The Columbian.

VOL. 2....NO 52. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB MEITZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n9

A. M. BUFFINT, stoves and tinware, Exchange block, Main st., east of Market. vl-n9

CLOTHING, &C.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. vl-n47

J. W. CHEMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc., Herrman's building, Main street. vl-n47

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

N. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block, Main st.

B. PETRTZ, druggist and apothecary, Barton's block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n47

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERSHARD, watch and clock maker, near southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n47

C. ENGAMAN, dealer in clocks, watches, and jewelry, Main st., just below American House.

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Main st., below Mill.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

MARROW, west end of the north pavement, opposite Exchange House.

SOLE [illegible] Main st., above Mill.

[illegible] Main st., above Mill.

PROFESSIONAL.

[illegible]

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

Mrs. LIZZIE HUCKLEY, milliner, Exchange building, Main st.

[illegible] Main st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

[illegible]

GROCERIES AND GROCERS.

[illegible]

GRANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

D. O. A. SEGARBIER, physician and surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. vl-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by [illegible], Manager for, of Main and Pine st. vl-n47

SWAN HOTEL, the upper house by John Snyder, Main st., above Pine. vl-n47

HARMAN BROTHERS, Tanners and manufacturers of leather, on Main st., below Grocery. v2-n

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in dry goods, groceries, lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. vl-n47

GEORGE LAZARUS, saddle and harness maker, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n47

W. H. SMITH, manufacturer of tin ware and dealer in stoves etc., Main st., above the Swan Hotel. vl-n47

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant tailor and dealers in furnishing goods, Main st., next door to the brick hotel. vl-n47

M. S. HAYHURST, Clocks, Watches and Guns repaired. Guns and Watches for sale, Main st., below Pine. vl-n47

JAMES H. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker, Main st., below Pine. vl-n47

[illegible] Confectionery, Oysters and Ice Cream, on Pine st., between Main and Mill. vl-n47

H. SHOY, MCCONNELL, Blacksmiths, on Mill st., near Pine. vl-n47

W. [illegible], Shoemaker and manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Mill st., west of Pine. vl-n9

L. H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist and manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n47

JOHN A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. vl-n47

JOHN K. ZEARFOSS, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine st., opposite the Academy. vl-n47

A. [illegible] BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. vl-n47

[illegible] STRAUB, Maker of the Hayburner Stove Pipe Shaker, Main St. v2n4

[illegible] BAUMAN, saddle and harness maker and dealer in Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags, Main st., opposite Exchange Hotel. v2n41

CATTAWISSA DIRECTORY.

[illegible] Hotel, Kostenbander [illegible], northeast corner Main and Second. v2-n12

J. H. CHRISTY, dry goods, groceries, and general Merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in stoves and tin-ware, Main Street. v2-n12

W. H. AUDRIEE, attorney at law, Main Street. v2-n12

GROSHOLZ & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street. v2-n12

L. SHILLER, fashiont saloon, oysters, and ice cream in season Main Street. v2-n12

D. C. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Odd Fellows' Building. v2-n18

D. J. S. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n18

[illegible] HOTEL, "Cattawissa House," North West corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18

M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n18

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER EST, dealer in dry goods, groceries, [illegible], nail, fish, iron, nails, &c., Light st. vl-n48

[illegible] CHRISTMAN, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker and Coffin maker. vl-n48

[illegible] WALTER blacksmith, opposite post office. vl-n48

H. [illegible] & Co., Wheelwrights, first door [illegible] Hotel. vl-n48

[illegible] millinery and fancy goods. vl-n48

[illegible], dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, and Cash paid for Hides. vl-n48

W. [illegible], dealer in stoves and tin ware in [illegible]. vl-n48

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes. vl-n48

F. J. LESLIE, M. D. Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keeler's Hotel. v2-n37

ESPY DIRECTORY.

J. D. WORTHINGTON, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main street, one door west Mill. v2-n46

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor.

