Jac Eshleman 20nov71

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 18.] COLUMBIA, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1870. [WHOLE NUMBER, 20 870

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.

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 *not relating strictly to their business.*

All advertising will be considered CASH, after first insertion.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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. 238, 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. G REBER,
No 525 Washington street, near Sixth, Reading, Pa.
Collections made in Berks and adjoining counties. nov27-tf

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

THOMAS J. DAVIS,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
No. 14 North Duke Street, Lancaster, Pa.
Professional Business carefully and promptly attended to. [oct30'69-tf

D. P. ROSENMILLER JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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—From 6 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 dentrifices 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, Ether and Chloroform administered.
OFFICE 238 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.
sep14-69-1yw

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 FINDLEY,
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 travelling 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 us.
Designs of new styles of Fine work, such as monumental, fine arts, &c., will be furnished Parties upon application to the proprietors.
sept4-69-tfw HEPTING & MEHL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. B. KEVINSKI,
DEALER IN
PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS GENERALLY.
A large assortment of Violins, Flutes, Guitars, Banjos, Tambornes, 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 Coachmakers 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 Proof Cloths from 85c. to $2.50 bought by the case from first hands. Selling price based on one small profit only.
WATER-PROOF CLOAKS.
SHAWL SUITS.
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 SERGES,
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,
OTTOMEN STRIPE,
NOVEL WOOLEN,
LONG AND SQUARE, &c.
Famous lines of Casimeres, low to finest make.
All qualities of every desirable kind made.
The Woolen Stock is not excelled in town.
COOPER & CONARD,
S. E. Corner Ninth and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oct.8-70-1y

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-tfw

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 Warwick, Ida Lewis, Sinbad, Prince Arthur, American Girl, Kute, 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 at low prices.
BRENEMAN'S
No. 128 Locust Street, Columbia, Pa.
oct9,'69-1y

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 PHIL'A, & COLUMBIA.

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

Flour in Car loads, 25 cents per Barrel.

BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA & LANCASTER.

First Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	4th Class.
23 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. KINGSTON,
General Freight Agent, Phila.
For further information apply to
W. W. WIMER, Frt. Agt., Phil'a.
E. K. BOICE, Frt., Agt., Columbia.
Oct.15,'70tf

J. RUMPLE & 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.
Blacksmiths, 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 SUYDAM,
sep4-69-tfw] Cor. of Front & Union St.

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.

THE
COLUMBIA DEPOSIT BANK,
No. 164 LOCUST STREET,
COLUMBIA, PA.

DIRECTORS:
EDWARD K. SMITH, DANIEL H. DETWILER,
ISAAC E. HIESTER, SOLOMON S. DETWILER,
HUGH M. NORTH, HENRY N. KEHLER.
Who are individually responsible for all the liabilities of this Bank.

The Columbia Deposit Bank
Pays interest on Deposits as follows:

For	Months,	Per cent.
1 & 2	"	4
3, 4 & 5	"	4½ Do.
6, 7 & 8	"	5 Do.
9, 10 & 11	"	5¼ Do.
12	"	6 Do.

On money deposited subject to check, Interest at the rate of **4 per cent. per annum** will be allowed on the balance remaining from time to time.
The Business of the Bank is to BUY AND SELL BONDS, STOCKS, GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND GOLD, AND DISCOUNT PROMISSORY NOTES AND BILLS, and transact a General Banking Business.
mar26 '70-1y C.E. GRAYBILL, Cashier.

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 offerred 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 custom 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
Columbia, Pa.
Oct8-tf

FURNITURE.
JOSEPH WALTON & CO.,
CABINET MAKERS,
NO. 413 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
mar15 '70-1y

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.
LIPHARTS 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.

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 FANCY JOB PRINTING CALL AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry.

"THE THREE ROMPS."

BY EARL MARBLE.

A trio of merry, boisterous girls,
As sunny with glee as a day in June,
With their flowing hair in crimps and curls,
And with every look to joy in tune.

The gleams of mirth that lighten each face,
As "like the boys" they stand in the swing,
Shine and shimmer all through the rural place,
Like the spots of gold that the sun's rays fling.

The first with her head thrown saucily back,
Shaking out her golden crimpy hair;
The second with brunette's curls of black;
The third with the auburn ringlets fair.

