The Columbia Spy.

A. M. RAMBO, Editor and Publisher. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $2,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; $2,50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

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THE COLUMBIA SPY,

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BUSINESS CARDS.

D. J. M LOOP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Columbia, Pa. Office in Odd Fellows Hall.
Nov. 19 1864-tf.

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster York counties.
Cola., July 2, 1865.

A. J. KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
COLLECTIONS Made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Pensions, Bounty, back pay and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.
Office—Locust Street, between Front and Second. Dec. 1'64.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE of the PEACE.
OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' HALL.
COLUMBIA, PA.
June 18, 1864. 1y.*

J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.—OFFICE, Front Street next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut sts, Cola., Pa.

Dr. J. K. LINEAWEAVER,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity.
Office—Locust Street, between Second & Third Streets.
June 17 1y*

WASHINGTON HOUSE HOTEL.
Front Street, Columbia Pa.
DANIEL HERR, *Proprietor.*

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
LOCUST STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
THIS is a first class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public.
JACOB S. MILLER,
Col., july, 15, '65 *Proprietor.*

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor.
WEST MARKET SQUARE,
READING, PENN'A.
Oct. 7th. 1y.

WASHINGTON HOUSE RESTAURANT,
WHERE may be found Oysters alway on hand, of the best quality served up in every style,
Also a room for the accomodation of ladies or families. Oysters can be had by the quart or hundred.
Dec. 3, '64.-tf

GEORGE BOGLE,
Dealer in
LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Also, PLASTERER'S HAIR
Office and Warehouse—Front Street between Locust and Union.
July 8, 1865.

Confectionery
AND FRUIT OF ALL KINDS IN SEASON. Parties and families supplied with
ICE CREAM
by the freezer, or in moulds, with promptness at
GEO. J. SMITH'S
Adjoining the Franklin House, Locust St
P. S. Also a fine assortment of Toys and fancy articles constantly on hand.
July 22,

COLUMBIA FLOUR MILLS,
GEORGE BOGLE, Proprietor.
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain.
Superfine and Extra Family Flour for sale, also mill feed of all kinds. Wheat ground and packed to order
Town and country custom solicited
July 29th 1865.

SUPPLEE & BROTHER,
Manufacturers of
STEAM BOILERS.
IN addition to our Foundry and Machine work, we are now prepared to manufacture every variety of Boiler and plate iron work,
Mending and Reparing Boilers
Promptly attended to. Thankful for past favors, we would invite the attention of our friends and patrons to this new branch of our business.
SUPPLEE & BRO.,
jan. 21, '65. 2d Street, Columbia.

American House,
AND
RESTAURANT,
SAMUEL H. LOCKARD, Proprietor,
Front St., between Locust & Walnut Sts.,
COLUMBIA, PA.
The Proprietor will spare no pains to make his house equal to any in the borough. His bar will always be stocked with the best liquors, and restaurant with all the good things of the season. Oysters for sale at all times by the bushel, gallon or quart. sept. 2, '65.

GROVESTEEN & Co
PIANO FORTE
MANUFACTURERS,
499 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
THE attention of the public and the trade is invited to our NEW SCALE 7 OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO FORTES, which for volume and purity of tone are unrivalled, by any hitherto offered in this market. They contain all the modern improvements, French, Grand Action, Harp Pedal, Iron Frame, Over-Strung Bass, &c., and each instrument being made under the personal supervision of Mr. J. H. GROVESTEEN, who has had a practical experience of over 35 years in their manufacture, is fully warranted in every particular.
The "Grovesteen Piano Fortes" have received the award of merit over all others at the celebrated World's Fair. Where were exhibited instruments from the best makers of London, Paris, Germany, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and New York; and also at the American Institute for five successive years, the gold and silver medals from both of which can be seen at our ware-room.
By the introduction of improvements we make a still more perfect Piano Forte, and by manufacturing largely, with a strictly cash system, are enabled to offer these instruments at a price which will preclude all competition.
PRICES—No. 1, Seven Octave, round corners, Rosewood plain case, $275.
No. 2. Seven Octave, round corners Rosewood, heavy moulding, $300.
No. 3, Seven Octave, round corners Rosewood Louis XIV style $325.
Terms—Net Cash in current Funds.
DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS SENT FREE.
July 29, 1y. "A. & C."

