



LEVI L. TATE, Editor. VOL. 15--NO. 12.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'er THE DARKENED EARTH."

\$2 00 PER ANNUM VOLUME 25.

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

OFFICE. The new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House. "Democratic Subscription." TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL. DR. JOHNSTON. THE founder of this celebrated Institution, offers the most certain remedy, and the most rapid cure, in the world for all kinds of Cancers, Strictures, Scirrhus, etc.

MARRIAGE. Marital persons, of young men, contemplating marriage, being aware of physical weakness, organic disease, etc., should immediately consult Dr. Johnston, and be restored to perfect health.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS. This disease is the most frequently paid for by those who have become victims of improper indulgence. Young persons are apt to commit excess from not being a care of the dreadful consequences that may ensue.

DR. JOHNSTON'S REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS. This is a most valuable and safe remedy, and is the only one that can be relied upon for the cure of this disease.

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 selected stock of

FRESH ARRIVAL. 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 selected stock of

THE PEOPLE'S COOK BOOK. MODERN COOKERY. IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. BY MISS ELIZA ACTON. CAREFULLY REVISED BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

How to choose all kinds of Meats, Poultry and Game, with all the various and most approved modes of dressing and cooking. Also, the best and most simple way of salting, pickling and curing the same.

How to select and cook all the various and most approved modes of preparing soups, stews, puddings, pies, etc., and all the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds of Fish, Game, Poultry and Game of all kinds.

How to select and cook all the various and most approved modes of preparing soups, stews, puddings, pies, etc., and all the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds of Fish, Game, Poultry and Game of all kinds.

How to select and cook all the various and most approved modes of preparing soups, stews, puddings, pies, etc., and all the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds of Fish, Game, Poultry and Game of all kinds.

How to select and cook all the various and most approved modes of preparing soups, stews, puddings, pies, etc., and all the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds of Fish, Game, Poultry and Game of all kinds.

How to select and cook all the various and most approved modes of preparing soups, stews, puddings, pies, etc., and all the various and most approved modes of preparing and cooking all kinds of Fish, Game, Poultry and Game of all kinds.

Select Poetry. A Psalm of Life. BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!" For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

What Came of calling a genuine Bill Counterfeit. "What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet faced young girl entering the elegant store of Hunter and Warner in a city and street of a city which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counters, read papers and yawned. The man to which Alice Locke addressed herself, was jaunty and middle-aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Hunter & Warner, and extremely consequential in his manner.

"This dressing gown—we value it at six dollars—you shall have it for five as trade is dull to-day." Five dollars? Alice looked at the dressing gown longingly and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes though made and worn genteelly, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much in the common line.

"How it changed! now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions.—The clerk could almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her purse or pocket.

"I think," she hesitated a moment—"I think I'll take it," she said; and then seeing in the face before her an expression which she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind to take.

Straightway, indignant and grieved, she hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the note to a noble looking man with gray hair, faltering out, "Is this bill a bad one sir?"

The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty and agitation. The cashier looked at it closely and handed it back as with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look he said:—"It's a good bill, young lady."

"I beg pardon, have you had trouble with it?" asked the cashier. "Oh, sir you will please excuse me for giving way to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure it was good! And I think sir that such men as one of the clerks in Hunter & Warner's should be removed. And added something that I am glad my father did not hear. I knew the publisher would not send me bad money."

"Who is your father young lady?" asked the cashier becoming interested. "Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir." "Benjamin—Ben Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department, at Washington?"

"Yes, sir; we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since then"—she hesitated—"he has not been well—and—we are somewhat reduced. Oh, why do I tell you these things sir?"

"Ben Locke—reduced!" murmured the cashier; "the man who was the making of me! Give me his number and street my child. Your father was one of the best, perhaps the only friend I had. I have not forgotten him. No. 4 Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see—I'll give you another. Come to look I haven't got a five—here is a ten; we'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby but genteel house received the cashier of the M—Bank. Mr. Locke, a man of grey hair, though numbering about fifty years rose from his arm chair, and much affected greeted the familiar face—"The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the eldest talked together Alice and the young man grew quite chatty.

"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke in a low tone. "I have but just recovered, as you see from a rheumatic fever caused by undue exertion—and had it not been for that sweet girl of mine, I know not what I should have done. She by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals, has kept me so far above want."

Military and Naval Inventions. The inventive faculty of the country, roused to extraordinary activity by the intense mental excitement pervading the community, will now be directed to an unusual extent to improvements to implements of war and in all mechanism connected with naval and military operations.

The rifle cannon of the French army are loaded at the muzzle, while British Government has adopted the breech-loading gun invented by Armstrong; though, since the recent astounding revelations in regard to that famous weapon, it is probable that its use will be abandoned, and the British Government also will adopt the simpler pieces which are loaded at the muzzle. A great deal of attention has been given by English inventors to the forms of the rifle grooves; whether they should be rectangular, triangular, or round whether they should be broad or narrow; few or many, &c.; and many of these points remain entirely unsettled.

The plating of ships, too, notwithstanding the fact that at both nations are expending millions of dollars upon these shields, is regarded by the most intelligent English engineers as still open for experiment and improvement. A great deal of discussion has been expended upon plans for making the sides of the ships which were to bear these plates sloping; it being ascertained that a much thinner plate is required to turn away a shot striking at an angle, than would resist a perpendicular impact.