D. P. BERGER, & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v2n41

[illegible], dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware, tin, [illegible], nails, &c. v2n41

[illegible] Steam Planing Mill and Lumber Yard. v2n41

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

[illegible], dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware, &c., Jerseytown. v1-n49

[illegible], dealer in Hides, Leather [illegible], Columbia county. v1-n49

JAS. [illegible], Jackson Hotel, Proprietor. Good stabling attached. v2-n1

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

M. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and other merchandise. Highest price paid for country produce. v2-n18

JACOB & W. H. HARPER, dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines. First store in Buckhorn corner. v2-n18

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and favorably located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET in Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pa., and extensively known to county court, does respectfully inform their friends and the public in general that their house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers and others, who may be pleased to favor it with their custom. They have spared no expense in preparing the house for the entertainment of their guests, and there is nothing wanting on their part to render to their personal comfort. They have a good, and experienced hostler attached to the house, and stabling in abundance.

Travellers will find at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, to which they intend to be personally conveyed in good style, the spacious stabling in due time be [illegible]. KOONS & CLARK.

Bloomsburg, April 3, 1868.

[illegible] HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

This well-known hotel has recently undergone a thorough renovation and refitting throughout, and the proprietor announces to his former customers and the travelling public that his accommodations for man and beast shall be second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied with the best the market affords, and with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors are of the best quality, and he has added a popular beverage known as "Jerkey," direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous ingredients. He is grateful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

The Proprietor of the Exchange Saloon has now on hand a large stock of

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

SHELL OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRUFFS, BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, PICKLED TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWEITZER CHEESE,

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE.

LAWSON CALMAN, Superintendent.

Bloomsburg, May 8, 1867.

THE ESPY HOTEL,

ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the above well known House of Entertainment, and will be pleased to receive the custom of all who will favor him with a call.

HE WILL KEEP A GOOD TABLE,

and his bar will be stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render comfortable all who may visit the Espy House. C. H. DENTERICH.

Espy, Pa., April 18, 1868.

THE COLUMBIAN,

A Democratic Newspaper

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. These principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year if paid in advance. If not paid in advance two dollars and fifty cents will be invariably charged.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—One square (ten lines or less) one or two insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One square	$2,50	$3,00	$4,00	$5,00	$10,00
Two squares	3,50	5,00	7,00	9,00	15,00
Three squares	5,00	7,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
Four squares	7,00	9,00	11,00	17,00	25,00
Quarter column	10,00	12,00	14,00	20,00	35,00
Half column	15,00	18,00	20,00	30,00	60,00
One column	20,00	30,00	40,00	60,00	100,00

Executor's and Administrator's Notice $3,00; Auditor's Notice $2,50. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

Business notices, without advertisement, twenty cents per line, by the year, ten cents per line.

Cards with be republished the "three tors" colums [illegible] for the first two lines, and [illegible] for each additional line.

Transient advertisements payable in advance—all others due after the first insertion.

☞ It is, in *all cases*, more likely to be satisfactory, both to subscribers and to the Publishers, that remittances and all communications respecting the business of the paper, be sent direct to the office of publication. All letters, whether relating to the editorial or business concerns of the paper, and all payments for subscriptions, advertising, or job ing, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"Columbian Office,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Printed at Robison's Buildings, near the Court House, by

C. H. VANDERSLICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn'a.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. All business, Back Pay and Pensions collected. [apr29'67.

JOHN G. FREEZE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office, corner of Main and Market streets, over First National Bank, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office on Main street, in brick building below the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

☞ Office—Court House Alley, below the Columbian Office. [jan'68.

AUCTIONEER.

MOSES COFFMAN,

Having followed the profession of Public Vendue Cryer for many years, would inform his friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [may'68.

J. B. PURSEL,

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS, BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &C.,

which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in the county. Examine for yourselves.

Shop first door below the Post Office Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Nov. 15, 1867.

S. C. COLLINS,

FASHIONABLE

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON,

Over Wolmeyer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hair Dyeing and Whiskers (colors) black or brown. Hair tonic to destroy dandruff and beautifying the hair, will restore hair to its original color without soiling the finest fabric, constantly on hand. [april 17 67.

DENTISTRY.

H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved POWDER AIR TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating, silver and rubber base to hold as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.

Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.

Bloomsburg, Jan. 31, '67.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.

W. M. MONROE & CO.,

Rupert, Pa.,

Manufacturers of

POWDER KEGS,

and dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER,

give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their customs with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

UNION HOTEL,

ROHRSBURG, PA.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has purchased and refitted in the best manner the old stand formerly occupied by W. A. Kline, and that he is now prepared to accommodate his friends with all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class house. A fine new barn has been built and the surroundings placed in perfect order. The bar will always be stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table furnished with the best the market affords. JAMES V. GILLASPIE.

