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." TERMS: $2 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 19.—NO. 49. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866. VOLUME 29.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL

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ESTABLISHED as a REFUGE FROM QUACKERY

The Only Place where a Cure can be obtained.

Dr. Johnson has discovered the most Certain, Speedy, and only Effectual Remedy in the World for Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose, or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from Solitary Habits of Youth—secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit, which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

[illegible]

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured and full vigor restored.

[illegible]

DR. JOHNSTON,

[illegible]

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

[illegible]

YOUNG MEN

[illegible]

MARRIAGE,

[illegible]

Office, 7 South Frederick Street,

[illegible]

The Doctor's Diploma hangs in his office.

Endorsement of the Press.

[illegible]

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

April 22, 1865.—1y

SPLENDID BARGAINS!

All Sure of their Money's Worth.

W. FORSYTH & CO.

29 and 41 Ann Street, N. Y. [illegible]

Watches, Chains, Jewelry, &c.

EACH ARTICLE ONE DOLLAR!

And not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

250 Gold & Silver Watches from each	$15 00 to $150 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each
500 Ladies' & Gents' Silver watches	15 00 each
5,000 Vest, Neck & Guard Chains	$5 00 to 15 00 each
6,000 Gold Band Bracelets	3 00 to 10 00 each
6,000 Plain Chased Wedding rings	2 50 to 5 00 each
5,000 California Diamond Ear and Rings	3 00 to 6 00 each
10,000 sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 15 00 each
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each

Together with Ribbon Slides, Bosom Studs, Sleeve Buttons, Gold Pencils, Buckles, Brooches, Gold Thimbles, Ear drops, Children's Lockets, [illegible] and Rings, Seal Rings, Scarf Pins, Watch Keys, Also a variety of Silver Ware, embracing Goblets, Cups, Castors, Tea and Table spoons, &c. from $5 to $50.

The articles in this stock are of the neatest and most fashionable styles. Certificates of all the various articles are put in sealed envelopes and mixed, thus giving all a fair chance, and sent by mail, as ordered; and on the receipt of the certificate it is at your option to send ONE DOLLAR and take the article named in it, or not, or any other article in our list of equal value.

Certificates and Premiums.

Single Certificate, 25 cents; five Certificates, $1; eleven, $2; twenty-five with premium of Gold Pen, $3.75; fifty with premium of Gold Pencil and Pen, $10; one hundred with premium of Silver Watch, $20; two hundred with premium of Gold Watch, $30. Certificate money enclosed with order. Every letter, from whatever source, promptly answered.

Goods sent by mail, carefully packed. All articles not satisfactory can be returned and exchanged, or the money refunded if wished. Thousands of dollars' worth of Watches sold to our customers during the past year.

AGENTS wanted everywhere. Send 25 cents for Certificate and Circular. Address,

W. FORSYTH & CO.,

39 and 41 Ann Street, New York.

Nov. 4, '65—3m. $10 8 M. P. Agts.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR!!

A Prime article just received at the Provision Store—50 lbs. Sack—$2 50.

L. RUNYON.

Dec. 16, 1865.

NOTICE.

Specific performance—Estate of Joseph Hayhurst, dec'd.

Columbia County, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Susanna, [illegible] of said deceased, Mary intermarried with David Brent, Susan intermarried with George Stricher, Ellen intermarried with Cyrus H Appleman, Bezaleel Hayhurst, Elizabeth Hayhurst, and Benajah Hayhurst, the present residence of the last named being unknown to your petitioner; heirs and legal representatives of said Joseph Hayhurst.

Greeting, you and each of you are hereby cited and commanded to be and appear in your proper persons at an Orphans' Court to be holden at Bloomsburg, in and for said County on the first Monday of February next, then and there to answer the bill or petition of William Schuyler setting forth that the said Joseph Hayhurst, died seized of certain real estate in Orange twp., Columbia County, and agreed with your petitioner by article of agreement in writing, dated September 8th, 1858, to sell and convey the same to the said William Schuyler, his heirs or assigns. And to show cause why the said Court shall not decree the specific performance of the said contract according to the true intent and meaning thereof and that a conveyance be made under said decree to the aforesaid William Schuyler, of the said premises in fee simple.

SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

Bloomsburg, Dec. 21, 1865—4t.

NOTICE.

Specific performance—Henry Smith's Estate.

