The Columbia Spy.

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

J. W. YOCUM, Editor. | $2,00 Per Year, in Advance; $2,50 if not Paid in Advance.

VOLUME XLI, NUMBER 7.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869. [WHOLE NUMBER, 2,087.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,
DAILY AND WEEKLY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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$2.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, $1.
If not paid until the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged.
SINGLE COPIES.....FIVE CENTS.
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PROFESSIONAL.

J. W. YOCUM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.
OFFICE—Spr. Building, Bank Street, near Locust.
Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining counties.
Consultations in English or German.
sept11-1yw

A. J. GULICK,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Extracts Teeth without Pain. Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas administered.
OFFICE 218 LOCUST STREET.
sept4-69-tfw

B. C. UNSELD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON.
CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING. Special attention given Beginners and young pupils.
216 LOCUST STREET.
sept4-69-1yw

M. CLARK,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
OFFICE—No. 12 N. Third street.
Office Hours—From 6 to 7 A. M. 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. [sep1-69-tfw

H. M. NORTH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

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—No. 152, Locust Street.

SAMUEL EVANS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, on Second St., adjoining Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa.

J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered in the extraction of Teeth.
Office—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut Streets, Columbia, Pa.

F. HINKLE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbia and vicinity. He may be found at the office connected with his residence, on Second street, between Cherry and Union, every day, from 7 to 9 A. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. Persons wishing his services in special cases, between these hours, will leave word by note at his office, or through the post office.

DENTAL SURGERY.
J. S. SMITH, DENTIST,
Graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office in Wagner's Building, over Haldeman's dry goods store. Entrance, 370 Locust Street,
Columbia, Penn'a.
Dr. J. S. Smith thanks his friends and the public in general for their liberal patronage in the past, and assuring them that they can rely upon having every attention given to them in the future. In every branch of his profession he has always given entire satisfaction. He calls attention to the unsurpassed style and finish of artificial teeth inserted by him. He treats diseases common to the mouth and teeth of children and adults. Teeth filled with the greatest care and in the most approved manner. Aching teeth treated and filled to last for years. The best of dentrifices and mouth washes constantly on hand.
N. B.—All work warranted.
sept1-69-1yw J. S. SMITH, D. D. S.

HOTELS.

WESTERN HOTEL,
Nos. 9, 11, 13 & 15 CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK.
THOS. D. WINCHESTER, PROPRIETOR.
This Hotel is central and convenient for Pennsylvanians.
ABLE MISHLER, of Reading, Pa., is an assistant at this Hotel, and will be glad to see his friends at all times. sept4-69-tfw

"CONTINENTAL."
THIS HOTEL IS PLEASANTLY LOCATED, between the Stations of the Reading and Columbia and Pennsylvania Railroads,
FRONT STREET, COLUMBIA, PA.
Ample accommodations for Strangers and Travelers. The Bar is stocked with
CHOICE LIQUORS,
And the Tables furnished with the best fare.
sept4-69-tfw] URIAH FINDLEY, Proprietor.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
LOCUST ST., COLUMBIA, PA.
This is a first-class hotel, and is in every respect adapted to meet the wishes and desires of the traveling public. MARTIN ERWIN, Proprietor.

FRENCH'S HOTEL,
On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York.
Sept. 18, 1868. R. FRENCH, Proprietor.

MISHLER'S HOTEL,
West Market Square, Reading Penn'a.
sept4-69-tfw] EVAN MISHLER, Proprietor.

MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
This hotel has been lately refitted with all the necessary improvements known to hotel enterprise and therefore offers first-class accommodations to strangers and others visiting Baltimore.
sept4-69-tfw] A. B. MILLER, Proprietor.

MARBLE WORKS.

COLUMBIA MARBLE WORKS.
The Subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Columbia, and surrounding country, that they have opened
A NEW MARBLE YARD IN COLUMBIA,
On 5th Street, between Locust and Walnut Sts., and ask the patronage of the public.
They have had great experience on fine work, both in Philadelphia and New York. They will furnish in the highest style of the art, handsome
GRAVE STONES, MONUMENTS, STATUARY, ORNAMENTS, &c.
also MARBLE MANTLES, BUILDING WORK, &c. Orders promptly attended and executed at cheaper rates than elsewhere. Call and see the Designs of new styles of Fine work, such as monumental fine arts, &c., will be furnished parties upon application to the proprietors.
sept4-69-tfw HEPTING & MEHL.

