Jno Eshleman 20nov70

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 XLII, NUMBER 17.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1870. [WHOLE NUMBER, 20,869

THE COLUMBIA SPY,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

WEEKLY,

$3 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.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

Advertisements not under contract, must be marked the length of time desired, or they will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

Special Notices 25 per cent. more.

All Notices or Advertisments in reading matter, under ten lines, $1.00; over ten lines, 10 cts. per line, minion type.

Yearly Advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of the year, will be charged at full rates as above, or according to contract.

Transient rates will be charged for all matters *of relating strictly to their business.*

All advertising will be considered CASH, after first insertion.

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C. E. GAST. J. STEINMETZ.

GAST & STEINMETZ,

No. 44 NORTH DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA.

feb26-tf

B. F. ESHLEMAN,

(Office with Hon. I. E. Hiester,)

No. 38 NORTH DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA.

feb26'69tf

PHILIP D. BAKER,

No. 11 NORTH DUKE ST., LANCASTER, PA

feb26-tf

A. J. KAUFFMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining Counties.

Office—No. 28, Locust street.

J. W. YOCUM,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

COLUMBIA, PA.

OFFICE—Spy Building, Bank Street, near Locust.

Collections made in Lancaster and adjoining counties.

HENRY C. GILBER,

No 528 Washington street, near Sixth, Reading, Pa.

Collections made in Berks and adjoining counties. nov27-tf

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Collections promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties.

THOMAS J. DAVIS,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,

No. 11 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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.

M. CLARK, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

OFFICE—No. 12 N. Third street.

Office Hours—8 a.m. to 7 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. [sep1-69-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.

sep1-69-1yw J. S. SMITH, D. D. S.

A. J. GULICK,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Extracts Teeth without Pain. Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas administered.

OFFICE 215 LOCUST STREET.

sept1 69-tfw

B. C. UNSELD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

PIANO, ORGAN, MELODEON.

CULTIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING. Special attention given beginners and young pupils.

219 LOCUST STREET.

sept1-69-1yw

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. sep1-70

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 their care will meet with prompt and careful attention. F. X. ZIEGLER,

oct30-'69-tf A. J. KAUFFMAN.

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.

"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.

URIAH FENDLEY,

sep4-69-tfw] 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,

sep1-71 Proprietor.

FRENCH'S HOTEL,

On the European Plan, opposite City Hall Park New York. R. FRENCH,

Sept. 19, 1868. Proprietor.

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 a Designs of new styles of Fine work, such as monumental fine arts, &c., will be furnished gratis upon application to the proprietors.

sept4-69-tfw HEPTING & MEHL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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 FURNITURE POLISH.

Call and examine my stock at

NO. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

oct.16,'69-1y

JASPER GREEN,

Designer & Engraver on Wood.

COLUMBIA, PA.

Is prepared to execute Views of Buildings, Machinery, Bill Heads, Posters, Labels, &c., in the neatest and most expeditious manner, at reasonable rates.

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS

Executed in the Highest Style of Art.

may28'70-tf

WATER PROOFS!

WATER PROOF WRAPS.

We have Water Proofs this from 8sc. to $2.50 bought by the case from first hands. Selling price based on one small profit only.

WATER-PROOF CLOAKS.
SHAWLS-U.S.
SERGE SUITS.
BLACK SUITS.
SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

We have organized a most efficient Fine Suit and Dress Making Department. From our greatly enlarged DRESS GOODS stock, ladies can make their selections and have them made up promptly, economically, and in a style to please the most fastidious. Just opened, new,

SILK POPLINS,
WOOL SERGE,
FRENCH MERINOS, &c.

Now open, by far the largest and most elegant stock of Shawls and at the most moderate prices we have ever had. It comprises in part,

PAISLEY SHAWLS,
BROCHE SHAWLS,
IMITATION INDIA,
REVERSIBLE VELOUR.
OUTLAWS STRIPE,
NOVEL WOOLENS,
LONG AND SQUARE, &c.

Famous lines of Cashmeres, low to finest make. Challenges of every desirable kind made. The Woolen Stock is not excelled in town.

COOPER & CONARD,

S. E. Corner Ninth and Market Streets,

Oct.3-70-tf PHILADELPHIA.

STEAM COACH WORKS.

CHRISTIAN MYERS,

COLUMBIA STEAM

COACH WORKS!