It is easy to conceive of numerous modifications of this idea by which inclined plates will be offered to the reception of the shot. One plan invented in England is to have the plates fastened upon independent floats, to be carried by the sides of ship; and the intellect of the nation seems to be teeming with an endless variety of ideas in connection with the subject.

But the rifling of cannon and the plating of ships are only two of an innumerable multitude of detail connected with naval and military mechanism. The shot, the wad, and cartridge, the lock, the gun carriage, the cartridge-box, the tent and tent equipage, the cooking apparatus, preserved meats and other provisions, and, in short, everything relating to the operations, the armaments and the supplies of navies and armies will be examined with eager scrutiny, by both comprehensive and acute intellects, in earnest efforts to make some improvements, either in their general plans or in their minute details.

It is very important for the country to have the military operations carried on with the greatest possible efficiency; and all of these inventions which are really valuable ought to be promptly adopted.—It is impossible for the responsible officers of the Government to devote their time to examining the various schemes offered; and we would suggest to the Administration the appointment of a competent commission for this purpose. There can be hardly a doubt that such a commission, if the members were properly selected, would contribute immensely to the efficiency of our naval and our military operations and would save its expense to the country a thousand fold.—Scientific American.

A CURIOUS fellow was once asked what inference he could draw from the text of Job—"And the asses snuffed up the east wind." "Well," he replied, "the only inference I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would get fat upon it." Our devil says if anybody had asked him what inference he could draw from the text of Job—"And the asses snuffed up the east wind!" He could have answered—"None but asses would do it."

Two young ladies were promenading along the street recently, when one of them slipped and came down on the very pavement "like a thousand of bricks." Jumping quickly up she exclaimed, sotto voce, "before another winter I'll have a man to hang on to; see if I don't."

Spurgeon's Conversion. I will give you a little of my own experience, by way of showing you how I found peace with Christ. For five years I had a desponding heart, and been in great trouble. I thought at that time that I was the most miserable creature that ever lived, and I hope and trust that none of you will suffer what I then endured. At night I dreaded to close my eyes in sleep, fearing that I might never wake again in this world. I thought that God was angry with me, and that he would send forth his judgments to consume me off the face of the earth.

At times I would weep alone for several hours, and could not find any comfort; and I should have been in that unhappy state until the present day had it not been for the sovereign grace of God. I will remember going out on one Sabbath day. I had listened to all sorts of sermons, some of them good sermons; but none of them were for me. One man preached the gospel of Christ doctrinally, another man practical sermons, and another preached the law; but I think I might have gone that Sunday round until now, but that on the Friday in question I happened to turn up a lane in which was a little Primitive Methodist chapel. I stepped into the place, but the minister had not come that day, and so his place was taken by a local preacher, (as I took him to be,) a poor old man out of the congregation. This old man took as his text the words from Isaiah xiv. 22: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Now this poor old preacher was not an educated man by any means. I can assure you he did not make any fine flourish from the text he had chosen. He was so stupid that he kept on repeating the text in some such manner as this—"Look," says the text. It is not even lifting the hand, it is not running one hundred miles away; it is stopping where you are and looking. There is nothing so hard for you to do as this, owing to your pride. "Look unto me." Many are looking to yourselves; some of you are looking to God the Father—but you must look to Christ first. Some of you are looking to the Spirit, to see where it is at work; but you are not told to do that. "Look unto me," says the text; and you have only to look as it directs. I am dying; well, look to the Saviour—he is sitting at God the Father's right hand. "Look unto me." Thus this old Primitive Methodist preacher went on until at last he caught sight of me where I was sitting under the gallery. "Young man," he says, "you are miserable!" And I was miserable, as he might have learned from my looks. "You will always be miserable," he continued, "until you attend to the text, until you look unto Christ." Look! he shouted, as only a Primitive Methodist can shout. And I did look, there and then; and I trust that I found peace with God. The burden with which I had so long been afflicted was gone. I went home happy, and so marked was the difference in my appearance that others could see the change. That one look to Christ had taken away all my burden.

"Ever since, my faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die."

A FAST LIFE.—A "fast life" cannot be lived with impunity. In this field of waste and disorder, as in every other, God's violation law, however it may be forgotten, never fails to assert and vindicate itself.—"The vicious die early." They fade like shadows, or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave—often when quite young, almost always before forty. "Bloody men," says the Psalmist, "shall not live out half their days;" and the remark is equally true of "fast" men. They live unusteady, spend their twelve hours in six, turn night into day, or use for carousal or dissipation time that should be used for rest; and in their rush in the chase of pleasure get out of sight and into darkness, while others are in the glow and glory of life. Many a man and many a woman too, dies thus long before their time. They keep such a constant steam that the boiler is consumed or explodes. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed, and its inevitable wear and tear.

Rev. T. Binney.

A GREAT poet says that "mountains stand fixed forever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to "slope."

It is rumored that the Government is in treaty for the service of the steamship Great Eastern as a transport.

"WHAT'S in a dress?" asked a popular writer. Sometimes a good deal and sometimes precious little.

A Touching Scene. A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate. "Ah! my good sir," said she "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James but he is as young as I am. O, sir! what can he do for me?" "The Court must send you to the house of correction."

"Here I am sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lively countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he. "James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?" "Thirteen." "And what do you want?" "I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?" "Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James." "Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate, "the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will be an artist, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard and was taken up."