HAIR PREPARATIONS.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE HAIR RENEWER
AND
RING'S AMBROSIA.
These popular Hair Restorers and Toilet Articles can be had at
R. WILLIAMS' DRUG STORE,
sept4-69-tfw] Columbia, Pa.

BUCHER'S COLUMN.

J. C. BUCHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Wines and Liquors!
Has removed his Store to his Building, adjoining Haldeman's Store, Locust St., Columbia, Pa., where he has fitted up rooms, and greatly increased his facilities for doing a more extensive business.

MISHLER'S CELEBRATED
HERB BITTERS!
PURE AND UNADULTERATED,
These Bitters are celebrated for the great cures they have performed in every case, when tried.
Dr. Mishler offers *five hundred dollars* to the proprietor of any Medicine that can show a greater number of genuine certificates of cures effected by it, near the place where it is made, than
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS
Is for sale in Columbia by
J. C. BUCHER,
At his Store, Locust Street, Columbia.

WINES AND LIQUORS!
Embracing the following:
Catawba, Port, Lisbon, Cherry, Maderia, Malaga, Champagne, Claret, Rhine, Blackberry, Elderberry, Currant and Muscat WINES.

COGNAC, OF DIFFERENT BRANDS.
Also, OLD RYE WHISKEY and BRANDIES of all kinds:
Blackberry, Jamaica Spirits, Catawba, Kummel, Cherry, Ginger, Rum, Gin,
Superior Old Rye,
Pure Old Rye,
XXX Old Rye,
XX Old Rye X Old Rye,
Pure Old Rye, Monongahela,
Rectified Whisky, London Brown Stout.
Scotch Ale, &c., &c., &c.

AGENCY FOR
MALT AND CIDER VINEGAR.
He is also Agent for the Celebrated
MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

FOR SALE
POCKET FLASKS,
DEMIJOHNS,
TOBACCO BOXES,
and FANCY ARTICLES, in great variety,
At J. C. BUCHER'S.

MISHLER'S BITTERS!
PURE & UNADULTERATED
For Sale by
J. C. BUCHER.

BEST STOUT PORTER!
From E. & G. HIBBERT, LONDON.
For sale by
J. C. BUCHER,
Locust Street, above Front.

Agent for the
PURE MALT VINEGAR.
Cannot be purchased at any other establishment in town, and is warranted to keep fruits and vegetables perfect.

The Best Brands of Imported
SCOTCH AND LONDON ALE.
For Sale at
J. C. BUCHER'S.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.
BUCHER will still keep on hand the Best Brands of
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, SNUFF, HAVANA, YARA, and COMMON SEGARS. Also, SNUFF & TOBACCO BOXES, PIPES—a thousand and one varieties. Call at
J. C. BUCHER'S,
Locust Street, adjoining Haldeman's Store.
It is the greatest establishment of the kind this side of Philadelphia.
☞ Only Agency for Lee's London Porter, and Mishler's Bitters.

COE'S COLUMN.

COE'S COUGH BALSAM!
This long tried and popular Remedy is again called to the attention of the public. As often as the year rolls around, the proprietors annually make their bow to the people, and remind them that amongst the many things required for the health, comfort and sustenance of the family through the long and tedious months of winter, Coe's Cough Balsam should not be forgotten. For years it has been a household medicine—and mothers anxious for the safety of their children, and all who suffer from any disease of the throat, chest and lungs, cannot afford to be without it. In addition to the ordinary four ounce so long in the market, we now furnish our mammoth family size bottles, which will, in common with the other size, be found at all Drug Stores.

FOR CROUP,
The Balsam will be found invaluable, and may always be relied upon in the most extreme cases.

WHOOPING COUGH,
The testimony of all who have used it for this terrible disease during the last ten years, is, that it invariably relieves and cures it.

SORE THROAT.
Keep your throat wet with the Balsam—taking little and often—and you will very soon find relief.

HARD COLDS AND COUGHS
Yield at once to a steady use of this great remedy. It will succeed in giving relief where all other remedies have failed.

SORENESS OF THE THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.
Do not delay procuring and immediately taking Coe's Cough Balsam, when troubled with any of the above named difficulties. They are all premonitory symptoms of Consumption, and if not arrested, will sooner or later sweep you away into the valley of shadows from which none can ever return.

