BLOOMSBURG STAR DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXI. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18, 1867. NO. 42.

OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Irm Derr, Peter K. Herbein.
Proth'y and Cl'k of Courts—Jesse Colemen.
Register and Recorder—John G. Freeze.
Commissioners—Allen Mann, John F. Fowler, Montgomery Cole.
Sheriff—Samuel Snyder.
Treasurer—John J. Stiles.
Auditors—Daniel Snyder, L. B Rupert, John P. Hannon.
Commissioner's Clerk—Wm. Krickbaum.
Commissioner's Attorney—E. H. Little.
Mercantile Appraiser—Capt. Geo. W. Utt.
County Surveyor—Isaac A. Dewitt.
District Attrorney—Milton M. Traugh.
Coroner—William J. Ikeler.
County Superintendent—Chas. G. Barkley.
Assessor Internal Revenue—R. F. Clark.
Assistant Assessor—John Thomas, S. B. Diemer, J. H. Ikeler, J. S. Woods.
Collector—Benjamin F. Hartman.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ON MAIN STREET, (NEARLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE undersigned has just fitted up, and opened, his new

STOVE AND TIN SHOP,

in this place, where he is prepared to make up new TIN WARE of all kinds in his line, and do repairing with neatness and dispatch, upon the most reasonable terms. He also keeps on hand STOVES of various patterns and styles, which he will sell upon terms to suit purchasers.

Give him a call. He is a good mechanic, and deserving of the public patronage.

JACOB METZ.

Bloomsburg, Sept. 9, 1866.—1y.

PLASTER FOR SALE.

The undersigned is about fitting up a

PLASTER MILL

at the PENN FURNACE MILLS, and will offer to the public ONE HUNDRED TONS BEST

Novia Scotia White Plaster

prepared ready for use in quantities to suit purchasers, at any time from the first of March next.

J. S. McKINCH.

Catawissa, Jan. 23, 1867.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

OSCAR P. GIRTON,

Respectfully informs the public that he is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at the LOWEST Possible Prices;

at short notice and in the very best and latest style. Mr. Girton, (as is well-known in Bloomsburg,) has had many years of successful experience with a reputation for good work, integrity and honorable dealing unsurpassed.

☞ Place of business on South East Corner of Main and Iron Streets, over J. K. Girton's Store, Bloomsburg, Oct. 16, 1866.—2m

FORKS HOTEL,

GEO. W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customers and the travelling public that his accommodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wine and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "McHenry") purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future.

GEORGE W. MAUGER.

June 13, 1866.—tf.

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP.

THE undersigned would most respectfully announce to the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all kinds of MACHINERY at JOSEPH SHARPLESS' FOUNDRY in Bloomsburg, where he can always be found ready to do all kinds of repairing, including Threshing Machines, and in short, all kinds of Farming Utensils. ALSO, TURNING AND FITTING UP OF CASTING AND MACHINERY, done on short notice, in a good workmanlike manner, upon the most reasonable terms.

His long experience in the business (he formerly ran the shop of Lewis H. Maus of this place, for nine years, warrants him in saying that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work.

GEORGE HASSERT.

Bloomsburg, Nov 21, 1866.

FALLON HOUSE.

THE subscriber having purchased the "Fallon House," in

LOCK HAVEN, Pa,

formerly kept by S. W. Bigony, Esq., would say to the friends of the former house, his acquaintances, and the public generally, that he intends to "keep a first class house," with the accommodations and comforts of a House, and humbly solicits their patronage.

J. OTTENKIRK,
Late of the Madison House, Philadelphia.

Lock Haven, Dec. 26, 1866.

MISS LIZZIE PETERMAN,

Would announce to the ladies of Bloomsburg and public generally, that she has just received from the eastern cities a

Spring and Summer Stock of MILLINERY GOODS,

consisting of all articles usually found in first class Millinery Stores. Her goods are of the best quality and she offers them on as fair terms as any house and cheapest in the town. Call and examine them for yourselves.

Ladies should purchase elsewhere before examining Miss Peterman's stock of goods. Bonnets made to order on the shortest notice, and repaired.

Store in Main street, two doors below the store of Mendenhall & Rupert.

Bloomsburg, May 2, 1866.—tf.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS.

