COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." $2 00 PER ANNUM

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

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LEVI L. TATE.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

DR. JOHNSTON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution, offers the most certain, speedy, and only effectual remedy in the world for effects for Gleets, Strictures, Seminal weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dispepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, and all those serious and melancholy Disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroys both body and mind. These secret and solitary practices, are more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes and anticipations, rendering marriage &c. impossible.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr Johnston, and be restored to perfect health.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston, may religiously confide in his honor as a gentlemen, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

immediately cured and full vigor restored.

This desease is the penalty most frequently paid by those who have become the victim of improper indulgence. Young persons are too apt to commit excess from not being aware of the dreadful consequence that may ensue. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is not sooner by those falling into improper habits than by the prudent. Besides being deprived of the pleasure of healthy offspring the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged; the physical and mental powers weakened, nervous debility, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, a wasting of the frame, Cough, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

☞ Office, No. 7 South Frederick Street, seven doors from Baltimore street. East side, up the steps. Be particular in observing the NAME and NUMBER, or you will mistake the place.

A Cure Warranted, or no Charge Made, in from One to Two Days.

NO MERCURY OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS USED.

DR. JOHNSTON

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, at London,—Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shame or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who from education and respectability can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutionary symptoms of this horrid disease makes their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnes, pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones, and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth and bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this desease becomes a horrid object of commiseration till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." To such, therefore, Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, symptoms of Consumption, &c.

MENTALLY.—The fearful effects upon the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas Depression of the Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Timity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Loosing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of Consumption.

ONE INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy, weakness of the organs are speedily cured, and full vigor restored.—Thousands of the most timid nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical and Mental Disqualification, Nervous Irritability, Trembling and Weakness or exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Doctor Johnston.

YOUNG MEN.

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice, indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

MARRIAGE

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisities to promote connubial happiness Indeed, without these the journey through life becomes a sweary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair & filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

OFFICE NO. 7 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., *Baltimore*, All ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

N. B.—Let no false modesty prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by Letter.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

TO STRANGERS.

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last 15 years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the Reporters of the papers and many other persons, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

TAKE NOTICE.

N. B.—There are so many ignorant and worthless quacks advertising themselves Physicians, ruining the health of the already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say, especially to those unacquainted with his reputation, that his credentials and diplomas may hang in his office.

☞ Take Notice.—All letters must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp for the reply, or no answer will be sent.

March17, 1860.

FRESH ARRIVAL

—OF—

NEW CLOTHING

THE undersigned, grateful for past patronage, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just received from the Eastern cities, the largest and most select stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER

CLOTHING,

that has yet been opened in Bloomsburg, to which he invites the attention of his friends, and assures them that they are offered for sale at great bargains. His stock comprises a large assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S WEARING APPAREL,

Consisting of Fashionable Dress Coats, of every description; Pants, Vests, Shirts, Cravats Stocks, Cotton Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Suspenders &c.

GOLD WATCHES

AND

JEWELRY,

Of every description, fine and cheap.

☞ N. B.—Remember "*Lowenberg's Cheap Emporium.*"—Call and see. No charge for examing Goods.

DAVID LOWENBERG

Bloomsburg, March 2, 1861. (Jan 1859.)

Select Poetry.

The Empty Cradle.

In the lonely quiet chamber
There's an empty cradle-bed,
With a print upon the pillow
Of a baby's shining head.
'Tis a fair and dainty cradle;
Downy soft the pillows white;
But within the blankets folded,
Lies no little form to night.

Once the mother sat beside it
When the day was growing dim,
And her pleasant voice was singing
Soft and low a cradle hymn
Now there's no more need of singing
When the evening shadows creep,
For the cradle-bed is empty
And the baby gone to sleep.

Little head that used to nestle
In the pillows white and soft;
Little hands, whose restless fingers
Folded there in dreams so oft;
Lips we pressed with warmest kisses—
Eyes we praised for purest ray—
Underneath the church-yard daisies
They have hid you all away.

Ah! the empty, useless cradle!
We will put it out of sight,
Lest our hearts should grieve to sorely
For the little one to-night.
We will think how safe forever
In the better fold above,
That young lamb for which we sorrow
Resteth now in Jesus' love.

An Appenine Adventure.

While stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had well known in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our segars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Appenines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his segar, and taking a sip of wine.

