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 $\mathbf{R}^{\mathtt{EAL}\;\mathtt{ESTATE}\;\mathtt{AGENCY}}.$

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 their care will meet with prompt and careful attention.

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sep 4-09-tfwl MICHAEL LIPHART.

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READ! READ! The undersigned having bought the entire LADIES BOOTS & SHOES, In the Store Room formerly carried on by JAMES SHROEDER,

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CHILDREN'S BOOTS & GAITERS, As cheap as any other stand in Columbia. La-dies' Boots and Galters made to order. 22. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. Don't forget the place. Give us a call; june 18-1870-tf.]

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

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AMERICAN, ENGLISH OR SWISS WATCH. BEAUTIFUL SETS OF JEWELRY, HAND-SOME BREAST PINS, EAR RINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS.

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We have organized a most efficient Fine Suit and Dress Making Department. From our greatly enlarged DRESS GO DS stock, ladies ian make their selections and have them made up promptly, economically, and in a style to passe the most assistances. Just opened new, SHACPO-LINS.

WOOD, SERIGE.

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New open, by far the largest and most clegant sock of shared and at the most moderate prices with every had. It comprises in part, Printle Y-HAWLS, 1911-14 PATON INDIA, 7 EVELSIBLE VELOUR.

OFTOMEN SPRIPE, NOVEL WOOLEN, LONG AND SQUARE, &C.

Famous lines of Cusimeres, low to finest make, Cloakings of every desirable kind made.

The Woolen Stock is not executed in town.

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COACH WORKS! REMOVED TO Nos. 9, 11 AND 13 NORTH 5th

STREET.

COACH SMITHING, REPAIRING, &c. This branch of the business will be attended to with princtuality and despatch.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, Wagons, &c., for sale or made to order. 29_ Call at the Works No. 9, 11 & 13 North street and examine the stock and prices.

OPEN! OPENING! OPENED!

THIS DAY, THIS WEEK, AND UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS, AT

BRENEMAN'S 128 Locust Street. THE LARGEST STOCK OF

HATS AND CAPS, For Men, Youth and Children, ever before offer ed to the people of Communications as it does, STYLE and QUALITY in soft all shift brin, such as the Warwice, the Lewis Sinhad, Prince Arthur, American Girl, Rute, Peerless, Lady Thorn, Rowling, Star, Count, Witverty, Gilmore, Rob Roy and the Full style of Silf-Hats, Just out, together with a full style of Silf-Hats, Just out, together with a full stock of

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS, Consisting of White and Colored Shirts, Floring Shirts and Drswers, English, German and Do mestic Hoslery, Gloves, Handkerchiets, Suspenders, Ties, Linea and Paper Cuffs and Col-

UMBRELLAS AND CANES. Parties who favor us with their patronnge are assured that it will be our constant aim to meri their confidence and support.
Call and examine our well selected stock at at low prices.

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Para a real paroceries. AT HARDMAN'S! dust received, at the tine Grocery Establish nent, corner and and Cherry streets, the follow

SUGAR CURED HAMS AND DRIED BEEF,

JELLIES, PRESERVES, HONEY, PEACHES, COMATOES, ENGLISH PICKLES, WINSLOWS GREEN CORN GREEN PEAS 4c., 4c. Family Groceries, of all kinds. A LARGE LOT OF NEW YORK CANDIES.

FOREIGN FRUITS. Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins, Cocoanuts, and White Wine Vinegar.

Extra Family Flour, Mercer Potatoes, Rio and Java Coffee, fresh roasted, Lovering's Syrup, &c.

New Goods received almost daily.

WM. H. HARDMAN,

3rd and Cherry Sts,

sept-69-tfw]

Columbia, Pa.

How to Manage Him.

"How shall you manage your husband?"
I will tell you, my dear, if I can,
He's really a wonderful creature,
That troublesom animal—man,
Yes really a wonderful creature,
Inconsistent and dreadfully queer,
But you'll soon know the secret by learning
The medias operand, my dear.

If he stays out too late in the evening,
Partaking of supper and wine,
Don't prove him a base fabricator,
When he comes, by asking the time.
For he surely will tell you the town clock,
But a moment before rang out on—
When it struck he had "counted it over
Just three times, before it had done."

And then it its fut in the morning, is smaller by far it in his he id, bon't hint by the merest allusion.
That his lordship went tipsy to bed. But rather regard the occurrence.
A photomeron puzzingly queer, with a strange look of mystification in youreyes, if he's watching, my der

And I in the transfer of the state of the And mend all his clothing with care, Don't terse him for money for shopping, Don't frown when he acts like a bear, Don't tell him to often, in d and, That your head is aching with pain, Lest he whisper way down in his besom, "Oh, I wish I was single again!"

Don't Tell him that Mary the housemaid, And Ann, the obstreperous cook, Refuse to receive your suggestions, With even so much as a look, bon't tell him how very annoying, You so otten have found it to be, To be told to "get out of the kitchen, And don't come a botherm' of me!"