Wines, Liquors, at John G. Meyer's Drug Store, Main and Market Streets. A good assortment.

PURE DRUGS,

Paints, Oils and Dyestuffs, always on hand and sold cheaper than any other house in town.

PURITY GUARANTEED.

Carefully compounded at Meyer's

Patent Medicines sold at Meyer's Drug Store.

Extract, Baker's Celebrated Oil, Syrup, sold at Meyer's Drug Store.

Patent medicines, wholesale and retail, at Meyer's Drug Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ALL FOUND AT BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

THE subscriber, proprietor of the above well known and extensively established Foundry, begs leave to inform the public that he still continues to manufacture and keep on hand Castings of all kinds, such as Mill Gearing, Mill Spindles, Plough Castings, Iron Fronts, Door Sills, Window Sills, Door Weights, Stable Fronts, Cellar Windows, Stable Mangers, Hitching Posts, Cellar Doors, Grave Posts, Stoves of all kinds, Plough Castings, Ploughs, Machinery of all kinds, Stationary Steam Engines, Threshing Machines, Horse Powers, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, Gearing of all kinds, Mill Gearing, Castings for Saw Mills, Castings for Tanners, Castings for Furnaces, Castings for Blast Furnaces, Castings for Furnace Stacks, Hot Blast Stoves, Cold Blast Stoves, Stoves for Warming Churches, Stoves for Warming Dwellings, Stoves for Warming Stores, Stoves for Warming Factories, Stoves for Warming Hotels, Stoves for Warming Public Buildings, Stoves for Warming Private Dwellings, Stoves for Warming Any Thing and Everything, Stoves for Warming Anybody and Everybody, Stoves for Warming Friends and Enemies, Stoves for Warming Saints and Sinners, Stoves for Warming Men and Women, Stoves for Warming Boys and Girls, Stoves for Warming Cats and Dogs, Stoves for Warming Horses and Cattle, Stoves for Warming Pigs and Poultry, Stoves for Warming Anything that Requires Warming, Stoves for Warming Everything and Everybody that Requires Warming, Castings for Ploughs, Castings for Machinery of all kinds, Castings for Anything and Everything, Castings for Everybody and Everything, Castings for Anything and Everybody that Requires Castings, Castings for Everybody and Everything that Requires Castings, Castings for Anything and Everybody that Requires Castings, Castings for Everybody and Everything that Requires Castings, Castings for Anything and Everybody that Requires Castings.

Machinery of all kinds, Stationary Steam Engines, Threshing Machines, Horse Powers, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, Gearing of all kinds, Mill Gearing, Castings for Saw Mills, Castings for Tanners, Castings for Furnaces, Castings for Blast Furnaces, Castings for Furnace Stacks, Hot Blast Stoves, Cold Blast Stoves, Stoves for Warming Churches, Stoves for Warming Dwellings, Stoves for Warming Stores, Stoves for Warming Factories, Stoves for Warming Hotels, Stoves for Warming Public Buildings, Stoves for Warming Private Dwellings, Stoves for Warming Any Thing and Everything, Stoves for Warming Anybody and Everybody, Stoves for Warming Friends and Enemies, Stoves for Warming Saints and Sinners, Stoves for Warming Men and Women, Stoves for Warming Boys and Girls, Stoves for Warming Cats and Dogs, Stoves for Warming Horses and Cattle, Stoves for Warming Pigs and Poultry, Stoves for Warming Anything that Requires Warming, Stoves for Warming Everything and Everybody that Requires Warming, Castings for Ploughs, Castings for Machinery of all kinds, Castings for Anything and Everything, Castings for Everybody and Everything, Castings for Anything and Everybody that Requires Castings, Castings for Everybody and Everything that Requires Castings, Castings for Anything and Everybody that Requires Castings.

THE Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY

WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.