Ah! painter or poet might either dwell
On the scene in the swing 'neath the forest tree,
And thrill at the glances that merrily tell
Of the hearts o'erflowing with innocent glee

All hail, say we, to the merry romp
That dares be true to herself for aye,
And spurns the routine of fashion's pomp
For the laughing glee of girlhood's play!

And hail to the romp of olden years,
Whose only rouge is the sun's bright rays!
Which deepens with age, and never mars
The face with its final deathly glaze.

All hail to the romp, with broad, full chest,
That shames Mother Grundy's sickly fraud!
Give me your Abigail, Jane, and the rest,
And you are welcome to white-skinned Maud.

The world has need of the romping girls,
To be the morrow's mothers and wives—
Among earth's plaitudes all the pearls
That are freed from the grasp of society's gyves.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Yes, I consider him a tiptop fellow in almost every respect; he has but one fault," I said, in reply to a question from Bob Smith.

"Nonsense!" returned Bob. "How can you make such a foolish statement as that? The man is not alive who has but one fault; we all have scores of faults. It is only when a man practices one particular vice that we put all other follies out of sight, and say, 'he has but one fault.' I myself used to be one of these first-rate fellows who had but one fault, and a most unlovely course of sprouts did I have to go through to effect a cure. The rock upon which I split was a darling sin that did most easily beset me. From boyhood I was afflicted with an almost irrepressible propensity for indulging in practical jokes; many a troublesome scrape did I get myself into, and many a friend did I loose by this means. But nothing, however serious might be the result, could deter me when an opportunity offered for practising my absurd sport. If the victims were angry and indignant I only laughed the louder, and wondered that they could not see the fun of the thing. But at length one of my most exquisite jokes recoiled on myself with so much force that I can never even think of a practical joke without a squirm at the disagreeable recollections the thought suggests.

"As I was ascending the steps of the Exchange reading room on the day before Christmas about two years ago, I saw, a little in advance of me, my intimate friend Dick Jones. Accelerating my pace to overtake him, I observed the corner of a large pocket-book protruding from his coat-pocket.

"'What a careless fellow that Dick Jones is!' I said to myself. 'I'll give him a lesson that will make more careful in the future.' And coming close behind I adroitly transferred the well-filled wallet from his coat-pocket to my breeches-pocket, then falling back among the crowd that is always coming and going 'Change hour, I entered the room by another door, waiting the moment when he should discover his loss to step forward and give him his wallet and a long lecture at the same time.

"I had some little difficulty in keeping him in sight, as he rushed hastily hither and thither, bowing to this man, shaking hands with that, and having a few words with another. I managed to follow him, however, taking care that he should not recognize me, and chuckling at the consternation it would occasion him to find his pocket-book missing. Presently he put his hand behind him, started and turned round, for the first time giving me a view of his face. Great Jupiter! it was not Dick Jones at all, but a gentleman I had never seen before in my life. Here was a predicament. As the enormity of the act which I had been guilty had presented itself before me, I was completely overwhelmed; the blood rushed to my head as though I was about to have an attack of apoplexy, and for a moment everything swam before my eyes. Recovering myself with an effort, I started forward, only to see the gentleman I had robbed vanish through the door at a higher rate of speed, and almost instantly become lost in the hurrying crowd.

"What was to be done? Why, return the gentleman his pocket-book at once of course. But how? I didn't know who he was. True the contents of the wallet might reveal that, but with what face could I seek out the injured man and say: "My dear sir, here is your pocket book, which I stole from you a short time since. I am sorry for the theft, and now return the property. The only apology I can offer is that I mistook you for another gentleman, whom I supposed I might rob with impunity!' What would the deeply-injured and badly-frightened gentleman say? and, above all, what would he do! Would he not, with righteous and just indignation say, "You confounded, contemptible thief and pickpocket you have have been the cause of me having a note protested to day; you have occasioned me a shocking loss of valuable time; you have prevented a splendid bargain; in short, there is no end in the evils that have resulted from your atrocious crime. Your story of the mistake is a palpable humbug and you only return the money because you feel certain of being detected before you leave the city. This sort of crime is becoming too common, and I feel it my duty to give you in charge of the police.' Yes; undoubtedly that is what he would say. He would then open the door, beckon to an officer and have me arrested. I should be dragged to prison, examined, and committed without bail. At my trial the plea of insanity would be set up, of course; the intelligent jury would consider the defense lame, and shake their heads gravely at the story of the mistake; the judge would say that every other pickpocket might plead a mistake if this was admitted, and I should be found guilty, and everybody would exclaim: "How easy the fellow got off! Only three years in the State prison! All this the day before Christmas.

