

BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXII.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1868.

NUMBER 4.

GREAT CLEARING OUT SALE
TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL.
 TO BE HELD ON THE CORNER OF MAIN & MARKET STS.
L. T. SHARPLESS
 Now offers for Cash or Ready Pay—
 FRENCH MERINOS at 95 cts
 BLACK ALPACAS at 60 and 65 cts.
 AMERICAN MERINOS at 40 cts.
 FINEST FUR COATS worth 100 cts.
 ALL THE ABOVE FROM 15 to 50 per cent. below
 the regular prices.
 CALICOES from 6 cts. to 15 for best.
 BLUE and BROWN MUSLINS 10 to 15 cts. best.
 GOOD bleached and brown Muslins at 12 1/2.
 All wool Cassimeres at \$1.00 to \$1.25 & \$1.75.
 HATS & CAPS at bargain prices.
 GENTS' & BOYS' for Men, Women,
 & Children. All at reduced prices.
 One lot Gaiters & Shoes, your choice, at \$2.00, worth
 \$2.50. One lot Ladies' Glove-kid Balmaine and
 Gaiters at \$2.50, worth \$3.00.
 Coffee, Tea, Sugars and Syrups.
 The balance of our stock comprising all kinds of
 GOODS, CARPETS &c., at proportionately low prices.
 Country produce wanted. Cash paid for butter and eggs.
 Store on Main Street below Market.
 January 20, 1868.—91.

Bloomsburg Democrat.
 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN
 BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY
WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
 TERMS—\$5.00 in advance. If not paid within
 SIX MONTHS, 50 cents additional will be charged.
 No paper discontinued until all arrearages
 are paid except at the option of the editor.
 RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 per line consisting of 10 words.
 Every square one or three insertions.....\$1.50
 Every subsequent insertion less than 15.....1.00
 space. In. Mo. Yr. Qu. Wk.
 One square, 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 10.00
 Two squares, 3.00 5.00 6.00 8.00 14.00
 Three, 4.00 7.00 8.00 10.00 18.00
 Four squares, 6.00 9.00 10.00 14.00 20.00
 Half column, 10.00 15.00 18.00 20.00 30.00
 One column, 15.00 18.00 20.00 30.00 50.00
 Editor's and Administrator's Notice.....2.00
 Auditor's Notice.....1.50
 Other advertisements inserted according to special
 contracts.
 Business notices, without advertisement, twenty
 cents per line.
 Transient advertisements payable in advance all
 other bills due after the first insertion.
 Printed in Shreve's Block Main Street by
FRANK R. SNYDER.

A. SOLLEDER'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
 [OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.]
On Main Street, Bloomsburg.
 The subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to
 the people of Bloomsburg, and vicinity, that he has
 on hand a large and fine assortment of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
 for ladies and gentlemen's wear, to suit all families.
 His City work is of the best quality, and from the
 most reliable manufacturers; he being a practical
 workman and a good judge of
STOCKS.
 He is not likely to be imposed upon by receiving
 worthless material badly made up.
 Those desiring to purchase, or who would do well
 to give him a call, before purchasing elsewhere. He
 sells a
GOOD ARTICLE,
 and at prices to suit purchasers.
 All persons who desire light or heavy work made
 to order can be accommodated at his establishment.
 Also, repairing will be done with neatness and
 dispatch.
 An elegant assortment of Ladies' Spring and Summer
 hats on hand. **A. SOLLEDER.**
 April 2, 1867.

J. J. BROWER, (Cor. Main & Iron sts.)
 As now offering to the Public his STOCK OF
SPRING GOODS
 consisting in part of a full line of
INGRAIN, WOOL & RAG CARPETS.
 Fine cloths and cassimeres for Ladies' coats.
 Handmade Dress Goods of all Patterns and qualities.
 Belins and Prints of various qualities and prices.
 Bleached and Brown Muslins, Ladies' French Corsets
 and
BALMORAL SKIRTS.
 Good assortment of Ladies and children's Gaiters
 and Boots.
 Fresh Groceries and Spices. New assortment of
Glass and Queensware.
 No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
 Bloomsburg, April 30, 1867.

