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M. RAMBO: Editor and Endlisher. Cities 10 1 11 21 21 21 OZDIBJUDJUBIDA JERA JESAUROJEDIA SE ZMOBINIENIĆ, JUANGOŽES VOINIMIE AAXAVEX ANIMIBER 2221 BUCHER STCOLUMN, TEHE GO EUMBTASPY FOREIGN AND DOMESTI PROTESSIONAL CARDS. ny person you loved them? AmII-not willing to make you my wife! Have I ned come for that purpose now?!! trembling with fear ; for in the dim ligh between the Stations of the Reading and Columbia; and Pennsylvania Railroads.

FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA. orbs that sent a thrill through her whole Never be the only dealer of the second per interest in the second per inter CHOCE LIQUORS; And the Tables farnished with the best fare. URLAH FINDLEY Columbia, April 29:1867.] Proprieto Malt & Cider Vinegar. Holls also Agent for the Celebrated Proprietor.

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This is a first-class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public.

MARTIN ERWIN, much as the ordeal of lire.
"The trot was had enough; but oh! this "There is no need for any haste: you happy future, and Pleasure strews with lavish hand bright blooming flowers along gallop will surely terminate my earthly ex-Life's thorny path. gallop will surely terminate my earthly ex-istence, and there is no chance for me to "Three days ago, I believe." FOR SALE must allow me time to prepare for the im-"Four days ago," exclaimed Mrs. ness. "Can you not forgive the erring Sparks with emphasis: "four days ago, youth who kneels at thy feet, even as he Life's thorny path. portant ceremony; will you not? I am TRENCH'S HOTEL, Oh! golden dreams of love and fond back out of it," he murmured. Catching POCKET FLASKS. sure you are not ungullant enough to refuse glimpse of Leonore's face, he saw that she and three evenings since you started for romance, why last ye not forever? A DEMIJOHNS. On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York. R. FRENCH, my request." Mrs. Browns, but I am certain you went of the world and allits fading joys? Grant spirit voice is whispering, there is purer. TOBACCO BOXES. The doctor's vanity was flattered, and he was laughing. "You are laughing at me," he said, with no farther than the turn-stile at the foot of me thy pardon! give me thy blessing, and holier joy in heaven; imperishable-ever said pleasantly, "I will allow you any reasonable amount of time, but let it not be nd FANCY ARTICLES, in great variety, MISHLER'S HOTEL. God will reward thee!" he meadow." lasting-eternal. * * evident charrin. "Certain!" gasped-Hetty; "certain did "Laughing at you? And what caus Sold at J. C. BUCHER'S.

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long, because you must be mine before Captain Willis returns from the war.' "Thank you! how flid you know Frank

"Phillis informed me last night, and she said that you and him had parted in anger."
"I am a southern girl you know, and I could not admit that it was right for him to take up arms, and go forth to slay those whom I love. We parted coldly, for I was firm and unvielding, and he was the same.

He is a prisoner in Richmond now." "A prisoner," - exclaimed the doctor "I'm glad! I hope he may never escape from captivity. I hope all the Union men will be captured, and strung up on the Virginia pines. But how did you learn he was a prisoner?"

"Mrs. Matson received a letter from him: she is his housekeeper." "Ah! I see now; she told you." " Yes." Leonore did not tell him about Frank eing wounded, nor how he had lost his leg; for she knew well enough the doctor

would be gratified to learn his youthful ival's misfortune "Let us go down now," she said, "for they will be waiting our appearance at the breakfast table." She tripped lightly down the stair before

him, leaving him to follow as fast as his gout would permit. When they reached the breakfast room they found no one there save Phillis.
"Where is my father?" inquired Leon-"He's cat an' gone'd 'way long 'go," re

plied the negress. "'Spect as how 'portant ois'nis was on his han's dis mornin'.' The meal was soon partaken of, and when they left the table Doctor Littlejohn huckled to himself, mentally exclaiming, 'The old man has wisely left the coast clear! egad! he's a trump.' "I generally ride after breakfast," said Leonore as they walked towards the parlor: Will you accompany me, or do you pre-

fer to remain at home?" "Oh! I'll go with you of course: I'm not so ungallant as to let you go alone." "Will you please order one of the boys to bring the horses around to the door while I am preparing myself?"

