The Columbia Spy.

J. W. YOCUM, Editor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." $2,00 Per Year, in Advance; $2.50 if not Paid in Advance.

VOLUME XLI, NUMBER 42.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 28. 1870. [WHOLE NUMBER, 20,842.

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
WEEKLY,
.00 per year, if paid in advance; six months, $1.
If not paid until the expiration of the year, $2.50 will be charged.
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feb26-tf

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(Office with Hon. I. E. Hiester,)
No. 38 NORTH DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA.
feb26'69tf

PHILIP D. BAKER,
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A. J. RAUFFMAN,
Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.
Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and all claims against the government promptly prosecuted.
Office—No. 28, Locust street.

J. W. YOCUM,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
COLUMBIA, PA.
OFFICE—S. E. Corner Union Building, Bank Street, near the Post Office.

HENRY C. REBER,
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Collections made in Berks and adjoining counties. nov27-tf

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Columbia, Pa.
Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

THOMAS J. DAVIS,
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Professional Business carefully and promptly attended to. [oct30'69-tf

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OFFICE.—No. 5 Court Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

JOHN M. GRIDER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, SCRIVENER, &c.
MountVille, Lancaster County, Pa.
Office Hours from 6 to 8 o'clock, A. M., and 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M.

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OFFICE—No. 12 North Duke street.
Office Hours—From 8 to 9 A. M. 12 to 1 P. M. and from 6 to 9 P. M. [sept-69-tfw

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

DENTAL SURGERY.
J. S. SMITH, DENTIST,
Graduate of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Office No. 210 Locust Street.
2nd door above Odd Fellows' Hall,
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 dentifrices and mouth washes constantly on hand.
N. B.—All work warranted.
sept-69-1yw J. S. SMITH, D. D. S.

A. J. GULICK,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Extracting Teeth without Pain. Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas administered.
OFFICE 216 LOCUST STREET.
1468-tfw

P. C. KIEFFER,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON.
CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING. Special attention given Beginners and young pupils.
219 LOCUST STREET.
sept 1-69-1yw

J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST.
Nitrous Oxide Gas administered in the extraction of Teeth.
Office—Front Street, next door to R. Williams' 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 a word by note at his office, or through the post office. sept-70

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
The undersigned have opened an office for the purchase and sale of real estate, collection of rents, and the renting of property. Business entrusted to them will meet with prompt and careful attention. C. A. ZIEGLER.
octa8-'69-tf A. J. RAUFFMAN.

TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.
Building, paving and other brick always on hand. They are hand made and superior to any brick in this part of the country. They are offered at the very lowest price.
sep 4-69-tfw] MICHAEL LIPHART.

HOTELS.

WESTERN HOTEL,
No 731, & 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. sept1-69-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.
sep1-69-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 views of the traveling public.
sept1-70 MARTIN ERWIN, Proprietor.

FRENCH'S HOTEL,
On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York.
Sept. 19, 1868. R. FRENCH, Proprietor.

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

SEED POTATOES.
Early Rose Potatoes, $2.00 per bushel.
Early Goodrich, 50 cts " "
Harrison, 50 cts " "
Cuzco, 50 cts " "
Smaller size Potatoes, half price.
p12-3t At the COLUMBIA NURSERY.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRAND INAUGURATION
—OF—
LOW PRICES
HOMER, COLLADAY & CO.,
Nos. 1412 & 1414 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA,
ARE NOW OFFERING THE WHOLE OF THEIR
MAGNIFICENT STOCK
—OF—
DRESS GOODS, SILKS, &C.
Replete with all the Choicest Novelties of the Season.
TOGETHER WITH
LARGE INVOICES OF DESIRABLE GOODS,
Purchased in this Market for CASH,
At Astonishing Low Prices!
H. C. & CO. conclude that it is only necessary to quote a few of their offerings as an index of the prices at which this SUPERB STOCK will be disposed of, to insure an early call.
HANDSOME DOUBLE-WIDTH CHENE MOHAIRS, 37½ CENTS.
DOUBLE-FOLD FOULARD MOHAIRS, 45 CENTS.
DOUBLE-FOLD NORWICH POPLINS, IN THE NEW LIGHT SHADES, 56 CENTS.
HOYLE'S YARD-WIDE ENGLISH PRINTS, 25 CENTS.
PRINTED SATIN CLOTH, A NEW ARTICLE FOR THE HOUSE OR WALKING COSTUME, 35 CENTS.
ONE CASE OF THE FINEST ORGANDIES IMPORTED, 40 CENTS.
REAL SCOTCH GINGHAMS, IN ALL COLORS, 25 CENTS.
TWO CASES OF FRENCH FOULARD MOHAIRS, WHICH SOLD BY THE PIECE FOR 65 CENTS, ARE NOW OFFERED AT 50 CENTS.
BLACK LYONS GROS GRAINS AND DRAP DE LYON, OF THE BEST MAKES, FROM $1.50 to $3 PER YARD.
CHENE SILKS OF THE LATEST DESIGNS OF THE PARIS MARKET, AND EXTRA QUALITY, SOLD LAST SPRING AT $2.25, $2.50.
STRIPED SILKS FROM $1.50 TO $2.00,
BLACK CANVAS BAREGES, EXTRA SUPERB QUALITY, 62½ CENTS.
BLACK CANVAS BAREGES, 75 CENTS.
BLACK CANVAS BAREGES, ALL WIDTHS AND QUALITIES, UP TO $6.
WALKING SUITS, LACE SHAWLS, LACE POINTS, &c.
ALL AT THE NEW RATES.
April 16-3m.