REMOVED TO Nos. 9, 11 AND 13 NORTH 5th STREET.

The Carriages, Buggies, &c., made at these Works, are equal in beauty and durability to any other make in the county.

COACH SMITHING, REPAIRING, &c.

This branch of the business will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

Wagons, &c., for sale or made to order.

Call at the Works No. 9, 11 & 13 North Fifth street and examine the stock and prices.

sep5-69-1tw

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 offered to the people of Columbia, comprising as it does, STYLE and QUALITY in soft and stiff brim, such as the Warwicks, Ida Lewis, Sinbad, Prince Arthur, American Girl, Kate, Peerless, Lady, Thorn, Rowing, Star, Cuban, Waverly, Gilmore, Rob Roy and the Fall style of Silk Hats, just out, together with a full stock of

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of White and Colored Shirts, Flannel Shirts and Drawers, English, German and Domestic Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Ties, Linen and Paper Cuffs and Collars, &c. Also,

UMBRELLAS AND CANES.

Parties who favor us with their patronage are assured that it will be our constant aim to merit their confidence and support.

Call and examine our well selected stock at low prices.

BRENEMAN'S

No. 128 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa.

oct9,'69-ly

LOCAL FREIGHT NOTICE.

The Pennsylvania Rail Road Company are now prepared to receive or forward Freight, between Columbia and Lancaster, and all stations on the Pennsylvania Rail Road and its branches

RATES BETWEEN PHILA. & COLUMBIA.

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class
25 cents	21 cts.	18 cts.	15 cts.

Flour in Car loads, 28 cents per Barrel.

BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA & LANCASTER.

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class
21 cents	20 cts.	17 cts.	14 cts

BETWEEN COLUMBIA & PITTSBURGH.

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class
71 cents	56 cts.	46 cts.	36 cts.

Freight consigned to stations where the Company has no Agent, must be prepaid.

All Freights payable on delivery.

S. B. RIMGSTON,

General Freight Agent, Phila.

For further information apply to

W. W. WIKE, Frt. Agt., Phil'a.

E. K. BOICE, Frt. Agt., Columbia.

Oct.15,'70tf

J. RUPPLE & SON,

DEALERS IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE.

An extensive assortment of house furnishing hardware, also for carpenters' and builders' use, always on hand.

IRON AND STEEL,

Bla.Smiths, wagon makers, and others, furnished with all kinds of Iron, Nails, Horse Shoes Coach Trimmings, and other goods in their line

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

In great variety, such as Tubs, Baskets, Wash Boards, Brooms, Washing Machines, &c., &c.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Plows, Shovels, Hoes, Plow Castings, Scythes, Forks, Rakes, and all other Implements used by the farmer.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.

Stoves of every style and pattern, Cook, Parlor and Office Stoves, for coal or wood. A large assortment of Tin Ware always kept on hand, or manufactured to order

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, &c., &c.

A LARGE & FINE STOCK JUST RECEIVED AND IN STORE!

I have now in Store a full assortment of

Groceries & Provisions

For Family and Hotel use.

Extra Syrup Molasses, Fine Teas, Coffees, &c.

Extra Sugar Cured HAMS and DRIED BEEF.

Extra FAMILY FLOUR by the barrel or smaller quantity.

Dried Fruit, Pickles, and Fancy Groceries of all kinds, and at the lowest prices. Call and examine my stock, whether you buy or not.

HENRY SOYDAM,

sep4-69-tfw] Cor. of Front & Union Sts.

FLOURING MILL.

HATS, CAPS & NOTIONS

The subscriber having just returned from the city with a full line of

HATS & CAPS.

FOR

FALL AND WINTER

respectfully asks his friends and the public generally to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

HATS neatly done up and made to order.

H. F. BROOKS,

No. 33 North Front Street.

[Opposite the Continental Hotel.]

VALUABLE HOTEL PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

The FRANKLIN HOUSE situated in the centre of the business portion of Columbia and now doing a good business is offered at Private Sale by the undersigned. The House is of brick, three stories high, with a good Restaurant and Billiard saloon in the basement, the profits of which alone, now more than pays the rent of the building. The location of this house is the best in the town. Located on Locust street, the principal business street of the town, it commands the patronage of the traveling public. The Property will be sold on very reasonable terms and possession will be given at any time. Persons desiring to view the property or obtain further particulars will address

A. J. KAUFFMAN,

Real Estate Agent

Oct8-tf Columbia, Pa.