" Certainly." Away ran Leonore to her chamber, while ne doctor sought the stable. "Have the horses and carriage at the door in half an hour," he said to Malachi, who was standing in the doorway. "Miss Ashley and I are going out."

Malachi grinned. "Yes bossy, dey'll be dar fur sartin in dat time." he said. " Is ye gwine fur?" "Ask no questions, but obey me," growl-

ed the doctor as he turned away.
"Samson golly!" exclaimed Malachi, 'I ies' wonda's who dat man 'magines he m. He mus' think dat he's uncle Abe Linkum, or ma'sr Bill Sewa'd, or sum o' dem congressers up to Washin'ton; if he didn't he wouldn't go roun' ord'rin' folks like de prince o' Wales dat come ober hea' wid de duke o' epecack, and lord plummerstones. He's a debblish big fish in a small oond, an' he'd be a great gemman in a country whar nobody libed but hisse'f. He can't walk rough-shod ober dis chile, no-Doctor Littlejolin was standing on the

loorsteps when Malachi made his appearmce, leading the two spirited animals by heir bridles. The doctor expected to see the carriage, He had ordered the carriage. The carriage.

Hetty's visits to Mrs. Brown are growing less frequent, and her stay shorter, but the unsuspecting old lady never for a moment imagines there is any change in her feelings towards Joe. Even on Sunday, when she sees Clarence

Bell sitting beside her at church, finding the page for her when the hymn is given out, or walking home with her when afternoon service is ended, she says, "Poor cretur! she must feel very lonesome while Joey is away to the wars, an' Mister Bell is a proper nice man to keep her company till o comes hum agin. Ra'ally, I'm so glad to see her happy."

Alas! how confiding and unsuspecting

are the young and the aged! Truly hath it been said, "Old age is our second childhood." Heity's parents never favored Joe Brown's visits as a lover. They liked him well enough, for they knew him to be industrious, soher, and honest, but these were not the only qualifications they de

sired in a man who was to be their daughter's husband. He must be smart. Joe was not smart. He must be educated, for Hetty had been through a course of studies at the Seminary, and graduated with honors.

Joe had never received any education He was ignorant. Although they never encouraged Joe's visits, they did not forbid him the house, because he worked for them-he was a neighbor, and a friend. However, the old couple was glad when Joe enlisted and went away, and still more pleased were they when they saw how attentive Clarence Bell had become during

the brief period of his absence. The farmer and his wife had become strangely and unaccountably attached to the young school-master, for there was a singular charm in his conversation, and in his manners, that seemed to inspire every heart with admiration and respect; while his superior accomplishments excited their

The spot where Hetty and Clarence had breathed their love vows, was endeared to him by a thousand tender memories. Memories that continually haunted his brain-memories that were daily twining their delicate tendrils around his heart until they seemed linked to his very exis--memories that would never die until that heart was cold in death. Every morning found him rambling

along the banks of the stream, until he came to the old elm, and there he would sit beneath the sheltering branches, building airy castles, until it was time to go to the school-house where the noisy urchins were awaiting his coming. Did Clarence Bell truly love the innocent and confiding country girl whose beauty

had so charmed his gaze? Never was man's love more honestly given. He worshiped and adored her, because she was different from any of her sex with whom he had met-pure in heart and mind-unstained by the ink blots of fashionable society-free from affectation and

This is what he wrote to his father concerning her, and the old man's heart was glad because some one had ensuared his affection, for Clarence had been a roving. dissolute youth, and his parents had often wished that he would marry and reform. Mr. Bell, in his reply to his son, bade him marry whenever it pleased him to do so, adding, " both myself and your mother will welcome home your bride with joy." How happy his heart when he had ended the perusal of his father's letter, for then he did not come. He was a poor rider, and he knew there was no barrier between him and

have you given me to laugh? I am sure you are not a very amusing companion." There was a merry twinkle in the dark eyes that glanced up at him so rougishly from beneath the drooping plume that shaded her brow.