Susquehanna Planing Mill,
ON FRONT ST. AND PENN. RAILROAD
Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.
THE subscriber would respectfully announce to the patrons of his Mill, that the advanced prices of labor and expences incident to carrying on the business of his establishment compels him to charge his customers an advance on former rates, and takes this method to inform them that the following are the prices for work done at his Mills:

For working Flooring per M	$4.50
" do. Weatherboards "	4.50
" Surfacing one side, per M.	2.50
" do two do do	4.50
" Re-sawing White Pine face measure, per M.	5.00
" do Poplar face meas. do	6.00
" do Ash, Oak & Cherry, face meas. per M.	8.00
" Ripping 4-4 per line, 16 ft.	1½
" do 8-4 do do	3
" do Joice do do	4½

Lumber hauled to the Mill and returned to Yard without extra charge.
Accounts for working or dressing lumber will be considered collectable every *four months.*
The subscriber has on hand an assortment of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER, which is for sale at Market Prices, and solicits a continuation of public custom.
JOHN B. BACHMAN.
Columbia, March 18, 1864.

W. W. FRY. MARK A. KURTZ.
FRY & KURTZ,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
OF
HOSIERY, GLOVES, NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS,
325 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Jan. 21, 64.

BOSTON CHAIN!
WE Have just received 700 pounds best Boston Linen Carpet Chain, in all colors which we will sell at a reduced price.
STEACY & BOWERS,
Opposite Odd Fellow's Hall,
May 6, Columbia, Pa.

TO TOBACCO GROWERS!
I HAVE constantly on hand at my Plaining Mills, Tobacco cases, and will furnish them at reasonable prices, to those who desire to pack their Tobacco.
JOHN B. BACHMAN,
Susquehanna Plaining Mills.
May 13, '65.

COAL! COAL! COAL!
Baltimore Co. Lump for melting Iron.
" " No. 1, for Heaters, &c.
" " 2, for Cannon Stoves,
" " 3, for Parlor Stoves, &c
" " 4, for Ranges, &c.
" " 5, for Nanor Grates & Lime Burner.
Shamokin Stove & Nut, a medium burning coal
Pine Grove, " " "
Lyken Valley, a free burning coal.
Parties wishing to buy Coal by the car load, which comes via Reading & Columbia R. R., can be accommodated at mine prices, the undersigned having made arrangements so that effect. Coal cleaned before leaving the yard. Our office has been moved south 200 from the old place.
Sept 9. BRUNER & MOORE.

IRON STONE CHINA.
WE HAVE just received our first spring envoice of Stone China and Queensware, which we invite the early attention of purchasers to, as we will sell them at the right figure.
STEACY & BOWERS.
Opposite Odd Fellows' Hall,
feb. 4, '65 Columbia, Pa.