But always seem cheerful and happy,
And always look pleasant and gay,
Then a frown there is nothing more potent
in driving one's husband away.
And thus you must ever keep striving.
You will find it an excellent plan,
But whatever you do, dear, remember
That your husband is only a man.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

An Interview with the Sailors Charged with Arson. We are indebted for the following to the New York Standard of October 20th, 1870:

20th, 1870:
The startling and fearful charge of attempting to scuttle and then burning their ship, brought by Captain Pease of the Robert Edwards against four of his crew, who were brought home in irons on board the steamer South America from Pio Langing has a greated intense interact. Rio Janeiro, has created intense interest among all classes connected with ship-ping. But these men, or rather three men and one boy, for young Duncan is but seventeen years of age, most emphat-ically deny that they either bored holes in the ship's bottom or had the slightest idea of firing the ship. They declare that the Robert Edwards was manned with green and putrained sailors, with with green and untrained sailors, with the exception of a few; that the voyage was an unsuccessful one, the capture of one small whale being its only result, and that the captain and officers, who were in the habit of drinking, vented their dis-appointment on the crew, who they ill-treated and beat in a cruel manner; that one day, they say a month before the fire, the mate said to Arnold, when at the wheel, "you'll curse the day when you came aboard a whale ship;" that the four men and boy accused of firing the ship resented, such treatment, and asserted resented stein treatment, and asserted their rights, and consequently incurred the bitter hostility of their officers, who, the prisoners assert, have trumped up this charge against them from revengeful feelings and to cover their ill-usage of

their crew.
In the face of such contradictory statements, the Standard sent a reporter to the jail in Ludlow street yesterday to hear the prisoner's story. He was much sur-prised to find how widely the personal appearance of

THE PRISONERS differs from the published reports. There is nothing brutish or rullianly about them. They were very quiet and re-spectful in their demeanor, and told their tale consistently from beginning to end. This, of course, may be the result of a previously concocted arrangement. Chas. Purdue, the supposed leader of the conspiracy, is certainly a prepossessing looking young man for his class. He stands about six feet, has a profusion of curling sandy hair and full beard, a bright blue eye, a pleasant smile, and a generally open-hearted look. He says that it is ut-terly untrue that he is an Australian convict, and declares he has never before been in prison. He is an Englishman of

Scotch descent.

Charles Meredith is a small, compactly built man, about six and twenty years of age, and not wanting in intelligence and education. Ford Arnold is much and education. For Armond is indentities same physique, but older.

Samuel Duncan, the boy, has evidently been reared in a position in life above that which he now occupies. He shows much more refinement than his compan-ions, and talks with considerable feeling of his position. His father is a clergyof ms position. His father is a diergy-man, who has a church at Williamsburgh. So far as his having run away to go to sea, his father, mother and sisters came down to the ship at New Bedford to wish him good-by, and see him start on his first voyage. The Rev. Mr. Duncan was with his son at the jail yesterday morn-

ing, and, though much afflicted, believes in his son's innocence and will stand by him. The last three prisoners are all THE PRISOERS' STORY. of the voyage, if true, will result in the

of the voyage, it true, will result in the captain and officers changing places with them. They deny all knowledge of the scuttling. Of the fire they gave the following account: On Wednesday, the 20th of July, when the ship was about two miles from Bermuda, and the captain beyong the stapleary watch on dock the having the starboard watch on deck, the alarm of fire was given, a little after ten o'clock at night. All hands were quick-ly mustered to bale water into the hold. They worked steadily till daybreak, when the officers, finding they were gaining no influence over the fire, began to beat the men with handspikes and rope's ends. One of the mates beat Purdue over the head till the

BLOOD POURED DOWN HIM; at the same time he accused the whole crew of setting fire to the ship, and assailed them with filthy epithets and fearful imprecations. Purdue was then sent, bleeding as he was, to the main chains to draw water. While there the captain and tract came and and mate came and

SIEZED HIM BY THE HAIR, exclaiming, "you s— of a b—! you set the ship on fire." Purdue indignantly denied the charge, when the captain and mate cach placed a revolver to his breast and declared that if he did not confess THEY WOULD SHOOT HIM.

THEY WOULD SHOOT HIM.