"I know I am not very amusing," said the doctor, "and I acknowledge I am but a poor horseman, although when I was a boy I could ride a horse as well as any man in the States. Don't laugh at me, Leeny, and for heaven's sake give up that gallop unless you wish me to break my neck." "Do you wish to return home?" she

asked. "No." he replied; "I am willing to ride assar as you wish to go, provided you don't travel too fast for me: but I can't bear a trot or a gallop. Let us walk our horses, and converse as we go along." "I'm for a mad gallop," she exclaimed,
"and if you don't choose to keep up, you may follow at your leisure, Mr. Sobersides How cool and invigorating the morning air is: and a brisk ride will send the rich blood leaping through our veins, and deck our checks with a rosy hue. Come, my brave

knight, let us away!" She gathered up the rein, and touching the gallant bay lightly with her riding whip, they darted like an arrow from his "D-n her impudence!" ejaculated the

physician. "Who the deuce does she imagine can ride at that break-neck speed, without being cradled in a a saddle, and rocked on the back of a horse. Heavens how they fly over the ground! Each stride that fleet-footed animal takes, would measure fifteen feet at least, and she is as firm in the saddle as a statue. How plain I can hear the clatter of the steel-clad hoofs on vonder bridge, and that is near a mile distent! She waves her hand! She beckons for me to follow-horse and rider have disappeared around a bend in the roadand I will ride on after them."

Forgeting Malachi's instructions, he struck Firefly smartly with the whip. Swift as a flash the fiery steed bounded forward, and throwing both beels high in the air, landed Doctor Littlejohn in the ditch by the roadside; then, like the affrighted barb of the prairie, free from all restraint, he dashed onward riderless.

Covered with mud, and groaning with pain, the doctor crouched on his hands and knees upon the bank, and in that position he remained, bewailing his pitiable plight, "Oh hell!" was the doctor's first exclamation, "ain't I in an awful fix? May the devil take all the horses in the Northern States, for I wouldn't mount one of them again for a fortune! I'm covered with mud-my right leg is badly bruised-my left shoulder blade is broken-and I've

bursted the suspenders off my breeches. Brooches! these nin't breeches any more for both knees are torn, and I can never wear them again. Dilapidated garment! wilt thou cling unto me till I reach home? Seven dollars and fifty cents is the exact amount I paid in Macon, for my breeches and with these words she left him, walking and now they are worthless. A Hottenton down the well-worn path with quick, nermight wear them, but alas! the land where vous step. the Hottentot dwells is far away. I must hasten home and change my garments, and I pray that no person may meet me on the road, and that Leonore may not overtake me on my way. This has been a very un-

pleasant ride to me. D-n the luck!" Doctor Littlejohn scrambled on his feet, and after glancing up and down the road to see if any person was approaching, he started for Judge Ashley's mansion. He arrived unobserved, and glided can

you say?' "Certain," again repeated the old lady, and I knew you was on your way there when I met you, even now : you have made an appointment to meet Clarence Bell. Can you deny it?"

"I do not wish to deny it," the young girl replied with animation, "and I shall in pitcous accents; and his bowed head meet him whenever and wherever I please, though you and Mrs. Brown follow me as his pale brow. spies wherever I go!" "You shall not meet him; unless it be

beneath your father's roof," exclaimed Mrs. Sparks, griping her daughter's arm with her bony fingers as she spoke.
"I say you shall not meet him! and you persist in adhering to this mad determination, I'll thrust you forth from my door; I'll disown you, sooner than see you the willing victim of this artful man, sooner than bear the disgrace you will surely bring upon us if you are mistress of your own

actions! If Clarence Bell's intentions toward you are honorable, let him come to your father's house: if they are not, 'tis better that you give him up." "I cannot, will not give him up, for he is dearer to me than life," said Hetty with rant," sneered the old lady, in harsh, cold passionate vehemence. "Turn me from your door, disown me, curse me ere 1 depart, and in my anguish I will fly to him for comfort-for refuge-for protection! I

go to meet him now! Stand aside, and le me pass !"