I. K. STAUFFER,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
No. 148 North SECOND Street, corner of Quarry, PHILADELPHIA.
An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry & Plated Ware Constantly on Hand.
Repaiain of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to.
Dec 8, '64.-1y.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.—Below the afflicted will find a condensed statement of the cures of various individuals whose names are herewith appended, whose Certificates can at any time be seen by calling at the Store of the Proprietor, Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
B. MISHLER, Sole Manufacturer.
John C. Walton, Lancaster, cured of Disease of Spine and Kidneys, &c., contracted in the Army.
Thomas Groom, Glen Hope, cured of Disease of the Back and Nervous system.
Henry Nagle, Lancaster, cured of a stroke of the Palsy, causing the loss of the use of the right arm.
Joseph Witmer, Philadelphia, certifies that Mishler's Bitters has restored him to health, having been much afflicted with various ailments for a long time.
James Kennedy, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Diarrhœa and Rheumatism.
Daniel Finefrock, Lancaster, cured of Chronic Rheumatism, which he was much afflicted with while in the Army—reccommends the use of the Bitters to soldiers and others similarly afflicted.
Levi Hart, Sen., Lancaster, cured of Rheumatism occasioned by exposure in the Army.
Charles B. Williams, Lancaster, certifies that his daughter was cured of a lingering sickness of eight months from various diseases, by Mishler's Bitters.
Henry Maderf, Lancaster, was cured of difficulty in passing his water, by the use of the Bitters, and his wife also relieved from Rheumatic pains,
Philip Bonce, Lancaster, Cured of an affection of the Kidneys and Bladder, by the use of Mishler's Herb Bitter.
Daniel B. Herr, Rohrerstown, Lancaster Co., certifies that he was cured of severe stitches in the side which he was afflicted with for nine years.
Jas. Bicking, Litiz, Pa., was cured of a severe attack of Chronic Rheumatism.
Jos. H. Watson, Lancaster, relieved of pains in his shoulders and limbs, that he was unable to sleep.
Andrew Eberly, Lancaster, Cured of Cramp Cholic—was so severe that he became apprehensive of Rupture.
Mary J. Carney, Lancaster, cured of weakenss of the breast and pain in the side by Mishler's Bitters.
Wm. H. Jordan, Lancaster, relieved of Cholera Morbus in 10 or 15 minutes, by the Herb Bitters.
Jacob Haag, Lancaster, says that his son was relieved of extraordinary pains in his arms and legs.
Samuel McDonnel, Lancaster, cured of Dispepsia of 20 years standing by Mishler's Bitters.
H G. Kendig, Farmer, near Lancaster, was cured of a severe attack of Dispepsia, by the Bitters.
Hugh Dougherty, Lancaster, says his daughter was cured of weaknes, phthisic sore throat, &c.
J. L. Baker, Lancaster, certifies that his family has been much relieved from affliction by the Bitters.
E. H. Rhoads, Reamstown, Lancaster Co., cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism of some years standing.
Jonathan Styer, of Haywood Hospital Va. was cured of Rheumatism by the Bitters—contracted in the Army.
Thomas Brophy, Lancaster, recovered from attack of Fever and Ague, by the use of Mishler's Bitters.
A. Musketnuss, Lancaster, cured of what is called a Running Leg, by application of the Bitters.
John Rote, Lancaster, cured of a Runnining Leg of 20 years' standing, by Mishler's Bitters.
Isaac McIntyre, Lancaster, relieved of a severe pain across his kidneys, by the Herb Bitters.
C. B, Mayer, Lancaster, cured of a severe cold which had settled in his teeth, by Mishler's Bitters.
J. F. Fredenberg, Lancaster, was entirely cured of a remarkable distressing Abscess by the Bitters.
Henry G. Kendig, Camp Potomac, was cured of Diarrhœa by the use of Mishler's Bitters.
A. Fairer, Lancaster Co, Poorhouse, cured of Dispepsia and disease of the Kidneys, by the Bitters.
Mary Rives, Lancaster, relieved of a terrible cold on the breast of three months standing, by the Bitters.
John Weidman, Lancaster, says that himself and wife were cured of severe Rheumatism by the Bitters.
A Lady of Lancaster, writes to Mr. Mishler, that the Bitters cured her of Piles of a year's standing.
John Gilman, Lancaster, cured of Disease of the Heart and a severe pain in his breast, by the Bitters.
G. W. Whitefield, Agent at Altoona, Blair Co. writes of the success he has met in selling the Bitters.
Amos Aument, of Strausburg, Lancaster Co., used the Bitters for a wound in the leg received at the Battle of South Mountain, and and has now no more pain.
J. C. R., a member of Co. E, 195th Regiment, P. V., writes to the Proprietor, that the Bitters cured him of a distressing cold which has unfitted him from duty.
Martha Bents, Lancaster, was cured Inflammatory Rheumatism, from cold taken by a broken arm.
John Neidich, Lancaster, was cured of Palpitation of the Heart, which he had for 25 years.
John Schock, Peques, Lancaster Co. was relieved from an attack of the Gravel by the Bitters.
Mrs. Druckenmiller, of Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., was cured of excruciating pains in her hands and feet by the use of of Mishler's Bitters.
John Lesher, of Reamstown, Lancaster co., was cured of a swell in the neck and jaw by the use of Mishler's Herb Bitters.
H. C. Ginkinger, Philadelphia, after being confined to the house for two years, was cured by the use of Mishler's Bitters.
Geo. W. Killian, Lancaster, was confined to the U. S. Hospital for 10 weeks, by prostration, is restored to health by the Herb Bitters.
Mrs. Margaret Kirk, Lancaster, was cured of a severe pain in her side and nervousness, by the use of the Herb Bitters.
Mrs. Eliza Wenditz, Lancaster, was cured of Inflammatory Rheumatism by the use of the Bitters.
Amos Groff, Lancaster, was relieved of a severe cold in the throat by the use of the Bitters.
Henry J. Etter, Lancaster, had his sight restored, (which he had been deprived of for about 5 years,) by the use of Mishler's Bittters.
Charles P. Miller, Philadelphia, writes of a lady in that city having been cured of the Dumb Ague, by the use of the Bitters.
Harriet Orr, Lancaster, was cured of inward weakness and pain in the back, by the Herb Bitters.
John Knutz, Lancaster, had a slight attack of Lockjaw, which was cured by the Bitters.
Theodore Wenditz of Pa. Reserves, was shot in the arm at the battle of Fredericksburg. By using the Bitters he was soon relieved from pain in the arm.