One square one or three insertions $1 50
Every subsequent insertion less than 15.....50

SPACE.	1w.	2w.	3m.	6m.	1y.
One square,	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
Two squares,	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	14.00
Three "	3.50	7.00	8.50	12.00	18.00
Four squares,	4.00	8.00	10.00	14.00	20.00
Half column,	10.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	30.00
One column,	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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.
Transient advertisements payable in advance all others due after the first insertion.
☞ OFFICE—In Shive's Block, Cor. of Main and Iron Streets.
Address, W. H. JACOBY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa

SPEAK KINDLY TO THY WIFE.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife,
She knows enough of sorrow;
Oh! seek not from each petty ill
An angry word to borrow,
For in her heart there's treasured love,
Oh! prize its golden worth;
One gentle word, one smile of thine,
Can ever call it forth.

When thou art harsh, and stern and cold,
And from thine own dear home,
The sunshine of domestic love
In sorrow seeks to roam;
Upon her heart thy cold words fall
And chill love's tender life;
Then, oh! amidst thy trials all,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak softly kindly to thy wife;
She may have left a home
Of cherished love, and to thine own
But scarce a year have come;
Though five or ten have told the time,
And thou hast shared its strife,
Whene'er thy footsteps homward turn,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife;
She may be growing old,
And soon ye both may garnered lie
In shadows of thy mould.
Speak gently, she has loving words
To soothe the cares of life;
Oh! then, when trials round thee cling,
Speak kindly to thy wife!

The Whole Country on Fire.

A Sweeping, Irresistable Conflagration—Farms and Forests, Fields and Fences, Food for the Furious Flames.

An ingenious writer insists, and some people believe him, that the deluge was caused by the bursting of the confines of an African lake. May we not, with equal plausibility, urge that the second destruction of the world is now taking place.

Sweeping, surging flames are spreading over miles of our territory, and dense, heavy, stifling smoke, like a pall, have settled upon the whole country.

For a distance of nearly a hundred miles along the Illinoise Central Railroad, throughout a large portion of Alexander and Pulaski counties, and a wide scope of southern Missouri; in forest and field, prarie and hill, the destroying element is sweeping; and no power has been able to stay it.

The sight is one of awful grandeur. The bright flames lap up the dry leaves and grass of the forests, and stubble of the fields, twine around the giant tree, and roaring above its top, seem eager to kiss the very clouds. Fences embraced within the sweeping conflagration look like monstrous serpents of fire, stretching from plain to hillside; the crash of falling limbs and trees is heard on every hand, giving out by their fall a million sparks that gem the dense black smoke like diamond sparkles on a curtain of jet.

In the central portion of this county much damage has been done. Fences and barns, fine timber and stacks of grain, have been destroyed, and no power seems sufficient to check the on-rushing destroyer.

In south-east Missouri "Negro Wool Swamp," or the dead grass and timber therein, are in a mass of flame and a bulk of fire.

The woods in Union county are also being swept by the insatiable devourer. In the night time the scene is fearfully grand.—The tall trees gleaming through the darkness, like columns of burnished gold. All around is seen the crackling, raging flame, leaping from limb to limb, following the tortuous windings of the long worn fences, and covering the earth with a gleaming mantle of fire.

The damages sustained already can not be estimated. Everywhere the farmers are busy fighting back the fire; but while breaking the rauke in this place, are flanked in that; while making headway here, are loosing ground there.

The origin of the fire is easily accounted for. Hunters and market men camping in woods have thoughtlessly left the embers of their camp fires to be scattered among the dry leaves by the first breeze. In this way the wide spread conflagration originated. Man is entirely powerless, and we look for the end only when the Heavens open their gates and sends a drenching shower. This does not occur soon, the flames must go on until they die for the want of fuel to feed upon.

The city is enveloped in smoke. The navigation of our rivers is rendered difficult and dangerous thereby, and eyes and lungs are affected. The "burning of the prairie," as all it, is periodical here.—

[illegible] contains 7,000,000 of Jews

[For the Democrat.]

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY RAVEN.

The subject of this article is not remarkable for its architectural grandeur, or the high position it has occupied as a literary institution. It is an old weather-beaten and now dilapidated building, soon to give way for a structure now suited to the purposes for which it was erected. Being acquainted, and somewhat identified, with its history since it was built, I could not see it removed without paying my respects to it ere it pass away forever.