IN CONSUMPTION,
Many a care-worn sufferer has found relief and to-day rejoices that her life has been made easy and prolonged by the use of Coe's Cough Balsam.

IN SHORT,
The people know the article, and it needs no comment from us. It is for sale by every Druggist and Dealer in Medicines in the United States.
THE C. G. CLARK CO.,
Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.

READ WHAT YOUR OWN DRUGGSIT SAYS:
COLUMBIA, PENNA., October 13th, 1868.
The C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Conn.:
GENTLEMEN.—I have now been selling Coe's Cough Balsam for the past two years, and take this opportunity to say that it has given universal satisfaction, and as a remedy for all Pulmonary Complaints it stands unequalled. I always keep myself well supplied with this truly valuable medicine, and earnestly and conscientiously recommend it to my customers.
Yours very truly,
J. A. MEYERS, Druggist, Columbia, Penna.

READ! READ!! READ!!!
THE ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE
IS CALLED TO THE
WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY,
Coe's Dyspepsia Cure.
This preparation is pronounced by Dyspeptics as the only known remedy that will surely cure that aggravating and fatal malady. For years it swept on its fearful tide, carrying before it to an untimely grave, its millions of sufferers.
Coe's Dyspepsia Cure has come to the Rescue!
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, finally terminating in Death,
Are as surely cured by this potent remedy, as the patient takes it. Although but five years before the people, what is the verdict of the masses? Hear what Lester Sexton, of Milwaukie, says:

FROM LESTER SEXTON, of Milwaukie.
MILWAUKIE, Jan. 24, 1868.
Messrs. C. G. Clark & Co., New Haven, Ct.
Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it has proved perfectly satisfactory as a remedy. I have no hesitation in saying that we have received great benefit from its use.
Very respectfully,
(Signed) LESTER SEXTON.

A GREAT BLESSING!
[*From Rev. L. F. WARD, Avon, Lorain Co., Ohio.*]
Messrs. Strong & Armstrong, Druggists, Cleveland.
GENTLEMEN:—It gives me great pleasure to state that my wife has derived great benefit from the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. She has been for a number of years greatly troubled with Dyspepsia, accompanied with violent paroxysms of constipation, which so prostrated her that she was all the while, for months, unable to do anything. She took, at your instance, Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and has derived great benefit from it, and is now comparatively well. She regards this medicine as a great blessing.
Truly yours,
January 13th, 1868. L. F. WARD.

CLERGYMEN.
The Rev. Isaac Aiken, of Allegheny, testifies that it has cured him, after all other remedies had failed.

DRUGGISTS.
Any druggist in the country will tell you, if you take the trouble to inquire, that every one that buys a bottle of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure from them, speaks in the most unqualified praise of its great medicinal virtues.

READ WHAT YOUR OWN DRUGGIST SAYS:
COLUMBIA, PENNA., October 13th, 1868.
The C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Conn.:
GENTS,—I have now been selling Coe's Dyspepsia Cure for the past two years—and take this opportunity to say, that in all cases it has given great satisfaction as a remedy, and is spoken of in the highest terms by dyspeptics. It has proved itself a great and wonderful Medicine in numerous cases—as a certain and speedy cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Distress after Eating, Souring and Rising of Food, Colic, Fever and Ague, Bilious Derangements and in fact all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Stomach or Bowels. I always keep myself well supplied with the article, and most cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it to my customers.
Yours very truly,
J. A. MEYERS, Druggist, Columbia, Pa.

COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE
Will also be found invaluable in all cases of Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Summer Complaints, Gripping, and in fact every disordered condition of the stomach.
Sold by Druggists in city or country, everywhere at $1 per bottle, or by application to
THE C. G. CLARK CO.,
oct17-1y] Sole Proprietors, New Haven, Ct.

Poetry.

Knitting the Scarf.

A sly little maiden sits by me to-night,
Softly humming an old tune low,
The bright threads flash through her fingers white,
As she guideth the needle to and fro.
Sweet is the song that the maiden singeth,
Sad to my heart are the thoughts it bringeth,
Dreams that were buried so long ago,
Under the snow—under the snow.

Little maiden knoweth of this,
Weaving the bright threads in the while;
Her thoughts are weaving a dream of bliss,
And her red lips part in a sweet half smile,
As her happiness in with each stitch she twineth,
Under the lid grows tender and dim,
Thinking of him—thinking of him.