NO. 13. NO. 13.
SHREINER'S
IS THE PLACE
Where you can buy a first rate
AMERICAN, ENGLISH OR SWISS WATCH,
BEAUTIFUL SETS OF JEWELRY, HANDSOME BREAST PINS, EAR RINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
and almost everything in the jewelry line
AT THE LOWEST PRICE.
Or you can purchase
FINE SILVER AND SILVER PLATED SPOONS,
FORKS, KNIVES CASTORS, GOBLETS, ICE PITCHERS, BUTTER DISHES &c. &c.
Then if you are in
WANT OF TIME
you can buy any kind of
AMERICAN CLOCK,
warranted of the best quality, at a low figure.
CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
AT
CHAS. P. SHREINER'S
Sept4wtf] No. 13 Front St., Columbia, Pa.

DRUGS. CHEMICALS.

J. B. KEVINSKI,
DEALER IN
PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS,
AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
GENERALLY.
A large assortment of Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, Tambourines, Accordeons, Fifes, Harmonicas, and musical merchandise always on hand.
SHEET MUSIC.
A large stock on hand, and constantly receiving all the latest publications as soon as issued.
Music and Musical Books will be sent by mail free of postage, when the market price is remitted.
DACALCOMANIA,
Or the Art of transferring Pictures. Can be transferred on any object.
I would call special attention of the Coach-makers to my stock of Dacalcomania.
AGENT FOR
STEINWAY & SON'S PIANOS, PRINCE & CO'S., & NEEDHAM & SON'S CELEBRATED ORGANS AND MELODEONS.
Sole Agent for Stoll's Unrivaled PIANO FORTE AND FURNITUREPOLISH.
Call and examine my stock at
NO. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET,
LANCASTER, PA. oct.16,'69-1y

COOPER & CONARD,
S. E. cor. 9th & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Having rebuilt their store, will open about October 1st, with an elegant stock, to which they invite an examination.
Upwards of seventeen years of active business at their present location, enables them to judge of the wants of their patrons, to buy at the lowest prices and to sell at the smallest margin of profit. Full lines of
BLACK SILKS,
DRESS STUFFS,
SILK VELVETS,
CLOAKS, SHAWLS,
HOSIERY, TIES,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
COLLARS, CUFFS, &c.,
WHITE GOODS,
BLANKETS, QUILTS,
MUSLINS, LINENS,
CASSIMERES, CLOTHS,
CLOAKINGS,
VELVETEENS, &c., &c.
COOPER & CONARD,
S. E. cor. Ninth & Market Sts.,
oct.2-'69,1y-1-2-3p] Philadelphia.

$25—THE FOLSOM IMPROVED TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. The cheapest First-Class Machine in the market. Agents wanted in every town. Liberal commission allowed. For terms and circular, address A. S. HAMILTON, Gen. Agent, No. 700 Chestnut St., Phil'a, Pa. apl16-3m

Poetry.

THROUGH THE WORLD.

Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled,
To hide the pain they may not seek.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep nor pray;
While others, not so sadly wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore,
And lured by seemings of delight,
Fair to the eye, but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wishful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks.
For them no might redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impearled,
Oh misconstrued and suffering long,
Oh hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountain shade, no date grove fair,
No gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches, wide and bare;
The foot may fall, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

Oh eager eyes which gaze afar!
Oh arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
Oh hearts that hunger through the world!

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE NIGHT REPORTER.

Among all the various departments of a great city morning newspaper, not the least important and responsible is that of the "Night Reportor." When nearly all the others on the editorial and reportorial staffs have finished their work and betaken themselves to the quiet of home or the companionship of friends and the diversion of social enjoyment, the Night Reporter begins his task, which is that of scenting out and recording all that transpires of public interest—murders, suicides, burglaries, fires, etc. etc.,—within the confines of the city during the hours between nightfall and the time when the paper must go to press. He is a sort of journalistic corsair, for his is a roving commission, and the duties of his position are circumscribed by no particular lines within the limits of the city, nor by any special instructions; he moves according to the demands of the situation as he finds it, and is often the sole judge to decide what may or may not be done in connection with the events that come within the latitude of his observation. The position is one that requires energy, enterprise, tact, judgment, a keen scent for news and a quick apprehension as to the the relative merit of events for making an impression upon the public. There are incidents of enterprise, daring and self-immolation in the life of every successful Night Reporter in the larger cities which, if recorded, would entitle them to a place in the list of true heroes, while an entertaining volume might be made from the stories of the strategic tricks and devices employed to obtain news, a very interesting chapter of which would be that which should relate the contests between those on rival papers to outwit and defeat each other. We transfer to our columns a couple of incidents of the latter character, related in a late issue of the Chicago *Tribune*, which are exceedingly characteristic and very amusing.

Some time ago one of the Chicago night reporters received a hint through a private source that there had been a serious shooting affray in a remote part of the city. Although the hour was past midnight he determined to procure the particulars for the paper of that morning. Accordingly he flew to the hack-stand, jumped into one of the vehicles always on hand, and gave orders to proceed with all dispatch to the locality indicated. On the way thither his spirits were pitched in the highest key, for he felt morally certain that he should have a "scoop" on his brethren. On his arrival at the scene he jumped nimbly out of the carriage, but was completely dumbfounded at seeing a rival reporter jump as nimbly from the driver's seat. For a moment he felt like kicking somebody, but knowing that any such exhibition of ill-will would lead to serious results, and bring him no favor with the profession, he determined to grin and bear the joke—for such it would be considered—and abide his time. It appears that No. 2 had observed No. 1 rushing wildly for a hack, and, surmising that something was in the wind, he had jumped upon the driver's seat the moment his rival was ensconced within. The driver, presuming the two to be friends, had offered no objection. They found an item of considerable magnitude—in fact, a murder had been committed—and the more No. 1 turned the joke over in his mind, the less he found therein to relish, and he finally determined to get even at all hazards.

It was two o'clock,—wanting but little more than an hour from press time,—and while a pair of fast horses could make the distance in forty minutes, a person on foot would be unable to reach the office in time to make his information useful. It was a moment for action, and turning to the driver he spoke with decision:

"I engaged you; I expect you to serve me until I am done with you. If you play me any tricks I'll report you to the authorities. You had no right to allow this man to ride on the outside. I will not allow him to return with us. Now, you know your business."

No. 2 saw in a moment that the "joke" had rebounded on himself. He knew but too well that unless he could have the benefit of a carriage, his cake would be all dough. But his appeals were in vain. Then he threatened the driver with all manner of dire consequences—but this individual knew he was in the right with No. 1—and finally offered him a week's salary for a seat on the box. Nothing, however, would avail. The driver slammed the door, jumped upon his seat, and away went the carriage at a tremendous rate of speed. Again was No. 1 elated with the vision of a "scoop,"; again were his spirits pitched in the highest key, and as the carriage whirled rapidly along the street he drew upon his imagination for pictures representative of the misery of his rival plodding wearily and dolefully in his rear. He felt some pity for him, too; but had not been a game of diamond cut diamond with them? Yes. It couldn't be helped. A "scoop" was a "scoop," and there was an end on't. In due time he got to the office, dashed away at his account, and reached the conclusion just in time for the press. Then he sought blissful repose, and dreamed of glorious "scoop" all night long. On rising, he glanced at the morning papers, as usual, and was thunderstruck, amazed; yea, petrified. Was he yet dreaming, or had his senses forsaken him? There, topped with bold head-lines, was an account of the affair in his rival's paper, fully as detailed as his own. What magic art had accommplished this piece of wonderful journalistic legerdemain? Could the man fly? No; but he could ride, and that, too, at another's expense. The moment the carriage started No. 2 darted to the rear, clutched the broad bands that usually ornament the rear, and, getting a foothold on the springs effected a safe and quick passage to the neighborhood of the office.

