



THE Columbia Democrat

Published every Saturday morning, by LEVI L. TATE, at Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. In advance, for one copy, six months, \$1.00; for one copy, one year, \$2.00. If not paid within the first three months, \$2.50; if not paid within the first six months, \$3.00; if not paid within the year, \$4.00.

Choice Poetry.

THE OLD PRINTER.

I see him at his ease, As he paces along the way, With his anxious, cheerless face, And the type's incessant click, Resounding life's dull clock the tick, Beating down.

Select Story.

MY STORY.

"Kate! Kate Allen! Kate, I say! will you ever wake up? Here am I, all out of breath, with the news I have to tell you! I, I have run all the way, in the most dignified manner, from the depot, only to find you in the very place I left you, an hour ago. You have not stirred since I left you, as I live. Do wake up! A prettiness you'll cut at the tea table! And do you guess has come?"

ding it before her face, and just showing her eyes over the top; "it is no less a personage than Harry Gordon."

"Harry Gordon up in this dull place! What could have sent him?" said I, sitting up and fairly awake at the news.

"Seen him? of course I have, and his cousin, Osmore Pierce, who is with him. They have come to fish in the lake. There, I thought that would rouse you; so up and make yourself as fascinating as possible."

I obeyed; and when brushing my hair, said to my friend, "I do not understand at all, your being in such a hurry at this new arrival for I verily believe you would shut yourself up in a nunnery, rather than flirt the least bit."

She did not reply, but turned away to hide her blushing face.

"Can it be possible," said I to myself, "that she loves Harry Gordon?"

I had flirted with Harry Gordon, all last winter. People said that we were rightly matched, for he won hearts, only to cast them from him, and I was called, and unjustly, a coquette.

I met Mr. Gordon and his friend. They had come for a week, he said; but the time passed away, his friend was gone, but still he lingered. He was ever by my side.

We walked and rode together; long dreary rides on the shores of the beautiful lake, although I think I cared more for the stately form at my side, with the proud head, with its wealth of raven hair, bent low and tenderly to catch my faintest accent, than for the beauties of nature spread out so bountifully before us.

Maria sometimes accompanied us in these walks and drives, but lovers are usually too happy in their own society to care for the presence of a third party.

And so the hours sped on, and we were unengaged. I loved Harry Gordon as I never loved another; and I believe my love was returned. One night Harry was away on business, and I, feeling rather lonely, had wandered away, some distance from the house, to the orchard meadow.

I sat on the ground, at the foot of a tree that grew on the side of a hill a huge rock, that by some accident of nature, had been left in this position, by under the tree, so that appearing it from above, it formed a delightful natural seat. Maria and I, when we wished to be alone, often brought our books or work to this place.

I had approached it from the lower side and seated myself under the rock, and the drooping branches concealed me entirely from view. The sound of voices heralded the approach of some one. I did not feel in a talking mood, and so kept quiet.

They came forward, and seated themselves on the rock above me. I recognized the voices of Harry and Maria. He had returned, then earlier than he expected. I felt a little jealous that he should be in so much haste to walk with Maria, and a little anxious to know if he would trifle with her. He went a little farther than I had anticipated.

"I thought we should find Kate here," said Maria, as they seated themselves. I bent my head to catch the answer. It was in a slightly impatient tone.

"Do let Kate rest for a moment, it is always so, I can never see you alone."

"But I thought you liked her company better," was the low reply.

"No indeed, I do not, but I am always obliged to take up with it; you are always engaged, or if I find you alone you are as now in search of Kate. But my fair Maria," said he changing his voice to those low, rich soul thrilling tones I knew so well, "I must speak. I love you, be my wife Maria, I will be to thee faithful and true."

The answer was too low for me to hear, but I learned what I had thought before, that Maria had long loved Harry Gordon. Long they talked of their mutual happiness and future prospects. While I lay on the damp grass, with my hands clasped on my bosom, suffering what one only knows, I had loved Harry Gordon with all the depth and sincerity of my passionate nature.

The coquette was punished. If I had caused tears to flow or hearts to ache for my trifling, they were all avenged. The lovers left at last. I waited awhile, then took a different path to the house. I knew Harry did not love Maria Merrill, but I was resolved that he should not go unpunished, and formed my plans accordingly.

As I wended my way under the shadows of the spreading trees, I met Harry Gordon, he had accompanied Maria to the house and came back to walk in the cool evening air. As soon as he saw me he

sprang forward, with, "My dear Kate," and drew me closely to his side. "But where have you been, child, your dress is damp with the dew," and he bent over me until his dark hair touched the damp tresses which hung around my face.