"I lighted a fresh segar, and he related it to me as follows:

"Four years ago this summer, my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them there My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written instructions, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could have sent the money easily enough, but I had promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized on my nerves, and I was forced to stay indoors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and did so. Upon reaching Pistojo, I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. "But can't we have some one?" I asked. "If Signor will pay," was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and thought the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough looking fellows were provided, one as a *vetturino*, (postilion,) and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Appenines by the Pass of *La Collina*, and just began to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallooing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the vetturino.

"But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus.

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. "We'll just go as fast; and besides, they'll pay us something."

"By this time the cause of all the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark visaged, black-bearded, powerful men who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja.

"I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly hoggish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you?" said one of them, in course Italian, as the diligence started on.

I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply.

"He repeated the remark.

"No comprehend, Signor," I said, shaking my head.

"Ah—Englise?" he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl of the face.

"We had now began to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone, I might have enjoyed the scenery which unfolded itself below us as we crept up the Collina; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"Death and destruction!" he uttered in his own tongue, "we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!"

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious of their presence.

"He's right. He don't understand us," said one of them.

"All safe," returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave, and all my feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pisjota, where his confederate was, to await my arrival, intending to rob me there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coolly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road wound round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, and a deep chasm on the other.

"This was an interesting position, sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol.—Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them that was out of the question. What could I do? Both the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small traveling bag under my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars.

"At length the high craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly round it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape, but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes, all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready.

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while.

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face.

"*Gold! Gold!* he said. Give me gold or die.

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him; for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder and his pistol aimed at my head. With an energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down, and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could follow up his advantage the postillion cried out:

"Hold, Marco! A vettura is coming!

"The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy vettura, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the window.

"Help! Robbers! I shouted with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the vetturino of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim and a quick one too, he shot the villain through the heart.

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before felt for weeks.

"And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go and turn about for Bologna?

"No, said my brother. Our sisters won't expect us for three days; so we'll carry these villains back and give them up and to-morrow we'll go over in my vettura.

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then bound the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's vetturino mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the vettura ourselves.

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as old offenders at once, and my testimony very quietly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters recieved me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice.

"So much for my trip across the Appenines."

Frightful Explosion of an Oil Well.

We have already made mention of the explosion of an oil well in Warren county, Pennsylvania. We extract the following particulars:

A well which had been drilled two hundred feet by Hawley & Merrick, had struck oil, but the yield being less than expected, the pumping was abandoned and drilling commenced. Over one hundred feet further were drilled, when at half past five on Wednesday evening a sudden rush of oil through the five and a half inch tubing threw out the drills and gushed up forty feet above the surface of the ground. At the least computation it was throwing from seventy to one hundred barrels per hour. Above this mass of oil, the gas of benzine rose in a cloud for fifty or sixty feet. As soon as the oil commenced gushing forth, all the fires of engines in the neighborhood were immediately extinguished.

At about half past eleven, as a large number of men and boys were about the well engaged in saving the oil, the gas from the well which had spread in every direction, took fire from the engine of a well over four hundred rods distant, when in a second the whole air was in a flame, with a crash and roar like discharges from a park of artillery. As soon as the gas took fire, the head of the jet of oil was in a furious blaze, and falling like water from a fountain over a space one hundred feet in diameter, each drop came down a blazing globe of boiling oil. Instantly the ground was a flame, constantly increased and augmented by the falling oil. At once a scene of indescribable horror took place. Scores were thrown flat, and for a distance of 20 feet, and numbers horribly burned rushed blazing from the hell of misfortune, shrieking and screaming in their anguish.

Just within the circle of the flame could be seen four bodies boiling in the seething oil, and one man, who had been digging a ditch to convey away the oil to a lower part of the ground, was killed as he dug, and could be seen as he fell over the handle of his spade, roasting in the fierce element. Mr. H. R. Rouse, of the firm of Rouse, Mitchell & Brown, of the village of Enterprise, Warren county, a gentleman largely interested in wells in this locality, and whose income from them amounted to $1,000 a day, was standing near the pit and was blown twenty feet by the explosion. He got up and ran about ten or fifteen feet further, and was dragged out by two men, and conveyed to a shanty some distance from the well. When he arrived not a vistage of clothing was left upon except his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off, as well as his finger nails, his ears and his eyelids, while the balls of his eyes were crisped up to nothingness. In this condition he lived nine hours—made his will, leaving $100,000 to the poor of Warren county, and $500 a year to his father, his only living relation, for life. He died, however, without signing the will.