To save his life he said that he was one of the men who fired the ship. This is the confession now brought up against them. Of course, under such circumstances, such a confession goes for nothing. Directly afterward the third mate went forward to Charles Meredith, who was at work on a rope attached to the fore-yard by a block, hoisting water in a barrel. He struck him such a fearful blow behind the ear with his fist that he broke his own arm. Meredith was felled broke his own arm. Meredith was felled by the blow, and the nate then jumped on him and kicked him five or six times on the head. On recovering his senses Meredith got up and went to work again. The second mate then went again after Purdue, who was still drawing water in the main chain. He had a hand-spike.-He called out to the captain to let him shoot the s— of a b—. On the captain saying no, he struck him again and again

DELUGED WITH BLOOD. While hanging half insensible on the rope, the poor fellow begged for a drink

over the head with the handspike till he

of water, and was told with oaths to of water, and was told with oaths to drink salt water. The mate afterwards compelled him to drink urine. The mate on leaving Meredith, beat Arnold over the head with a rope's end, cutting his head severely. The men kept on drawing water without anything to eat or drink till after sundown, when they received a small quantity of soft bread and some water. The ship was gatting unwieldly smail quantity of soft bread and some water. The ship was getting unwieldly the immense quantity of water poured on the fire, and the crew was divided into two batches for the night to pump the ship out. Meredith and Jensen, the fifth man accused of the conspiracy, and who jumped overboard and was drowned, lay down to be some the dealy wan the form down to sleep on the deck near the fore-mast. About four o clock in the morning the second mate came to them with a thick six-foot rope. They sprang up, and the mate immediately attacked Sensen, running all over the ship after him, striking him on the head, back and arms. Meredith, Jensen and Purdue then went to the nums. He mate standing over to the pumps, the mate standing over them and swearing he would break their backs if they did not work harder. Every two or three minutes he struck them with a rope, till at last Jensen cried out:

"I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER." The mate struck him again, and to avoid more blows the unfortunate man jumped overboard. "Go, G— d— you!" exclaimed the mate, and then, turning around said to the others, you two will go next." No effort was made to save Jensen, though the sea was calm, and the vessel scarcely making steerage way. The officers ceased their brutality for awhile after his episode, but the mate soon began to beat them again. A man named Daniel Burns, of Brooklyn, driven

THE TORTURING BLOWS, "Good-by, shipmates! I'm innocent of the burning of the vessel. Write to my mother. You'll find her directions in my chest." He then sprang overboard. He swam by the side of the ship for some time, when a rope was quickly lowered down to him by some of the men, and he was rescued. On reaching the deck he was very faint from having been so long was very faint from having been so long in the water. The captain on espying him immediately ordered him, weak as the was, to go to work again.

The four men now in Ludlow street jail worked at the pumps till noon on Friday, the 22d. They were not allowed anything to eat, and were permitted to

DRINK SOME SOAPSUDS in which the men had been washing their clothes. At 7 o'clock in the evening the officers and crew, with the exception of officers and crew, with the exception of the captain and a man named Decker, who remained on board an hour longer, took to the boats, as the fire had now thoroughly got hold of the vessel. The boats towed astern of the ship till 11 o'clock when they were cut adrift. They, however, lay near the ship all night and saw her burn to the water's edge. Meredith and Purdue were in the same boat as the captain. In the morning that officer

In the morning that officer SEIZED MEREDITH BY THE THROAT. and, with fearful oaths, asked him what he had to do with the burning of the ship. He replied, "Nothing at all." "You's— of a b—! I'll make you have something to do with it, 'yelled the captain, and at the same moment he forced his neck down against the seat of the boat and pressed t for two or three minutes. On releasing Meredith the captain seized Pardue by the throat and gave him his choice, to be put on one of the floating spars or to jump overboard in case it came to blow, so as to lighten the boat; intimating to Mer-dith that he would be the next to go. In the second mate's boat, in which were Arnold and young Duncan, things were no better. The mate was very drunk, and he swore that he would blow Arnold's brains out at sundown, and that Duncan

SHOULD FEEL THE BLOOD TRICKLE DOWN HIS BACK before night. The mate had a good supply of liquor and water, and ate heartily of soft bread, cold potatoes and canned meat; but he only allowed one sour biscuit, spoiled by sea water, peday, to these two men, and he compelled them to drink their own urine; and this under a tronical sun!

them to drink their own urine; and this under atropical sun!
On Sunday, the 24th, they sighted a sail, and bore down towards them; and in one hour and a half they were all on board the brig Mary Riel, of Baltimore, bound for Rio Jeneiro. On the brig the captain had the four brave men, now in custody, put in irons; and on one occr-sion

THEIR MANACLED HANDS were bound behind them with tarred rope so tightly their wrists swelled till the cord was literally sunk in the flesh. They were constantly chianed to the deck bolts at night when in port. Their ra-tions were two hard biscuits and a quart of water a day. They were never allowed below, even in the severest weather, nor were they allowed to leave the deck for were they allowed to leave the deck for the purposes of nature or to wash themselves during the fifty-five days they remained on the brig.