Poetry.

Written for the Spy.

Then I Long to Die.

BY WILLIE WARE.

When the gentle perfume
Of the spring's first flowers,
Are wafted by the zephyrs
From the garden bowers,
To my attic chamber,
My cheerless, loansome room,
Where I sit and weep,
Amid the shadowy gloom,
Then I long to die
Beneath the turf to lie,
In death to sweetly sleep.

When gay and happy voices—
And the sound of feet
Keeping time in dance
Where maids and lovers meet,
Falls upon mine ear,
As I sit and dream
In my lonely chamber
'Neath the stars bright beam.
Then I long to die,
From earth and care to fly
Beyond the clouds of amber.

When the heavy cares
Of earth press on my soul,
When far above—beyond—
Appears the wished for goal,
When all around me wear
Looks of gloomy sadness,
And hushed is every tone
Of joy and fairy gladness—
Then I long to die,
To soar above the sky,
To rest within my heavenly home.

Miscellaneous.

Choosing a Wife.

BY ELSIE ISABELLA.

The room in which Charlie Weston was seated, was as pleasant a one as you need wish to see, with its bright-hued carpet, and walnut furniture. The gentleman himself was not bad-looking, as he sat by the table looking over the letters and papers that had arrived by the morning mail. Presently he heard a merry whistle in the hall below, then a footstep on the stairs, and finally his door opened, and looking up, he saw the handsome face of his friend, Frank Lester, whom he imagined far away among the nothern hills.

"Why, Frank who knew you were in town?" was the hasty exclamation.

"Not many, I think, for I only arrived *yesterday.*"

"Well, do take a seat and tell me how you have enjoyed yourself since I bade you farewell at the depot, three months ago."

"Much better than I expected," was the reply; "but what do you think I heard about you this morning?"

"I am sure I do not know; nothing very bad, I hope."

"Far from it; it is something very good. I was told that you were to be married soon, Miss Florence Atley is the bride, I suppose?"

"You are mistaken, Frank; it is Miss Rose Atley who has consented to become Mrs. Weston. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Of course, I know Rose; but this has surprised me. When I went away, I imagined you in love with Florence.—What has caused this change?"

"I confess that I was attracted by Florence's beauty, and, in time, might have loved her; but a little incident that occurred some eight or ten weeks ago served to show me that she was not the person I imagined her.