It is located on the East bank of Fishing-creek, beside one of those beautiful "Still-waters" that grace this delightful stream. A fine covered bridge spans the creek, crossing which, from the little town of Stillwater, you immediately pass the old school-house. Majestic sugar maples spread their friendly branches over it, and over the green lane, that extends some distance down the stream. This beautiful play ground, with the quiet waters, the grateful shade, the singing birds, and a score or more of laughing, romping, happy children; present a summer picture, not everywhere to be met with. It is well known to many of my readers, that this stream, usually so clear and beautiful, sometimes becomes a turbulent and destructive current. From some peculiar formation of the Mountains, where it heads, or as, some suppose, some powerful mineral attraction, the clouds congregate there, in dense masses concentrate their raining powers and pour down, not drops, but sheets of water mingled with flame, for, with the descending torrents, the vivid lightnings flash incessantly, and the thunders keep up a perpetual war. Great masses of earth slide from, and huge rocks roll down the Mountain sides, uprooting and bearing down lofty trees in their decending course. The spring that bubbles up out of the rocks are lost in the swelling torrent, and the music of the little rills, is drowned by the roar of the mighty cataract.

The head-waters, no longer pure and limpid, rush into the main channel. Gathering its tremendous supplies, the stream swells and rolls onward, bearing with it, in its destruction sweeps, trees, fences, bridges, mills and houses, nearly the whole valley is inundated and looks like a great muddy sea.

Such was the great flood of 1848. The bridge at Stillwater was carried away and the old school-house was borne down on the current, about a quarter of a mile, where, when the waters abated, it was found high and dry, very little the worse of its perilous ride, the stove remaining still in its place and the furniture but little injured. By a goodeal of labor it was brought back to its old foundation and there it has stood until now.

Since this old house was new, many changes have occurred in this settlement. Forests have been turned into fruitful fields spacious mansions have taken the place of the old dwellings, and wealth has brought more taste and refinement, but perhaps not more happiness, than existed thirty years ago. None but those, who, have been acquainted with the place for that many years can believe how great the change has been.

The erection of this house was an important event in the history of the settlement. The nearest school-house was two miles distant, consequently, none, but the larger children, enjoyed the privilege of attending school. The old inhabitants being very prolific, their families were large. Three score of children were looking forward with pleasing anticipations, to the completion of the house, where they could attend school and receive instruction. The writer of this, well remembers, with what hopeful glee they assembled there for the first time. Every face was lit up with pleasant smiles and every eye beamed with anticipated delight. How studious they were to improve and eager, to master the first principle of an education.

But thirty year have passed since then, and where are those children? The mounds in the grave yard, where flowers of affection bloom to their memory, tell where some of them are, others have made their homes in distant places, from which, no doubt, when still evening comes on, and their thoughts turn back to the days of their childhood, when the events of their past times are brought vividly to view, they remember with pleasure the scenes of the old school-house on the bank of the creek, yet others, have taken the places of the generation that preceeded them, and are performing the duties of parents and citizens, with honor to themselves and to those whom they have laid in the quiet grave.

But the erection of this house was an important event for another reason. There was no house built expressly for religious worship, at that time, in the township and we might add, in Benton also, and but one in Sugarloaf, the old log house, St. Gabriels Church in the woods." Having no where to meet for worship but in the old uncomfortable log houses, a great way off, it was quite a pleasure to have a good convenient house in their midst in which to meet and offer their devotions to their Maker. Here, on the Sabbath, they met and listened to the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, or joined their sweet voices in the holy harmony of spiritual songs, until the mind was borne away on the wings of Gospel faith and the soul felt all the subduing yet cheering influence of a rational Religion. From this house, too, many a solemn procession moved to the Baptismal waters, in which, hundreds have witnessed their faith in the Resurrection of Jesus, and their own, consequent Resurection at the last day. But where are the crowds that gathered in, and about the old school-house thirty years ago? Where are the old men with their cheerful faces and honest hearts? Where, the old women, with their modest manners and sterling virtues? Gone, nearly all gone. Here and there is one, whose sands of life have nearly dropped away, yet they love to recall and speak of the pleasant times in the old school-house. But the earthly house of their tabernacle will soon be dissolved, and as the old school-house is to give place to a better structure, so they, we trust will have a house not made with hands Eternal in the Heaven.

Is That All?