I think I was very pale, for he seemed startled, and I trembled violently as I clung to him, and nestled closely to his heart as a weary child might rest on its mother's bosom, and it was for the last time. The thought was well high anguish, but the words of love he had but a few moments before spoken to another, rung in my ears, and as he soothed me with loving words, and again asked me where I had been and what so affected me. I drew myself away from his embrace, and replied:

"I have been sitting for the past hour under the great rock in the orchard meadow." He started it was now his turn to turn pale. I went on, "I heard by accident your conversation with Maria, and it is well I met you here, we can now say good-bye, for I leave for home to-morrow."

He seemed very much affected as he took my hand and drew me again toward him. I knew he loved me, but he could not overcome his old habit of flirting. He spoke at last. "I did not mean a word I said, I love you and only you. I do not love Maria, and never could love her, and I cannot marry her."

"But you must marry her," I replied. "She loves you, and she is so guileless and innocent it would kill her if you should desert her now; her health was always delicate, and after what has passed I can never be your wife, we will be friends but not lovers. Oh, Harry! why did we not learn that our hearts are dangerous playthings." I turned to go, but he held me close.

"Oh, Kate! this is hard, but it is also just. You will give me a farewell kiss." I raised my face to his, he pressed my lips for the last time with his own, and I left him alone.

Harry and Maria were married. Perhaps some one may ask, are they happy? The world calls them so, and Maria I think is, she thinks she possesses her husband's whole heart, and he has never by word or deed given her occasion to think otherwise. Maria often wonders at my never visiting her, but I met her last summer with her husband at Newport, and I knew by the sudden pallor of his face and the light of his eyes, as he took my hand, that the old love had not died out.

I visit the town of G—, every summer, and sit in my old seat in the orchard meadow. In my writing-desk is a little casket, containing a miniature of a handsome and much loved face, a crisp curl of raven hair, a plain gold ring, and a pack of letters. Is it wrong for me to keep these tokens? I cannot tell, but there is a sad, sad pleasure in it. I have never married. If I have lured others on to bitter woe, and blighted their manhood with sorrow, I have had my punishment. Who shall judge me?

CHANGED HER MIND. Dickey was poor—Katy had a rich mother—Dickey loved Katy and vice versa—wanted to marry—Katy's mother was down on that measure—Dickey was forbidden the premises—notes were exchanged through the high board fence which enclosed the yard. One day the old lady went out "calling," and Dickey was duly informed of the fact—called on Katy, remained a little to long—old lady was close at hand—no chance of escape without detection. At the instance of Katy, Dickey popped into the closet—old lady saw that Katy looked confused—guessed that Dickey had been about—supposed of course that he had made good his escape—thought that perhaps the young couple had agreed to elope together—determined to be too smart for them—but Katy up in the same closet where Dickey was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night—didn't see Dickey—next morning went to let Katy out.

"Oh!" a scream—couldn't get breath for a moment—finally: "Ahem, Dickey is that you?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Dickey, you must stay to breakfast." "Couldn't ma'am."

"Oh, but you must." Dickey concluded to stay.

Breakfast table—"Dickey, I've been thinking about you a great deal lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am, very lately."

"You are industrious and honest, I hear?" "I never brag."

"Well, now, upon the whole, I think you and Katy had better get married."

CUT OUT.

It is many years since I fell in love With your Jewish shoggs. The hussars of country girl by far, That ever went on legs.

By meadow, creek, and wood and dell, So often we did walk, And the moonlight smiled on her meeting lips, And the night-winds learned our talk.

Jan Jemsha was all to me, For my heart was young and true, And loved with a double and twisted love, And a love that was honest too.

I rained all over the neighbor's farms, I rained the wild-wood heavers, And tore my trousers and scratched my hands, In search of choicest flowers.

In my boyish love I brought all these, To my Jewish Janie, But I wouldn't be so foolish now If I were a boy again!

A city chap then came along, All dressed up in stove clothes, With a shiny hat and shiny vest, And mountable under his nose!

He talked to her of singing-school, (For her father owned a farm,) And she left me, my country love, And took the new chap's arm!

And all that night I never slept, Nor could I eat next day, For I loved that girl with a fervent love, That thought could drive away.

I strove to win her back to me, But it was all in vain— The city chap with the hairy lip, Married Jewish Janie.

And my poor heart was sick and sore, Until the thought struck me, That just as good 'twould remain'd As ever was rained in the sea.

So I went to Methodist church one night, And saw a dark brown girl Peeping from under a slipper hat— And I married that very girl!

And many years have passed and gone, And I think you love my girl, And I think she still that hairy chap (That side Jewish Janie).

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Should the following record interest our readers as it has, it will fully repay the space it occupies in our columns:

Madder came from the East. Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

The nettle is a native of Europe. The citron is a native of Greece. The pine is a native of America. The poppy originated in the East.

Oats originated in North America. Rye came originally from Siberia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe.

Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The sunflower was brought from Peru. The mulberry tree originated in Persia.

The ground is probably an eastern plant. The walnut and peach came from Persia. The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The cucumber came from the East Indies. The quince came from the Island of Crete.

The radish is a native of China and Japan. Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.

The garden beans came from the East Indies. The garden cress is from Egypt and the East.

The horseradish came from the South of Europe. The Zealand flax shows its origin by its name.

The coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean. The Dyer's weed is peculiar to Southern Germany.

The Jerusalem artichoke is a Brazilian product. Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.

The cranberry is a native of Europe and America. The parsnip is supposed to be a native of Arabia.

The potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico. The currant and gooseberry came from Southern Europe.

Rape seed and cabbage grow wild in Sicily and Naples. Backwater came originally from Siberia and Tartary.

Barley was found in the mountains of Himalaya. Millet was first known in India and Abyssinia.

Writers of undeniable respectability state that the cereals and others of these edible productions grow spontaneously in that portion of Tartary east of the Belar Tagh and north of the Himalaya mountains.

A Kentonian being asked how much corn he raised, answered: "About ten barrels of whiskey besides what we wasted for bread."

TOO FAST.

A young lady, beautiful in person and attractive in manner, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Boston, was sought in marriage, some years ago, by two men.

One of these was poor and a mechanic; the other was rich and no mechanic. The woman loved the former; the family of the woman liked the latter. As is the case in such affairs, the woman married to please her friends. Having thus sold herself, she ought to have been miserable, but she was not. Her husband's unaffected love subdued her heart, and his gold smoothed the rough places in the human path.

Fortune, seeing that this couple were too happy, frowned, and the man's fortune took wings and flew away. Thereupon the husband wound up his business, put his wife and children, of whom there were two, at a comfortable boarding house and then departed for California in search of money. Some letters and some remittance arrived from him at first, then nothing came and there was a blank of several years. The wife thought herself deserted. The family, whose good opinion of the husband had begun to fail, told her that it was clearly a case for a divorce. When she had become well accustomed to the sound of this unpleasant word, the disconsolate was thrown into the society of her old mechanic lover, now prosperous, and still unmarried. The memory of her early real love came upon her, and she believed with a secret joy that he had remained single for her sake.—This thought nourished her affection, and at last she obtained a divorce from her husband, who had deserted her, and remained absent beyond the time allowed by the statute. This accomplished, there was no barrier between her and the mechanic of her youth. She informed him that she was his forever, when he should choose to claim her hand. Her feelings could not have been pleasant to learn that, since his rejection by her and her marriage to another, unromantic hewer of wood had drowned his passion for her in the waves of time, and that at the time of her handsome offer he no longer palpitated for her. In fact, "Barkis was not willin'." As if all this was not embarrassing enough, who should turn up but the husband, who made his appearance in the form of a letter, announcing that he had accumulated a dazzling pile of wealth that he was on his way home and that she was to meet him in New York. The letter also chided her for neglect in not writing to him for years, and it was clear that he had sent assurances of love and also money at intervals during his absence; where these had gone, no one knew. Here, then was trouble. No husband, no lover.—The one she had divorced; the other had refused her. Taking counsel with herself, she packed her trunk, seeing that her wardrobe was unexceptionable, and came to the metropolis. She met the coming man on his arrival, and told him the whole story as correctly as she, naturally prejudiced in favor of the defendant, could tell it. The husband scowled, growled, looked at the charming face and becoming toilet remembered California and its loneliness, and took her to his heart. A clergyman was summoned, a marriage was performed and a new volume of their life's history was opened.

How to go it. Go it strong in your praise of the absent. Some of it will be sure to get around.

Go it strong when you make love to a pretty girl. More people have erred by too little than too much in this particular.

Go it strong when you advertise Business is like architecture—its best supporters are full columns.

Go it strong and pay the printer. Never grudge him his price. Recollect it is he who brings customers to your very door, who otherwise would never discover your whereabouts.

An old lady who was not much accustomed to tend church, finally went one Sunday. During prayer time, while she was on her knees, her old cat who had followed her unnoticed, came purring around her, when she broke out,—Why poosy—what you come ter mees'tin' tu!—hy-ee! I spoke out in mees'tin'—Why-ee-ee! I spoke agin. Why-ee-ee lolly-goddy! I keep a speakin' all the time!

A SMART TRAVELER.—The electric telegraph is bound to remain a mystery to the million and ludicrous conceptions of its modus operandi which some of the most ignorant people have formed, are as mirth provoking as anything out of Rabelias or Smollett.

The last illustration of this that has fallen under our eyes, is the following story from the Pittsburg Journal:—

Not long since, an old lady entered O'Reilly's in this city, and said she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few minutes her note deposited in dumb waiter and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going straight to Wheeling?" inquired the old lay, with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes ma'am," answered the clerk. "I never was there" continued she, but it hardly seems that their town lies in that direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can scarcely tell ma'am, it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"There is your answer ma'am said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hands with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment.

