Coughs, Colds, &c. For sale at the Golden Mort