On arriving at Rio, they were handed over to the American Consul on the charge of firing the ship, by whom they were placed in the penitentiary, where they remained from the 17th to the 24th of September They were then, with the officers, rut on board the steamship South America for New York, the Consul restricting to pay the passage of the rest of

tusing to pay the passage of the rest of the crew, who of course, will go to all parts of the world as soon as they can get shipped. On the steamer they were kept in irons, and at night were shackled to the ring bolts of the deck forward of the pilot house, with two of their own officers armed with revolvers keeping watch over them. One night their hands were iron-ed behind them, so that they could not lie down. This was while coming down the river Amazon, when it was feared that which input overland and wife hey might jump overboard and swim shore. They say that they lived well aboard the South America, for although the captain went to the ship's cook and requested him not to give them any more

coffee and TO FURNISH THEM LESS TO EAT. the cook fearlessly replied that their passages had been paid for by the American Consul, that he was responsible for their being well fed, and that he should give them what he thought proper. The man asserts that the captain and four mates of their vessel, the Robert Edwards, became dijects of aversion to the officers and rew of the South America in consequence f their ill-treatment of their prisoners; that they were generally shunned, and that some refused to speak to them. The

wrists of all of them bear marks of THE CRUEL, BITING IRON, and their heads have several scars which they assert are the result of the wounds they received from their officers at the time of the burning of their ship. A FEW Sundays ago, as Mr. Beecher

was about commencing his sermon, a stout, fatherly looking man was endeavoring to make his way through the crowd, to get within better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. At that moment Mr. Beecher's voice rang out the words of the text: "Who art thou?" "Who art thou?" again cried the dramatic preacher. The stout party thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward and believing himself personally address-

ed, startled the brethren and nonplussed their reverend chieftain, by sedately re-'I'm a pig merchant from Chicago, sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair or else I'd a sot down."

Plymouth Church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

box, possibly infants may get to be criers in court. Eric dedicated an Odd Fellows' Hall on

The morning sunlight streamed cheerily in through the dining room windows, ily in through the dining room windows, its golden beams playing elfin games over the delicate serves and glistening silver, composing the dainty breakfast service.

"Well, Mary, have you decided?" inquired Mr. Stevens, a fine-looking man some forty years old, sitting down to a cup of untasted Mocha, and glancing over to his wife, whose dimpled, pouting face was almost hidden by the massive coffee urn.

"I decided some time ago to attend the soirce this evening with Major Hunter, and assuredly shall not alter my decision at this last moment."

at this last moment."

at this last moment."
"But, Mary, he is no companion for one like you, and—"
"Oh, spare me," interrupted pretty little Mrs. Stevens, with a martyred expression. "Major Hunter's demeanor to me has always been that of a gentleman. Because my bushand, whom I acknow. Because my husband, whom I acknow-ledge as my rightful escort, has become surfeited with gaiety. I must needs settle down into the hundrum existence only congenial to those whose age renders more trivial amusement unbearable." He waited until she had finished, then with a sad, stern smile, said calmly "Good morning, madam," and left her

presence.

"Oh dear" sighed his wife, as the door closed softly, "how strangely he looked; not angry, exactly—not as I ever saw him before, but hurt. It was wicked in me to speak so—wlcked, wicked—" and the words were now accompanied by choking sobs—"when I know his sensitiveness monthly on spilott. Hurn wall of his upon that one subject; knew well of his many misgivings in regard to my love for him, simply on account of the difference in our ages, how could I have been so cruel?"

Her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a sevent beging the card of

trance of a servant, bearing the card of Major Hunter, who was waiting in the parlor. With an impatient gesture she read the name, and entered his presence after a short time, with eyes around which, notwithstanding numerous applications of rose water, traces of tears were

The Major rose with a complacent smile and complimentary greeting, but Mrs. Stevens was in no mood for flattery,

he inquired, as conversation began to thag.
Oh! how she longed to excuse herself, present enemy, rose up in arms, and with apparent nonchalance she appointed the

our, "Mrs. Stevens," began the Major, in low, earnest tones, "you appear sad—har-rassed. Excuse my seeming imperti-nence, for when one has but few friends he is apt to discover any signs, however slight, serving to indicate their unhappi-

His voice had assumed a slightly senti-timental tone, which grated unpleasantly on Mrs. Stevens' ears, and she looked up in anazement as he had continued; Since my withdrawal from the army, I have met you often, and the emotion which compelled me to seek an introduction at our first meeting, has not grown cool in the many weeks of our acquaintaince; and although I have not been as-

taince; and although I have not been assured of a reciprocity of sentiment, your evident pleasure in my society, and acceptance of my protection upon different occasions, gives me courage to ask you—whose interests are far dearer to me than my own—the cause of this sadness."

Mary Stevens was thunderstruck. Could this insulting rascal be the man over whom she and her husband had but an hour ago quarreled? But without waiting for any contempt from his auditor, indeed giving her no time to express tor, indeed giving her no time to express her indignation, he went on:

n common with the rest of the world, have perceived the utter uncongeniality existing between yourself and the man you call husband—father would be a more appropriate term—and desisted from acquainting you with my knowledge, hoping that you would confide in me vol-

hoping that you would coinde in the your materily; but now—
"But now, Major Hunter," interrupted Mary, unable longer to repress her scorn and loathing, "now I will "confide" to you the fact, that if you do not "voluntarily leave this hou e immediately, a policeman will expedite your movements. There is the door sir—go!"