"Now, that beats all," exclaimed she, "bless my heart. All the way from Wheeling and the wafer still wet. That is an awkward looking box, but it can travel like pizen."

A traveler, fatigued with the monotony of a long ride through a scarcely settled section of country, rode up to a small lad who was engaged in trimming and dressing out a sickly-looking field of corn, and relieved himself thus:

"My young friend, it seems to me that your corn is rather small."

"Yes, daddy planted the small kind."

"Ah, but it appears to look rather yellowish, too."

"Yes, sir, daddy planted the yellow kind."

"From appearances, my lad, you won't get more than half a crop."

"Just half, stranger—daddy planted it on halts."

The horseman gave up in despair and proceeded on his journey.

MISERABLE PEOPLE.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, and dresses playing dip, dip, dip, at every step.

A witness in a bribery case. A city sportsman at the finish of one day's shooting.

A printer who publishes a paper for nothing and finds himself. A snoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt.

A young doctor who has cured his first patient, and has no prospect for another. A star actress with her name in small letters on the bills.

An editor with nothing but cold potatoes for his Christmas dinner.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.—That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites. That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many sillings; while beer brings to their biog. That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That champagne is the source of many real pains. That gin slings have "slewed" more than slings of old.

"You must not play with that little girl my dear," said a judicious parent. "But ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do, and she has lots of toys."

"Cannot help that my dear," responded the foolish anti-American "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

"Mother don't you wish you had the tree of evil in our garden?" "Why Son what do you mean?" "As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree, couldn't we get all the precious stuff?" "You're getting too smart; that's what becomes of sending boys to the macademies."

Sayes to dream of soap, betokens a combat, in which you may expect to get lathered.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY BIBLE.

Father of mercies, in thy word, What endless glory shines; Purer be thy name adored, For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want Exhausted riches find; Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.

O, may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.

Divine instructor, gracious Lord, Be thou forever near; Teach me to love thy sacred word, And view my Savior there.

INFIDELITY DISHONEST. A few months since the substance of the following dialogue might have been heard:

"Do you attend church, sir?" "No sir."

"Yet I hope you think about religious things?" "Well, I did, years ago; they called me a preacher, I was a member of the church and thought I ought to talk to people as you are doing now; but I gave it all up. I don't believe the Bible now."

"Are you afraid to die?" "No, sir."

"Have you ever been apparently near death?" "Yes, sir."

"Was it when you believed the Bible and belonged to the church?" "Yes, sir."

"Were you afraid of death then?" "No, sir. I thought if I died I should go to heaven and be happy!"

"Suppose you should die now?" "I should be just as well off."

"Have you any children?" "I have one little girl."

"Would you prefer that she be trained under the influence of your old or new views?"

"Oh, I leave her to her mother. She may teach her what she pleases."

"Then your wife is a Christian woman?" "Yes; she holds on."

"Now, sir, I wish to ask you one question more. Suppose that child of yours should come to you and say, 'Father, which shall I believe, you or mother?' I insist upon a reply."

"Well, I suppose I would say, 'Go to mother.'—Christian Press.

AN AWFUL WARNING.—We heard yesterday from an entirely reliable and respectable source, the particulars of an occurrence which can only be looked upon as an instance of Divine retributive for taking the name of the Almighty in justification of a falsehood. We refrain from mentioning names through consideration of the parties, who are respectable persons, residing in the southwestern section of the city. It appears that a few days since the aunt of a young girl, eighteen years old, accused her of having been guilty of some misconduct, which she positively denied, and on being again accused, she called upon God to strike her blind if she was not telling the truth. In a moment after, according to her own statement, a film seemed to pass before her eyes, and in the course of five minutes she was totally blind, and has continued sightless ever since.—

The afflicted victim of her own impetuosity confessed that she had called upon her Maker to justify her in what was a falsehood.—

May not this be considered as a terrible instance of Divine wrath, and may not the thoughtless take warning!—[Baltimore Clipper.

A Chinese merchant in San Francisco, tersely gave his American friend his ideas on the Japanese Embassy's reception in this country, as follows: "Japanese great men now—Americans want more treaty—by'n by treaty be signed, Japanese like anybody—just like Chinese—just like Sam nigger."

A dun was somewhat taken back the other day, by the coolness with which the debtor said: "Call on next Thursday my dear sir, exactly at ten o'clock and I'll tell you when to call again."

"Remember, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was leaving his house without paying his bill, "remember, sir, that if you lose your purse you didn't pull it out here."

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that this horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?"

"No more he won't it's affther the fire that he shies."

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—buy—buy.