"With these and similar thoughts running through my head I paced back and forth across the hall with agitated steps, endeavoring to think of some method of extricating myself from my unpleasant predicament.

"'What the deuce am I to do?' I kept repeating to myself, as I fingered the confounded wallet, which felt like lead in my pocket, and weighed much heavier than lead upon my mind. How can I get the infamous calfskin back to its lawful owner? Such things have been done; we often read of such restitution in the papers. Let me see; how is it that pick-pockets manage such things without being discovered? 'Ah, I have it!' I exclaimed, almost aloud, in my intense satisfaction at the idea. 'I'll just do the thing up in a neat package and sent it by mail. What a goose I was not to think of that before!'

"With a heart much ligtened I eagerly started to leave the hall. Horror of horrors! at the entrance I beheld the gentleman I had robbed engaged in conversation with two policemen, who stationed themselves at each door, narrowly watching every person who left or entered the hall. Words cannot express the utter, hopeless despair into which I was thrown at this terrifying sight. Any attempt at restoring the property under these circumstances would be sure to be considered the effect of fear, and not of honesty. Here I was, as it were, imprisoned with the most convincing and damning proof of my guilt upon my person, and with a couple of lynx-eyed detectives barring the entrance, from which I kept as far as possible, pretending to be absorbed in the perusal of a paper, for I was conscious my flushed and agitated countenance would betray me at the first glance. What would I not give to have been as free from guilt and as as much at liberty to go and come where I choose like other honest men, as I was an hour before! But no; there I was, a trembling, skulking thief, watched by the police, and liable to be arrested at any moment. O, that accursed pocket-book! how I searched the hall with my eyes for some place where, unobserved, I might hide it. But an instant's thought convinced me that such a proceeding would only render matters worse; doubtless I was already watched and would be seized upon the first suspicious moment.

"'And suppose they do arrest me?' I said to myself, making a desperate effort to reason myself into a calmer and bolder frame of mind—'suppose they do arrest me? I am well known in the city; no one would suspect me of being a pickpocket; I can produce any quantity of evidence as to my character; I can prove that I am an honest man; *only* so happens that I have got another gentleman's wallet in my breeches-pocket, and cannot deny that I stole it from him an hour or two ago. Mighty honest and gentlemanly that is, certainly! No; I'm a thief beyond all remedy. No one would believe my story; it is so improbable that I can scarcely credit it myself.'

"At this moment a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. I felt the blood leave my face and rush back upon my heart: my knees trembled and smote together, and involuntarily I stretched out my wrists for the expected hand-cuffs.

"'Why, what in the world is the matter with you, Smith?' asked a familiar voice; and with an inexpressible sense of relief, I perceived that it was not a policeman, but an old acquaintance.

"'Good heavens, Spencer!' I exclaimed, frantically clutching his hand, 'I have got myself into the most deplorable scrape. *Will* you give me your advice, and assist me to get out of it?'

"'What kind of a scrape?—going to have a note protested, or anything of that kind? I'm a little short myself to-day; but I suppose I might make a raise, if it isn't too heavy.

"'No; it's worse than that; a thousand times worse.'

"'Worse than that! Why, what in the name of wonder can be worse than a protest?'

"'Spencer,' I said, blushing clear to the tips of my ears with shame and confusion, 'I have got another man's wallet in my pocket. I thought to play a good joke upon Dick Jones, but found, when too late, that I had picked the pocket of an entire stranger. Now, what shall I do?'

"'Why, return it of course,' replied Spencer, coldly, bestowing upon me a glance of contempt.

"'It is too late to do that,' I groaned.—'There are a couple of policemen watching the door, and I cannot pass them without being detected.'

"'It's a very awkward affair, certainly—very awkward,' he returned, glancing uneasily toward the door. 'For my part, I don't see how you are to get out of it. I don't know as there is anything I can do and as matters will probably take a serious turn, you must be aware that I am rendering myself liable to suspicion by stopping here talking with you. So good morning, Mr. Smith. I wish you well, and out of your trouble.'