For a moment the caller appeared stupetied; but then his impudence—never long absent—resumed his sovereignty.

and he burst into an insulting laugh.

"My dear, let me advise you to keep cool. One never gains by yielding to anger. In the first place, do you realize that you are in my power? Oh, not in that way," he sneered as he retreated toward the hell game. The first place was the sneered as he retreated toward the hell game. he bell-rope. "I refer to your reputation, t is already yet involved, and, if fellows at the club ask me questions about that affair of mine with Mrs. Stevens, shall I feel inclined to give them a version to your credit, after being ignominously expelled from your house. Not much!" And the Major ended with a sardonic chuckle, intensely terrifying to the poor

little woman striving so hard to assume a brave demeanor, and meet the villain with no trace of fear. "Major Hunter, will you leave, or shall "Major Hunter, will you leave, or shall I call a servant," she inquired, ignoring entirely his insinuating threats.

"Call a servant, by all means, and after that I will call on Mr. Stevens with a beautiful story about his loving wife, whom he should have adopted instead of married."

married."
"I love my husband, Major Hunter, and he loves me—trusts me also—and all the stories a viper like you can concoct will be utterly wasted if used only in that direction. Would he were here now."
"He is here Mary!" and George Stevens emerged from the bay window, where, innocent of any caves-dropping intention, he had retreated to mediate mon unkind words of his girlish wife. married. upon unkind words of his girlish wife. She spring to his side with a glad cry. Putting one hand protectingly on her shoulder, he turned to her unwelcome

visitor. "Now, sir, before you leave,"-for the "Now, sir, before you leave,"—for the valiant officer, with a stilled curse, was baout to beat a retreat— "let me warn you never to speak disparagingly of my wife. So sure as one word of slander concerning this affair reaches my ears, just so sure are you horse-whipped publicly through every street in the town, and a certain portion of your life, as un-revealed to your admirers in this section of the country, entirely exposed. Now

The Major slunk away like a whipped cur, and Mary crept, sobbing into her lusband's arms. Their reconciliation was complete; but never since has Mrs. Stevens experienced the least desire to accept admiration, attention or kindness contrary to her lawful protector's wishes. A NOVEL IDEA. - A gentleman residing at Mound street, says the Cincinnati Gazette, while eating breakfast yesterday morning, heard his bell ring, and hasten-

WHEN women come to sit in the jury-

An Eventful Bridal Tour.

relates the following: Among the passengers who arrived in the city on board sengers who arrived in the city on board the steamer Colerado. on Sunday, were A. Mejia and his wife. Senor Mejia is the son of the Mexican Minister of War under the Juarez Government, and during the war with the French held the position of Paymaster of the Military Division of the West, and was located at Guaymas. He was married a few months ago at He was married a few months ago at Guaymas to Miss Connor, daughter of the late American Consul at that place. It was the design of the newly married couple to pay a visit to the City of Mexico, but a few days after the marriage took place, the pirates of the steamer Forward made their amerance, and for Forward made their appearance, and for a short time carried everything with a high hand. Among other exploits achieved by them was the capture of Mejia, whom they carried off to the mountains of Sinaloa. Nega who was at the head of the piratical movement, demanded a ranthe pratical movement, demanded a ran-som of \$50,000 for the release of the pris-oner, and threatened to kill him if the money was not paid. Information of this demand reached the father of the prisoner. He instead of paying down the coin, secretly organized a small force of picked men and negetiated the mounof picked men, and penetrated the mountain region, where his son was detained. They there attacked a guard of seven men, killed five of them, and wounded the other two, and rescued young Mejia from imprisonment. They lost one of their own men in the attack. After the husband joined the wife at Guaymas, they found it difficult to get to Acapulco. In order to accomplish this object they embarked on board the steamer Continental for this port, intending to take the next Panama steamer. They were both saved from the wreck, and reached this city in safety, having lost all their baggage and personal property. Since arriving here they have made up their minds to go overland to New York, and sale from that port to Vera Cruz. They will keep a sharp lookout for railroad accidents, configurations, eartheunits and list due. conflagrations, earthquakes and first-class disasters on the route.

REPARTEE.

There are some persons who seem to be endowed wth an electric current of wit, which sparkles and flashes whenever it which sparkes and masnes whenever it meets an opposing one; and a ready wit, or the faculty of making quick and spicy repartees, is a valuable gift, and the son reof much pleasure, provided it is used with a due regard to the feelings of others. man of genuine wit and humor may attach to himself many warm and devoted friends; but a sarcastic, cynical person is always an uncomfortable companion. It is related, that, as some friends of Campbell, the author of Hohenlinden, were leaving his room after a late supper. were leaving his room after a late supper, one of their number had the misfortune to fall down a flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed by the noise, opened the door, and inquired, "What's that?" "Tis I sir, rolling rapidly," was the immediate reply of his fallen friend. Sheridan remarked, in parliamentary language, on entering a crowded committee-room,—"Will some member move that I may take the chair?"—Two friends meeeting one remarked, "I have just seen a man who told me I looked exactly like you." "Tell me who it was that I may knock him down," replied his friend. Don't trouble yourself," said the other, "for I did that myself at once."