Forney concludes his letter to the *Press* on the failure of impeachment in the following words:

Specie payments will finally supplement whole by so easy a process, that our happy people will everywhere cherish a greenback as the symbol of the vindicated credit of the grandest Government on earth; and foreigners, captivated by the spectacle, will hasten to prefer our bonds to their own, or will come to live among us to share the blessings of a Republic which, in less than a decade, has solved the two grandest problems of politics and finance *by giving the ballot to four millions of people, who had been two centuries and a half in slavery—by incurring a colossal debt to prosecute a colossal war, and by proving their readiness to pay it off dollar for dollar, principal and interest, in their own gold.* Aun this will be the harvest of the seeds sown by Republican soldiers and Statesmen.

The italics are Forney's. As we read that paragraph we are forced to ask—is that all? Did the waste of war, and the drain of the nation's best blood brings us nothing better than the ballot for four million barbarian negroes, and a huge debt which is to be paid in gold and kept standing, for an indefinite period, at a rate of interest which will cause rich and mercenary foreigners to prefer our bonds to their own, or to come and live among us on the interest which is to be annually wrung from the sweat and toil of the loboring masses of our country? Is that all? If Forney is to believe, so it is. That is the grand boon conferred on the people of this country by the Republican party. *"the harvest of the seeds sown by Republican statesman and soldiers."*

What do the white men of the North who toiled to raise this harvest think of the result of their labors? Was it for such purposes the private soldier shed his blood?—Let them answer henceforth at the ballot-box!—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

EDITORS.

An exchange draws the following vivid picture of an editor:—

An editor's qualifications are various. It is to work harder, more hours in the day, with less recreation, on less sleep and poorer pay than any of our fellow mortals. It is to be busy when your neighbors are idle, busier when they sleep, and busiest when they are enjoying a good time. It is to be always in a hurry, always under a press of business, always "setting up" when others are lying down, and always charitably "distributing" the results of our daily labor.—It is to have your opinions always put to "proof," and seldom into practice. It is to advertise other people's wants, wishes, and wares; to announce facilities for pleasure; to herald the approach of diseases and the invention of cures for them; to make known who has been robbed, how much, where, who is the robber, his personal history, his trial sentence, and its execution. It is to receive nice fruit and notice it, to be shown natural curiosities and describe them, to be everywhere at all times, and to be able to answer all questions on all subjects. It is to publish too much sentiment for one, too much politics for another, and too little news for all. It is to make a dozen enemies to one friend, and to be pitched into by anybody who chose to consider himself aggrieved. It is to take complimentary tickets to everything and pay for them in complimentary notices. It is to be bored by friends suggesting how you should carry on your business, and bullied by those whom you have hit in vulnerable spots. It is a life of mingled good and ill, trial and triumph, never ending toil and never beginning felicity, wherein you work out your allotted time with the "devil" always at your elbow, calling for sole end in this life—a little more copy.

THE LAST HOURS OF A LOCAL—The *Californian* contains the following particulars as to the death of a "local" reporter, in which the idea of the "ruling passion strong in death" is pathetically illustrated:

"But at last his own time came, and Jim Duffy was about to die. He wasn't a particle afraid, notwithstanding all his falsehoods, for he knew it would help the local column; so he sent all his relatives down stairs, and got his assistant reporter to stand by him, and made him swear that he would not give the item to any other paper, and then, with a serene smile on his face, he yielded up his life, and Jim Duffy was no more. His will was full of items, one of which provided that he should be buried in Philadelphia, because it was in Pennsylvania; as a pencil (without a 'vania,' however,) had been his favorite tool. He desired that they should put the last edition of the *Exaggerator* in his coffin, and bury him with the church that had the most adjectives to it."

☞ A gentleman giving a lecture to some boys was explaining how no one could live without air. "You have all heard of a man drownig, how does that happen?"—The ready answer was, "Cause he can't swim."

MISSISSIPPI.

A Startling Event—Armed Negroes March Into a Mississippi Town and Demanded Bread.

For some time a great deal of dissatisfaction has existed among the freedmen in the neighborhood Columbus, Mississippi. They had quit work, and left the fields white with cotton, and would not pluck a boll, the reason given for such action being that their share of the crop would not pay their expences for the year, owing to the tax on the staple and the low price to which it had fallen. As soon as they refused to work as a matter of course they had to leave the plantation and give up their houses to other laborers who would work. They then took to the woods, and commenced a system of indiscriminate pilfering and stock-killing.—About two hundred of them have been assembled in the heighborhood of Columbus, Mississippi, since the beginning of the election, and had become a perfect nuisance and terror to the neighborhood.