"'For heaven's sake, Spencer!' I exclaimed, observing his look of contempt and suspicion, 'you don't suppose that I am guilty of this thing; that I did it intentionally, and for the purpose of robbing the man?'

"'Why, really, Smith, I do not wish to be either judge or jury; but it does look somewhat singular that you should pick any man's pocket of a large sum of money, whether you happened to know him or not. You say it was done for a joke; perhaps it was, though I must confess I cannot see the point.'

"'At all events, you'll not betray me?' I asked, in an imploring tone.

"'No,' he replied, 'I'll not betray you.' Then, with a severe look, he added: 'That is, not if you follow up your present intention of restoring the property.' And he turned and left the room.'

"'Good heavens, I am lost!' I muttered, while the perspiration poured down my face. 'He believes me guilty, and so will everybody else. What can I do? I shall never be able to face those confounded policemen. Without doubt I I shall pass this very night within the walls of a jail, in company with other felons. What will my friends, and above all, what will Maud think when she learns that I am a common pickpocket and thief?' And what will become of that magnificent gold watch and chain, which my indulgent uncle had intended for my Christmas present?

"Almost fainting from excess of emotion, I leaned against a pillar and gazed vacantly about me. 'Change hour was nearly over, and the crowd that had thronged the hall was rapidly thinning out. In a few minutes there would be scarcely a dozen persons present, when the officers would have no difficulty in ferreting me out. I strove to nerve myself for the event that was impending by walking rapidly back and forth across the hall. Presently some one entered the door; it was Dick Jones.

"'Dick!' I almost screamed, beckoning him toward me.

"'Why, Bob," he exclaimed, as he came toward me and grasped me by the hand, "what is the matter? You looked as if you had got the yellow fever. Are you sick?

"'Sure you do not think I intend any evil?' I ejaculated, in an agony of spirit, as he continued to gaze upon the floor, silent and thoughtful.

"'No, Bob,' he returned, very gravely; 'knowing, as I do, your unfortunate propensity, I cannot but believe your statment, though the case certainly looks bad and I fear it would be difficult to convince strangers of your innocence.

"'But you will do something for me, won't you, Dick?' I said.

"'Why, yes; I'll do all I can,' he replied. 'What is the name of the gentleman you plundered? I will go to him and see what sort of an arrangement I can make. We shall have to do it quick, too, for I see the officers are watching us. What's the name?

"'I have not the slightest idea who he was. I shall have to examine the wallet to discover that. Do you suppose I can do so without being observed?'

"'Well, you will have to take that risk, anyway. Go into that corner and examine. I will stand before you to prevent notice as much as possible. Be spry now, for there's no time to lose.'

"'With trembling fingers I drew the accursed wallet from my pocket, and read the name upon the clasp.

"'It belongs to Jenkins, of South street,' I whispered to Dick.

"'The duce it does!' he replied; 'then I'm afraid we shall some difficulty in arranging the business, for he has the reputation of being a stern, hard man to deal with. However, wait where you are and I will go and see what can be done. And I say, Bob,' he continued, lowering his voice, 'if anything should happen before I get back I will come up to the Tombs and see you this evening or in the morning,' and hastened out of the hall.

"People may talk of shipwreck and disasters at sea, of the solemn hour before a battle, or the breathless interval before the word to fire is given in a duel; but I'll be hanged if I believe I should suffer one-hundredth part so much in any one of those situations as I did for half an hour after Dick left me. Dinner hour was fast approaching, and the crowd rapidly dispersing, until there were scarcely twenty people in the hall. That I might not render myself unnecessarily conspicuous by wandering about with an evident want of purpose, I bent over a desk and pretended to be reading, while I kept my eyes upon the door, watching and dreading the entrance of the formidable detectives. Oh, how long seemed the minutes that I stood there waiting and trembling, hoping every minute to see Dick returning, and yet conscious that he had not gone half long enough to accomplish anything!

"At length, as I turned my eyes for the hundredth time toward the door I saw the officers come in and walk up the room; they passed and repassed several times, and though I did not raise my eyes from the paper, I was conscious that they were examining me attentively. Presently one of them came, and leaning over the desk by my side, began carelessly turning the papers, while his searching gaze was bent fixedly upon me. My heart was in my mouth, and my breath came and went with difficulty.