JOHN K. GIBSON'S STORE,
BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.
 The subscriber has just returned from the eastern
 cities with a large and choice stock of first-class
Groceries and Dry-Goods,
 which he offers to the citizens of Bloomsburg and
 vicinity at low and reasonable prices. He has
 on hand a full and complete stock of all the
 goods of the Country.
 His stock consists of the best varieties of
 FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, BARLEY,
 SUGAR, TEA, COFFEE,
 FISH (of fine quality),
 DRIED MEATS, (in their season),
 BUTTER, AND OTHER CHOICE
 SOAP & CANDLES, &c., &c., CHEESE,
 COAL & LAMBED OILS,
 and all the assortment of Dry Goods and Hosiery,
 and a full variety of goods of the above class, and
 of other kinds. In addition to which he has recently
 added to his stock a large assortment of
CEDAR WARE AND
WILLOW WARE;
 in which variety of goods he has several new
 and useful modern inventions, extensively used
 where known, and which must come into use here.
 He also has a fine supply of
French Moroccoes;
 and also of Morocco Linings for Shoemakers' work;
 and a good assortment of
Queensware.
 JOHN K. GIBSON,
 S. E. Corner of Main and Iron Streets,
 Bloomsburg, Nov. 20, 1867.

NEW BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY
Establishment
on Third Street,
 BELOW MARKET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
 J. F. FOX, Proprietor of this establishment, would
 inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that
 he has everything fitted up at his new stand on
 Third Street, to furnish them with BREAD, CAKES,
 AND CONFECTIONERY, in the most desirable manner.
 He has also on hand a large quantity of
 all kinds of persons, who have been furnished
 with Ale, Lager Beer, and Porter, by the whole
 sale quantities, and who will call upon WILLIAM
 GILMORE, at his Saloon in
Shaver's Block, Main Street,
 who has been authorized by the undersigned to sell
 the same. He will constantly have a supply on hand,
 and will be sold at the lowest market rates.
 J. F. FOX, Proprietor, and J. F. FOX, and Con-
 fectionery, fitted up, on the 15th of Nov. 1867.

NEW RESTAURANT
 on Third Street, below Market, in
 the building formerly occupied by
W. GILMORE,
 has the pleasure of announcing to the
 citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that
 he has opened a
RESTAURANT,
 which he has fitted up in the most
 desirable manner, and will be
 open for the reception of
LADIES AND GENTS.
 The subscriber has on hand a large
 quantity of all kinds of
 choice food, and will be
 sold at the lowest market rates.
 J. F. FOX, Proprietor, and J. F. FOX, and Con-
 fectionery, fitted up, on the 15th of Nov. 1867.

ICE CREAM,
 to all who may favor him with their custom. He
 has a fine assortment of all kinds of
 ice cream, and will be sold at the
 lowest market rates. He has also
 on hand a large quantity of
 all kinds of persons, who have been
 furnished with Ale, Lager Beer, and
 Porter, by the whole sale quantities,
 and who will call upon WILLIAM
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The Guest of the Heart.
 Soft falls through the gathering twilight
 The rain from the dripping eaves,
 And stirs with a tremulous rustle,
 The dead and the dying leaves:
 While here in the midst of the shadows,
 I hear the sweet voice of the bells
 Come born on the wind of the autumn,
 That faintly rises and swells.
 They call and they answer each other—
 They answer and mingle again—
 And the deep and the shrill in an anthem,
 Make harmony in their strain;
 As the voices of sentinels mingle
 In the mountainous regions of snow,
 Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
 Floats down to the valley below.
 The shadows, the fire-light of even,
 The sound of the rains distant chime,
 Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
 Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time.
 The slumberous sense of seclusion,
 From storm and intruders aloof,
 We feel when we hear in the midnight,
 The patter of rain on the roof.
 When the spirit goes forth in its yearning
 To take all its wanderers home;
 Or, after in regions of fancy,
 Delights in sweet pinions to roam,
 I quietly sit by the fire-light—
 The fire-light so bright and so warm—
 For I know that those only who love me
 Will see me through shadow and storm.
 And should they be absent this evening,
 Should even the household depart—
 Deserted, I should not be lonely;
 There still would be guests in my heart.
 The faces of friends that I cherish,
 The smile and the glance and the tone,
 Will haunt me wherever I wander,
 And thus I am never alone.