Columbia County, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to [illegible] Smith, widow of said Henry Smith, [illegible] intermarried with Peter Lutz, William Smith, John W. Smith, Eliza Bory, widow, Ella Elizabeth Smith, Smith's minor child of Mary Ann, now deceased, lately intermarried with William Ash, William Smith, [illegible] County, and Minor [illegible] Smith, whose present residence is not known, and Thomas H. Smith, [illegible] of said Henry Smith, [illegible]

[illegible]

SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

Bloomsburg, Dec. 21, 1865—4t.

NOTICE IN PARTITION

Estate of Joseph Hayhurst, dec'd.

[illegible]

Take Notice

[illegible]

SAMUEL SNYDER, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Bloomsburg, Dec. [illegible]

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees, creditors and other persons interested in the estates of the respective decedents and minors, that the following Administration and Guardian accounts have been filed in the office of the Register of Columbia county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance to the Orphans' Court to be held in Bloomsburg, in the county aforesaid, on Monday, the 5th of Feb. [illegible]

1 First and partial account of George [illegible], of Madison township [illegible]

2 Account of Thomas Opdyke, Guardian of [illegible] minor child of Nathan Beers late of Greenwood twp., dec'd.

3 Account of John Mastelter, Guardian of [illegible], minor child of [illegible] late of [illegible]

4 Account of Henry Hollingshead, administrator of [illegible] Hollingshead late of [illegible] twp. dec'd.

5 Account of John and A S Allen administrators of [illegible] twp. dec'd.

6 Account of Hiram J Gillaspy, administrator of William Gillaspy, late of [illegible] twp. dec'd.

7 Account of William K Longenberger, adm'r of Franklin Longenberger, late of Beaver twp. dec'd.

8 Account of William H Welliver administrator of Abraham Welliver, late of Madison twp. dec'd.

9 Account of Henry C Hess, adm'r of Benjamin Peterman, late of Sugarloaf twp. dec'd [illegible]

10 Final account of Peter Ent, adm'r, of [illegible], late of Scott twp. dec'd.

11 Fifth account of Peter Ent one of the Executors of [illegible] late of Scott twp. dec'd.

12 First and final account of Reuben [illegible], adm'r of Peter Mosser late of Locust twp. dec'd.

13 First account of Thomas Creveling, adm'r of Reuben Creveling late of Scott twp. dec'd.

JOHN G FREEZE, *Register.*

Bloomsburg, Jan. 6, 1866.

Grand Jurors for February Term, 1866.

Bloom—Morris C Sloan
Berwick—Chas B Fowler
Briarcreek—Jacob Mastellar, Wm Lamon
Beaver—Daniel Gearhart
Benton—B J Albertson
Catawissa—Jacob Demaballer
Fishingcreek—Samuel Shive, Mathias Kline, John J [illegible]
Franklin—Joseph Ridler
Greenwood—Richard Kitchen
Hemlock—James Neal, Hudson Girton
Locust—Wm Goodman, Mayberry Snyder, Jonas Fetterman
Mt Pleasant—Ellis Dreisbach
Madison—Joseph C Smith
Jackson—John Keeler
Roaringcreek—Henry Hoffman
Scott—Jacob Terwilliger
Sugarloaf—Joseph C Hess, Wm B Peterman

Traverse Jurors for Feb. Term, 1866.

Bloom—A M Rupert
Beaver—Henry Hinderliter
Briarcreek—Jacob Creasy, David Shaffer, Reuben Miller, Nathan Martz
Benton—Stott E Colley, Thos B Cole, John Davis
Catawissa—Jacob Krogh, Daniel Helwig
Conyngham—Stephen Thomas
Fishingcreek—Hugh McBride
Franklin—Moses Hower, Jacob Loreman
Greenwood—Geo W Utt, Jos S Kline
Hemlock—Nehemiah Reese, Hugh D McBride
Jackson—John Yorks
Locust—Henry Fink, Geo Hower, Elias Helwig
Millin—Jacob Nuss
Montour—Evan Welliver
Orange—Abraham Coleman, Michael Vance, John Snyder
Pine—Jacob Chamberlin, Valentine Wintersteen
Roaringcreek—Benjamin Hauck
Sugarloaf—Andrew Laubach, Henry C Hess
Scott—Philip T Hartman, John Kressler, Daniel L Everhart

January 6, 1866.

Notice.

The Lime Books of Eli Creveling, and those of Creveling & Fausey, of Lime Ridge are in the hands of the undersigned for collection—Those interested will please take notice.

JOSEPH LILLEY, J. P.