"'Can you give me small bills for a twenty?' he asked, abruptly, laying his hand upon my arm:

"'No—no, sir, I cannot; I haven't it about me,' I stammered, without raising my eyes from the paper.

"'Haven't it about you! Why, what's that?' and he tapped his knuckles against my pocket, which the fat wallet caused to bulge as only a rick man's pocket should.

"'That—that is only a bundle of papers.'

"'Papers, eh? well, let's have a look at them.'

"'What do you mean, sir!' I exclaimed, making a frantic effort to appear indignant, though not daring to raise my eyes to his face.

"'You'll soon find out what I mean,' he replied, seizing me firmly by the arm and beckoning to his brother officer, who appeared to be expecting the summons.

"I cast a despairing glance toward the door. Could it be that fate had at last relented? Yes; there was Dick and the gentleman *I* had robbed coming up the steps. They called the officers aside, and a long conversation ensued, Jenkins and Dick appearing to be urging something favorable to my release. The offended man was relentless. He would not be convinced of the truth of my story, he would not believe my innocence.

By this time the policemen had completely discovered me in my apparent guilt, and with the pocket-book, wrested from my pocket, and safe in his own, hurried me away, past the irreconciled stranger, to the nearest Station House. The prospects for spending a "Merry Christmas," in a gloomy cell, were sadly bright, and as I heard the grating of the huge iron doors, and the rusty lock, the thoughts of the morrow's festivities crowded my heart with wretched sadness. I spent that night in the cell. At seven in the morning, Dick, Jenkins and the policemen came to the Station, threw open the doors, and bidding me "A Merry Christmas" released me from the chains of the law.

I resolved never to play such a joke again and especially when the Christmas holidays are so near at hand.

The ladies of Louisville, Kentucky, desire answer's to the following questions: "What do the men do at clubs? Are clubs immoral? How much does it cost to belong to one of them? Do they prevent young men from marrying? Are they a sign of civilization or corruption and decadence?"

ALICE DANE.

A Story of the Christmas Time.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"O my true love! and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so;
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
When that day I held thee not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I loved thee not anear."

It was a sweet voice that sung the words; a voice from whose low, sad tones all the grace of childhood had not yet departed. Years ago Alice Dane had, in a moment of half jealous doubt, cast from her, her life's happiness. She had associated with Clyde Farrington as a child and a school girl, until it seemed as natural that he should be with her, as any other necessity of her daily life. Whether she loved him or not she hardly knew, she certainly had a strong liking for him but doubted her own heart. At this time that untoward fate which in a more or less degree rules us, all decided the question for her. It was self-evident that, however, Alice might feel toward him, Clyde Farrington's life was bound up in her; he had been her protector from earliest childhood; and it was his firm trust that he should walk with her through life, but alas! destiny, that manifest destiny which so many of us have experienced, stepped in and all was changed. It was a little thing, a very slight circumstance which shifted the weight in the scale and diverted the whole current of these two lives.

A word of gallantry lightly and thoughtlessly spoken to another, overheard by Alice, and so on the Christmas when Clyde Farrington asked the question which was to make or mar his whole life, he received an answer that wrecked his hopes and set him adrift upon the world, rudderless, purposeless, at the mercy of wind and wave. To remain in his old home, to meet her daily face to face, perhaps to see her the wife of another, he felt that he could not. She had given him no hope, no anchor by which to hold, and so when the Atlanta on the following Friday sailed for Liverpool, Clyde Farrington's name appeared upon the list of passengers. Three weeks subsequent came a rumor that the Atlanta was lost; still later it was confirmed. In a violent north-wester she had been driven out of her course, struck upon the Inch Cape Rock, and out of her whole cargo of human souls one seaman, with the life nearly drenched out of him by the salt waves, was saved. He reported that when all hope was lost he had caught a glimpse of the Captain and Clyde standing calmly among the terrified women and children giving every needful direction for their salvation as boat after boat was cleared away only to be swamped in the terrible sea; and so at the last, hand clasped in hand, these two heroic souls had gone down into the ocean never more to be seen by mortal eye till the sea gives up her dead.

All this had not come to Alice at once, but piece by piece, and when the last became known her woman's strength—strong as woman's weakness—had given away, and for weeks her senses were steeped in a merciful oblivion. When she recovered from the long fever which left her wan and weak, her girlhood had passed from her forever; and she knew that womanhood, which comes only to those who have "suffered and are strong," too late she knew that her life had gone down with the brave young life that in darkness and in storm went down into the ocean.