At the request of the citizens a company of United States troops have been stationed at Columbus, for the protection of the lives and property of the people. When this band of vagabonized negroes had exhausted the country of everything that was stealable they determined to make a raid on the town of Columbus in full force. They were all armed and, procuring a fife and drum, marched into the town, demanding bread.—Not one of them asked for work, they did not want that. Bread was all their cry, and they were about commencing an indiscriminate robbery, when the United States troops appeared on the ground and disarmed them first and then dispersed them.—The ringleaders were taken into custody. What a scene of bloodshed and robbery we would have to relate had it not been for the fortunate presence of the troops, we shudder to think of.

This is the first attempt at a bread riot which has ever occurred in the South, but how long it will be until they become common it takes no far-seeing prophet to foretell. The negroes all through the country are becoming thoroughly demoralized under the teachings of the Radical hyenas, who counsel and insite them at every fence-corner, to their own destruction. They now positively, in many localities, refuse to work; will make no contracts with the planters fully expecting the divison of land so long promised them by their Radical leaders.—Bands of from three to forty are roaming through Mississippi in every direction, a terror and a nuisance, not only to the planter but to the industrous of their own color. How long this state of affairs can continue without scenes of riot and bloodshed depends upon the forbearance of the white man. A spark may ignite the train which will redden the horizon with the blaze of burning houses and initiate a conflict between the races bloody and remorseless.

A Curious Story-Fact or Fiction?

The Paris *Siecle* publishes a curious story concerning one Cæsar Moreno, who is said to be an Italian, a native of piedmont, and speaking forty-two languages. He was recently sent for by Victor Emmanuel. "As you are acquainted with every known *patois* you can talk to my Ethiopians," said the King; the said Ethiopians having been sent over by the Viceroy of Egypt with a present of Arabion horses. The blacks were sent for. Moreno, to their amazement, addressed them in their native idiom. What did they say to you?" inquired the King, after the negroes departure. "That your Majesty was wrong to have them baptised, because they have remained Musselmen in heart and soul. Blessed water lost sir!" The King laughed.

In his youth Moreno went to India and became aid-de-camp to Nana Sahib. At Cawnpore he had a duel with an English officer, who laid his head open with his saber, on which Moreno levelled his revolver, and while quoting from "Richard III," "despair and die," shot his adversary dead. After the defeat of Nana Sahib, Moreno went to Singapore, where some Malays tell him of an island where rivers of gold and mines of diamonds are in abundance. Moreno accordingly freights a schooner, and, assisted by his Malay friends, arrives at this Eldorado, which is inhabited by a diminutive race of blacks, who look upon him much as the Aztec did on Cortez, and he is forthwith led before their chief, whose palace is formed of interwoven branches of a palm tree. Moreno makes himself so agreeable that no less than three of the chief's daughters are bestowed on him as wives. Meanwhile he explores the island, draws a map thereof, and having obtained his father-in-law's leave to pay a short visit to his white friends, he arrives at Florence where he obtains an audience of Victor Emmanuel, and urges him to fit out an expedition to take possession of this auriferous island. The King, however, what with Garibaldi and Bismark, has enough on hand just now, Moreno, considerably disgusted, starts for Paris, where he now is, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor and an audience which he has solicited.

If he finds his proposal to extend the French possessions in the East rejected by the Cabinet of the Tuileries, Moreno starts for New York, where he flatters himself he will form a company, in whose name he will take possession of the Island, dethrone his father-in-law and establish factories, whence the neglected wealth of this Eldorado will flow in ship loads of gold and precious stones to the shores of Europe.

☞ Bituminous coal has been found in China.

A Startling Story.

An Alleged Haunted House—Some Huge Statements.

There is a lonely house situated near what is known as "Upper Crow Creek," in this country, that just now bears the unenviable notoriety of being haunted. We suppress the locality out of regard to the interests of the proprietor, who is anxious to effect a sale without a sacrifice. It is a lonely, unpainted two story structure, standing by itself away from the road, and where dark deeds could be perpetrated with little risk, and is what is termed a "renter's" house.