The bodies of five other men were recovered and recognized. In addition there are skeletons of five others visible within the circle of flame, and many are missing—strangers who came to witness the operations of the wells. It is supposed that a number of others have been burnt to powder close by the mouth of the well. Some thirty-four were wounded.

At the time of the explosion everything in the neighborhood—sixty or seventy rods—took fire, and shanties, derricks, engine houses and dwellings were at once involved in flames. The boiler of Dobbs' well, eighty rods from the original well, blew up with a tremendous explosion, killing instantly the engineer Wesley Skinner, adding another intensity to the evening's horrors. At this time the whole air was on fire. The jet of oil rushing up forty feet was almost a pillar of livid flame, while the gas above it, to the distance of a hundred feet was flashing, exploding, dashing toward the heavens, and apparently licking the clouds with its furious tongues of heat.—*Wheeling Union.*

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.—The Government has made official proclamation for additional troops to crush out the rebellion. The amount and conditions of the Government forces are as follows:—

Volunteers by proclamation.....	75,000
Volunteers for 3 years' service....	42,000
Regulars for 5 years' service....	25,000
Seamen " " "	18,000
Total.....	160,000

That is, seventy-five thousand week before last and eighty-five thousand now.—Each of the State has enrolled more than double the number of regiments asked of them.

A Private Room.

One particular dark, damp, dull, drizzily, and disagreeable day in the latter part of November, a tall, gaunt, queer looking customer, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, with yellow striped pantaloons, and calfskin terminations, sat solitary and alone in a little room, situated in a certain little restaurant in the city.

before him was a little round table on whose marble top was "not a little pitcher of smoking punch, "screeching hot," and a wine glass. The solitary individual was—York nothing else—and that was his second pitcher—nigh his second empty.—One minute after and you couldn't—fact, you see—have squeezed out of either pitcher or glass by a hydraulic press.

York rang the bell. The waiter popped his head in at the door.

"ring, sa?"

"Of course I did. Is it clearing off?"

"No sa—damp, sa—fog so thick you could ladle it with a spoon, sa. Have anything sa?"

"More punch and strong.

"Yes, sa—immediately."

The waiter withdrew, and in a few seconds returned with the third pitcher of punch and York was beginning to feel glorious, when, on raising his eyes, he saw his own figure in a pier glass opposite.—He rubbed his eyes again.

"By thunder!" said he, "here's some fellow sitting right before me. I'll swear there's impudence for you. This is a private room, sir, for my sole accomodation.'

He waited a minute, expecting an answer swer; but his reflection only stared at him and held its peace.

"I was saying sir, that this is my private room—mine, sir!" cried York, fetching his voice an octave higher than it was before.

No answer, and he rang furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.

"Ring, sa?"

"Yes, I did ring. Don't I ask for a private room?"

"It is? Why there's a fellow setting right opposite me now, on the other side of the table Rot his impudence.

"Table, sa—fellow sa?"

"Yes, there is. Well, just never mind Bring in some more punch and a couple of glasses."

In a very short time, the fourth pitcher with two glasses, made their appearance.

York filled one of the glasses, and then shoved it over to the other side of the table.

"Will you drink?" said he, addressing the figure in the glass.

"Oh, you won't, eh?" "Well, I–I will."

And so he did.

"Better drink, old fellow," continued York; "your liquor is getting cold, and you look as if you was fond of the thing."

No answer being returned, York rang the bell again.

In popped the waiter.

"Ring, sa?"

"To be sure I did. Dinn't you hear the b b bell?"

"Didn't" I order a p-p private room.—Eh?"

"Yes, sa; this is a private room, sa."

"A pretty private room this, with a fellow setting right opposite, that won't take a glass of punch with you when its offered—and a red nose man at that. Oh, well never mind; bring more tumblers and more punch. I'll try him again."

Pitcher number five was accordingly brought in, with due state.

"B b better try some, old boy," said he, coaxingly, to his double.

The reflex merely looked good natured, but said nothing.