Light [illegible] Jan [illegible]

Select Poetry.

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their own business more,
And mind their neighbor's less.
For instance you and I my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mend our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It would seem strange, if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! I would that we had charity,
For every man and woman,
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another."

Artemus Ward as a Farmer.

An Agricultural County Association invited Artemus Ward to address them on the occasion of their next annual fair.—He wrote to the President of the society as follows:

NEW YORK, June, 12, '65

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and I think I will come.

Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experiences as an agriculturist will be acceptable; and as that history, no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write you through the press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine.—Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye and oats but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors told me so at first, and, as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went "lecturing."

Those cows are now quite fat. I took pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep raising.

I bought fifty lambs and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on the farm in my dressing gown, with a cigar in my mouth and watch these innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hillside. Watching their saucy caper reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, 'We must have some shepherd dogs.'

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed rather a profound look and said:

'We must Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago.''

I wrote to my old friend, Dr. Dexter H Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate me, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff colored, hazel eyes, long-tailed and sharply-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

'Turn them in, Eli," said I.

Eli turned them in

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about for minutes and a half.

My friends had made a slight mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to the sheep. Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed: "Wall, did you ever!"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green sward, and fragments of wool and raw lambs chops lay around in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diptheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life stories. Thus ended their interesting tales.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist, I was not a success.

Last summer, Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season sir."

We cut some grass.

To me new-mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it in beautiful verse down in Jersey every summer, and so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men know the price of a ton of hay to-day.—But the new mown hay is really a fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready!' said E. Perkins.

"I am here.'

"Then foller us.'

I followed them,

Followed them rather to closely, evidently, for a white haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then, in a low, firm voice, he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live anyhow.—Yonder berrying ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter ble gashes in the other, or not. But you, John—you are young."

The old man changes places with his son, a smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready.'

"What mean you, old man?" said I

"I mean that if you continue to bran'ish that blade as you have bran'ish it, some of us will get hurt."

There was some reason mingled with this white haired old peasant's remark.—It is true that I had twice escaped mowing off his one son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know-ed anything."

Mr Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited from his mother. His mother was often taken that way, and suffered a good deal.

At the end of two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a wet rag, and say "he felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe: "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown."

"Oh, no, Nancy," I heard the invalid, E. Perkins soothingly say; "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it."

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown.

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *do so'd.* She also said she would get right up and go away, and, as evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr Perkins writes me that "on account of no skare krows being put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but scon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was afraid you cut his sons legs off ses yu better go and stand up in field yourself with dressin gown on & guesses krows will keep away, this made boys in the stor larf. No more terday from. Yours respectful

ELI PERKINS.

"his letter "

My friend, Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I "keep on" I will get in the poor house in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me I will come.

Truly Yours,

CHARLES F. BROWN.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILITUDE.—God knows what keys in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness; God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintiff songs must walk in the lowly vales of life's weary way; others in loftier hymns shall sing of nothing but joy, as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without a discord or a jar, as the ascending anthem of a loving and believing heart finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

Muscular Christianity.

A GOOD STORY OF BISHOP SEWELL.

In the autumn of 1857 I spent a few days in a country parsonage, and on the Sunday morning, at breakfast, the pastor's wife received received a letter, which her tittering told us must be a titbit.—'Ha, uncle' said she, 'here are clerical doings exactly to your taste.' The writer, a lady in a distant country, narrated that there had lately come into the next parish a new vicar—a very fine young man who at school had no superior, either in Greek or in boxing, and who at the University won honors for his classics and silver cups for his boating. He was beginning in earnest the work of an evangelist among a long neglected, vicious and brutal people. He had a plan and a will, but many worthy folk were fearing that his zeal was without knowledge or wisdom.

One of his first measures was to open a school in a remote part of the parish, and get the room licensed for a week-day preaching. But all the drunkards rose against such unheard of proceedings—They would run after him, cursing, hooting, and discharging volleys of sods and other missiles. Finding remonstrance in vain, he adopted another course on the Wednesday evening in the week before I heard the story. Making a stand in the middle of the road at the entrance to the hamlet, just as the storm arose, and looking the savages in the face, he addressed them thus, in a firm, quiet voice, which commanded their attention:

'My good fellows, I have borne this patiently for some time, but now I must put a stop to it; and I'll do it in your own way. Choose your best man and we'll fight it out. If I beat, you'll give up.'

They looked at him unbelievingly; but throwing his coat aside, he added:

'I am in earnest—send your man.'