A physician who was attending Colman by the seen a way that it is a seen a man way the seen a man way the seen a man who told me I looked exactly like you."

A physician who was attending Colman by the seen a way the seen a man way that way the seen a man way

bitterly, and falling upon his knees, he cried, Pray, sir, will you wait till I have said my prayers?" "Certainly I will," replied the captain, "Well, then," said

Jack, looking up triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

During the late war, a colored clergyman, feeling constrained to preach against the extortions of the sutlers, from which his little fleek had suffered announced for his text, "Now de serpent was more sut-ler dan any beast of de field dat de Lord

God had made. A happy and graceful play upon words has once made by our poet Longfellow, A Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, being A Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, being introduced to him one evening, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names, "Yes," said the contreous poet, "but in this case Ifear Pope's lines will apply:—"Worth makes the man, and want of it the leistow."

Trials of a Census-Taker. Dogs pestered me some. Suddenly a big black bull-dog, with mouth open and a fail up confronted me, disputing my passage. He snarled and growled, and acted as if he meant mischief. Indeed, I knew he did; but I could not back out, for I knew if I did I would be exposed to taxible fire in the grown and backers. a terrible fire in the rear—and besides. I had on a tolerable good pair of pants.— The only way was to face the enchy with the only weapen of defense I had at my command, which was a heavy boot at the end of a muscular leg. The old beggar came for me. Just then there was it terrible concussion between boot and dog's head; the next moment a terrible yell of pain, a retreat under the hog-pen—van-quished. I think his dental arrange-ments must have been disarranged, but re did not give me time to examme, and I knew the boot wasn't worth saving after the battle, for it was soleless. A shall apply to the dog fund for remuneration. But there was another dog that was meaner than this one. He professed friendship, and was all smiles, and when went into the yard, suddenly the miserable hypocrite grabbed my hand, giving one grip, and then run. His dentals were all right, and the marks on the hand coninue to show.

Away off on a back street, I called at a

little one-stoy house. I rapped at the front door, but the hall was barricaded with bedelothes and bedsteads so that no cassage could be had. Soon a woman ex-claimed from a window the situation.— the was "having a terrible fight with bed bug," which the kitchen showed enough, for there were kerosene and hot water, corrosive sublimate, and lots of appliances in such cases made and provided. The woman said that my book would not hold all the population of her house, and I didn't stop to put down any but the big both all the population of her house, and didn't stop to put down any but the big morning, heard his bell fring, and hastering to open it, no servant being present, found a near neighbor at the door, who was the morning heard his bell fring, and hastering to open it, no servant being present, found a near neighbor at the door, who was the first greet found a near neighbor at the door, who was the first greet found a near neighbor at the door, who was treet within. "Nothing. Why do you ask?" responded our friend. "While passing by I noticed crape on the door belt, and fearing that some member of your family was lead, stopped to imquire," was the rejoinder. Sure enough, there is no see came the salutation, "No we don't all the stairs in the front hall of another) was the rejoinder. Sure enough, there is the stairs in the front hall of another) was the rejoinder. Sure enough, there is no see came the salutation, "No we don't want anything to day," "But I want on the stairs in the front hall of another) was the rejoinder. Sure enough, there is the stairs in the front hall of another) was the rejoinder. Sure enough, there is the stairs in the front hall of another year pears old, who informed him that she had mistaken me for a peddler. Exhibiting front "last by had one of the door belt, greatly to the astor ishment of our the stairs in the front hall of another is the poor belt, and the stairs in the front hall of another is the poor belt, and the stairs in the front hall of another is the poor belt, and the stairs in the front hall of another is the poor belt, and the stairs in the front hall of another is the poor belt and the poor belt and the bound of the poor belt and the poor belt and the poor belt and the bound of the poor belt and the most adroit criming and that the bound in the suicide of Him and the poor belt and the bound of the poor belt and th

A Legend of "Shirk's Hill"