Thus the needle beareth a double thread,
As daintily in and out it flies,
And the conscious flood in her eyes grows red.
'Neath the smile of my steady eyes.
Shake down the cloud of the brown hair's glory,
Lest thy blushes should tell the story;
That was old when the Eden skies were blue,
Yet ever is new—ever is new.

So blushing and slyly the maiden sings,
Knitting the scarf for her absent lover;
And methinks two angles with golden wings,
Softly round the maiden hover.
Heaven grant that the hopes thou art weaving
Leave no room in thy heart for grieving;
"Angels keep thee!" I softly pray,
Turning away—turning away.

Kick Him When He's Down.

When the sun of prosperity's shining,
And the man's growing rich every day,
When in ease and comfort reclining,
And golden success crowns his way—
How friends will then flock about him;
But if fortune should happen to frown,
How quickly he'll get the "cold shoulder,"
And be "kicked because he is down."

How kindly the world will smile on him,
When life with successes abound;
How cordially, blandly, 'twill greet him
As in pleasure he's riding around!
But then let reverses o'ertake him,
And his friends both in country and town,
Have not a kind sentence to cheer him,
But will "kick him as soon as he's down."

Let a man get position or wealth,
Matters not by intrigue or fraud,
The world nods approvingly at him,
And his acts will loudly applaud;
What though he may be a great villian,
With the simple, the wise and the clown,
While he's up he's a "tip-top fellow,"
But they'll "kick him as soon as he's down."

When a man has plenty of "greenbacks,"
And he's healthy, and festive, and gay,
He's counted a "hully good chum," then,
And the crowd approves all he may say;
But just let him loose his treasures,
Perchance, too, his health may be gone,
He'll get to be nobody quickly
And sure to be "kicked when he's down,"

What's the use of being moral or honest,
Or strive to be upright and true;
For, unless a man has "lots of money,"
The world's bound to "put him right through;"
They'll "go for him" certainly and surely,
From jockey to priest in his gown—
And all stand ready to snub him,
And "kick him because is down."

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Blighted Life.

A JURYMAN'S STORY.

We had been out twenty-four hours, and stood eleven to one. The case was a very plain one—at least we eleven thought so.

A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed, and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unfailing certainty.

The recusant jury had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet, on every vote, went steadily for acquittal.

His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence; for, while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

Though still in the prime of manhood, his locks were prematurely white, and his face wore a singular, sad and thoughtful expression.

He might be one of those who entertained scruples as to the right of society to inflict the death penalty. But no, it was not that; for, in reply to such a sugestion, he frankly admitted that brutal men, like the vicious brutes they resemble, must be controlled through fear, and that dread of death, the supreme terror, is in many cases the only adequate restraint.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness, and some not overkind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting.

"And yet," the man answered, as though communing with himself rather than repelling the imputation, "it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment."

"How can that be?" queried several at once. "Conscience may not always dare to follow judgment."

"But here she can know no other guide."

"I once would have said the same."

"And what has changed your opinion?"

"Experience."

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give.

Mastering his emotion, as if in answer to our looks of inquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects, and none brighter hopes.

"An attachment dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no blighting of troth; but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was understood that when I had found it and put it in order, she was to share it.

"Life in the forrest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kine of society offered by nature depends much on one's self. As for me, I live more in the future than in the present, and Hope is an ever-cheerful companion.

"At length the time came for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. It would henceforth be my own; and in a few more months my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

"At the land office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend, George C——, He, too, had come to seek his fortune in the West; and we were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle.

"I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity.

"He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles, when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public land sale on the following day.

"Exacting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return, when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and horse for the night.

"I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the Land office, a place at that time very much frequented.

"Offering him a seat, I went out to put up his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim starlight seemed to have been hardly used. His panting sides bore witness to merciless riding, and a tremulous shrinking at the slightest touch, betokened recent fright.

"On returning to the house I found the stranger was not there. His absence excited no surprise; he would doubtless soon return. It was a little singular, however, that he should have left his watch lying on the table.

"At the end of an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither, to give his personal attention to the wants of his horse.

"Before going out, from mere force of habit—for we were as yet uninfested by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables.

"I found the horse as I left him, and gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to eat; but his master was nowhere to be seen.

"As I approached the house, a crowd of men on horseback drove up, and I was commanded in no gentle tones to 'stand!' In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their 'prisoner.'

"I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came. It was terrible!

"My friend, with whome I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I only, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder.

"A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light.

"What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligible statement, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

"The mob spirit is inherent in man—at least in crowds of men. It may not always manifest itself in physical violence. It sometimes contents itself with lynching a character. But whatever its form, it is always relentless, pitless, cruel.

"As the proofs of my guilt, one after another, came to light, low mutterings gradually grew into a clamor for vengeance; and but for the firmness of one man—the officer who had me in charge—I would doubtless have paid the penalty of my supposed offence on the spot.

"It was not sympathy for me that actuated my protector. His heart was as hard as his office. But he represented the majesty of the law, and took a sort of grim pride in his position.

"As much under the glance of his eye as before the muzzle of his pistol, the cowardly clamorers drew back. Perhaps they were not sufficiently numerous to feel the full effect of that mysterious reflex influence which makes a cowd of men so much worse, and at times so much better, than one of them single.

* * * * * * * *

"At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they *lied.*

"The absence of the jury was brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word; but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression.

"As little impression was made by the words of the Judge, which followed it; and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy upon me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the hollowest of hollow mockeries.

"It may be hard for a guilty criminal to meet death; but it is still harder for him who is innocent. The one, when the first shock is over, acquiesces in his doom and gives himself up to repentance; the heart of the other, filled with rebellion against man's injustice, can scarce bring itself to ask pardon of God.

"I had gradually overcome this feeling in spite of the good clergyman's irritating efforts, which were mainly directed towards extracting a confession, without which, he assured me, he had no hope to offer.

"On the morning of the day fixed for my execution I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as a merely momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicitous, save that my memory should one day be vindicated.

"She for whom I had gone to prepare a home had already found one in Heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone of all the world believed me innocent, and she had died with a prayer upon her lips that the truth might yet be brought to light

"All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal beyond which I could see one angle waiting to receive me.

"I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nerved myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the Sheriff and his attendants entered. He had in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death-warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were busy elsewhere. The words *full and free pardon* were the first to strike my preoccupied senses. Yet so it was. I was pardoned for an offence I had never committed.

"The real culprit, who was none other, it is needless to say, than he who had sought and abused my hospitality, had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city; but he lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the Governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and to condemn me to a cheerless and burdensome life.

"This is my experience. My judgement, as yours, in the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt; but not less confident and apparently unerring was the judgment pronounced upon my own."

We no longer importuned our fellow juror, but patiently awaited our discharge on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.

A GOOD way to find a woman out.—Call when she isn't home.

Don't Read this Article—"I Don't mean Him."

The following anecdote of Rev. James Axley, familiarly known as "Old Jimmy," a renowned and redoubtable preacher of East Tennessee, was related to Hugh L. White, for many years a distinguished Judge in that State, and afterward a conspicuous member of the Federal Senate.

It was noised through the town of Jonesborough that Mr. Axley would hold forth on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favorite—with none more than with Judge White. At the appointed hour, the Judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance at the house of prayer. All was hushed in expectation. Mr. Axley entered, but with him a clerical brother who was "put up" to preach. The congregation was composed of a border population; they were disappointed; this was not the man they had come to hear; consequently, there was a good deal of misbehavior. The discourse was ended, and Mr. Axley rose. It is a custom in the new country when two or more preachers are present, for each of them to have something to say. The people opine that it is a great waste of time to come a long distance, and be put off with a short service. I have gone into church at 8 o'clock in the morning, and have not come out again until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Short administrations are the growth of thicker settlements.

Mr. Axley stood silently surveying the congregation, until every eye was riveted. He then began:

"It may be a very painful duty, but it is a very solemn one, for a minister to rebuke misconduct and sin, whenever and wherever he sees it. But especially is this his duty on Sunday and at church. This is a duty I am now about to attend to.

"And now," continued the reverend speaker, pointing with his long finger in the direction indicated, "that man sitting out yonder, behind the door, who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, stayed out as long as he wanted to, got his boots full of mud, came back and stamped the mud off at the door, making all the noise he could, on purpose to disturb the attention of the congregation, and then took his seat; that man thinks I mean him. No wonder he does. It doesn't look as if he had been raised in the white settlements, does it, to behave that way at meeting? Now, my friend, I'd advise you to learn better manners before you come to church next time. But I don't mean him."

"And now," again pointing at his mark, "that little girl sitting there, about halfway of the house—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—that's her with the artificial flowers on the outside of her bonnet and the inside of her bonnet; she has a breastpin on, too, (they were very severe on all superfluities of dress,) she that was giggling and chattering all the time the brother was preaching, so that even the older sisters in the neighborhood couldn't hear what he was saying, though they tried to. She thinks I mean her. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart for any parents who have raised a girl to her time of day, and haven't taught her how to behave when she comes to church. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents, as well as yourself. Behave better next time, won't you? *But I don't mean her.*

Directing his finger to another nim, he said:

"That man sitting there, that looks as bright and pert as if he never was asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but that just as soon as the brother took his text, laid his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, went sound asleep, slept the whole time and snored; that man thinks I mean him. My friend, don't you know the church ain't the place to sleep. If you need rest, why didn't you stay at home, take off your clothes, and go to bed? That's the place to sleep, not at church. The next time you have a chance to hear a sermon, I advise you to keep awake. *But I don't mean you.*

Thus did he proceed, pointing out every man, woman and child, who had in the slightest deviated from a befitting line of conduct; characterising the misdemeanor, and reading sharp lessons of rebuke.

Judge White was all this time sitting at the end of the front seat, just under the speaker, enjoying the old gentleman's disquisition to the last degree; twisting his neck around to note if the audience relished the "down-comings" as much as he did; rubbing his hands, smiling, chuckling inwardly. Between his teeth and cheek was a monstrous quid of tobacco, which, the better he was pleased the more he chewed; the more he chewed the more he spat, and, behold, the floor bore witness to the results. At length the old gentleman, straightening himself up to his height, continued, with great gravity:

"And now, I reckon you want to know whom do I mean. I mean that dirty, nasty filthy tobacco chewer, sitting on the end of that front seat"—his finger meanwhile pointing as true as the needle to the pole—"see what he has been about! Look at those puddles on the floor; a frog wouldn't get into them. Think of the tails of the sisters' dresses being dragged through the muck!" The crest-fallen Judge averred that he never chewed any more tobacco in church.

Who is John Smith?

At noon yesterdsy, according to announcement, General Butterfield began to open the proposals to purchase $1,000,000 of gold. He had nearly finished the reading when he opened a proposal from John Smith at $133,30, a figure about one-sixth larger than any other of the bids. Hurriedly completing the remainder of his task, the general awarded the whole amount to Mr. John Smith, at the premium named. General Butterfield then went over to Delmonico's to lunch.

Just as he had reached the stage (for those who are curious about such things it may be said that his first course was *potage a la maitre d'hotel*) a clerk rushed madly into the restaurant, upsetting a waiter and a side table, and breathlessly addressing the General, said:

"How about those awards, sir?"

"Why, I made 'em, didn't I? I gave them to John Smith."

"Yes sir. But *who's John Smith?*"

Here was a poser. Jamming his military hat hard down on his head, and hurriedly buttoning the lower brass button of his military vest the General rushed forth into Broad street. The first man he met was a certain stock operator who has long been in search of a "Northwest" passage *via* Chicago.

"I say, ——, who is John Smith?"

"John Smith? Well, my shoemaker is John Smith, and the watchman at my place is another John Smith, and——"

"Oh, d——n them," said the General, "I want John Smith, the banker."

Rushing up to the Sub-Treasury, General Butterfield put the same puzzling question to all his clerks, and they raked up from the depths of their memories enough John Smiths to man a 74-gun frigate, but not one of them was a banker. Giving John up as a bad job, the General revoked the award, and, consequently, the gold sold for 133 and 133.15 instead of 133.30, as would have been the case had John Smith appeared to make good his proposal.

It was hoped at the Sub-Treasury that this annoying incident of official life would not get spread abroad; but, alas for human expectations! The financial editors had already been informed that John Smith was the lucky gold purchaser, and through them the bankers and brokers were also made aware of the fact. For some time curiosity was expressed on all sides as to "Who is John Smith?" but finally the story got out, and all Wall street was on the brod grin.

