



RYAMON'S PATENT SEWING MACHINE!

RYAMON'S PATENT SEWING MACHINE! FINEST MADE. PRICE \$10 EACH. MESSRS. RYAMON & CO. of Bloomsburg...

A. E. CHESEBROUGH & CO., PORK PACKERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & WHOLESALE DEALERS.

Fish, Cheese, and Provisions, 10 North Water, above Market St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

WILLIAM QUINN, CARD AND JOB PRINTER, R. W. Cox, Third and Market Sts.

THE WINE STORE, JOHN R. STARK, 21 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOLINE & LEE, No. 10 NORTH WATER, PHILADELPHIA.

ROPE MAKERS AND SHIP CHANDLERS, Spun Cotton for Sewing, Ropes, Twines, Tar, Fish...

HENRY ADOLPH'S CABINET WAREHOUSES, No. 36 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, AND GENERAL STAGE OFFICE, HENRY WELDY & SON, PHILADELPHIA.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY LEVI L. TATE, IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

Office in the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House, "Democratic Head Quarters."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. \$1 00 In Advance, for one copy, for six months. 1 75 In Advance, for one copy, one year. 3 00 If not paid within the first three months. 2 50 If not paid within the first six months. 2 00 If not paid within the year.

GEMS.

There is in life no blessing like affection; It soothes, it thallows, elevates, ambers, And brings down to earth its native heaven; It rapt beyond the earth's pale patient hours, It breathes of the dearth and, and consoles, It breathes of the dearth and, and consoles, It breathes of the dearth and, and consoles...

As the soft snow fall, swift, and pure, and light, Covering the earth in its mantle white, I am daily sitting here, Mother, thinking of thy hair, And the patient, pale face hid by thy sweet smile hid.

But thy image dwells in our hearts to-day, Looking as thou didst ever thus passed away; With thy deep and looking eyes, And the faith that in them lies, Telling of the fair bright place Where awaits our souls the Savior's throne.

There thy spirit dwells free from care to-day, Loving, good, and pure, as thou wert always— Happy in the hallowed place, Seeing her in thy face, And his praise all day long Chanting in thy heavenly song.

There is a den Beyond the seeming walls of the space Made for the soul to wander in, and trace Its own sad course of sinning sinners; There opens up around it, where the tongue Ofured pre the spirit sees.

I fear in the silent gloom, The scorpion can go down; While, in the opening sky, the moon Between the speckles of the town, Went upward like a golden scale, Outspurred by that which seeks beyond.

CHAPTER SECOND.—SECOND DAY. John Paley was not particularly happy in his domestic relations. The porcine temper of his wife was a continual annoyance to him. It was very hard, to use his best endeavors to please her and then fail.

He had tried to study her wishes, but they were caprices, and in despair, he gave up his attempts. Nothing that he could do would please her, nothing but she found fault with him.

CHAPTER THIRD.—THIRD DAY. The battle had been fought and won—Mrs. Paley's heart was full of tenderness and sympathy. She could not have realized the pain her ceaseless and useless grumbling caused her affectionate husband or she never would have indulged the habit.

She would not make him unhappy for the world, and now, when the lesson had opened her eyes, she set a guard upon her tongue. Almost always, an habitual grumbler is an indolent person. A man or woman whose mind is occupied, has no time to be discontented. But Mrs. Paley was a kind of moral indolence. She permitted her noble faculties to sleep for a time, and discontent stole in while the sentinel was off guard.

She loved him; she could sacrifice all her comforts to him; and why should he not be to her infirmity? Should he, who had been nursed and cherished so devotedly by her, cast her out—should his affection be alienated from her?

It was true her failing was a grievous one. It gave him a continued uneasiness. It kept him harassed from one week's end to another. It almost embittered his existence.

"I will cure her," said John, while he was going home one day, as a new idea penetrated his brain. "She will find fault with me when I carry her this leg of veal."

"Yes, and at what other time should she want a tub?"

"I did; at what other time should I want a tub?"

"Yes, and at what other time should she want a tub?"

"I did; at what other time should I want a tub?"

"Yes, and at what other time should she want a tub?"

"I did; at what other time should I want a tub?"

"Well, I only asked for it, and it was mean in her net to let me have it, after we have done so much for her."

"We!" John wanted to say that way, like the editorial singular, only meant him, self, but he had no wish to stir up strife.

"She told me she had her clothes in it," continued Mrs. Paley. "Well!"

"She didn't seem willing to lend it to me, so when she offered to take them out, and let me have the tub, I told her she needn't trouble herself."

"I was very wrong, Mary, for you to ask her to lend you her tub on Monday morning."

"I suppose so; if any one was wrong, I am the one," pouted Mrs. Paley, disgusted by her husband's partiality and injustice.

"Never mind, Mary; it is super ready!" "No! That would you get last is such miserable stuff it won't burn at all."