THE PIONEER BOYS.
 BY JAMES D. M'GABE, JR.
 By the fall of the year 1793, the settle-
 ment known as Carpenter's Station, located
 a little distance above the mouth of Short
 Creek, on the east side of the Ohio River,
 in what is now the State of West Virginia,
 was in a flourishing condition, and numbered
 some thirty or forty families in its popula-
 tion. One of those families is named
 Johnson, and consisted of the father and
 mother and several children. Of these
 children, two were boys, named John and
 Henry Johnson, and aged respectively
 thirteen and eleven years. Towards the close
 of the fall, the boys were sent one evening
 to drive home the cows, which had wander-
 ed off beyond the settlement. The season
 was that delightful Indian summer time,
 when the Ohio Valley puts on its richest
 hues of beauty, and when the fascination
 of its scenery is greater than at any other
 part of the year. The boys, young as they
 were, were keenly alive to the beauty of the
 scene, and moved along briskly, but boylike,
 when they had reached the foot of the hill
 which bounded the "bottom" that lay back
 of the fort, they paused under a hickory-nut
 tree, unable to resist its fascination, and
 commenced to gather the nuts and crack
 and eat them. They sat down at the foot
 of the tree, and unmindful that the sunset
 was coming on and that the cows were still
 undischarged, they gave their whole atten-
 tion to their nuts. So you see, my dear
 reader, pioneer boys were quite as apt to
 attend to pleasure before business, as those
 of the present day, and I am very much
 inclined to believe that these two thought
 more of squirrels and nuts than about the
 cows and their parents. They happened to
 look up at last, and John jumped to his feet
 in confusion, and exclaimed:
 "We'll catch it now, Hen. Yonder comes
 father and Uncle Joseph, and if they find us
 here instead of looking for the cows, they'll
 make us smoke for it."
 Henry looked in the direction indicated by
 his brother, and saw two men approaching
 them. The newcomers were dressed like
 the settlers at the Station, and one of them
 carried a rifle in his hand. The boys com-
 menced looking about very busily, and call-
 ing the cows as loud as they could. In a
 few minutes the strangers came near enough
 for them to discover their real character,
 and the little fellows to their horror and dis-
 may found that they were in the presence
 of two large Indians. They were terribly
 frightened, and started to run away, but the
 Indians leveled their guns at them, and
 threatened to kill them if they did not come
 back. Trembling in every limb the boys
 walked back slowly to their captors, expect-
 ing every moment to be killed and scalped.