"Well," continued York, with a sigh, "if this isn't most infamous. Never mind, I'll drink the punch!"

And so he did, every bit of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher—York rang the bell superfluously.

Waiter came.

"Ring, sa?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?"—Where's the man who keeps the place?"

"Boss, sa? I'll see him, sa."

Shortly after, the host, a quiet little man with a mottled, calico pattern face and a shinning bald head, made his appearance.

"W-w whats to pay!" demanded York, rising and assuming an air of dignity.

"Five punches—five levies, sir."

"There's the money, sir," said York, forking over the coin. "And now I want to know why, when I c-c-called for a private room, you put me in here with some body else?"

"There's nobody here but you and I."

"Nobody! Do you think I can't see.—D'ye think I'm drunk!" There look there! Two of 'em, by jingo."

"Well sir, I must confess, I can't see but us two."

"You can't, eh?" and York dragged the landlord to the table. "Look there, then; there's the rascal still, now. On of 'em is enough like you to be your brother—and the other is the most God-forsaken, mean looking white man that ever I saw?"

A HUSBAND—*A Convenient Thing.*—I asked a pleasant looking German woman in market, one cold morning, if it was not hard work to come every morning and mind her stall.

"Oh, yes," was her reply, "ish pretty cold, but I must do something. I did not use to tend market."

I asked her how it happened that her circumstances had so changed. In her broken English she told me the following story:

"Me and my husband come from Germany, and on the sea he die, and when me got to St. Louis me have no monish, and four, five children; so I wash, I iron, I do every thing I can do, and I only get bread; den I gets sick; washin' and ironin' too hard for me. So I said I will go in the country and work garden; so I sells my irons and everything, and works some more, and gets twenty dollars, and then I rents of a German man one acre of ground, and I spade him, and work him all myself—my boy only seven years old then—and I raise lettuce, and beets, and cabbage, and onions, and corn, and everything, and I make monish. Then in two years I rent two acres, and then my boys and girls help some, and I make lots of monish; then I builds me a koot house, and two years ago I gets me a husband."

"How do you get along now?" I asked.

"Oh, very well," she answered, and with a merry twinkle in her eye, she added, "he is de most convenient thing about de house, but my new cooking stove. He spades my ground, and helps me to get ready for market, and nurse my baby while I come, for I know better how to sell, I been koin' so long."

JUST WHAT HE WAS WHEN A BOY.—A few evenings since, while slowly making my exit from a crowded lecture room—where an appreciative audience had been listening with absorbed interest to the glowing pictures of India, presented by a popular and gifted lecturer, and earnest voice by my side exclaimed:

"Just what he was when he was a boy. I heard him offer his first prayer in public and I shall never forget my feelings. He was just as earnest then as now. You could scarcely breathe for listening."

"But," said a lady in reply, "can you believe all he has said?"

"Yes," was the instant reply. "That boy could never say what was not exactly true. I believe him just as much as I believe the Bible."

I mused upon the words, "Just what he was when he was a boy." The same quick thoughts, glowing with poetic imagery—the same fervid eloquence, seemed to lift the hearer to some lofty standpoint, whence the far-famed luxuriance of Eastern climes stretches out a sea of verdure before his admiring gaze, or amid this oriental grandeur of scenery sees the vast crowds held in thraldom of debasing errors, till his heart glows to stretch forth his hand to those perishing millions, and pluck them as "brands from the burning."

Oh that these carelessly utterred words might have fallen upon the heart of every boy in our land, making each realize that even now he is weaving the mantle of his future manhood, tracing his character in dim outline, to which future years shall only add the shading? How wise, then, in youth, to follow noble ambitions, to do those things which are right!

Mother's Journal

A CORRUPT INSTITUTION.—A pious old deacon used to inspire us with so much awe by the sanctity of his manner, that we dare not say that our soul was our own while in church. Deacon F. came to California, and was tempted after small gains. A friend and member of the same church found him one night "bucking the monte." With holy horror he nudged the the absorded player into a knowledge of his presence. "Deacon, do I find you gambling?" With ready wit to release him from embarrassment, he chuckled, "No, no, friend S———, not gambling! You see *this is a corrupt institution, and I'm doing my best to break it up!*"

"My name is Summerset. I am a miserable old bachelor. I cannot marry, for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest delicacy, to *turn a Summerset.*"