"It is the best that I could get, and the best for that matter. I gave eight dollars a cord for it."

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

"A fool and her husband—," but John cut the sentence short, thinking it a little too wicked for the occasion.

"Just like you! If there's a fool anywhere about, I am the one!"

"Never mind, Mary, let us have some supper as usual as you can; I am going to the caucus this evening."

"You are? You never stay at home evenings now?"

"Why, my dear, I have not been out of the house of an evening but once in a month."

"Why need you go at all?"

"Because I am deeply interested in the election."

"More than you are in your wife," replied she, petulantly, as she opened the stove oven to see if the biscuits were ready.

"I declare, this is the meanest oven I ever saw. It will not bake worth a cent!"

"Have you just found that out?"

"It never was good for anything."

"And so Mrs. Paley went on from one thing to another, regularly and methodically condemning everything she put her hands to. She was not suited. Everything and everybody was out of joint. Nothing went right, nobody could do anything to suit her.

John Paley was not particularly happy in his domestic relations. The porcine temper of his wife was a continual annoyance to him. It was very hard, to use his best endeavors to please her and then fail.

He had tried to study her wishes, but they were caprices, and in despair, he gave up his attempts. Nothing that he could do would please her, nothing but she found fault with him.

home. It will be either too large or too small, too fat or too lean, too good or too bad. I will cure her."

Mary did find fault with the veal—it was too fat, too large, and too good for persons in their circumstances. But John held his peace and sat down to supper.

"What sort of tea is this?" said John as he pushed the cup from him.

"What's the matter with it?" asked his wife, astonished at such a display of spunk on his part.

"It is too strong of hot water. I should like to get a decent cup of tea once in my life."

"Why, John?"

"It is nothing but dish water."

"I am sorry it don't suit you."

"It never suits me," he added, as he broke open a hot biscuit.

"Never suits you?"

"No!" and at the same moment he threw the broken biscuit back upon the plate. "Salteratus again."

"What's the matter with the biscuit, John, asked Mrs. Paley, amazed at the singular conduct of her husband.

"There are great chunks of salteratus in it. If there is anything I detest, it is the taste of salteratus in bread."

Mary broke the biscuit and examined it. There was only one yellow speck to be seen in it.

"There is one little place in it; I will cut it out. Pity take another, John!"

John did take another, and broke it open but perceived another speck of the offensive substance, scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.

"Haven't you any cold bread?" he asked as he threw it upon the plate.

"There is none in the house," replied poor Mary, ready to burst into tears with grief and vexation.

"Give me a piece of pie, then."

Mary gave him a piece of mince pie.

"Sour as will!" exclaimed he, as he pushed the plate from him.

Mary gave him a piece of mince pie.

"Strong enough of cloves to strangle a fellow," said he. "Strange that I can't get any thing fit to eat."

"And cost me only ten cents a pound."

"Very cheap."

John sat down to tea. Unfortunately the biscuit was sadly diseased with salteratus; indeed they were as yellow as saffron.

"That salteratus you got yesterday is miserable stuff, it is not fit to put into bread."

"Humph! you put in four times as much as is necessary," replied John, resorting to his former tactics. "Your tea is as flat as dish water, and the—"

"Forgive me, John."

"I won't say another word my dear," added John, with a smile, that turned it all into sunshine.

"I was careless about the biscuit," he said.

"Never mind, Mary, we can make it do very well. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

"Shall I put some more tea in the teapot?"

"No, I only said that the tea was very good."

"Ah! I see what you mean."

"It is all right; you have done nobly, my dear, and by-and-by you will forget how to complain."

And eventually Mary did overcome the habit. She had all that heart of woman needs to make her happy—a good home, a good and kind husband—so that her life might have been perpetual sunshine, if she chose to have it so.

Patience and perseverance overcome all things, and they will overcome the villist spirit that ever clung to a shining mortal. With her the palm of victory was disputed inch by inch, and occasionally the husband had to tell her the tea was dish water, that the cakes tasted of salteratus, or something of this kind; but the cure was at last completed. She learned to look on the bright side, and to ignore the dark side.

To John Paley belongs the credit of the cure. Another might have become disgusted with matrimony, pronounced the whole thing a humbug, and gone home to his home to seek solace in the company of the abandoned and the dissolute. To him the remembrance of his wife's devotion in his sickness was like an oasis in the desert. It is true, it was her duty to take care of him in sickness, but her devotion was not bound by the mandate of duty. It was the offspring of love. It was the hearts tribute, and her husband saw that her grumbling was only a dark shadow that obscured the brightness of her character, and he chased the clouds away.

THE ART OF DINING AT A HOTEL.—The art of dining at a hotel is thus told by a correspondent:

If you have a taste for delicacies and diplomacy, you can slip a quarter into your hand and then fumble for a moment with the back part of your coat collar; the quarter some way disappears, and John will expedite things for you in a most mysterious manner. But a still better plan is to place your quarter on the table under an inverted wine glass. The glass plays the part of convex lens; the quarter assumes gigantic dimensions, and John takes it to be a half dollar. The exertions that he makes to secure it is really surprising. You get well along with your fish before your neighbor's soup plate is removed and the desert chased up chicken with amazing rapidity. Then at the close of the repast, if you are an artist and wish to catch the expression of deep disappointment, just remove the glass, return the quarter to your pocket, and walk off unheeded. John has had his reward and there is good reason to believe that cy far exceed those of reality. But never occupy the same seat again.

A COUNTRY GIRL whose sisters had married badly was about to take the noose herself.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

The young girl replied with spirit:—"I choose to make a trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose! gets it scalded, and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows suit and he squeals too. But still makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before; but all in turn thrust in their noses, just as if they hadn't got burnt or squealed at all. So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now, cousin, I hope you are satisfied."

There is a man who walks so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his chubow from treading on his heels.

There is a man who walks so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his chubow from treading on his heels.

MANAGEMENT OF A HOUSEHOLD.—Young ladies, cut this out and pin it in your bonnets!—"No young woman ought to feel herself qualified to become a wife until she is sure she understands how to do the most that can be done with her husband's money. The management of a household is not a thing to be properly and safely entrusted to hiring hands. A servant is a broken reed for the head of a family to lean upon. There are a thousand little ways in which money must be expended, in which real shrewdness and enterprise are requisite in order to use it to the best advantage; and there are a thousand other ways of saving money upon, only to those who have studied aright the art of economy. The Turkish proverb has it; that 'a prudent woman is a mine of jewels,' and, like many other Oriental sayings, this is beautiful for the truth it embodies. A wasteful housekeeper not only actually robs those for whom she undertakes to manage, of the comforts it is her duty to provide for them, but keeps her husband head over ears in debt, and makes the domestic life of a poor man a continual series of experiments in shinning it from one day to the next; in keeping the stomach full, though the purse be empty."

RACING IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The following, from the *Atlas Californian*, would seem to indicate that San Francisco is not improving very rapidly in morality:—"The Roman chariot race, over the Pioneer course, was a curious attraction, and drew crowds. The drivers were Misses Hortense Stevenson and Annette Baker, who drove three hests around the course at full gallop. They were dressed in Roman tunics, with not a superfluity of drapery, while the trappings of the horses (double teams), wore in imitation of ancient regalia, such as seen in the antique paintings. The first heat was made in 2 minutes 25 seconds; the second 2 minutes 25 seconds; the third in 2 minutes 31 seconds—the two competitors coming in very nearly side by side, but Miss Stevenson taking the prize, which was a diamond cross from Tucker's jewelry store. The crowd cheered tremendously, bet ran high, and there was an exciting time generally. The driving was remarkable for its daring and rapidity."

QUEEN VICTORIA IN DANGER.—A foreign letter states that owing to some mismanagement the extra train containing Queen Victoria, her family and suite, on the railroad from Cologne to Calenzano, narrowly escaped a collision with the regular train. The extra train was moving at lightning speed, and could not at once be brought to a stop; the engineer of the other undertook to reverse his engine and the machinery refused to work. "We must jump for our lives," he said to his companion; but before doing so he determined to try once more. Fortunately this time with success, and when the extra train came thundering up, the other had begun to gather way, and the crash was barely escaped.

Some time ago, at the opening of the Lynchburg and Tennessee railroad, a clergyman solemnly and slowly read a manuscript prayer, at the conclusion of which an old negro man, who had been resting with one foot on his upole, and his arm on the handle, looking intently in the chaplain's face straightened himself up, and remarked very audibly; "Well, I reckon dat's the first time the Lord's ober been writ to on de s'j'ob ob railroads."

It has been well said, that a single years crop of corn is worth more than all the gold of California. In addition to its other uses, it is now found that it produces a clear fluid, that burns without odor, without smoke, and is in expensive, affording a good light in an ordinary kerosene lamp for half a cent an hour. The error oil is as clear and colorless as water.

A LUCKY "FOUR" PAINTER.—George Simonton, a journeyman printer in an office in Erie, Pa., put out a "sub" a few days ago and went to the Meadville oil district where he bought an oil claim, on time, struck oil, and has been offered \$20,000 for his chance. This may be called, "a fat take."

Tom Hood did compose—and that, too, in a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to earn a lively Hood.

The old fogey who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

A NOVELTY IN THE ART WORLD! Photography Upon Porcelain.

The American Photographic Porcelain Company, No. 781 Broadway, N. Y.

General Merchants, Fish, Groceries, Flour, Butter, Cheese, Oil, Dried Fruit, Candy, Confectionery, Soap, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Goods.

Chemist and Druggist, Fish and Chestnut Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes, 101 N. 2nd St., PHILADELPHIA.