One of the Indians could converse toler-
 ably well in English, and he told the boys
 they would not harm them if they would
 not run away. He said they were looking
 for horses and that the lads must go with
 them. They started off and taking a cir-
 cuitous route over the Short Creek hills
 continued their search after horses. Little
 Henry was very much frightened, but his
 brother John contrived to whisper to him
 not to cry or show the Indians that he was
 alarmed, and to let him do the talking.
 John became very friendly with the Indians,
 and seemed to be delighted at his capture.
 He told them he was glad they had taken
 him prisoner, that his father was a hard
 master, and kept him always at work, allow-
 ing him no time for play. He did not like
 such a life, but wanted to be free, and live
 in the woods, and be a hunter. He hoped
 they would take him to their tribe and make
 a warrior of him. The Indians were sur-
 prised and delighted at this language from
 a pale face, and the one who could speak
 English told him they would make a great
 brave out of him, and that by the time he
 was grown he would have no white blood in
 him, but would be altogether an Indian.
 He became very intimate with the lad during
 their tramp, and gave him a small bag to
 carry. The bag was quite heavy and the
 boy supposed it contained money.
 About dusk the Indians halted at a spring
 in a hollow place, about three miles from
 the fort. They built a fire and cooked their
 supper which they shared with their pris-
 oners. John Johnson made himself very use-
 ful in building the fire, and getting water
 for his captors, and received many grunts
 of satisfaction and approval. One of them
 asked him if he knew where there was any
 horses running about in the woods, but the
 boy, thinking it best to tell the truth this
 time, told them that the settlers were very
 careful, and kept their horses up all
 the time, and that he did not think they
 would meet with much success in their
 efforts. When night came, the Indians
 covered up the fire, and pinioned the boys
 and made them lie down together. They
 then placed their hoppers over them, and lay
 down, one on each side of them, on the ends
 of the straps. They lay awake for a long
 time, laughing. John, who was a lively
 and sprightly fellow, entertained the savages
 with many amusing stories which made them
 laugh heartily. These stories he told to the
 Indian who could speak English, and that
 one in his turn related them to his compan-
 ion in his own language. Poor little Henry
 had not spoken a word since his capture,
 and, though silent, he was full of indigna-
 tion against his brother for wanting to be-
 come an Indian, and being so friendly with
 them.
 John Johnson, however was only carrying
 out a plan which he had conceived imme-
 diately after their capture. The lad had
 been born and brought up on the frontier,
 where he had lived in the society of Indian-
 hunters all his life, and he was tolerably well
 versed in the art of border warfare, and was
 possessed of an intelligence and a courage
 unusual in a boy so young. As soon as the
 Indians had captured his brother and him-
 self, he had resolved to make his escape.
 This was his reason for telling his brother to
 say nothing and let him do all the talking,
 and he had spent all the afternoon in try-
 ing to make friends with the savages and lull
 their suspicions to rest. He knew that his
 brother would not understand his motives
 for acting as he did, but he could not tell
 him without revealing everything, and
 thus reviving their chance for escape.
 After the savages tied him and made him
 lie down for the night his courage almost
 departed from him. The Indians, as I have
 said, had placed their hoppers over the boys,
 and were lying upon the ends of it
 themselves, so that any attempt of the boys
 to get up would, by moving the strap, awake
 their captors. The situation seemed hope-
 less, but John determined to wait patiently
 and see if something more favorable did not
 happen. He whispered softly to his brother,
 not to go to sleep, and after the Indians
 ceased talking, lay silently thinking over
 the escapes of the various Indian-hunters
 that he knew. He remembered how Lewis
 Wetzel had several times regained his lib-
 erty in the face of even more formidable
 obstacles, for the hunter had told him the
 story himself. He believed that the Indians
 had no fear of his trying to leave them, as
 they had faith in the story he had told them,
 but how he should get out of their power he
 could not tell. Something must be done
 that night. He knew the spot where they
 were resting for the night, and could easily
 find his way back to the fort, but the next
 day the Indians would strike across the
 country towards their own people, and even
 should they succeed in escaping during this
 journey, there was a strong probability of
 their being overhauled and retaken, or of
 losing their way and dying of starvation, or
 of wandering into a camp of Indians. The
 necessity, therefore, for doing something
 that night, if anything was to be done at all,
 was imperative. The boy's mind was busy
 with these thoughts, but he felt that it was
 useless to make even the slightest attempt
 as long as the Indians were awake. The
 suspense in which the little fellow was placed
 was painful, and in spite of the chilliness of
 the night, the thick sweat stood heavy on
 his forehead.
 At last the heavy breathing of the savages
 convinced him that they were asleep.
 He could not move without waking them,
 however, and his condition was made no bet-
 ter by their unconsciousness than it had been
 before.
 The night was quite cool, and in about an