The ruffians put their heads together and then a burley giant stepped forth and made a furious dash at his reverend challenger, who quietly parried the unskilful blows, and played with them for a few seconds. But then a fist was planted in the peasant's chest, and he lay at full length on the ground. Quietly gathering himself up, however, he skulked away and joined his companions.'

'Now send your next best, and I'll go through the lot of you.'

Again their heads drew together, and another drew down his jacket, going to work however with a more cautious energy. But at once a stomacher stretched him on the road.

'Your next!'

Once more a conglomerate of dense pates was formed.

'Bill, thee tack him.' Bill eyed the hero askance and shook his head.

'Thee, Jim.' A shake of the head from Jim also.

'Dick, thee'll tack the parson!' A shake move decided, and stiff. 'Nay, nay. I'se see the bung fust!'

And now the first one who was vanquished stood forward, and, like a brave man called out;

'I say, parson, you're a rare young un, yo ar. I'se tell thee what, we're going to hear you preych." And they a'l followed him along the little street said the writer and heard the word quietly, adding, it remains to be seen what will become of the fight. What did come of it? I heard a long time afterward that from that day the men doffed their hats and woman curtsied and the children looked awe-stricken when they met or passed him that the beer houses were nearly all shut up and that a great moral and religious information was in progress. That gentleman had previously been the instrument of like changes in equally demoralized parishes.

I may add that a few years back he has deemed the fittest clergyman in the church to go out as a bishop to a scene of great personal danger in a heathen country.

—*Manchester Examiner.*

NEGRO ARISTOCRACY.—A case of negro aristocracy came off in the town of Stauntan Va., recently.

One of the Northern "school-marms," who is there employed in teaching the "freedmen," told a sprightly negro girl that she "must not call the woman with whom she lived mistress—that she was as good as anybody."

Pretty soon the girl asked her teacher what buisness she followed before coming South to teach

"She was a bonnet maker," was the reply.

"Well!' said tha girl gathering up her books and making for the door, "I'm not going to 'sociate wid you any longer——you say I is ekil to my mistress, and she don't 'sociate wid bonnet makers!"

An Adventurous Career.

A young man has just been sentenced to imprisonment for six months by the police court of Lille, for vagrancy whose career of crime is one of the most extraordinary ever developed before a court of justice. Pernet was born in Paris twenty four years since and at the age of 14 he committed homicide. At eighteen he was sentenced to imprisonment for five years for robbery at Bar-le-duc. He was only eight days in the house of correction in that town when he escaped. He was captured and again committed but he shortly after escaped a second time.

After his fifth escape from prison in France he was sentenced to twenty years hard labor, and embarked for Cayenne at the beginning of the year 1864. Five convicts escaped from Cayenne last year and Pernet was their leader. He assumed the command of the frail boat in which they risked their lives. They had just quitted the land when they were perceived and fired on by the guard on shore but escaped without injury. After tossing about for 14 days and nights nearly starved to death they reached a British settlement. The inhabitants mistaking them for shipwrecked seamen treated them kindly.

They remained some months in the settlement, when Pernet and and one of his comrades, tired of their monotonous life, embarked for Spain, where they commited a robbery and supplied themselves with a considerable sum of money and a quantity of good wearing apparel. Pursued by the police they took refuge in Corsica where they passed themselves for merchants having money in their pockets, and being respectably clad they acquired some friends and led for a time a jovial life. Their cash was soon expended but Pernet nothing abashed announced that he had lost a pocket book containing 100,000 francs in bank notes and valuable securities and had it proclaimed by the public crier through the streets of Ajaccio offering a large reward of ten thousand francs for its recovery. The stratagem succeeded—for their adquaintances taking compassion on the pretended Spaniards placed their purse at their disposal of which they availed themselves sparingly. They were shortly afterwards accused of a robbery of plate at the hotel when they lodged and fled. They next appeared in Italy, where Pernet passed for an engineer and his companion acted the part of Secretary. They were detected but again escaped.

The month of march last found Pernet in London but British did not agree with him, and he embarked for France, and arrived at Boulogne on the 15th of that month. He was then completely destitute but he made the acquintance of a charitable person in the coach between Boulogne and Lille who afforded him some assistance and would have procured him employment but he declined the offer. He was arrested at Lille as a vagrant and sentenced to six months imprisonment then to be sent to Cayenne.

An Inconvenient Habit.