The San Francisco Bulletin of Oct. 11, There's something in that ancient superstition. Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves." Some yards North of the spot where he turnpike crosses the hill on the right of the old colonial road, and half way up the declivity, a "Goblin dire" is believed to have performed his nightly rounds, and to have had his local habitation in the immediate neighborhood. One of his favorite walks was the old road vacated by all other travellers for the last lifty years. all other travellers for the last lifty years. This strange visitant, vulgarly called the "shpook," is somewhat famous in the tradition of the early settlers, having assumed various shapes and appearances, at regular intervals, during the last hundred years. Passing by nuch that is charged with the control of the same property of the same prop dred years. Passing by much that is obseure and unsatisfactory, we will confine ourselves only to some well attested visits of this airy personage, who made "Shirk's Hill" a place to be dreaded about the "witching time of night," It was the generally received opinion of the good folks of that day that this shpook was the unburied spirit of a wagoner, who was in the employ of the colonial government, and conveyed military stores consigned and conveyed military stores consigned to Major Joseph Armstrong, at M Dow-ell's Mills. He was drowned in the creek, a few hundred yards below the Red Bridge, while attempting to cross at the old fording during a freshet, in the fall of 1759. Shortly after this unfortunate occurrence we have the first reliable men ion of the shpook's appearance. The circumstances were these: Mrs. Shane, of circumstances were these: Mrs. Shane, of the Irish persuasion, in company with two other women also from the Emerald Isle, was returning from a wake at Irish-town, a little village some two miles North of the hill, The "wee sma" hours were at hand, the very time when "Tom O'Shanter," of blessed memory, saw the "fearful sight," and as these good old dames approached the hill the shpook saw fit to present binnself to them. Their thoughts were filled with the melancholy thoughts were filled with the melancholy scenes through which they had passed, a condition of mind fitted for beholding supernatural visions. Whether t was altogether fair for the sphook to take advantage of their gloomy imaginings is a question which we will leave to those better versed in the code of laws or etiquette which governs this class of midnight vis-itors. The vision seen by these old ladies was horrible enough, and was no doubt exaggerated by potations of their favorite heverage, with which they had forfeited their courage previous to setting out on their midnight journey. They never could give a very lucid account of the shape the goldin assumed on this occasion.

although they succeeded in making many converts to their story, and prepared others to witness strange sights in the same locality. The shpook continued to appear at divers times, developing new and strange characters, some ludicrous. sometimes horrible and tragic. It appeared to be a spirit of a quiet versatile Some love-sick swain, returning from a prolonged visit to his Dulcina, would be suddenly petrified with horror at beholding an attenuated countenance, as long as a rail, peering out from amid the grand old oak trees, and looking unutterable things. The poor boy would madly put spurs to his Rosmante nor look behind things.

him until he had cleared the charmed lo-cality. This was one of his comic asmust be saying as a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting the fall the safety ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting from a camp meeting near Green ago, a party of men and women were resulting the fall the safety ago, a party of men and women were resulting to find a fallen into a well. Did he kick the burket, doctor? was Colman's title response.

A poet asked a friend what he thought the latter replied. "You have done such justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

The colored race are not to be outdone in shrewdness of retort. A little caum own band a ship, the captain of which sar religious man, was called up to be gaged for some misdemeanor. Little ck appeared before the captain weeping terly, and falling upon his knees by d. Pray, sir, will von "

In finally got the door of the room opened, and asked my wife what this all meant. She bursted into tears and pointed to the valise. And do you know that it took neal day to make her believe that it was the fault of the confounded bang of unitative and having the appearance of great age, was seen following then. One of the party, in great alarm, cried out to the driver. "Take care don't you see the shook!" The black man, not begage. The black man, not begage. The colored race are not to be outdone in shrewdness of retort. A little caum out to the driver. "Take care don't you see the shook." In the colored race are not to be outdone in shrewdness of retort. A little caum of the color of t pects. pects.
Sometimes, when provoked, the goblin would assume the shape of a long, lank, cream-colored dog, and would become dangerous. The following exhibits him in his fiercest mood: Some fifty odd years ago, a party of men and women were returning from a camp meeting near Greencestle. It was near midright and as

so much power.

This last incident, and the last one we will relate, was witnessed and certified to by two persons of unquestioned yeracity, namely, James Parker and Patrick Shane namely, James Parker and Patrick Snate, who on the evening in question were quietly occupying their accustomed sleeping quarters on the hill. Towards midnight they were awakened by the rattling of the coach down the hill, and on looking out they saw the entire scene, with all its tracial consequently and consequently. tragic and supernatural concomitants, enacted before their eyes. These men belonged to a class of philosophers who still frequent the same locality, though no appearances of the goblin have been reported since the fall of 1859. Many opinions are held as to the cause of its disappearance, some supposing that the occupation of the hill by the Rebels, in 1863, and the clearing of the woods had something to do with it; whilst others. with as much plausibility, hold that the allotted time for the spirit's wandering has expired, believing with the ancients,

in the case of those who never enjoyed the rites of burial, that-

stryint was sent to her from to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant: "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the Judge what she had to say for herself she answered:

"The day I went to my employer's. I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several other gold coins on the mantle-piece, and unknown to me it stretched out its little bands and signal the three migess, which hands and siezed the three pieces, which names and seezed the three pieces, when I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my hommet, and was going back to my employer to return them when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided the nother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a lie for the truth. They be sought her for

THE MYSTERIOUS VALISE. This morning there came to us a legal gentleman of the city, who, contrary to usual practice had lost his temper. Indeed, he seemed so much out of humor that we thought something out of the usual course—very far out—had transpired to trouble him. Said the gentleman, and he said it briskly, as though he meant it. "I want you to give these beggers are seen."