July 5, '67.

BRICK HOTEL,

GRANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

WM. MASTELLER, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Everitt, the Proprietor has put it in permanent repair and furnished BAR AND LARDER with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His table is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests. [april 3.

Choice Poetry.

KISSES.

CHILDREN'S KISSES.

Scattered from amongthe roses,
Where a budding wealth reposes,
Little dimpled lips invite;
Springing from the heart's deep treasure,
With a never-failing measure,
Given with a pure delight.

BOUDOIR KISSES.

Muffled footsteps softly tipping
Up behind, and gently slipping
Round you dear familiar arms;
Though warm hearts may touch unhidden
Where you keep your kisses hidden,
Shelter them from rude alarms.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

Little urchins full of badness,
Little faces full of sadness,
Claim a mother's tender kiss.
Every little childish sorrow
Finds a solace none can borrow,
In a mother's soft caress.

FRIENDSHIP'S KISSES.

A kiss it friendship's kindest token
A sympathetic language spoken
By tender natures for distress.
'Tis friendship's sweetest balm bestowing,
'Tis admiration's overflowing,
That loving lips so fondly press

CUPID'S KISSES.

Prompted by some wild emotion
Of the heart, that hidden ocean,
Throbbing in the human breast;
It may be Love's incense burning
On the lips, or Fancy's yearning,
Like "a bird without a nest."

SILENT KISSES.

Some strange, sweet cord of kindred feeling,
Some nameless yearning softly stealing,
Earth has no dearer tie than this,
Heart to heart in sacred beating,
Lips in soul-communion meeting,
Does heaven afford a purer bliss?

PARTING KISSES.

The last, and it may be the dearest,
Her hearts in parting seem the nearest,
Closer no [illegible] "Farewell!"
But, O, the last that cold lips never
Give answering touch, the last forever,
Are sadder than the funeral bell.

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

DURING the summer of 1811 the British had not only laid claim to all that portion of the District of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith and Sir John Sherbrooke, the latter then being the Governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession, and occupied the town of Castine, which place commands the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Sam'l Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine, he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and that she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks the enemy had received, from them, rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August, a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves where he would have to wait two hours for the tide to set him off; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as s on as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowling, when a wrgon drawn by one horse came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first enquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck, and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off, as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wicasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wicasset."

"If you will only land me at the mauth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily hild a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse. When he told her he would do as she requested she thanked him with many tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen, as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been but prejudice on their part, but then seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. "Hush, my good men," said the Commodore, as he heard their murmured remonstrances. "Suppose you were to die, away from home—would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your poor parents? Come, hurry now."

The men said no more, and ere long the coffin was placed in the hold, and he woman was shown to the cabin.—In less than half an hour, the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that he was once out of the bay.

In the evening, the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe.—This was of course granted, and one of the.. lifted off the hatch, that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel," "she takes on dre'fully!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin's being brought on board, and hence he was not predisposed to look very favorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail and looked over at the stern boat and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll gibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the main sail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes aport, and then cast his eyes upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Thank'e ma'am," said Dan. "Ha, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here-I'll-Ugh!"

This last circumlution Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "*ugh!*" above mentioned.

Shortly after, the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the southward of your course."

"Blow me, so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly aport. "But say, didn't ye notice anything peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you are as scared as a child in a graveyard."

"No, not a bit. Just back a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his Satanic Majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I can swear to it. I purtended there was a spider on her face. By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough and bearded as an holystone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom gibe if I didn't look out. I know there wasn't no 'oman there, and so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was wonder struck by what he had heard, but, what he was, he sat coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then he went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in, and seemed to be sleeping. Tucker returned, and took Carter one sid

"No noise now, Carter; follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the afte break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in between the lid of the coffin.—He had no doubt in his mind now, that there was mischief boxed up below, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for screwdriver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, however, at the same time keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunder-bolt from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment, and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof, there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood! Upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought, he dashed three or four buckets-full into the infernal contrivance and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hole. "No, no—my men,—Do nothing rashly. Let me go into the cabin first. You may follow me."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered. At length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place; he then intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. I shouldn't have been needed in the fore—I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. And all that I can say, is, that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told to remain until the vessel got in port.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us," uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks's houses on the Eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner here broke upon the air, and with a clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he's jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—and then he turned away, and muttered to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to death he's only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far be it for him, than that all my noble crew were now in the ocean's cold grave."