Some time last spring a family came to the neighborhood, and, leasing the adjoining ground, moved into the house. The first night of the arrival was signalized by mysterious noises, groans, etc, proceeding from a certain unoccupied room, attended by opening and shutting of doors, etc. The next night was even noisier than the first, and glimpses were had of a shadowy form passing swiftly into the room and out of the doors, which open and shut of their own accord. They remained a week, keeping their own counsel, and imparting their fears to the proprietor alone, who bought their silence and released them from all engagements. Two weeks later another tenant arrived and moved into the house, wholly unconscious of its goatly visitors. The first and second nights passed without any disturbance; on the third, while soundly sleeping, they were awakened by a most heart-rending scream from the room before alluded to, followed by heavy blows, and then a wild, haggard looking person came out passed through the door, which seemed to be open and shut of its own accord, and disappeared in the darkness.

The occupant of the house was no coward, and his first impulse was that robbers were at work; but he seemed spell-bound, and unable to move himself. Severa nights passed with more or less alarms.—His family grew nervous, and declared they would not remain; but he, still believing that something more tangible than spirits produced the row, determined to watch the next night in the room adjoining the small apartment from which the noise came.—Some time between twelve and one o'clock the door opened, and the same figure appeared, making directly for the spot where the watcher stood. It was a fearful moment but ghost or no ghost, he was not to be frightened, and, as the intruder passed, dealt it a blow which seemed to pass clean through the intruder. There were the same heavy blows and shrieks, and then a livid human head, driping with blood, rolled out upon the floor. The house was vacated the next day, the owner purchasing his silence with means sufficiet to carry him to Kansas.

Now for an explanation of this strange affair. Last winter the house was occupied for a season by a rough and sinister looking family of "refugees," who are believed to have murdered a peddler traveling about the country carying a pack. He visited most of the farmers through the neighborhood, and was last seen just at nightfall in the direction of the house, which it is believed he never left alive. Shortly after they removed no one knew whither, and took with them a barrel of salted pork, though never known to fatten or purchase a pig. Readers of newspapers at this time will remember the arrival at Louisville, Kentucky, of a barrel which, exciting suspicion from its sickening stench, was opened, and found to contain human remains, by whom shipped has never yet been discovered, though detectives are at work upon the subject.

An examination of the floor shows dark looking stains, partially eradicated with a plane, and there are certain suspicious spots upon the wall. In corroboration, the New York Herald of two weeks ago, in its column of "personals," had a notice asking information concerning one Juan Blangue, a Neapohtan, last heard from through a letter, mailed at Lacon in December last, wherein he stated that he was meeting with very good success. The information herein contained was gained from the owner of the premises in person, and, except the supernatural part for which he cannot account, is fully credited by the writer.—*Lacon (Ill.) Journal.*

☞ One Italian brigand makes a modest demand accompanied with the necessary threats upon a land owner for watches etc. Among other things he wants ten musical snuff boxes playing twenty tunes each. Another playful bandit some time since sent a letter to Baron de Rosis de Rosano, demanding a sum of 500 ducats. M. de Rosis took no notice. A few days since Palma went to Foresta, where the baron has a country house, set fire to it, and when he saw the house well alight, he went away, taking four of the baron's men with him as hostages. He then went to the farm of M. Pietro Palopoli and, collecting the cattle, shot fifteen cows.

☞ The bride's veil originated in the Anglo Saxon custom of performing the marriage under a piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man, over the bridegroom and bride, to conceal their blushes. Such a precaution is wholly unnecessary in this age of brass! Who has seen a blush for the last quarter of a century?

☞ Brigham Young promises to marry all the young woman who are left over after next spring's matrimonial campaigne.—Nothing said about old maids.

☞ The fellow who wrote "ask me no more," was probably "full."

[From the Scranton Register.]

"Beware of the Women."

MR. EDITOR:—In last week's Register you transfer from the Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* to your columns under the above suggestive caption, the adventures of an Iowa citizen, accused by a lady in the cars of stealing her pocket book. I on reading it, was "forcibly reminded" of a "scene" so strikingly similar in all its parts, and in which I was so prominent an actor, that I will, if you give the necessary space, give it to your readers.