On the Gold Board the busy brokers suspended their operations for full ten minutes during which time fifty lusty voices propounded the puzzling question, "Who is John Smith?" Two young brokers, entering the room, instructed the door-keeper to call John Smith, and he added his voice to the universal din, never thinking that he was calling for a Treasury myth! A stranger entering the room *instructed the door-keeper* to call John Smith, and he added his voice to the universal din, never thinking that he was calling for a Treasury myth! A stranger entering the room at that moment would have at first supposed that the brokers were about to engage in deadly conflict, such was their unhearthly din; but hearing their loud cry for John Smith—peaceable John, who was never known to hurt anybody but Turks and Indians—he would have been reassured and looked on without fear. It was currently reported last night that General Butterfield, armed with a mountain howitzer and a double-barrelled shot gun, was still searching for John Smith. Perhaps he will find him:—*New York Sun August 20.*

Buying Gloves in Gibralter.

A very handsome young lady in the store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. The remark touched me tenderly. I glanced furtively at my hand, and somehow it did seem rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, hand blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me. But I felt gratified when she said:

"Oh, it is just right!"—yet I knew it was no such a thing.

I tugged at it diligently, but it was discouraging work. She said:

"Ah! I see you are accustomed to wearing kid gloves, but some gentleman are so awkward about putting them on."

It was the last compliment I had expected. I only understand about putting on the buckskin article perfectly. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb into the palm of the hand—and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die.

"Ah, you have had experience!" [A rip down the back of the hand.] "They are just right for you—your hands is very small—if they tear you need not pay for them." [A rent across the middle.] "I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it that only comes with long practice." [The whole afterguard of the glove "fetched away," as the sailors say, the fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing was left but a melancholly ruin.]

I was too much flattered to make an exposure and throw the merchandise on the angel's hands. I was hot, vexed confused, but still happy, but I hated the other boys for taking such an absorbing interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said; cheerfully;

"This one does very well: it fits elegantly. I like a glove that fits. No never mind ma'am, never mind; I'll put the other on in the street. It is warm here."

It was warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill, and as I passed out with a fascinating bow, I thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical, and when I looked back from the street, and she was laughing to herself about something or other, I said to myself with withering sarcasm, "Oh, certainly; you know how to put on kid gloves, don't you?—a self-complacent ass, ready to be flattered out of your senses by every petticoat that chooses to take the trouble to do it!"

MARK TWAIN.

Fine Feathers at Church.

Harper's *Bazaar* is certainly not very Puritanic on questions of dress. Perhaps the good people who are more under bondage to fine dressing than they propose, will like to know its opinion on this subject of dressing for church.—*American Churchman.*

The best bred people of every Christian country but our own avoid all personal display when engaged in worship and prayer. Our churches on the contrary, are made places for the exhibition of fine apparel and other costly and flaunting compliances with fashion, by those who boast of superior wealth and manners. We shall leave our gewgawed devotees to reconcile humiliation in worship with vanity in dress. That is a problem which we confess we have neither the right nor the capacity to solve. How far fine clothes may affect the personal piety of the devotee we do not pretend even to conjecture; but we have a very decided opinion in regard to their influence upon the religion of others. The fact is, that our churches are so fluttering with birds of fine feathers that no sorry fowl will venture in. It is impossible for poverty in rags and patches, or even in decent but humble costume, to take its seat, if it should be so fortunate as to find a place, by the side of wealth in brocade and broadcloth. The poor are so awed by the pretension of superior dress and "the proud man's contumely," that they naturally avoid too close a proximity to them. The church being the only place on this side of the grave designed for the rich and the poor to meet together in equal prostration before God, it certainly should always be kept free for this common humiliation and brotherhood. It is so in most of the churches in Europe, where the beggar in rags and wretchedness and the wealthiest and most eminent, whose appropriate sobriety of dress leaves them without mark of external distinction, kneel down together equalized by a common humiliation before the only Supreme Being. The adoption of a more simple attire for chuch on the part of the rich in this country would have the effect, certainly not of diminishing their own personal piety, but probably of increasing the disposition for religious observance on the part of the poor.

BE careful of your health girls. Don't mind being called "old fogy" because you wrap yourselves up well and never venture out in thin shoes. Better be an old fogy than a young corpse.

A MATRON, whose husband snores badly, keeps a clothes-peg underneath her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she adjusts the peg on his nasal organ, and then slumbers peacefully.

For The Girls.

The Girl for Me.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just sighs enough for a day,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember
Your heart thro' their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer the fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fairy fancy etherial,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of this sort of material,
That really good housewives are made.

Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

WOMA