hour after the savages fell asleep, one of
 them becoming cold lifted John in his arms
 and rolled him on the outside, and was soon
 breathing heavily again. This was just what
 the lad wanted. The Indian had put him
 where he could move without disturbing the
 others, and had not only removed the strap
 from him, but had rolled off of it himself.
 Profiting by this, the boy slowly and cau-
 tiously rolled away from his companions,
 and commenced trying to undo the things
 with which his hands were tied. Fortuna-
 tely the Indians had not fastened them very
 securely. He worked slowly and softly, so
 slowly indeed that it seemed that he would
 never free himself. Every movement seemed
 to his excited imagination more violent than
 was prudent, and he dreaded lest the In-
 dians should suddenly awake and discover
 his attempt to escape. In such a case, he
 felt sure they would kill him. The time
 wore away very slowly, but at length he suc-
 ceeded in removing his fetters, and rising
 gently to his feet, he looked around to assure
 himself that all was well. The huge forms
 of the Indians were stretched out at full
 length, and their heavy, regular breathing
 showed him that they were sound asleep.
 Another glance revealed to him the great,
 round blue eyes of his little brother Henry,
 watching his movements with the most in-
 tense eagerness. He placed his finger warn-
 ingly on his lips to caution the little fellow
 not to make any sound that might alarm the
 savages, and then stepped cautiously to the
 boy's side, he raised the strap softly, and
 motioned to his brother to get upon his feet.
 The astonished Henry did so, and his brother
 led him softly a few paces away from the
 sleepers, and commenced to untie his hands.
 How their hearts beat, as they stood there
 in the dark woods with danger and death so
 near them! The very sighing of the night
 wind, the rustling of the leaves, and the
 murmuring of the waters of the little stream
 by which they had encamped, made them
 start and tremble with fear. The slightest
 sound might arouse their captors, and then,
 poor boys, home and a mother's face would
 never gladden their eyes again.
 At last Henry's hands were released, and
 the boy, intent only upon getting off safe,
 whispered to his brother:
 "Come now, brother John, let us run
 home as fast as we can."
 John knew this would never do. Henry
 would be sure to arouse the Indians in at-
 tempting to run away, and he seized the lit-
 tle fellow, who had already turned to put
 his proposal into execution, by the shoulder
 firmly, and whispered to him:
 "Don't run away yet, Hen. If you do,
 you'll wake the Indians, and they'll kill us.
 You musn't stir yet, for we must kill these
 Indians before we go."
 Henry was afraid at first, for he was a very
 little fellow, and only eleven years old, and
 the idea of killing one of the great, stalwart
 savages that lay sleeping at his feet seemed
 to him an utter impossibility; but his brother
 told him that he must make the attempt,
 and after some hesitation the little fellow
 consented to do so.
 The plan upon which John had decided
 would have done credit to an old hunter, and
 it is remarkable as coming from a boy so
 young, inasmuch as it exhibits an unusual
 degree of originality, fertility of resource,
 and determined courage. The lad was only
 thirteen years old, but had been fifty five
 could not have acted with greater coolness
 and determination. Stealing noiselessly up
 to the Indians, he took one of their rifles,
 which was loaded and primed, and cocking
 it, placed it on a log with the muzzle only
 an inch or two from the head of one of the
 Indians. He then placed Henry at the
 breech of the weapon, and made him put
 his finger on the trigger. He told him to
 pull the trigger, and shoot the savage as
 soon as he should strike the other. Then
 stepping back, he possessed himself of the
 Indian's tomahawk, as he found that it
 would be impossible to remove the rifle with-
 out arousing its owner. He grasped the
 tomahawk firmly, and then assuring himself
 by a glance that his younger brother was
 ready to co-operate with him, he stepped
 softly to the sleepers, and placed himself
 astride of one of them. They were still un-
 conscious, the fatigue of their long march
 on the previous day having thrown them in
 profound slumber. The boy raised the tom-
 ahawk with both hands, and concentrating
 all his energies in the blow struck the sleeper
 with it. The blow fell on the back of the
 Indian's neck, and a little to the side, so as
 not to be fatal. Half stunned, the savage
 attempted to spring up and defend himself,
 but John struck him again, this time on the
 head. Even this blow, though it cut through
 the skull with a horrible crash, did not kill
 the man, but the little fellow, rendered des-
 perate by the gravity of his situation, struck
 him so fast and so often, and with such fatal
 effect, that the lad afterwards expressed
 it himself, "The Indian lay still, and began
 to quiver." In another moment, the huge
 savage lay motionless at his feet, and having
 satisfied himself that there was nothing more
 to apprehend from this one, John turned to
 see what disposition his brother had made
 of the other.
 Little Henry had also done his part well.
 As soon as he saw his elder brother strike
 the Indian with the tomahawk, he pulled
 the trigger and discharged the rifle. The
 ball struck the sleeping savage in the face,
 and tore away a considerable portion of his
 lower jaw. The Indian, a few moments af-
 ter receiving the shot yelled in the most
 terrible manner. He was so completely
 startled by the suddenness of the attack
 that he did not for a moment attribute it
 to his captives, and his wound was so terrible
 as to utterly deprive him for the time of the