"Tell me all about it, Charlie;" then seeing that he hesitated, he added, "you are not afraid of my divulging anything that you may say?"

"I know that I can trust you," he answered; "but I was thinking whether I had better tell you the whole, for it may not prove so interesting as you imagine."

"You must tell me the whole or none. Come, begin; I am getting impatient; it will be interesting if it concerns Rose in any way."

"Well to begin at the beginning I was rather lonesome after you left, and during the first two weeks of your absence, I spent a number of evenings at Mr. Atley's growing more pleased with Florence at every meeting. Twice I saw Rose, and then only by accident; she was very shy scarcely replying to my questions; three times after that I invited her to ride with her sister and myself, but she refused each time, and I finally gave up all hopes of ever becoming acquainted with her. A few days after, I happened to be in Churchill's grocery. Tom Maywood and I were talking together, standing behind some boxes which concealed us from view of any one who might enter; pretty soon Tom left to attend to some customer, and a voice that sounded familiar, inquired for nice table butter.

"Please send it up in an hour or two," it continued, "for we must have it for dinner. I intended telling father yesterday that the butter was all gone, but forgot it. Send it to Mr. Atley's."

"The speaker was Rose Atley, and her sister was with her. I was on the point of going to them when I was stopped, by Tom's speaking, telling her that it was impossible for the article to be sent until afternoon, on account of the boy's absence.

"You *must* send it," replied Florence, as Tom disappeared after the butter.

"Never mind, Flory," I heard Rose say, "I can carry home enough for dinner, and they can send the rest any time this afternoon."

"'You will do no such things; it is bad enough to be obliged to go to a grocery after things, like an Irish woman, without carrying them home. I should be ashamed to be seen in the street with a bundle, and if you persist in carrying a dish of butter home, I shall not walk with you."

"You must of course, do as you please, Florence, but I must carry it home, or father must go without butter for his dinner. I see nothing out of the way in carrying a bundle, therefore I shall carry it."

"How much do you wish?" inquired Tom from the top of the cellar stairs.

"Ten or twelve pounds," was the answer. I will carry home three pounds for dinner, and you can send the rest."

"'It shall be sent this afternoon," said Tom, "and I am very sorry to put you to the trouble of carrying any of it yourself; if I had any one to stay during my absence I would carry it for you."

"I thank you," was the answer, "but I can carry so small a quantity." Then turning to her sister, she conversed with her a few minutes, after which Florence left the store.

"I did not regret listening, for it had given me an insight into both the ladies' characters. I waited until Rose left the store, then I went. I soon overtook her I carried home her parcel, and spent an hour with her. After that, I found her less shy when her sister was absent; and the hour passed so pleasantly that I spent many more with her, until I at last summoned courage enough to ask her to be my wife. She has consented, and next month she becomes mine. She wished to wait until November, but I finally persuaded her to become Mrs. Weston on her nineteenth birthday. Two or three weeks after our engagement, I asked her why she refused to ride with her sister and myself. "I shall not ask you again, for you refused three times."

"'I never knew that you wished for my company. This is the first that I have heard about it," she said.

"Then I knew that Florence had told me a falsehood. I never would have believed it had any one told me so then; but now I know her she can never deceive me again,"

"I could have told you that Rose was all that a lady should be; in fact, I know of but one person her equal in goodness."

"And who is it? I should like to know her," said Charles.

"It is my wife," was the demure reply.

"Your wife!" was the answer. "Why, when were you married?"

"Three weeks ago, to the loveliest little girl you ever saw. Just imagine a little mite of a thing, with sparkling black eyes, rosy cheeks, and jetty curls hanging over white shoulders, and you have my wife as well as can be described."

"Well this is the greatest surprise I have had this long time! How did it all happen?"

"Why, I found Lilly in C. She was an orphan; and supported herself by dress-making. I met her at my aunt's; fell in love with her, and persuaded her to marry me—though what she could find about me to love is more than I can tell you. But love me she does; and I love her. Come home with me Charley for I have told Lilly so much about you that she feels well acquainted, and will give you a warm welcome."