A DOMESTIC STORY.—An editor says: An aunt of ours concluded to try the effect of a pleasant smile and a kind word upon her husband when he returned from his work. She had read how a home should be made pleasant and the wife should always meet her husband with a joyful smile. The success she had is best given in the shape of a dialogue.

Enter husband, almost exhausted, and very hungry withal; throws his hat on the floor and drops heavily into a seat. Wife, preparing tea, looks up with a smile, and is so glad to see him.

Wife—"Well, my dear, it is so nice to have you here at meal time." A long smile.

Husband—"Yes, I suppose so."

Wife—"How has your business prospered to-day?" Another smile.

Husband—"About usual."

Wife—"Come, my dear, supper is ready, let me draw your chair." Another smile.

Husband, crusty—"I am too tired to sit. Wait till I warm my feet."

Wife—"Do as you choose, my dear." Another sweet smile.

Husband—"Look a'here, old woman, before any more fuss is made about it, I should like to know what in thunder you are grinning at."

Aunt sighed and relinquished her sweet smiles from that date. Uncle John was not one of the romantic sort, and didn't understand such things.

AN old lady in Corydon, Ind., has failing eyes, and consequently an overgrown Sunday hymn book, something less than Webster's unabridged pictorial. On her way to church the after Sunday she stopped in a moment to see a friend, and placed her hymn book on the center table while she aired her gaiters at the grate. When the church bell rang she started very suddenly, and instead of her Watts' illustrated hymn book, picked up an elegant little music box. The exchange worked to a charm, and all went 'merry as a marriage bell.' The minister opened his hymn book to read his title clear to 'mansions in the skies,' and the old lady opened her music box which happened to go off in the devotional strain of 'Pop goes the weasel.' The old lady popped up in her seat, tried to choke the thing down, and couldn't, but left the house without waiting to see whether Miss Brown wore her good gingham dress or spotted poplin.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—From the New York *Commercial Journal* we select the following as a maxim for business men:

"When a business man comes to the conclusion that he cannot afford to expend during the year, in judicious advertising, an amount equal to one-half, or at least one-quarter, of the sum he pays annually for rent, he may very safely make up his mind that it is high time for him to move his bu[illegible] cheaper quarters."

What the Andirons Cost.

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, laying it on the corner of the shelf, and then fixing his eyes on the Andirons, "Peter, these cost me $1,000!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Oh, father," cried the girls.

"Impossible," said I.

"True, every word true. $1,000, did I say? yes, $2,000, full $2,000!"

"Well, well," said my aunt, folding up her knitting for night, "I should like to know what you are talking about."

My uncle bent forward, and planting his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertions, he began:

Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of common old Andirons. Your cousin Lettie says one day, "Father, don't you think these old Andirons are getting too shabby?" Shabby or not, says I, they would hold up the wood as nicely as if they were made of gold. Soon after that, Peter, continued my uncle, "your aunt took it up——"

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt, "you can't get along without dragging me in."

"Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said, "our neighbors could afford brass Andirons, and they were no better off than we were." "And she said Lotty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stingy-looking Andirons might hurt their market. I knew that women will have their own way, and there is no use in objecting; so I got the Andirons. The price of them was four dollars and a half——"

"Ah, that's more like it!" cried my aunt. "I thought you said $2,000!"

"My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well, the first night after we got them, as we sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Lettie called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new Andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day, a mason was sent for, to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once to have a marble slab, and they put their heads together."

"La me!" exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting heads together about it. The hearth was a real worn out thing, not fit for a pig pen."

"They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars—yes, twenty dollars at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but was wrong. Soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brick work around the fireplace, not corresponding with the hearth I stood for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wood mantle-piece was so out of character that it was necessary to a marble one. The cost of this was nearly $100. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping. The new mantle put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted of course; and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied; and when it was done they had no idea the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—"

"Now, father!" exclaimed the girls.

"Till I got a new carpet. That, again, shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, my lad, count up $20 for the hearth and $100 for the mantle-piece and repairs. What does that make?"

"$120, uncle."

"Well, $50 for paper and paint?"

"$170."

"Then $50 for a carpet, and $100, at least, for furniture?—"

"$320."

"Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the clock—$50 more."

"$370, exactly." My aunt and cousins whisked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, "so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished, than the complaints came from all quarters about the dining-room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at their discretion, and bended in my submission. The dining room cost $300 more. What does that count, Peter?"