The eagerness with which our heroes clutch at the slightest clue to an item of news, has often made them the victims of rare "sells," and in one trying to overreach the other, both have often become victims. An incident in point:

One evening the night reporter of a certain paper entered the local room of another—there is generally the best of feeling among individual reporters—and seeing his "rival" hard at work at his desk, he approached in a nonchalant manner, and remarked in the most casual way:

"That was a terrible affair, wasn't it?"

Now the "rival" had heard of nothing that day in the least way deserving of so expressive an adjective, but determined not to be sold—if a sell was the object—or else to gather all the information that could be extracted, he answered:

"Yes, it is certainly one of the bloodiest tragedies that ever came under my notice."

Now the first speaker was somewhat nonplussed. "Has really something terrible transpired?" thought he, and, as a sort of feeler, he launched out with;

"How many were killed?"

"I scarcely know," returned the other; "have not yet been to the scene myself, but some say two, and others three."

"The deuce," thought the first speaker; "there must be really something in this matter. I am glad I spoke as I did."

Meanwhile he had approached closely to the table as which the other was working, and glancing at the notes lying in scraps before him, discerned the words, "depot," "two killed," "narrow escapes," etc., which had reference to the falling of a derrick, by which two horses were killed. "There is a murder in the wind," thought he, "and I had better be on the lookout. With that he left the office in apparent unconcern, but had no sooner reached the outside, than he set off for the nearest depot, and finding nothing, visited the next, and another, and so on, until he had embraced them all. Still without a clue to the supposed tragedy, he finally made his way to the Armory, where lo! and behold, sat his rival, also in search of that sensation. Both had played their cards so well at the office that neither felt himself on certain ground, and hence the other had also entered upon the wild-goose chase. On meeting at the Armory they indulged in some further hush-beating, but finally the cat came out of the bag, and both acknowledged to the "sell," and to being "sold."

CHEAP LIVING IN EUROPE.

Off the traveled *routes* everbody knows that one may live better and cheaper than in the United States, but in towns, large in population or frequented by strangers, almost everything depends *upon adaptation to the costume of the people.* Against these in none of the old countries can a contest be successfully waged. The customs (*mores*, in Latin) of a people represent its virtue, and they are sanctified by the traditious from the distant past. In London, for example, life in the same style—clothing, furniture, rents, food, servants, horses and amusements being as near alike as the habits of the two countries will permit—costs less than in New York or Philadelphia, Washington or Boston, provided the customs of those with whom you have to do are respected. The service rendered is the very best, the housewifery neat, attendance constant, cookery perfect, address respectful, and hours of work punctual. But your servants must have their table supplied separately from yours, and whatever rules may be adopted in the dining-room, the kitchen has its four meals a day. The tea, sugar, and beer allowed to each servant is commuted by a money payment on the Monday of each week. Your chamber, or dressingmaid claims the cast-off ladies' wearing apparel, your footman the gentlemen's, your cook the drippings of the kitchen, and your coachman the manure of the stable. A new suit of livery must come to two of them on Christmas, and a "Christmas-box" be given to each of the others—a word meaning simply a money gift of any sum made the day after Christmas. If you purchase or sell a horse, your groom receives a sovereign, while if you buy a carriage and pair, your coachman expects five pounds, but himself settles with the groom and stable-boy. You may not discharge a servant without giving a month's previous notice, nor may your servant quit you without the same. These and other like customs observed as every Englishman observes them, and the cost of living in London will be found less in the sum-total than the cost of living in New York.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE work of reconstructing Fort Sumter has already commenced. Its crumbling walls are to be restored, embrasure, angle and slope remodeled, and an armament replaced thereon. It is contemplated to make it a "heavy temporary battery," mounting thirteen heavy-calibre guns—eleven fifteen-inch smooth bore, and two twelve-inch rifles. The outside wall is to be rebuilt at a height ranging from thirteen to twenty-six feet above low water mark. Above the wall a heavy earthen parapet will be constructed. All the bomb-proofs and casements yet visible will be filled in. A new dock on the west side, and the present dock and stairs will be removed.