The indigment girl shook off her mother's vice-like grasp, and swept haughtily past her down the lane, while the old lady gazed after her as she glided onward, until the shadows of night hid her form from view. Was Hetty to blame in thus disobeying her mother? I leave the reader to answer, and I shall keep silence, because I don't wish to say anything against her. The old lady walked slowly on until she

ached the farm house. Her husband was sitting in the open door, smoking his pipe, while a large mastiff lay dozing at his feet. "Ah! you've got home, have you?" exclaimed he. "How is Mrs. Brown?" "She is ill, and in bed: I am going back to spend the night with her. I only came home to get a bottle of medicine." "Did you meet Hetty on your way?"

asked the old man. "Yes; she was going towards the "She has gone there," said the unsus pecting father; and then he added, "Mrs Brown thinks the world and all of the girl and so does Joe. I feel sorry for Joe when ever I think of him, because he imagine Hetty likes'hun, and I know she don't She is over head and cars in love with Clarence Bell, that is if I'm any judge of a woman's feelings."

Although the old lady heard her husband's remark, she made no reply, but after finding the object of her search she again turned to depart on her kind "Good night, Nathan; I'll be home early in the morning! don't go to bed before Hetty returns: I'll send her home soon,"

She passed through the lane, she crossed the meadow where the bright dew drops sparkled on the clover, and reached the old elm beneath whose branches Hetty and her lover were standing.

She had approached unheard, and unperceived, for the lover's dreamed of no

one save themselves; and had a powder scarcity of water. Some of the wells are magazine instantaneously exploded near by, they would not have been more startled mills will be unable to run much longer ringing out sharp and clear on the air:

He took the old lady's hand. She shud-

I have either drank or gambled. I have re-

"And does earth refuse the pardon that and mouldy hay or fodder. heaven grants?" he inquired with bitterness. "Can you not forgive the erring knelt before his aged mother, when weary

He bent his knee before her, and bowed his head on the hand that still rested in his own, waiting for her reply. It was a touching scene, and the old lady as affected deeply when she saw him bowed down before her, pleading so passionately, so eloquently to be forgiven.

"Can you, will you pardon me!" he cried sank still lower, until the dark hair shaded

Give me time to learn if your words are true," she replied, " and when I have satisfied myself, then I will answer you." "I can ask for no more," he said, rising from his knee. "I am content, for I have

no fear for my future handiness." Again he pressed her hand, and bidding her "good night," turned and walked rap idly away.

A wild despairing ery broke from Hetty' lips when he was far down the well-work "You have driven him from me! insulted and wounded his proud heart! Oh!

mother, mother, I shall never see him again !" "You'll see him soon enough, I'll wartones; but she was startled when her daughter replied vehemently, "I will!

In silence they walked on towards Mrs Brown's cottage.
Firm, dignified, majestic was the old ady's carriage; while Hetty was despondent, drooping, downcast, sad. TO BE CONTINUED.

Facts Worth Remembering. The total number of human beings on the rth, is computed at three thousand millious, and they speak three thousand

and sixty four known tongues. The average duration of life is thirty three and one-third years. One fourth die before they are seven years old, and one-half before the age of hundreths of a barrel. eventeen.

Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of sixty years. Out of five hundred persons only one at tains the age of eighty. Sixty persons die every minute.

Tall men live longer than short ones, and sarried men longer than single ones. Rich men live, on an average, forty-two years, but poorm en only thirty years. There is one drunkard to every seventy four persons.

JEFF. DAVIS, in a conversation with his Baltimore, sympathizers, while he was ojourning with General B. Howard, remarked that "a Southern rebel would yet know the sensation of warm feet unless be President of the United States, and that they are toasting their foot-soles at the hot it would not be long before they—the rebels, had everything in their own way in and for this. Rising in the morning, if there be out of Congress." His hopes are based snow on the ground, rub the feet briskly upon the late fall elections, and the result will depend on that class of our citizens who assume the name of Conservative and consider the fulfillment of Davis' prediction as the Conservative safeguard.

Delly Davenport having read over fifty obituary notices of himself, cut out from northern newspapers, and forwarded to New Orleans, has come to the conclusion that he must be really dead, and now signs himself, accordingly, "Yours, truly, A H. Davenport, deceased,"

THE proprietors of paper, flour and saw mills in Berks county, Pa., complain of the entirely dried up, and it is feared that the

half the attention, required, to make them broffsble.

Practicing economy by depriving stock of proper shelfer during the synter, and leed my men useful.

Keeping an innumerable tribe of rats on the premises, and two or three lazy dogs who never molest the vermin. Spending rainy days in groceries and

arrooms, instead of being at home putting thing to rights. ORCHARDS .- When the ground occupied by an orchard is uneven and not drained. the trees on the dry knolls will be larger and healthier, and will yield more abundant crops than those in the wet hollows. and this in spite of the fact that the soil in

the hollows is deeper and richer. Orchards should always be drained. In selecting a site for an orchard, choose a hillside in preference to a valley, divided by a small stream. Warm, low intervals land are more subject to untimely frosts than the neighboring elevations. As the night air becomes chilled its density increases, and it rolls down the hillside and settles on the flats, where the prevailing stillness favors the process of freezing. During the mild, sunny days of winter, fruit trees are more liable to be swelled prematurely on low bottoms. One who is in the habit of riding over a broken piece of country in cold, still nights, will not need

to be told that the lowest temperature will be found in the lowest localities. Fruit trees will be less likely to suffer from cold weather when the ground they stand upon is thoroughly drained. The fruit-grower who suffers his trees to stand all winter in puddles of water or in fetters of ice, has no right to complain if his garden is overstocked with grafted pea-brush.

RULES FOR MEASUREMENT.-The following rules for measuring corn and liquids will be useful to many of our readers: 1. Shucked Corn .- Measure the length, width and depth of the crib in feet; multiply these three dimensions and their product by eight; then cut off two figures o the right, those on the left will be so many barrels, and those on the right so many

hundreths of a barrel.

2. Unshucked Corn.—Multiply as in rule 1st in the above example, and the product obtained by 51; then cut off two figures on the right; those on the left will be so many barrels, and those on the right so many For grain, fruits, herbs, in house or box, find the length, breadth and depth; multiply

them together; then annex two ciphers and divided the product by 124; answer in bushels, pecks and quarts, 3. Liquid-Find the length in inches

from the bung, the under edge, to the chime; multiply it into itself twice and the product by 570. Answer in gallons, quart, pints Measuring 307 feet on each side, and you

have, lacking one inch, one square acre.

How to Prevent Cold Feet. Some people, from the time frost comes until it flies at the approach of May, never with it, top and bottom. Wipe them dry, and with a crash towel rub them to a glow If there be no snow immerse them in cold water fresh from the hydrant, and bring the tardy blood into circulation by friction in the same manner. Whisky or brandy and salt are recommended by some people for the same purpose, but cold water or snow is the best by long odds. A person so keeping up the circulation in his pedal extremities will not want to put his feet to the fire during a whole day, while by repeating the operation before retiring for the night no one will have cause to sleep with his or her body bent into the shape of a letter Z

ONE of the most prominent companies in Berkshire county, Mass., employing some two hundred operatives, propose to shut than they were at the sound of her voice, unless there should chance to be a heavy their mills and support their operatives until times are better.