"$670, uncle."

"Then the chambers—at least 500, to make them chime with the down-stairs."

"$1,170."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add 200 for that."

"$1,400."

"Then, there must be a piazza in front, that cost 200."

"$1,600." Here aunt begins to yawn, Lotty to poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the leaves of a book.

"A new carriage came next, Peter; that costs $200.

"$1,800."

"Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired parties given occasionally, bonnets and dresses at double the former cost—and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said $2,000."

The opposition was silent. My aunt immediately arose and "guessed it was bed time." I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man, and never gave up what he undertook till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his books and accounts, and set about making an exact estimate of the expense. He kept me up till midnight before he got through, [illegible] that the pair of andirons

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT SMOKE.—Boys in this country become men at a very early age. We have seen men at eight and ten; and very many of those men have been addicted to chewing tobacco and smoking pipes and cigars, because other men did so. Smoking and chewing tobacco are certainly not very wholesome practices, especially for children. They will indulge in them, however, in spite of the admonitions and prohibitions of their parents. They cannot be reasoned with, and it would, perhaps, be useless to tell them that they were destroying their health and inviting premature decrepitude by their indulgence in the manly habit. It may not be out of place to refer to some observations on this subject by Doctor Decaisne, who was led to inquire into the connection of the habit of smoking with impairment of the general health of boys between nine and fifteen years of age. Of the thirty-eight boys who were the subjects of his investigation, distinct symptoms were present in twenty-seven. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation, palpitation, disorders of digestion slowness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. In three the pulse was intermittent. In eight, there was found, on examination a marked diminution of the red corpuscles of the blood; in twelve, rather frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep. And he continues through a catalogue of tobacco-produced ailments, which argue strongly against children indulging in smoking and chewing.

A NEW and not unimportant reform is about to be introduced in German schools, viz: the abolition of all afternoon classes. It was principally during the past summer months that the experiment was almost forced upon the authorities. The results are on all sides reported to have been more than brilliant. The forenoon classes are somewhat, but not much, longer than formerly, but it is said the pupils show an eagerness and a vigor in those short morning hours which has never been known before, and their progress is quite in keeping with their keen and energetic assiduity. The most curious point about the matter seems to be the fully authenticated fact that, the schools having hitherto only closed experimentally, earlier or later, according to the wishes of the respective head-masters, the progress shown by the various schools stand in an inverse ratio to the duration of the classes, or, in other words, the less hours beyond the four or five of the morning in school, the more did the boys get on with their work.

AN AGENT OF THE LORD.—Deacon Simes was an austere man who followed oystering and was of hardshell persuasion. The deacon 'allus made it a pint' to tell his customers that the money which he received for 'isters' did not belong to him. "The good father made the 'isters,'" said the deacon, "and the money is his'n; I'm only a stooart." One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cents, and he "was'nt goin' to meetin, till that ar was fixed up." "Why deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care, it isn't yours, you know, you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said, "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm goin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents you are mistaken. *I don't foster no such feelin'.*"

HOW HARVARD STUDENTS WERE POISONED.—Some days ago a paragraph went the rounds in this city to the effect that some two hundred students connected with Harvard College had been poisoned in some unaccountable manner. An investigation was at once had, when it was ascertained that the cause of all the suffering incident to the sudden illness of this large number of students arose from eating heartily of corned beef, which had been furnished by a dealer of Quincy Market. Some time after this intelligence had been given to the public an analysis of this beef was made by Professor Wyman, of the College, which resulted in the discovery of traces of verdigris. A further examination revealed the fact that the beef had been cooked in a copper kettle, and, as a natural consequence, the brine of the beef coming in contact with the copper, created the verdigris with which the meat was impregnated.—*Boston Post.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make a leisure hour useful. Think twice before you spend a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your books regularly; if a stroke of misfortune comes upon you in your business, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will fly at last; then you will be honored, but shrink, and you will be despised.

"How much do you ax for your bald faced goose," said the son of Erin to the keeper of a museum.

"It is not a goose; it is a owl," said the keeper.

"Devil a bit do I care how owld it is. I want it for the boarders. They'll ate it.

SUPPOSE there are nine ears of corn in a crib; then suppose that a hog goes into the crib and brings out three each time. How many times will he have to go in? Three times three are nine. Three times, sir. No, sir. Nine times.