Charles accompanied Frank home, where he was greeted very kindly by his little Mrs. Lester; and he agreed with Frank that he could not have found a better wife, unless he had married Rose.

"Charlie," said Mrs. Weston, to her husband, about a year after their marriage, "I have often wondered why you married me, who am so plain looking, instead of Florence, or some one posessing beauty and wealth. You know I had neither; and you seemed so attentive to Florence at one time that I was sure you loved her."

"I married my Rose," he said, "because she posessed *something of far* more value than beauty and gold. She is truthful and loving, kind to the poor, and loves me for myself, while Florence would have married me for wealth alone. Do you remember the time I accompanied you home from the store, carrying a dish of butter for you?"

"Yes," was the answer; "I shall never forget it."

"Neither shall I, for from that day I loved you. I was in the store, and heard your *whole* conversation with your sister. I have since then heard of many acts of kindness, and I love you the better for them; and now, darling, give me some music, and then we will run over to Frank's. How proud he is of his little boy. Frank and I ought to be very thankful for our wives."

"Hush, dear Charlie," and a little hand was placed over his mouth. "I am not half good enough for you; but I love you very, very much."

Where False Hair comes from.

From a recent number of the London Review, says *The Flag of our Union*, we gain some curious facts concerning the trade in false hair, which will prove of interest to our readers. The principal supplies come from Germany, Holland, Brittany, Spain, Italy, and the Catholic convents. The peasant girls of Brittany carry on a regular trade with the hair merchants, concealing the the loss of their own tresses with a picturesque cap which completely hides the hair. Spain and Italy furnish the principal crops of of jet black hair, Holland the yellow, and Germany the golden hair. In all Catholic countries the convents supply large quantities of hair, which is known as "church hair." This is generally of a very excellent quality, and will command a high price.

The *Chiffonniers*, whose researches in the lanes and gutters of Paris have made them so famous, supply a large quantity. They search carefully for the combings of hair that is thrown from the dwellings of the city, and find a ready sale for all they can supply.

Another source of supply is the hair cut from the heads of criminals, and still another is the hair taken from corpses. This is called "church-yard hair." It is generally stollen from dead bodies, and, as the risk attending the theft is so great, the gatherers rarely take time to cut it, but seizing the main twist, pull it out by main force, generally *bringing a part of* the scalp with it. In this condition it is offered for sale to the hair merchants, who buy it without asking any questions. The hair is almost indestructable, and death has very little power over it. There is now in the British Museum, a mummy of two thousand years old, whose hair is as rich, full and glossy as on the day of the individual's death.

Hair merchants have acquired such proficiency that many of them can judge of the nationality of their wares with astounding accuracy. One of them declaired to the writer in the Review, that he could tell the various kinds of hair in the dark. This may be done either by *the sense of* touch or smell. There is a great difference in the hair of various nations both in texture, length and *weight. The average weight of the* French hair (that which forms the knot at the back of the head,) is five ounces, that of the Italian six, and that of the German ten. The difference effects the color to a great degree.

Raw hair is shipped to the various manufacturing houses in bails, tied up in "leeches," and containg braids of various lengths. It is first cleansed of its oily matter by rubbing in fine sand. It is then carded by hand, which process reduces it to a regular smoothness. It is then assorted according to length and color, so that one set of false hair is generally the product of a score of heads.

The hair is made to curl by twisting it tightly around small cylinders of wood, and then boiling it for a considerable time in water.

HOLE IN THE WALL.—A correspondent writing from Washington says:

The famous Senatorial drinking saloon known as the "Hole-in-the-Wall," and one of the old landmarks of the Capitol for thirty years; has been completely demolished in the improvements which are being made in the Congressional Library. It was in the form of an octagon, about ten feet in diameter, and was accessible in the rear of the the old Senate post office. Over the door there was a sign which read, "Exclusively for Senators. Within, a loyal American of African decent dispensed Senatorial inspiration for twenty years. If its walls could speak, many an interesting tale would be told of public men.