Somebody tells the following little story, but neglects to mention whether the sufferer was a Federal or Confederate officer,—The affair occured on the occasion of a grand review in Charleston. The commanding General had engaged a fine looking charger, that had been doing duty in the bread cart. The troops were formed in line to be reviewed, and as the band struck up the General and staff came galloping down in front at a good round pace, when just as he was passing the centre of the line some fellow in the ranks, knowing the characteristics of the animal, sang out "bread." The old horse true to his habit when hearing the word, came to a "halt," and as a matter of course, pitching his rider over his head, and landing him spread-eagle fashion on the grass.

Discipline could not stand it; there was a roar of laughter from one end of the line to the other, including several hundred specitators. I think I never saw so mad a man in my life. He jumped up, drew his sword, and for a few moments he seemed as if he would take the life of every man on the ground. He stormed and raved, offered untold wealth for the name of the man who did the mischief, but I doubt if he ever knew. I never see a General and staff galloping down the line that I don't think of the scene and and the way that high functionary "went to grass."

☞ Why is love like a ducks foot? Because it often lies hidden under the breast.

☞ There is many an unfortunate one whose heart like a sunbeam always appears loveliest in its breaking asunder.

A Recruit from the Grave.

The following strange circumstance among the most remarkable that occured during the war, is vouched by the Colonel Ellis, late of the 1st Missiouri calvary and can be attested by the parties concerned:

A few days after a fiercely contested battle in the south a party of soldiers belonging to the 1st Missiouri took a jaunt over the battle field and came up to a spot where the rebel dead were buried. In one place the hair of a man's head was seen sticking out of the ground like a tuft of grass and near by a hand was seen protruding upwards which evidently belonged to the corpse that owned the head of hair.

One of the cavalrymen remarked to his companions in a spirit of thoughtless livity.

"See, there's a dead reb reaching out for something, let's see what he wants!' In the same spirit of wanton mischief, almost recklessness the cavalrymen took hold of the mans hand and hauled the body out of the grave the loose dirt falling back into the shallow hole. Soon after the man began to stir and manifest signs of life to the utter astonishment and horror of the ressurectionists.

The man was taken by his rescuers to their tent and was rubbed down, washed off and in a few days became as "good as new.' He said that in the battle he was stun d by the passage of a shell which knocked him senseless. He was picked up among the dead and buried like the rest. Not a scratch was found on his body. He said that he had joined the rebel army and fought the Federals long and well, but as this was his second appearance on earth he would join the Federals and fight for them. He accordingly enlisted in the 1st Missouri, did a good deal of tough marching and hard fighting and last September was mustered out of the service and paid of at Benton barracks.

—*St. Louis News.*

A Kiss that Didn't Pay.

The Toledo *Record* gets off a good one in regard to a citizen of Iowa, whose wife, in his absence, had been kissed by a drover, while giving him a glass of water.—When he heard of the outrage, he started at once in pursuit, found the drover after a hard day's ride, and accused him of the theft.

The drover admitted the truth of the soft impeachment, said he had been some time from home, was sorely tempted and in an unguarded moment of frenzy purloined the kiss—but that he had not damaged the women in the smallest particle—was very sorry—thought it was no matter to make a great ado about, and begged to be excused.

The husband finally concluded that this was the right view of the matter, and agreed to settle it upon the receipt of five dollars for his day's ride. This being satisfactory, the drover handed over a ten-dollar bill, and received five dollars in change. But when the aggrieved Benedict returned home and consulted his Detector, he found the bill a counterfeit. He found he had suffered the indignity of having his wife kissed by a "nasty drover," passed one day in the saddle, and lost five dollars, and concluded it didn't pay.

FAIRLY BEATEN.—We know a young man who is remarkably quick in repartee. A short time since he was listening to a 'tremendous' story about fishing. The narrator stated that he had a hook made that weighed three hundred pounds, attached it to hawser, three hundred yards in length, and baited it with a whole beef. Taking this hook in his right hand, he threw it out in the lake.

'And what do you think I caught!'

'Can't say. What?' cried a number eagerly.

"A fish that weighed *three hundred tons!*"

'Pshaw!" said our young gentleman "you are behind the age. Why, when I fished there *I baited my hooks with such fish as you caught.*

A YOUNG minister in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached said several times: "commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon and thought it was a very fine and as he had said "the common taters did not agree with him," he had sent some of the best kidneys.

'Stockings I can do without as long as I wear fashionable dresses,'' said a village belle somewhat straightened in her financial resources; "but a bosom pin and kid gloves I must have."