power of resistance, and as soon as he had
 fired Henry dropped the rifle, and hurried
 over to where his brother was standing. All
 this had taken scarcely as much time as I
 have consumed in telling it, and the boys at
 once set off for the fort. They travelled
 rapidly, and reached the fort a little after
 daybreak. They were in constant dread all
 the way that the Indian who had been shot,
 and who they knew had not been killed,
 would pursue them and take vengeance on
 them. As they approached the fort, they
 found the settlers all awake and up, and in
 the greatest alarm and distress concerning
 them. Their mother surrounded by a group
 of sympathizing friends, was weeping bitterly
 over their supposed unhappy fate.
 "Poor little fellows," she sobbed, "they
 are killed or taken prisoners."
 John's heart was in his throat, at the
 sight of his mother's grief, and rushing to
 her, he cried out eagerly:
 "No, mother, we are here safe and sound."
 You may be sure there was joy in the fort
 over the return of the two lost ones. John
 told the story of their capture and escape,
 but it seemed to the settlers so utterly im-
 probable that two such children had killed
 two Indian warriors that the story was not
 believed. John then offered to guide a
 party to the scene of the tragedy, and a
 small detachment was sent out to ascertain
 the truth of the boy's statement. They
 reached the camp, and found there the dead
 body of the Indian whom John had tomahawked,
 but the one Henry had shot, had managed
 to crawl away and take his gun
 and ammunition with him. He could not
 be found, but his skeleton and gun were
 discovered some time afterwards. These
 things confirmed the truth of the boy's
 story, and they were after that the pride
 and boast of the settlement.
 The Indians who were killed, were great
 warriors, and very wealthy. The bag which
 John had seen and carried on the previous
 evening, and which he supposed contained
 money, was never found. It was believed
 that one of the men in the fort, upon hear-
 ing the boys' story, had started for the spot
 in advance of the party and secure the
 money.
 The Indians themselves did honor to the
 bravery of the two boys. After their treaty
 with General Wayne, a friend of the In-
 dians who were killed asked a man from
 Short Creek, what had become of the boys
 who killed the two warriors? Upon being
 told that they were residing at home with
 their parents, he expressed his surprise.
 "Ah," said he, "you have not done right;
 you should make kings of those boys."

Old Time Winters.
 In 1654 the cold was so intense that the
 Thames was covered with ice sixty-one in-
 ches thick. Almost all the birds perished.
 In 1661 the cold was so excessive that the
 famished wolves entered Vienna and attack-
 ed beasts, and even men. Many people in
 Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and
 the winters of 1690 and 1699 were nearly as
 bad.
 In 1709 occurred that famous winter cal-
 led, by distinction, "the cold winter." All
 the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even
 the sea for several miles from the shore.
 The ground was frozen nine feet deep.
 Birds and beasts were struck dead in the
 fields, and men perished by thousands in
 their houses. In the South of France the
 wine plantations were almost all destroyed,
 nor have they yet recovered from that fatal
 disaster. The Adriatic Sea was frozen, and
 even the Mediterranean, about Genoa, and
 the citron and orange groves suffered ex-
 tremely in the finest parts of Italy.
 In 1746 the winter was so intense that
 people traveled across the Straits from Cop-
 enhagen to the Province of Senia, in Swe-
 den.
 In 1729 in Scotland multitudes of cattle
 and sheep were buried alive in the snow.
 In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to
 that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep
 in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee
 was frozen over, and thousands of people
 went over it. And the lakes in England
 froze.
 In 1744 the winter was very cold. Snow
 fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three
 feet on a level.
 In 1754 and '55 the winters were very
 severe and cold. In England the strongest
 air, exposed to the air in a glass, was cov-
 ered in fifteen minutes with ice one eighth
 of an inch thick.
 In 1771 the Elbe was frozen to the bot-
 tom.
 In 1776 the Danube bore ice five feet, be-
 low Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered
 and fony tribes perished.
 The winters of 1784 and '85 were uncom-
 monly cold. The Little Belt was frozen
 over.
 From 1800 to 1812, also, the winters were
 remarkably cold, particularly the latter, in
 Russia, which proved so disastrous to the
 French army.