FURNITURE.

JOSEPH WALTON & CO.,

CABINET MAKERS,

NO. 41 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Our establishment is one of the oldest in Philadelphia, and from long experience and superior facilities we are prepared to furnish good work at reasonable prices.

We manufacture fine furniture, and also medium-priced furniture of superior quality. A large stock of furniture always on hand. Goods made to order

Counters, Desk Work and Office Furniture for Banks, Offices and Stores, made to order.

Jos. Walton. J. W. Lippincott. Jos. L. Scott

mar5 '70-ly

MICHAEL LIPHART,

Contractor and Builder,

COLUMBIA, PA.

LIPHART'S PLANING MILL,

SECOND STREET, COLUMBIA,

Is constantly in operation, and the Proprietor is prepared to fill all orders in his line such as

FLOORING AND SIDING OF VARIOUS KINDS.

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES.

DOORS AND SASH.

PIVOT & STATIONARY BLINDS.

WASH AND BASE BOARDS.

CORNICE STUFF,

STAIR STEPS.

HAND RAILS

Of the latest and best patterns.

ALL KINDS OF TURNING,

SUCH AS

NEWEL POSTS, STAIR BALLUSTERS, AND OTHER FANCY WORK.

SCROLL SAWING in all its different varieties such as Level and Rake Brackets.

ALL THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF MOULDINGS.

LIPHART'S BRICK YARD.

On Wisler's Farm, near Columbia.

Roofing Slate constantly on hand and Roofing promptly done.

The best quality of Building and Paving Brick furnished at the very lowest rates.

MICHAEL LIPHART,

apl5 '70-tf Columbia, Pa.

THE COLUMBIA DEPOSIT BANK

NO. 161 LOCUST STREET,

3 Doors below the First National Bank,

COLUMBIA, PA.

DIRECTORS:

EDWARD K. SMITH, DANIEL H. DETWILER,
ISAAC E. HIESTER, SOLOMON DETWILER,
HUGH M. NORTH, HENRY N. KEHLER.

Who are individually responsible for all the liabilities of this Bank.

The Columbia Deposit Bank,

Offers unsurpassed accommodations to the public.

Interest at the rate of 4 per Cent per Annum

WILL BE ALLOWED

ON DAILY BALANCES.

The long experience of the members of this Bank enables them to understand the requirements of this community, and to give every attention and facility for the prompt transaction of all business committed to their care.

The Business of the Bank will be to BUY AND SELL BONDS, STOCKS, GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND GOLD, AND DISCOUNT PROMISSORY NOTES AND BILLS, and transact a General Banking Business.

5 1-2 Per Cent Interest Allowed for 12 Months.

mar26 '70-ly C.E. GRAYBILL, Cashier

A FULL LINE

—OF—

NEW FALL GOODS

AT

WILLIAM G. PATTON'S,

No. 160 LOCUST STREET,

COLUMBIA, PA.

BEST BARGAINS

IN

FALL DRESS GOODS.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERS,

DOMESTIC GOODS,

TRIMMINGS,

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS, &c.

To be had in the County.

Our MERCHANT TAILORING Department is in full operation, and well stocked. We make up clothing to Order in

BETTER STYLE

And put in

BETTER MATERIAL

For the price to be had anywhere in State.

ALL THE MOST POPULAR SEWING MACHINES ON EASY TERMS.

Oct. 15, '70

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with directions for preparing, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,

165 South Second St., Williamsburg N. Y.

nov19-1y

Errors of Youth.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers can address, in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN,

nov19-1y No. 42 Cedar Street, New York

FOR JOB PRINTING

CALL AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry.

THE CANTEEN.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal green;
But I guess in their golden potation they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blanket and tent together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
O, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ESCAPED FROM JUSTICE.

It was a bitter night in January—a night when homeless wanderers on the moors might have sunk down and frozen to death, and the very marrow seemed to congeal in one's bones.

"There's one advantage in steam," growled a fat old gentleman in the corner seat:" wind and weather don't effect it. No flesh and blood in horse could stand a night like this, but the iron horse keeps straight ahead, whether the thermometer is at zero, or at boiling water heat."

Just then the conductor entered.

"Tickets, gentlemen, if you please."

"It's a dreadful night, conductor," I said feeling with stiffened fingers for my ticket, in the breast pocket of my coat.

"Dreadful, sir," feelingly responded the conductor, "Why, the brakeman can't live outside, and so I look the other way when they creep in, poor fellows to get a breath of warm air at the stove. We have not had such a night since a year ago the second of February, when Tom Blakeslee, the baggage master, froze both his feet, and a woman who was coming on from Chicago, got off at Bluni's Four Corners with her baby in her arms a corpse!"

"Frozen to death!"

"Aye, frozen to death and she never thought, poor thing, but it was asleep. 'My baby's cold,' says she, 'but we'll soon warm it when we get home.' It was just such a night as this."

And the conductor opened the door and plunged across the coupling into the next car, crying out:

"Hardwick!"

It was quite a considerable city, with a handsome depot, flaring gas lamps and the usual crowd around the platform, with hands in its pockets and its cigar ends flaming through the night.

Our car was nearly the last of the long train, and but one passenger entered it—a slender young girl, wrapped in a gray blanket shawl, trimmed with stone colored velvet flowers. She seemed to hesitate like one unused to traveling, and finally sat down near the door.

"Pardon me, young lady," said I, "but you had better come nearer the stove."

She started, hesitated an instant, and then obeyed.

"Does this train go to Bayswater?" she asked in a voice so deliciously soft and sweet that it seemed to thrill through me.

"Yes: can I be of any service to you?"

"Oh no—at least not until we reach Bayswater. I would like a carriage then."

"We shall not be there yet these three hours."

"Do we stop again?"

"Only at Exmouth."

She drew a deep sigh, seemingly of relief, and settled back in a corner. By the light of the lamp that hung in its brass fixture opposite, I could see her face, that of a lovely child. Apparently she was no more than sixteen, with large blue eyes, golden hair, brushed smoothly back from her face, and a little rosy mouth like that of a baby.

"Do you expect friends to meet you at Bayswater, my child" I asked incidentally.

"No, sir; I am going to school there."

"It will be an awkward hour for you to arrive at—one in the morning."

"Oh, I am not afraid," she said with an artless little laugh; "I shall go straight to the seminary."

So the express thundered on, with steady ceaseless pulsing at its iron heart, and constant roar.

Suddenly the signal whistle sounded, the train began to slacken its speed.

"Surely we are not at Exmouth yet," I thought, unless I have fallen unconsciously asleep and allowed the progress of time to escape me.

I glanced at my watch; it was barely half-past eleven, and I knew we were not due at Exmouth until after twelve. I rubbed the frost from the pane and looked out.

We had stopped at a lonely little way station in the midst of a dense pine woods.

"Is this Exmouth?"

It was the soft voice of the pretty traveler opposite.

"No—I don't know what place it is: some way station."

"Does this train stop at way stations?"

"Not generally; they must have been specially signalled here. You are cold, my child—your voice trembles."

"It is cold," she said in a scarcely audible voice, drawing her shawl around her. "Oh, I wish they would hurry on!"

"We are moving once more," I said. "Conductor"—for the man of tickets was passing through the car—"why did we stop at that backwoods place?"

"Out of water," was the reply, as he hurriedly passed by.

Now I knew perfectly well that this answer was not the true solution of the matter. Our delay did not exceed half a minute altogether to short a time for replenishing the boilers: and when on earth was the water to come from in that desolate stretch of barren pine woods?

Five minutes after the conductor re-entered the car: I made room for him at my side.

"Sit down Conductor; you've nothing to do this minute."

He obeyed.

"What did you mean by telling me such a lie, just now?"

I spoke under my breath: he replied in the same tone.

"About what?"

"About the reason you stopped just now."

He smiled.

"To tell you the truth, I stopped to take on a single passenger—a gentleman who has come down from Bayswater."

"For the pleasure of traveling once more over the same route?"

"Exactly so—for the purpose of traveling it in certain society. Don't be alarmed for your own safety—it's a detective policeman."

I was about to repeat his words in astonishment, when he motioned me to silence.

"Where is he?"

"The detective? He sits by the door, yonder, with a ragged fur cap pulled over his eyes. Did you ever see a more perfect specimen of a dilapidated countryman?"

I smiled; I could hardly help it.

"What is the case?"

"A murder—a man and his wife and two little children—their throats cut last night, and the house set on fire afterwards."

"Great Heavens! what a monster!"

We had continued the conversation throughout in a whisper, scarcely above our breath, and now the conductor rose and left me to study the faces of my fellow passengers, with curious dread and horror.

Somehow, often as I revolved the matter to my mind, my fancy would settle on a coarse, gross-looking man opposite, with a bushy beard and a shaggy coat, with the collar turned up all around his ears. I felt convinced that this man with the heavy hanging jaw, was the Cain! and as I looked furtively across I caught the wide open blue orbs of the fair little girl.

Obeying the instantaneous impulse of my heart, I rose and went over to her.

"You heard what we were saying, my child?"

"Yes—a murder—oh, how horrible!"

"Do not be frightened—no one shall hurt you."

She smiled up in my face with sweet confiding innocence.

Our stay in Exmouth was but brief; but during the delay I could see that the watchful detective had changed his seat for one nearer the brutish man in the shaggy coat. "See," tittered the young girl, "they locked the car doors at Exmouth; they are unlocking them now."

She was right.

"Probably they were fearful that the criminal would escape," I remarked in an undertone.

"Will you—may I trouble you to bring me a glass of water?"

I rose and made my way towards the ice cooler by the door, but with difficulty, for the train was again under rapid motion. To my disappointment the tin goblet was chained to the shelf.

"No matter," said she with a winning smile, "I will come myself."

I drew the water and held up the cup, but instead of taking it as she approached, she brushed suddenly past me, opened the door and rushed out upon the platform.

"Stop her! stop her!" shouted the detective, springing to his feet. "She will be killed: conductor, brakeman, hold up!"

There was a rush, tumult, a bustle. I was first upon the platform, but it was empty and deserted, save by a half dozen looking brakemen, who seemed horror-stricken.

"She went past me like a shadow, and jumped off as we crossed Cairn turnpike road," he stammered.

"Jumped off the express train. Well," said the conductor, shrugging his shoulders, "she must have been killed instantly. What mad folly!"

"Its five hundred dollars out of my pocket," said the detective, ruefully. "I didn't want a row before we got to Bayswater, but I was a confounded fool. A woman cornered will do anything. I believe."

"What?" I ejaculated, "you surely do not mean that child—"

"I mean," said the detective calmly, "that child as you call her, is Attila Burton, a married woman of twenty-six years of age, who last night murdered four persons in cold blood, and was trying to escape to Canada. That's what I mean."

The train was stopped, and a party of us, headed by the conductor and detective, went back to search for any trace of the beautiful young creature, whose loveliness and apparent innocence had appeared so strongly to my sympathies. Nor was it long before we found her, lying quite dead by the side of the track frightfully mangled by the force of the fall, and mutilated almost beyond recognition.

"Well, she escaped justice in this world if not in the next," said the detective, gloomily, as he stood looking down upon her remains.

"Do you suppose she expected to be able to spring off the moving train without injury," I asked.

"Without much injury; women are unreasonable creatures. But I never dreamed of such insane folly or I should have taken prompt measures to prevent it."

They lifted up the dead fair thing, and carried it to the nearest place of refuge—a lonely farmhouse among the frozen hills, and we returned to the train, reaching Bayswater only a few minutes behind our regular time.

And when in the next morning's papers I read an account of the murderess, I thought of the slender creatures blue eyes and rosebud mouth with a strange pitying thrill at my heart.

KEEP HIM COOL.—When an Arab woman intends marrying again after the death of her husband, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to his grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended—not to be jealous. As, however, she feels he will be offended or jealous, the widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she then departs.

MARK TWAIN.

Jonkins at Wilhelmshohe.

[A remarkable feature of the Present European war is the extraordinary candor of the prominent persons who have been engaged in it. From Bismarck to Napoleon, from Bazaine to William, the dignitaries have manifested a miraculous alacrity in the frank avowal of their intentions, plans and projects, and have seemed happiest when making clean breast of it to some newspaper correspondent. As a fair illustration of their amiable candor, I have condensed the following specimen from the New York Herald correspondent's recent interview with Napoleon. CARL BYNG.]

As I was ushered into the reception room at Wilhelmshohe the Emperor arose (from a "luxurious fauteuil," of course,) and advanced to welcome me, with extended hand and air of extreme gratification that put me perfectly at ease.

"Bung Zhoo, sir" said I, giving his hand a cordial shake. With the exquisite tact of practical courtier, his Majesty seized the occasion to pay me (and my countrymen) one of the neatest compliments. He said: "Perhaps we had better conduct our conversation in English. The fact is, you speak French with an accent that really shames us Parisians.—I've often remarked this trait in accomplished Americans, and wondered at it." The Emperor's remark was so unexpectedly flattering that it took my breath away for a moment; but under cover of a profound bow, I recovered my fluency and observed: "Such a compliment from your Majesty in happier days, would have brought the entire American nobility to your feet." My indirect allusions to his misfortunes affected his Majesty profoundly. The tears that chased each other down his majestic and imperial purple nose and in imperial sorrow from the waxed ends of his moustache might have moved a heart of stone, with a little assistance.

Surely thought I, the Emperor who can thus weep at his own calamities cannot be utterly heartless.

When the Emperor had recovered his composure, and had his nose blowed by the proper officer, I opened the conversation in a way that I thought least likely to offend his delicacy. I told him it was currently reported that he had feathered his nest pretty well while Emperor; and I should take it as a special favor if he would tell me how much he had really stolen. In America, I told him, public men were expected to lay by something for a rainy day, and it would rather enhance our respect for him to be assured that he had exercised a like justifiable prudence. He replied, "My friend, I respect the Herald too much to deceive it. I have made a nice thing, on the whole, and my chamberlain shall provide you with an inventory of all that I have gobbled." I asked him if he owned any property in New York. "Well," said he, "I thought I owned the New York World a few months ago; but since the Sedan affair it has gone back on me."

"Your Majesty was accused of treachery at Sedan. Was you really a traitor?" "Frankly," said he, "I think if I had tried I might have died at the head of the army instead of surrendering. If this be treason make the most of it." I said, "Sire, we Americans are very frank and straightforward, especially in asking questions. Now you needn't answer if you feel the least bit squeamish about it; but I should like to know, I really would be pleased to know, whether your father was Bonaparte or a dutch Admiral, as some have intimated?" His Majesty with great cheerfulness replied, "So would I!"

The engaging freedom with which his Majesty unbosomed himself emboldened me to pursue my inquiries, and our conversation became almost confidential. I asked him if Eugenie was ever jealous. He replied: "Not as Empress; but as Mrs. Napoleon I have sometimes thought she was inclined too be a little too strict with me." I said: "Can you lay your hand on your heart, sire, and solemnly assure the Herald that you never gave her cause for jealousy?" The Emperor (musingly)—"You may be right." At this point the Emperor seemed a good deal cut up, and sighed profoundly. Instead of answering my question explicitly, I was sorry to see him put both hands in his pockets instead of on his heart.

I told him he might deem me rather inquisitive, but if he knew how deeply interested we Americans were in such scandal, I was sure he would gladly tell me all about the Bellanger intrigues referred to in his private correspondence, which was discovered at the Tuilleries after the flight of the Empress. He said, "My friend I am deeply touched by your friendly solicitude about my affairs. Your curiosity is tempered with an exquisite delicacy that disarms it of any power to offend. That correspondence, I grieve to confess—." The announcement of a messenger from Berlin unhappily interrupted the Emperor's remarks at this point. I intended to have gradually drawn Napoleon to speak about private and personal topics, and should have succeeded but for that interruption.

As I was about to withdraw, the Emperor embraced me with every mark of esteem, particularly on my shirt front, which he remarked with his nose, in the ardor of his country. If the mark is indelible—and it has that appearance—I am a historic shirt ahead.

SHADRACH, Meshach, and Abednego would have had rather a warm time of it but for a miraculous interposition in their behalf; but theirs was a comparatively cool position, for here it is stated that in the town of Bloomington, Indiana, there are sixty-seven young women ready to be married, and only three marriageable young men, being an average of twenty-two sweethearts and one-third of a sweetheart to each bachelor. He must indeed be difficult to please who, from such a beautiful assortment, could not pick and choose; unless indeed his judgment should be paralyzed by an embarrassment of riches. Eastern swains who have failed to suit themselves here might wisely make a flying visit to Bloomington, that well-named city!

IN the Sandwich Islands it is death for a man's mother-in-law to visit him without permission.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF A NAVY OFFICER.

An Osage Lady's Love Token.

An officer in the United States Navy, a Commodore, recently deceased, some years ago became acquainted with a beautiful young Indian girl, of the Osage tribe. She interested him by reason of her youth, wild dark beauty, and musical accents, and while sojourning in the neighborhood of this forest flower, he saw her often in her father's tent.

The daughter of a chief, her dress displayed all the ornamention entitled by her rank, and her picturesque costume claimed the admiration of the "white face." A few words of her language on his part, and an equal amount of English on her's, enabled them, with the aid of signs, to carry on a conversation over the bead embroidery with which her slender fingers were usually engaged.

One article of the Indian belle's toilet was a little apron of silk, ornamented with a curiously-wrought vine, the leaves of which were represented glittering with dew—produced by cunningly interwoven crystal beads. This became the favorite subject of chit-chat, and when the dark beauty found that the bit of an apron possessed some merit in the eyes of the handsome officer it was always worn.

Months passed, and their intimacy continued, the officer teaching the maiden the English language. Orders at length came, and the officer made the Indian understand that his vessel must soon anchor in another port. Then came the knowledge, unsuspected by him before, that the child of that dusky race loved him.

Of a different race, and so much her senior, he had never dreamed such a thing could come to pass, and it was with a heavy heart that he bade her good-bye. In leaving she presented him an embroidered apron, similar to the one he so much admired, and pointing to a favorite tree, under which they had often sat together, she told him that she had embroidered it for him while sitting up in the branches, watching for his coming.

The apron he kept as a sacred relic of this romance, which could never die out of his memory. Some years after the Commodore revisited the port, and learned that the maiden had been wedded a few months after his departure to a young warrior, surviving her nuptials but a short time.

It is but a few months since he himself was laid to rest, and these two, separated on earth by the barriers of race and color which divide the human family, may in the "spirit land" have become united.

Passing through different hands the gift of the Indian girl has come to the city of Phila. on an errand of mercy, to swell the funds in aid of the sufferers on a distant shore, and the embroidered apron will be disposed of at the post office of the French Bazaar. If it bring but sufficient to purchase "a cup of cold water" for a few famishing souls it will have performed a holy mission.

WHY THEY DON'T MARRY.

A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* tells some plain truth in the subjoined extracts:

I think the reason young men do not marry is because girls have ceased to be domestic, and spend a great deal of money upon dress. They are not content to live in a quiet way and dress moderately; they must go out, dress and ride, and frequent places of amusement, have suppers and boquets, and receive adulation. It costs a great deal of money, which the young man furnishes, and he never gets ahead enough to marry, so they repent, and try their luck over again. It is the easiest thing in the world to do with less luxury; but it involves a little self-sacrifice and economy, and these virtues are fast becoming exotics. Fully one-half the girls who are now filling situations in stores, offices, etc., go there in the first place in order to be able to dress better. They live in plain but comfortable homes, and must help with the housework of the children of their own kin; but they hear glowing accounts of the city; they want the finery that is denied them, and they want to go from those peaceful home-lives from the kind guardianship of parents, to the toil and temptations of the ten-hour system.

They go plain country girls, with modest, blushing cheeks and smooth, shining hair. They stay there a year or two, and their cheeks are pale and their hair is frizzed. They have lost the goucherie of blushing, and are bold at repartee. They dress somehow and live somehow, but they have hours of despondency that make them old. It is one long struggle with labor and temptation, and how they preserve their integrity God only knows!

Now, would not these girls be happier as the wives of farmers or mechanics? Would not one word of genuine love outweigh a ton of admiration? Would not the smile of a child be a thousand times better than the gaze of libertine? Is it not easier to work for one's own than for strangers; to feel that you are king in your own castle, if it is only a one-story cottage? Woman's independence will work her a deadlier wrong than any bond she has ever worn. When she steps beyond the fair threshold of womanly power—the archetypal home, where God has made her supreme—to fight the demons of political or commercial life, she lays down a sceptre to take up a chain, whose iron canker will eat into her soul.

THAT IS THE QUESTION.—A teacher in a western county in Canada while making his first visit to his constituents, came into conversation with an eminent Vermont lady, who had taken up her residence in the backwoods. Of course the school and the former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked: "wa'll master, what do you think he learned the scholars?" I couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach? "Wa'al, he told 'em this ere arth was round; what do you think of such stuff?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked: "It does seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Wa'al," says she, "if the arth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?" "Oh, the sun and the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction." The old lady lowered her specks,