But sometimes a merciful providence deprives us even of the time to mourn our dead, and causes the struggle for life, for daily bread, to supersede even our griefs. At about this time by a fortunate or unfortunate chain of events—as circumstances might prove—Alice was thrown upon her own efforts for a livelihood, her mother had died while she was yet young, and her father becoming involved in his business affairs failed, and, in a fit of temporary insanity induced by his misfortunes, ended his life and passed to the court where a just judge ever decrees compensation to earth's bankrupts. When all was settled, the ravenous creditors satisfied, and the sound of the auctioneer's hammer had ceased to reverberate through the house of sorrow, Alice found herself cast upon the world poor but not dependent—that she resolved she never would be; God had given her brain, and she had received an education which she meant should now stand her in good stead in this hour of need, but how to employ this education, that was the mooted question. In the city of Philadelphia where her father had lived and died, it was no easy task to obtain a situation even in the humblest capacity in the public schools, and so after weeks of unavailing efforts she accepted an offer in a country town, passed an examination, and found herself installed as teacher of the C—— district school.

Here her duties were multifarious; through the long, hot summer days to fan the fainting flame of intelligence in the minds of wearied urchins, was no easy or acceptable task. But the little woman developed a wonderful capacity for smoothing the paths of knowledge, and long before Summer's sun gave place to Winter's snows, her pupils had learned to watch for and love the childlike figure always robed in black, and as far as might be, her situation, was made comfortable and pleasant. The years passed and still her unchanging black remained the type and symbol of her widowhood of heart. To her Clyde was a living presence; she could not think of him as dead, although at times across her mind would flit a vision of a fair young head, pillowed upon damp seaweed, with the growing coral-twining in his hair; still he seemed around and about her, almost within reach. At times she would startle herself by turning to address him, then the vision would vanish as the rememberance came to her that she could only wait.

She had not been without lovers; more than one man had found his heart beat faster before the gaze of those dark introversive eyes, and the dimpled girlish mouth might have been kissed with passion kisses. But true ever to the memory of its unburied dead, remained the heart of Alice Dane. The squire had laid his lands and herds at her feet, and gone away rejected; and the member of Congress from the District of C——, had carried his unavailing love to Washington with him.

And seven years had nearly passed, and Alice had began to bear the name of old-maid. Still, hers was a young old maidenhood and a kindly one; little children, the children of others clung to the knees which would never bear children of her own. Time had touched her lightly, and now, in her twenty-eighth year, she looked scarcely more than eighteen, and so it came to pass that on Christmas Eve, seven years from the day when Clyde Farrington had asked the question which decided the fate of two lives she sat alone in the quiet of her little school room and as the shadows darkened around her sang the sad lines of Jean Inglow, with which I have opened this "o'er true tale."

But we must leave her for awhile, to follow the fortunes of Clyde Farrington.—When the Atlanta went down, he had indeed gone down hand in hand with her Captain, who had stuck to her to the last, but as the swirl caused by the ship, subsided, he arose nearly strangled, to the surface, and with that instinct of self-preservation which never wholly leaves us, struck out for life, life, only life. He could have gone down calmly with another life clasped to his own, with another heart beating its dead march in response to the beating of his own, but now, alone on the wide sea. O, God! it was too terrible; he thought of all his past, of his home, of the one he had loved and lost, perhaps if he had been more patient and waited, he might yet have won her, and at this thought he struck out with renewed energy, but all was of no avail, the stars twinkled silently above him in their orbits, and the cruel Moon looked coldly down to see him die. At last his strength gave way, and with a despairing cry of agony, he threw up his hands and sank down, down through interminable darkness, into the unfathomable depths of the ocean. There was a ringing in his ears; a rush as the rush of mighty waters; he was slowly rising; his hand struck something hard, grasped it in a death grip, and for the time being he was savue. As he drew himself up and cleared his eyes from the blinding spray, he found that he had clung to the cordage of a topmast which had broken clear from the ship, and risen with all its running rigging attached to it. After a rest of a few moments, he managed to lash himself to the spar, and so was buffeted about by wind and wave, until the morning breaking showed him his position; far away on the distant horizon stretched a blue line of coast, and here and there at a distance of six or seven miles, the sea was flecked with white specks of sails. Above, the blue sky hung smilingly, now and then a wide-winged Gull swooped down to see the strange object floating upon the waves, and then retreated, screaming forth its hoarse notes. The storm had subsided and nothing but the sullen dash of the ocean in its cavernous depths gave token of the wrecks with which since yester-morn, its anger had lined the shores.—Surely he could not die with land so near, with human help almost within reach; with ships passing to and fro over the broad expanse; certainly some one of them must pass within hail, he must be seen, picked up and restored to his friends. Thank God! he would yet be saved.—Still the ships came no nearer, the sun mounted slowly up the nadier, passed the zenith and commenced its downward journey on the other side; the shadows of night gathered around him, and with hope and life at ebb tide, he lay quietly on his spar, past all care, past all anxiety, utterly worn out; for him the bitterness of death was passed. Lying thus in that darkest hour which precedes the dawn, his fading energies were suddenly aroused by the striking of a bell close at hand, and he raised himself just in time to catch the loom of a large ship, give one faint shout, and receive a blow from her prow upon his head. Then all was darkness, and a blank, time passed on to him a void, when he at last awoke, he found himself lying in a cabin bunk, with a faint swash of waters breaking upon his ears, too weak to rise, he lay quietly content, thinking in the childish manner induced by long illness, until a stout weather-beaten form entered the door, and a bluff, hearty voice roared out: "Ahoy, there, my boy, so you are coming to your pins again, are you?" and in this manner, Clyde received his introduction to Capt Spicer of the good ship Albion, which, as Spicer comically said, "had in Irish manner, first knocked him down and then picked him up." The Albion was bound for the Indian Ocean, and was already nearing the Cape, Clyde had been six weeks aboard tossing in delerium and now found that he was in for a voyage to Bombay. Time wore slowly on, and as he walked the decks in a convalescent state, the past came vividly back to him—and strange anomaly in human nature—he regretted that the life for which he had fought so strongly and prayed so earnestly had not gone out in storm and midnight. Still, as health came slowly back to his veins, the strong young nature asserted itself, and would not be crowded back; what though his life could never again be what it was? he could still endure; and so at last he he took up bravely his burden, and when after a long and stormy voyage, the Albion safely weatherd the Cape, and arrived in port, much against Spicers will, he bade the old ship farewell, and obtained a passage for China, intending to cross to San Francisco, and so overland to the Atlantic States.

But, as the old proverb has it—"man proposes, God disposes"—and so Clyde Farrington found it. Arriving in Hong Kong he was obliged to wait for a homeward passage, and here again destiny interposed; had he only gone then, the whole course of events might have been changed, but men must go wherever the fates drive, and, to quote from our friends the Turks, "It is kinsmeet," what is to be will be. And so while he was waiting for a ship to sail, he received an offer from a large tea house in Fo Chow, accepted it and, remaining in China, the opportunity was lost. Here he rose rapidly from a subordinate to a head clerkship, and was finally received as a partner in the firm. And now commenced a struggle in his soul, a wild unrest which until this time he had smothered and kept down; was Alice still living? Was she unmarried? He must see her, must know; anything was better than this suspense. During six years he had carefully avoided hearing from home, but now he must go, and so having straightened his affairs, he set sail, arrived at Philadelphia, hunted out his old friends, found that Alice was not yet married, traced her up, and so at the hour when we left her sitting alone in the little school house, a stalwart, manly form with face bronzed by the sun of foreign lands, walked briskly up the hill, entered the school room unheard, and stood breathlessly listening, and still she sung on:

"We shall walk no more on the sodden plain
While the black wrack drives o'erhead:
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall see thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead."

Alice! she sprang to her feet trembling with affright; had the sea indeed given up *her* dead? My darling—My darling! no it was no apparition that clasped her in the strong arms, and pressed the bearded lips again and again to the sweet unresisting, upturned face; and the night grew older and older, and the stars twinkled out one by one, and shone down upon them as in olden time, the star shone upon the shepherds in Bethlehem of Judea, and still she rested in his arms never more to go hence, and the bells of the village struck up a merry Christmas chime; and into those two hearts so long divided, the Christ-child came down as truely as, more than eighteen hundred years ago, He came down upon this Earth; and so with the morning drawing on apace, and a Merry Christmas to all, let us leave them.