"I want you to give those bagger-men thunder."
The gentleman surprised us; we attempted to explain that baggage-men were, on the whole, a pretty good set of fellows, that they had their trials and grievances like the rest of mankind, and grievances like the rest of mankind, and that if they occasionally lost their temper it was not entirely their fault; but the legal gentleman broke in upon us with the exclamation that he didn't care about their temper. They are a confounded stupid pack, and they ought to be kicked, every one of them.

every one of them.

We stopped him as soon as we could, and then asked him what under the sun

and then asked him what under the sun was the matter.

"I'll tell you." said he, "and then if you don't say I owe these baggage-men a grudge for the trouble they carelessly have caused me, I'll not say another word."

"A few days ago I had my valise packed and went off to Madison to attend a case. Upon returning, my valise was given me by the baggage-master—the infernal scoundrel—and I went home. My wife desired to take it to look at my clothes. desired to take it to look at my clothes, but as there were some important papers in the valise I said she must wait. Now, mente varise I said she must wait. Now, whenever I had returned before, she always took it from me when I went in, and, woman-like, she seems to have thought there was a secret about the valise—confound the baggage-men. Well, just as quick as my back was turned, off went the valise to the chamber, and into it want menticles forces. The minutes it went my wife's fingers. Ten minutes later there was a scream echoing through the house that would have aroused a night watch-man from his dreams. I rushed

watch-man from his dreams. I rushed up stairs, and what do you suppose I saw—confound the baggage-men!—There was my wife stretched on the floor in hysteries, and there was my valise, wide open on the floor, and showing very plainly the following table of contents:

An empty whiskey bottle, two packs of cards, photographs of four young ladies, that ought to be ashamed of themselves, a lady's shawl, a whole anotherary's shore. a lady's shawl, a whole apothecary's shop on a small scale, three dime novels, two blood and thunder papers, a dice box, a oncord and runner papers, a dice box, a lot of dice, another pack of cards, an old pipe, and I dont know how much more of just such trash. I do know that the valise—my valise, was full of just such traps, and my wife had seen them all, and then gone off into hysteries.

I tried to bring her back to her senses, but if she game back for expect to cover

but if she came back far enough to open her eyes, she pointed sort of spasmodically at the valise, and then with a double yell went off again. I tell you I was mad. I just walked up and down the apartment and cursed a blue streak. I think if I had met that baggage-man then, I would have fally inpuressed upon his mild that have fully impressed upon his mind that he had been visited by a collision. The maid put my wife to bed, and I went down street swearing. When I came down street swearing. When I came back the room was locked, and I was locked out. The maid looked at me as though I had done something very wicked, and the children slunk away as if I wanted to cat them—confound that baggageman.

An Old Man Cuts a Child's Tongue Out and His Fingers Off—The Monster Shot Dead in His Tracks.

Last week's Saginaw (Michigan) "Re-

Last week's Saginaw (Michigan) "Republican" says:

It has been well known for some time that a dirty wretched old man lived outside the city about a mile or so, in a filthy cabin, entirely alone, and that he was a hermit. No one ever went near him, for it was said he was a magician.

His only companion was a skeleton looking dog. He came into the city sometimes to beg, and would piteously implore for money, stating that he was starving. Sometimes he would gather rags or scraps of paper and sell them. Every one supposed him to be wretchedly poor. He had an evil look, and mothers would remove their children when they would remove their children when they saw him coming. One day last week, however, a child, the son of Mr. Abraham Skinner, went out alone to fish in the stream, and happened to wander on until before he knew it, he came to the hovel

The following touching scene recently occurred in a Parisian court of Justice:

A poor, pale, wan seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with a boy of eleven or twelve months in her arms, her child. She went to get some work one day, and stole three coins of 10f, each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the "Hat" he screamed, "I've caught you, have I? You saw me, did you?" Well—now you'll pay for it." And before Mr. Skinner's son could say a word, the old monster, with an awful laugh, drew out monster, with an awful laugh, drew out a knife, and (oh, horror!) cut the child's tongue out. Then he chopped off his fingers, "Now," he said—"now you can go, for you can't tell." The poor boy run off overcome with agony, and ran to his father's house only to fill them with consternation. What was the matter with their child? He could not write for his fingers were cut.

still the poor boy, after efforts of the most horrible pain, managed to fix a pencil between his bloody stumps of fingers, and wrote the awful tale! A party was immediately organized, and hastened to the miser's den. He was at the door as they approached, and fired a revolver six times at them, wounding two of the party times at them. they approached, and fired a revolver six times at them, wounding two of the party seriously. Mr. Skinner returned the fire, and the aged villain fell, with a piercing yell' mortally wounded. "My money— my money," he mouned, "my beautiful money," and he crawled to his bags of gold and sank upon them—a corpse! Over ten thousand dollars, which were over ten thousand uchais, which were presented to the poor house and other charitable institutions. The event will never be for gotten by our citizens. The child is slowly recovering. The miser was buried the day after, and the hut was