AN unpleasant person says it is a great convenience to have women for postmistresses. They can not only inform an applicant if there is a letter for him without looking, but can also tell him what is in it.

GOSSIPPING.

When indulged in for mere pastime, gossiping is a low and contemptible business, but when followed as a regular employment it is most ineffably mean. Could we but devise some mode of taking a photograph of character what a hideous picture would be that of the gossip or tattler Be the gossip male or female the disgusting feature of a busy-body with other people's affairs would eclipse any other quality of head or heart which might by hereditary law have found a place in the subject's constitution. Let us imagine some instrument for the purpose, and take a male subject for our first experiment; if the photograph of character be taken it would appear somewhat in this light: He would be pushing himself into your way at every opportunity, and with anxious importunity depicted in his countenance, seek to rivet your attention to his tale of scandal on this or that man, this woman or that, this doctor, lawyer, preacher or business man. "I'm told he is not the kind of man that he ought to be;" "He is in very straitened circumstances:" "I have occasion to know that if he was pushed, he would go to the wall;" "I don't like to say anything, but if I were he I would leave this part of the country:" "I knew his father and mother well, he's of bad stock." Thus he retails his wares to every one that will listen to him. You may try to get away from him, but he'll shift his position to cut off your retreat: swing around the circle to keep in front of you if he discovers any symptoms of leaving in your movements; generally winds up his slimy details with contrasting the victims of his heartless slang with his own characteristics: "I never would be guilty of such conduct:" "That is not my way;" "I'm one of your straight out kind of men;" "I'll tell you the kind of man I am." And so he passes from point to point through the town, ever eager to find some one to whom he can unburden his dark soul. This faint picture of the male gossip is our first attempt at photographing meanness. We admit that it falls short of setting forth in its proper light the utter sterility of the heart, so far as generous principles are concerned.

The female gossip presents more variety as taken by the science of light and shade. She can attend to a considerable amount of domestic cares and at the same time be posted in all the little ins and outs of her neighborhood. She generally, from the very weakness of her character, imagines herself to be a favorite of all her neighbors Supposes in her simplicity, that because her auditors in silence permit her to monopolize the chat, that they are entranced with her immense stores of knowledge and news. She can not be made to realize with what contempt their souls turn away from the dish of scandal she is dealing out to them. Impervious to all hints, nay, even to all rebukes they administed, she passes from one to another until she is the most detested of all terrestrial visitations. How she feigns a knowledge of what she most wishes to find out. Her own conceits become stereotyped falsehood by their repetition to all she meets. No lady of her acquaintance is free from her poisonous tongue, even though, for a purpose, she occasionally lauds her to the skies. And if the newly married lady be so amiable that even her husband's relatives can not but speak well of her, the female gossip like a vampire will feel it a luxury to sap the life-giving current from her reputation. The great misfortune is that she will not "see herself as others see her." hence there is little hope for reformation.

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.

The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away; yet a multitude take their initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial either for a tender or a riper age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing well that there a dozen girls inside, and knock or ring, with an absolute certainty that in a few moments all eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make the tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets, is an achievement of which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it off at each end, he may stand a chance to spend a pleasant evening. Let him not flatter himself that the trials of the evening are over. Then comes the breaking up.—The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, so unimpressible and independent, as if they did not wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy who has the most pluck goes up to the prettiest girl in the room, with his tounge clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking out his elbow, stammers out the words, "shall I see you home?" She touches her finger on his arm, and they walk home, feeling as awkward as two goslings.

A STOTY OF CARLYLE.

The London correspondent of the *Round Table* tells a new story of Thomas Carlyle as follows: "And now, having put a plea for publishing personal anecdotes, let me end this letter with a story of Thomas Carlyle. I herd Mr. Dickens tell it the other night in a company of fifty; and if he may tell it to fifty, why may not somebody else tell it to fifty thousand? That great man (Carlyle, I mean,) is still grievously tormented by some Cochin-China fowls kept by a neighbor. They crow not often, but at unseasonable times—in the midst of a particularly involved sentence, for instance, requiring great attention to the logical ordering of accusatives and verb. The philosopher is at such times to put the case mildly, simply no philosopher at all. Exasperated, at length, beyond measure by these daily tormentors, he sent a servant to his neighbor the other day to implore relief. But the neighbor was unyielding. He, or rather she, regarded the fowls with peculiar affection, and declared, besides, that she had observed that her pets, though they certainly crowed very loud, 'only crowed three times in an entire day.' 'Ay, so they,' remarked the author of 'Hero worship,' when this reply was brought to him; 'so they may; but the woman does not consider the awful moments I suffer when expecting them to crow.' Is not this characteristic of the man?"

BONNER AT HARLEM LANE.

I saw Bonner on the road the other day. It is one of the sights of New York. It is interesting to watch the sensation he produces, though he appears every day. He comes late on the road, but his coming is watched for with great eagerness by all classes. He is very systematic, and can usually be seen turning into the gate from Eighth avenue about five oclock. His pleasure never interferes with business; his day's work is fairly done before he leaves for his stables. He has a rig which he puts on when he prepares for the business of the road.

Dexter is the favorite with the public, and they are usually gratified, especially on a pleasant afternoon. Other horses have had their brush and have been led off foaming to the shed. The piazzas of all the hotels that line the road are crowded with horsemen and the windows with lady friends. Spectators with their teams draw up on the side of the road to await the great event of the day. During the meeting of the two conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York lately, it was estimated that two-thirds of the clergymen went out on Harlem lane to get a sight of Dexter and his famous owner. Bonner makes his appearance at a slow pace, apparently indifferent to the impression produced. He watches to see that the coast is clear. By common consent, when Bonner appears, the road is cleared. A Decotah Indian might take lessons of Bonner in his yells. As Dexter starts on his course, his driver can be heard half a mile off. The excited throng shout "that's Bonner," and all come to their feet. The team rushes by with the fleetnes of the wind, and is out of sight in an instant. There are some things that cannot be described—a panic in Wall street—the inside of St. Peter's—the harmony of an Italian organist—the coloring of the great masters in the Pitti Palace—the trotting of Dexter. He moves as no other horse moves, he is the poetry of motion. He does not sprawl, throw his feet out, or fling them around, but seems to slide out of himself, giving the idea that any amount of speed can be obtained. He is never exhausted, there is no exertion, there is a reserve of speed that is peculiar. Go as fast as he will, his hoofs can be as distinctly seen as when he is on a low trot. Horsemen say that his speed has never been known, and without controversy the palm is awarded to him on all hands. A very exciting scene took place the other day. A gray horse appeared on the road—a stranger to every one. The speed of the animal was marvellous. Where the horse came from or to whom he belonged nobody seemed to know. The driver watched for Bonner. After a sharp contest he actually distanced Dexter. The thrill of excitement was indescribable. Bonner turned his horse into the shed and had him blanketed. Wall street was scarcely ever more excited than was the road that afternoon. In a short time Dexter re-appeared, and here his pale antagonist was ready for the contest. Bonner put up the top of his wagon, which as horsemen know, makes a great difference in speed. The white horse came tearing along at a marvellous gait, Bonner sprang to his feet and gave a screech that might have been heard in Westchester county. Dexter heard and understood the signal, buckled down to his work, and left the white horse so far behind that he was not to be mentioned the same afternoon. Thunders of applause attended Bonner on his course, and as the king of the road came back there were hundreds that would have crowned him with laurels. The feat of that afternoon induce horsemen to say that Dexter is capable of anything.

A BOLD BANK TELLER.

During the last two or three weeks a teller in one of our city banks found, at the close of the day's transactions, that his cash was deficidnt to the extent of $500. After much fruitless search, the teller came to the conclusion that he would have to stand the loss. One morning he was surprised by the receipt of a letter, proposing to restore the amount if a suitable reward was paid. It immediately occurred to the teller to compare the disguised handwriting with that of each document which had passed through his hands on the day in question. In a process of comparison more than once repeated, he discovered a draft in which he could trace some indication of similarity. His next step was to have the whole of the drafts of this individual written under every variety of circumstances, sorted out and carefully scrutinized. His suspicions were confirmed.

Being a resolute fellow, and feeling that delay might be dangerous, he supplied himself with a pistol, and, with two friends on whom he could rely, took the bold step of going to the house of the suspected party, in Allegheny, which was reached at a late hour in the evening.

On obtaining a private interview, he stated blandly that he believed some mistake had taken place between them on money matters, which he was desirous of having arranged. In reply he received a flat denial of any such mistake having occurred. Finding that mild treatment was ineffectual, he altered his tactics; told him with a determined air that he was in no mood to be trifled with, and that he had indubitable evidence of the money having been obtained by him. Presenting his pistol he threatened to shoot the swindler on the spot if the money was not immediately produced. Thrown off his guard by the sudden and extraordinary appeal, the poor man fell into a tremendous fit and admitted that he had been overpaid $500. He gave the teller a check for the amount and offered him a bonus to keep the matter from publicity. The teller indignantly refused the bribe, but consented to keep the culprit's name from public notoriety.—*Pittsburg Mail.*

PRESPIRATION PARAGRAPH.—The disagreeable odor, which is a source of great vexation to those who are afflicted with it, may be removed much more effectually than by the application of such ungentls and perfumes as are now in use. It is necessary to procure some compound spirits of ammonia and place two tablespoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands, and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmles and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician and ought to be tried at least by all whose persons are so offensive in this respect.

DREAMS.

A person well known to me, dreamed that he was alone in a certain churchyard, amusing himself, as he had often done, by reading the quaint epitaphs, in the light of the setting sun. A new grave attracted his attention. At its head was a remarkable stone, on which he distictly read the date of death and the name of the deceased; it was that of a dear friend whose company he had that evening enjoyed. Such a dream was sufficiently painful to impress his memory very strongly; but deeming himself too philosophic to be moved by such a circumstance he cast off the impression, and thought but little of it, until seven months afterwards, when the death of his friend, at the very date he had dreamed, startled his philosophy. If we consult the works of those who have written on this subject, such as Dr. Abercrombie or Macnish, we find they relate a number of such marvelous coincidences, and really speek of them as if they were easily accounted for. Thus a young lady of Rosshire dreams that she sees her lover slain on a certain day, at Corunna. The event happened exactly as she dreamed. Dr. Macnish dreams of the death of a relative, three hundred miles off. Three days after, he hears that his dream represented the truth, although there had not been the slightest anticipations of any such an event. Mrs Griffith wakes from her sleep, screaming out, "the boat is sinking—save them!" She was uneasy about a proposed fishing party, of which her husband was to be one; thus the dream was quite natural; so she quietly fell asleep again; but she wakes up in terror, saying: "The boat is going down!" This, of course, arose from the former dream; therefore, she composed herself a third time to sleep, but quickly starts up in agony, exclaiming, "they are gone; the boat has sunk!" Her husband, a major in the army, caught the alarm, and excused himself from the engagement; but the rest of the party went, and were all drowned. Such cases, multitudes of which might be collected, are among those most easily attributed to mere coincidence; but we will take another, for the accuracy of which Dr. Abercrombie vouches. "Two sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and, having roused the other, told her she had a frightful dream. 'I dreamed,' that she said, 'that Mary's watch stopped; and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied—'much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also;" meaning their brother who was ill. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was composed, as on the previous occasion, by finding the brother in a sound sleep, and the watch going well. On the next morning one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in an adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out, for this purpose, the watch alluded to—which had been put by her in her writing-desk—she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same moment a scream was heard in the other room—the brother, who had been considered going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last!

TITILLATIVE TRIFLES.

A little connecticut boy, asking a mate who Good Friday was, received the withering reply: "well, you go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

A young lady's letter to a friend closed: "But I must stop, for here comes a soph, who parts his hair in the middle, and wears a moustache that pricks dreadful.

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately a youth cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No!" was the reply, "but your mother had a little jackass!"

A Pennsylvania editor, after criticising the news published by a rival sheet, winds up by saying: "If there is anything else that has taken place in the future we should be glad to hear of it."

A Nashville local editor, to relieve the present dearth of news, has introduced into his department "April Thoughts." He opens up with the unqualified assertion that "with linked hands the days trip lightly into the dim archway of the past."

Host (who has just finished carving a turkey) "Will you have a small piece of the dark meat, or a small piece of the white meat?" Hungry guest (who is addicted to the habit of plain speaking)—"Thank you: I'll take