—A dashing young bachelor lately appeared in Central Park with two handsome ponies, whose tails were done up to look like a lady's waterfall, and cooped up in small fish nets. The resemblance was capital, and the team created a great sensation.

Sold!

The popular agent of a certain company of musical gentleman traveling through Oregon, arrived at a certain town not over one hundred miles from Portland, a few days since, and was accosted by a fair damsel, sister of the landlady, with a remark something like the following: "The monkey still keeps ahead of the other animals, eh?" "What do you know about monkeys?" said the agent. "I read the papers," said the lady. "Well," replied the agent, "I got sold once, but if any female ever gets ahead of me again, I'll give her a pair of gloves!" I shouldn't wonder if you got sold before you left town," continued the lady. "The gloves are yours, if I, do," replies agent. During the evening a couple of young ladies came in on a visit and after singing, playing on the guitar, and telling stories awhile, one of the ladies undertook to hem a handkerchief with a sewing machine. After trying some time to fix the hommer attachment she said pettishly: "Oh, bother the thing, it isn't worth a cent, and I never saw but one that was, and it was attached to a washing-machine." "What," said agent, "a sewing-machine attached to a washing-machine?" "Yes," said the maiden, "and it never gets out of order, and will sew on buttons too, as fast as the things are washed." Frank, for be it understood the agent is none other than our jovial friend Frank Ball, pondered over the subject and finally he asked, where she had ever seen a machine of that description. "About four miles from here," was the answer, "and," continued the lady, "I am intimately acquainted with the people who own it, and if you have leisure, and will ride up there, I will show it to you." The temptation was so strong that Frank could not resist, and it was arranged that they should go early on the following morning, as it did not lay directly on his route of travel. According to arrangement they started the next morning and at length reached the place. Frank was introduced, and was very pleasantly received and entertained by the old folks for some time, when at last, as it began to look like rain, he proposed that they take a look at the machine, and get back to town before the storm set in. The young lady then motioned him into the kitchen, and shows him a washing-machine, the crank of which she turned with her hand, to explain how it worked. "What do you think of that?" she says to agent, who was intently watching the movement.—"That's a fine washing-machine," says Frank, "but where is the sewing attachment." "Here," said the lady. "I sew on buttons, and can mend as fast as the garments are washed!" "Young lady," says agent, "*I am sold!*": and if you are satisfied we will get into the buggy and go back." "Thank you," said the lady "but I am now at home; I have been waiting for a chance to ride here for three days, and as it is now raining *think I will stay!*" As Frank drove off in a pelting rain, the young lady called out to him, "my friend at the hotel wears No. 6 gloves!" He paid them.—*Oregonian.*

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.—A lady of this city of the highest respectability and affluence before the war, by one of the vicissitudes of dame fortune became separated from her husband during the early days of the Confederacy. For years she heard nothing of him, and at last the melancholy conclusion was accepted, that he was dead. In the meantime she became reduced in circumstances, and at the time when the Federal troops occupied the city she was compelled to dispose of her costly and elegant furniture. This she did, piece by piece, until the last object which served to bind her to her former independence had been sold; and she began to dispair. Only a few days ago she received a letter from a gentleman residing in Mississippi, in which she was informed that her husband had lately died, leaving a fortune of over sixty thousand dollars, of which she was the only heir. A check of one thousand dollars accompanied the letter for her immediate wants, and she immediately took her departure for the place where her unexpected fortune awaited her. It appears that her husband, having enlisted in the army, was discharged on account of illness, and owing to the unsettled state of the country, preferred to remain in the extreme South until the close of the war. While there he became engaged in various speculations, and made large amounts of money, intending to rejoin his family as soon as peace was declared. He invested his funds in cotton, and had just disposed of it when death closed his career. He had written many letters to his wife but strange to say, none of them reached her; the above letter being the first information she had been able to obtain as to his fate.—*Richmond Times.* 15th inst.