In January, 1866, I took the 6 A. M. train at my home station on the L. & B. R. R. for Harrisburg. The single passenger car was full, every seat apparently occupied by two. On striding to the middle of the car, however I saw by the dim light shed by the expiring flicker of a solitary lamp in one corner of the car that one seat had but a single occupant, an a "lady" at that. I politely said to her, "Madam, will you allow me a seat here?" pointing to the end of the seat next to the aisle. "Oh, certainly," said she; at the same time taking in several reefs of crinoline to give me room on the seat she occupied. I thanked her both orally and mentally, but could not easily touch or take off my "stove pipe," both hands being occupied by satchel and umbrella, I seated myself and soon fell into a sort of abstracted, moody half sleep, the weight affairs of state and the interests of my "dear constituents" no doubt occupying my cranium to its full capacity.

Now for the "scene." On leaving the station this "lady" suddenly gave me a violent nudge in the ribs, (if Adam had never parted with one I should have escaped the severe trial I am about to relate.) and screamed out "Old feller you better give me my poocket book," and before I was fairly aroused to the "situation" she had repeated the demand on me some three to half dozen times for her pocket book. Add to my greater horror I saw my neighbor passengers straining, peeping and staring to look me in the face. My accuser being a "lady," of course I could not put myself on my "muscel" and vindicate myself as character in that way. I essayed a wordy defence, but was so effectually floored in this that I gave up in despair. I thought of my colleagues, constituents, country—wife and children whom I had but half an hour before bid an affectionate good-bye. What could I do? I could not "get a word in edgewise," so thick and fast did the "lady" rain upon me accusation and threats of arrest. By this time the whole car was aroused; most of the people on their feet. There I stood "the observed of all observers," and "Who is he?" fell occasionally upon my ears, as the "lady took breath for a fresh onset. "I am a poor woman," she screamed on. Here I attempted to say "It makes no difference whether you are rich or poor," but got only as far as "no." I could not get in "difference" or the first syllable of it, for "Yes it does, I work hard for a living," shoked me off. Meantime several of my "dear constituents" drew near, and from them I expected help and sympathy, instead of which they pitched in in this style for the purpose of keeping up the fun as the called it. "Now, Dave, give the poor woman her pocket book." "O, Squire, it's too bad to keep it," &c. I called conductor Hughes; he told the "lady" she must be mistaken, and told her to feel in her pockets. She feels, but no pocket book. Summoning a little courage I roared out to her, "Get up and dust yourself." She dusted. On the middle of the seat lay a little red plush wallet. "Here it is," was said by several. I felt better. The "lady" too, I suppose. On asking her if she was satisfied that she had accused me wrongfully, she answered in a loud voice, "O you put it back on the seat old feller, when I 'cused you." Can any-thing more devilishly malicious be imagined. Here was a fresh thrust to the very hilt of a keen, long, bright dagger into the wound now partially healed up, already inflicted on my not over-sensitive feelings, at which some of my aforesaid constituents gave a cruel laugh "to keep the fun going."

I took my seat with her again, thinking that when things simmered down, the "lady" included, I would try to get her to confess her foolishness or mistake, but she assumed lofty "sulks," as if she had been the injured party and refused even to give me her name. I finally got from her that she was going to Wilkes-Barre, and I wrote my name on a card and offered it to her to show the people who she had charged with picking her pockets but she would not touch the card

At Kingston Senator S. joined me and I related at once to him the great tribulation I had passed through. That gentleman was the first of human kind that seemed to sympathize with me, at least I thought he sympathized until he asked me why I did not tell the women I was a member of the Legislature. I told him I was afraid it would only confirm the accuser in belief, if she had any besides, which, there was some strangers in the car. The Senator did not argue the question with me.

She was a "widder as I since learned." K.

☞ A very smart boy on his return from college, attempted to prove that *two* were equal to *three*. Pointing to a roasted chicken on the table he said: "Is not that *one*? And then pointing to another: "Is not that *two*? And do not one and two make *three*? Whereupon his old Dad said: 'Wife, you take one and I'll take the other, and our smart boy can have the third for his dinner.'