THE DOGS.—We like the dog very much,
 now and then he smells very unpleasantly to
 be sure; and he frequently amuses himself
 in tearing articles of clothing. But, in the
 main, he is quite valuable, and he is often
 ornamental, and it would never do to make
 the noble brute extinct. Well—he costs the
 United States every year fifty-two millions
 of dollars. The U. S. Commissioner of
 Agriculture gives his word for this. The
 details of the calculation are, that there are
 five millions of dogs in the country, that
 each of them consumes ten dollars worth of
 food, medicine and housing every year, and
 that the five millions kill between them two
 millions worth of fat mutton.—Philadelphia
 Universe.

Not Supported.
 Withhold or withdraw the salaries now
 paid to the educated workers in all our great
 and beneficent enterprises and institutions
 civil, military, educational, religious or sani-
 tary, and the entire machinery now so effec-
 tive for good would stop, because all those
 workers would have to apply themselves to
 some industrial pursuit to obtain their daily
 bread.
 The Temperance enterprise in this
 country, has not now, and never had adequate
 funds to employ a sufficient number of edu-
 cated and competent laborers, therefore its
 machinery moves but feebly at some points,
 and others not at all.
 To depend on men whose time and
 thoughts are mainly devoted to other and
 more remunerative labor or study to guide
 and prosecute this great and needful work,
 is to subject ourselves to certain disappoint-
 ment and defeat. So many precious inter-
 ests are at stake, in the fate of the enter-
 prise that we cannot afford to have it die
 of financial starvation, and that, too, in a coun-
 try enriched by millions through its direct
 influence. Through changes wrought in
 our social customs and in their own personal
 and domestic habits by the temperance ef-
 forts of the last thirty years, multitudes of
 our citizens have been saved annually, sums
 varying from ten to five hundred dollars.
 A portion, at least, of what has been thus
 saved should in all cases be devoted with
 fidelity to the prosecution of this great work.
 To add the entire amount thus saved to
 one's previous accumulations, or to devote
 it entirely to other enterprises, excellent
 though they may be, is as impolitic as it is
 unjust. We must steadily pay for the res-
 triction or suppression of intemperance and
 its procuring causes, or expend many times
 the amount in footing the bills which this
 wicked, destructive system will still present
 to us.
 No efforts ever put forth by man have
 been richer in results to all the precious in-
 terests of Christian communities than those
 employed by temperance reformers so far
 as those efforts have been made in a proper
 spirit, and guided by practical wisdom.
 The temperance cause is not a failure.
 We have simply failed to sustain and use to
 a sufficient extent appropriate agencies and
 instrumentalities. The cause has had hith-
 erto the moral, while the liquor system has
 had the money powers. Let us henceforth
 add to the moral the money power and we
 will educate the community in sound views
 in relation to the whole subject and all its
 phases, secure respect to who'some and
 needful laws, shield our youth from contam-
 inating influences and thus with God's bless-
 ing greatly mitigate, if we cannot utterly de-
 stroy, the great scourge and curse of the
 civilized world.—Dr. JEWETT.

A Touching Story.
 The following beautiful story was related
 by Dr. Schnobly, of Maryland, at a meeting
 held in New York, to hear the experience
 of twenty reformed drunkards:
 "A drunkard who had run through his
 property returned one night to his unfortu-
 nately home. He entered his empty hall
 anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings,
 and laughing was inadequate to express his
 agony as he entered his wife's apartment,
 and there beheld the victims of his appetite,
 his loving wife and a darling child. Mo-
 rose and sullen, he seated himself without
 saying a word; he could not speak—he
 could not look upon them. The mother
 said to the little angel at her side, "Come,
 my child, it is time to go to bed;" and that
 little baby, as she was wistfully by her
 mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the
 face of her suffering parent, like a piece of
 chiseled statuary, slowly repeated her night-
 ly orison. When she had finished, the child
 (but four years of age) said to her mother:
 "Dear mother, may I not offer up one more
 prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray;
 and she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her
 eyes, and prayed: "O God! spare, oh!
 spare my dear papa!" That prayer was
 wafted with electric rapidity to the throne
 of God. It was heard on high—it was
 heard on earth. The responsive "Amen!"
 burst from the father's lips and his heart of
 stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and
 child were both clasped to his bosom, and in
 penitence he said: "My child! you have
 saved your father from the grave of a drunk-
 ard. I'll sign the pledge!"
 DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.—Two un-
 phisticated country lasses visited Niblo's, in
 New York, during the Ballet season. When
 the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs