The Columbian.

VOL. 2.....NO. 24. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1868. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB BETZ, dealer in stoves & tinware, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

A. M. RUPERT, stoves and tinware, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n44

REV. A. HARTMAN, Stoves, Tinware of all kinds, Spouting etc. First store on West end of South Main Street. v2-n17

CLOTHING, &c.

D. LOWENBERG, merchant tailor, Main st., 2d door above American house. vl-n43

J. W. CHAMBERLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in clothing, etc.; Hartman's building, Main street. vl-n42

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &C.

L. S. MOYER, druggist and apothecary, Exchange block Main st. vl-n43

E. P. LUTZ, druggist and apothecary, Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

LOUIS BERNHARD, watch and clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in clocks, watches and Jewelry, Main st., nearly opposite American house. vl-n43

R. CATHCART, watch and clock maker, Market st., below Main. vl-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, boot and shoemaker, Main street opposite Court House. vl-n43

A. SOLLEDER, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, Main st., opposite Episcopal church vl-n43

HENRY RIEHM, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries etc., East Bloomsburg Main st. vl-n43

DAVID BETZ, boot and shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market street. vl-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

J. R. EVANS, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n43

D. B. F. Kinney surgeon dentist, teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n43

J. B. McELVY, M. D. surgeon and physician south side Main st., below Market. vl-n43

J. C. BUTTER, M. D. surgeon and Physician, Market st., above Main. vl-n43

R. H. C. HOWER, surgeon dentist, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n23

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, milliner, Ramsey building, Main st. vl-n43

MISS A. D. WEBB, fancy goods, notions, books, stationery, north side Main street below Market. vl-n43

E. PETERMAN, millinery and fancy goods opposite Episcopal church, Main st. vl-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, ladies cloaks and dress patterns, southeast corner Main and west st. vl-n43

MISS M. DERRICKSON, millinery and fancy goods Main st., opposite Court House. vl-n43

MRS. M. B. FURMAN, milliner, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market st. vl-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN millinery and fancy goods, Main street, just below American house. vl-n43

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

J. LEACOCK, oyster and eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintendent. vl-n43

WIDMYER & JACOBY, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange block, Main st. vl-n43

FOX & WEBB, confectionery, bakery, and oyster saloon, wholesale and retail, Main st., just below Iron. vl-n43

EXCHANGE HOTEL, by Koons & Clark, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

AMERICAN HOUSE, by JOHN LEACOCK, Main st., west of Iron street. vl-n43

FORKS HOTEL, by G. W. MAUGER, east end of Main st. vl-n43

B. STOHNER, refreshment saloon, Main st., just above court house. vl-n43

KOONS & CLARK, refreshment saloon, Exchange hotel. vl-n43

W. H. GILLMORE, refreshment saloon, Shive's block south side Main st. vl-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

S. H. MILLER, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc. Exchange block, Main street. vl-n43

MCELVY NEAL & Co., dealers in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

H. C. HOWER, hats and caps, boots and shoes, Main st., above court house. vl-n43

C. C. MARR, dry goods and notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

J. BROWER, dry goods, groceries, etc., northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

REV. A. HARTMAN, dry goods, notions, and groceries, Main st., opposite Correll's Furniture Rooms. vl-n43

H. H. HUNSBERGER, (agent,) groceries, tobacco, and confectionary, Main st., opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n43

D. A. BECKLEY, Keystone shoe store, books and stationery, southwest corner Market and Main sts. vl-n43

WILLIAM ERASMUS, confectionaries, Main st., near the railroad. vl-n43

E. MENDENHALL, general stock of merchandise and lumber, corner of Main street and Railroad road. vl-n43

J. J. ROBBINS, dealer in dry goods groceries etc. Shive's block, Main st., below Iron vl-n43

E. GIBTON, Groceries & Provisions, southeast corner Main and Iron Streets. vl-n43

C. W. SNYDER, hardware, cutlery, guns, etc., Main st., below Iron. vl-n43

A. J. SLOAN, dealer in choice dry goods, Housekeeping goods, fresh groceries, etc., etc. Main st., opposite court house. v-n43

J. K. EYER, groceries and general merchandise Main st., above West. vl-n43

L. T. SHARPLESS, dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, etc., Rupert block, Main st., west of Market. vl-n43

S. CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scottown, south side, two doors above Evalet's wagonmaker shop. v2-n18.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. CORELL, furniture rooms, three story brick on Main st., west of Market st. vl-n43

E. J. THORNTON, wall paper, window shades, and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. vl-n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, photographer, Exchange block, Main st., opposite court house. vl-n43

J. F. BROADT, photographer, Hartman's building northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

E. J. BIDLEMAN, Agent Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2-n19

J. B. PURSELL, saddle, trunk and harness maker, Main st., below court, house. vl-n43

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. vl-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber, of all kinds, planing mill near the rail-road. vl-n43

W. J. BIDLEMAN, saddle and harness maker, near southwest corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

A. WITMAN, marble works, near southwest corner Main and Market sts. vl-n43

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms vl-n43

T. H. MASTERS, agent for Grover & Baker's sewing machine, Main st., Hartman's building, up stairs. vl-n43

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON, mutual and cash rates fire insurance company, northeast corner Main and West st. vl-n43

GEORGE HASSERT, manufacturer and repairer of threshing machines, Chemberlin's alley, near Sharpless' foundry. vl-n43

S. KUHN, dealer in meat tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, back of American house. vl-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n47

N. W. SAMPLE & CO. Machinists, East Bloomsburg near railroad. Castings made at short notice. Machinery made and repaired. v2-n3

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

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

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment saloon, by Isaac Everett, cor. of Main and Pine st. vl-n47

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

D. K. SLOAN, 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 Gent's furnishing goods, Main st., next door to the brick hotel.

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

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker, and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine. vl-n47

MICHAEL C. KELLER, Confectionery, Oysters &c., &c., on Pine St., between Main and Mill. vl-n47

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n47

WILLIAM DELONG, Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl-n49

ELIAS SNYDER, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n47

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. vl-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of Leather, Mill Street. vl-n47

JOHN KELLER, Boot and Shoemaker, Pine Street, opposite the Academy vl-n47

A. B. BERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main Street, below Pine. vl-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle, Main St. v2n5

J. M. HARMAN, saddle and harness maker Orangeville, opposite Frame church. v2n11

CATAWISSA DIRECTORY.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostebander proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2-n12

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

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

WM. H. ABBETT, attorney at law, Main Street. v2-n12

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

L. KEILER, billiard saloon, oysters, and ice cream in season Main Street. v2-n12

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Robbins' Building. v2-n18.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St., below Main. v2-n18.

J. B. KISTLER, "Cattawisa House," North West Corner Main and Second Streets. v2-n18.

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

LIGHT STREET DIRECTORY.

PETER ENT, dealer in dry goods, groceries, flour, feed, salt, fish, iron, nails, etc., Light Street. vl-n45

J. TERWILLIGER, Cabinetmaker, Undertaker vl-n46

JOSEPH WALTER Blacksmith, opposite post office. vl-n46.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above school house. vl-n46

MRS. E. KLINE, millinery and fancy goods. vl-n46

J. W. SANKEY, dealer in Leather, Hides, Bark, etc. Cash paid for Hides. vl-n46

WM. M. ENT, dealer in stoves and tin ware in all its branches. vl-n46

JOHN A. OMAN, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes. vl-n46.

ESPY DIRECTORY.

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n11

B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO., dealers in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. v2n11

J. D. CALDWELL, dealer in dry goods, groceries, queensware, hardware, fish, salt, nails, etc., etc. v2n11

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n11

JERSEYTOWN DIRECTORY.

ANDREW MADISON, dealer in dry goods, groceries, grain, lumber etc., Jerseytown. vl-n46

JACOB A. SWISHER, dealer in Hides, Leather Bark etc. Madison township Columbia county Pa. vl-n46

CAPT. SAMUEL RIMBY, Madison Hotel, Drovers and Strangers entertained. v2-n4

BUCKHORN DIRECTORY.

G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town. v2-n18.

JACOB & WM. HARRIS, dealers in dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines. First store in north end of town. v2-n18.

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg immediately opposite the Columbian county Court House, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general that their house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. They have spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of their guests neither shall there be anything wanting on their part to minister to their personal comfort. They house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibuses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. KOONS & CLARK.

Bloomsburg, April 3, 1868.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the travelling public that his accomodations 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 wines and liquors except that popular beverage known as "McBride's," 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.

EXCHANGE SALOON,

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

SUMMER REFRESHMENTS,

consisting of

SPICED OYSTERS, SARDINES, TRIPE, BOLOGNAS SHEEP TONGUE, BOILED EGGS, SWEITZER CHEESE,

LAGER BEER, ALE, &C.

☞ COME ONE, COME ALL AND SEE. ☜

LAWSON CALMAN, Superintendent.

Bloomsburg, May 3, 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,

a bar well stocked with the best of Liquors, and every effort will be made to render entire satisfaction. C. H. DIETTERICH.

Espy, Pa., April 12, 1867.

BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

EDWARD EVERETT, PROPRIETOR.

Having taken possession of this well-known house, so long kept by Samuel Everett, the Proprietor has put in it permanent repairs and furnished BAR AND LARDER with the choicest liquors and newest delicacies. His stable is not excelled in the county; and no pains will be spared to accommodate guests [apr4'68

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. Those 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 three insertions $1,50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	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 squares	5,00	7,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
Four squares	6,00	8,00	10,00	14,00	20,00
Half column	10,00	12,00	15,00	20,00	30,00
One column	15,00	18,00	20,00	30,00	40,00

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.

☞ 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 jobbing, are to be made to and addressed

BROCKWAY & FREEZE,

"Columbian Office,"

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

C. M. VANDERSLICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this Office.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill County, Penn'a.

M. M. TRAUGH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Berwick, Columbia County, Penn'a.

WILLIAM H. ABBOTT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CATAWISSA, PA.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office with E. H. Little, in brick building adjoining Post Office. ☞ Claims, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. sep12'67.

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. [Jan1'67.

LOUIS BERNHARD

Would inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he is now prepared to do all kinds of plating, silver or gold. Dec15'67.

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. [mar9'67.

DR. W. H. BRADLEY,

(Late Assistant Medical Director U. S. Army.)

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

☞ Office at the house opposite Shive's Block, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Calls promptly attended to both night and day. Bloomsburg, Jan. 18, 1867.

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 this country. 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 Widmayer & Jacoby's Ice Cream Saloon, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hair Dyeing and Whiskers colored 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. [april2'67.

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 PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating, silver and rubber base to look 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, some side.

Bloomsburg, Jan11,'68 tf

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 custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES

Every description of scale warranted to give entire satisfaction. Send for Catalogue and Circular: second-hand Scales of other makers, taken in part pay for ours, for sale Cheap.

HOWE SCALE CO.

3 Park Place, New York 131 Federal St. Boston. April 26, '67-1m.

Choice Poetry.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Twas—Jane's Bird.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying, soon you'll miss me in your tent,
And my form will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's billy cant.

Hearken to me brother, hearken, I have something I would say,
Ere this veil my vision darken, and I go from home away;
I am going, surely going, but my hopes in God are strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing that he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him, that in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I might one day meet him in a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother God assist her, now that she is growing old,
That her son would glad have kissed her when his lips grew pale and cold.

Hearken to me, catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I speak of now,
Tell, Oh! tell her, how I missed her when the fever burnt my brow;
Hearken to me, closely listen, don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten when the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her then to kiss my children, like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them fast, as last I held them, folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker, putting all their trust in God,
And He never will forsake her, He has said so in His word.

O, my children, heaven bless them, they were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean, what my hopes were I'll not tell,
But they've gained an orphan's portion, yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stirred
Tell them I ne'r reached the haven where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gained a port called heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they'll find their brother there,
Faith in Jesus and repentance, will secure for them a share:
Hark, I hear my Saviour calling, 'tis, I know His voice so well,
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping, brother bear my last farewell.

Interesting Story.

WILLIE'S WIFE.

A BLUSTERING evening! I am alone. An old maid with no husband to destroy her peace, nor any dreadful annoyances in the shape of children, with money enough at interest to keep the wolf from the door, and a house of her own overhead, might surely expect, after the tea things were washed and put away, the fire made, the table drawn close to it, the lamp close to her elbow, and a book close to her nose—an old maid thus happily situated might, I say, in all reason, expect a comfortable time. Alas! far from it! The wind whistles around the house with more than ordinary defiance, and I tremble inwardly; for well do I know, and well does it know, also, the cracks and holes in my dilapidated dwelling. Here it comes whistling and roaring! with a whisk it turns my new wig askew: with another, the leaves of my book are fluttering and flapping, as if they were in league with the boisterous thing. I adjust my wig and refind my place in vain! There it comes, again and again! A rough blast down the chimney sends the smoke pouring into the room, scattering a shower of ashes over my clean white curtains.

I slam my book with a petulent jerk, take up my lamp, and start on an indignant march up to bed. Creak, creak go the boards, as if they were possessed. The door refuses to open; I jerk and pull spasmodically; another blast of wind; my lamp goes out; still I tug at the door; it opens suddenly, and down I go. Miss Jemima Bloor picks herself up, minus dignity, temper and wig. I grope my way up stairs, stepping lightly on certain shaking steps, and running a splinter into my hand from the broken banister; I reach my room at last; must leave the door unlocked because the lock is out of order; undress, creep into bed, and cannot close my eyes, because there is a piece of loose plaster gaping just above my head—more terrible to me than the sword of Damocles.

During the long hours of that sleepless night I worked my self up to a desperate resolution. The case, you can see, was grave and urgent: I ran imminent risk of losing that bland, amiable disposition which (as I know from the concurrent testimony of my most discriminating friends) is natural to me. The house shall be thoroughly repaired! Not another night will I sleep here until it is!

I arose at peep of day, and noon found me domesticated at Mrs. Robinson's just over the way. I am to sleep on the lounge in the parlor, for the little woman possesses only two rooms and a kitchen.

I immediately assembled all the carpenters, glaziers, tinners, bricklayers, painters and paper hangers with whom our village is blessed. My house is being repaired and renewed outside and in. I contemplate the changes thus going on with—well let the truth be told—with somewhat mixed emotions. I am slowly coming to the conclusion that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this sublunary sphere. Men are so intensely aggravating, especially carpenters, glaziers, tinners bricklayers, painters and paper hangers.

One afternoon we sat—my hostess and I—in her little parlor; I at the front window looking across the street and watching that rascal John Stocker, the carpenter. Good heavens! There he sat in my best room window, swinging his heels and smoking a pipe—not a thought of my work in his head! Now, the odious creature knows—no one better—what a hurry I am in and how I detest a pipe. Yet here I may be, for all he cares, sleeping on Mrs. Robinson's lounge for a month or two, and all the time my parlor—Mrs Jemima Bloor's best room—scented with tobacco! I wonder if the man expects to go to heaven when he dies? I wonder if he expects me to pay him three dollars a day for smoking his pipe and swinging his heels?

Ah! there comes Joseph Baldwin just back from his dinner, and—let me see—it's twenty-five minutes past two. If I had my way about woman's rights, I'd put the men out of this world altogether: *that* would settle the question. What are they, after all, but an aggravation, a marplot and a general nuisance.

Now, there goes Will Wiley, tramping right over my verbena bed! Has the man no eyes in his head? or did his mother never succeed in beating it into his head that a verbena-bed is *not* to be walked on, and that a garden-path *is?*

And now I think of it, it was only yesterday I found five broken panes in my up-stairs window. Yet that faithless, good-for-nothing glazier had sworn to me that very morning that he had taken every sash out, from garret to cellar, and left all in perfect order. Lords of creation, indeed! Lords of fiddlestick! Wonderful example of superior intellect—was it not?—to take a window-sash out for repairs and put it back in perfect order with five broken panes in it! If Miss Jemima Bloor were to sit in a maiden lady's best room window and smoke a pipe and swing her heels—if she were to come from dinner to her work at twenty-five minutes after two—if she were to go tramping about on people's verbena-beds—if she were to declare a window-sash with five broken panes in it to be completely repaired—would she call herself a lady of creation and a superior intellect? I ask the world, would she call herself a lord or a lady of creation as a su—

At this point my indignant reflections were interrupted by a soft splish-splash and a subdued little flutter of sobs.

My hostess had been knitting, with her comfortable fat hands, a baby's hood for Mrs. Peters, next door.

As I looked up I saw the tears trickle down on her knitting needles till they shone and winked at me in an impish manner.

This little woman is my mental cushion—my social rest. Mild, round and rosy in body and mind, crying is the only luxury she seems thoroughly to enjoy. The tears roll over her plump cheeks as if they were used to it, and leave them plumper than before. The round, light blue eyes are always ready for a shower, and look all the rounder and bluer after it is over. I never knew her to have an original idea: indeed, I think she never had but one very clear idea of any description. The thought of her whole life had been "her Willie." Mrs. Robison, although a weak little woman enough, has had a curious history of her own.

She was an orphan; had married, at twenty, William Robinson, a sailor of the town, and had moved into her present home, with her husband and an old uncle with whom she had lived before her marriage. Two months afterwards young William sailed for India. The appointed time for his return had passed: month by month went by, and still his wife looked for him who never came. After two years the old uncle was laid at rest, and the little woman was left quite alone.

How she waited and watched—watched all through youth, all through middle age—waited and watched in vain through twenty long, long years!

In all that time her one thought when she rose in the morning was of "Willie;" her last thought when she laid down at night was of her lost husband. Nightly, long after we had gone to bed and she thought me asleep, her little figure would steal from the bed-room and kneel in a spot she had often shown me, where Willie had said his last good bye, and there she would pray, in a low, soft voice, the words always the same: "My God, take me home to my Willie; oh, come and take me! Willie, my husband, come back and take me!" And then she would creep away to her room as quietly as she came.

By the fireplace stood Willie's arm-chair: out in the pantry were Willie's cup and saucer, carefully, tenderly washed every day. Over the mantlepiece hung Willie's picture—to her, that of a beautiful hero; to me, that of a very commonplace young man with blue eyes, light curling hair, large features and a turned-up nose. I have seen love, devotion, infatuation, all manner of mischief brought on through men; but never, in all my experience, had I encountered such complete merging of one life into another. To her, Willie seemed to be not all this world only, but all she dreamed of in the world to come. She did not think of him as on earth, but as in heaven.

The little woman's mind and heart were a study to me. I was sitting, with my hands in my lap, thinking her over, she still knitting, and the click of the needles diversified by the splash, just audible, of the large, comfortable tears on her neat black silk, when we were both startled by a vigorous swing of the gate and a heavy step on the gravel. A moment and the door was flung open, and suddenly, without word or gesture, a large, weather-beaten, rough-looking man stood, like an apparition, before us. A long, purple scar, crossing his forehead and cheek, gave a [illegible] expression to one eye. He stared around gazed about the room for some time without speaking; at last he fastened his eyes on Mrs. Robinson. She crept behind me and whispered, "Please send him away Miss Jemima; see how he stares! Dear, dear! what a dreadful man!"

"What do you wish sir?" I inquired, boldly enough, I think, although quaking internally, for he had now transferred his eyes to me.

"Does Mrs. Mary Jane Robinson live here?" The harsh voice made us both start.

"Yes; I am Mrs. Robinson," said the little woman, retreating further behind me. Suddenly I was seized, chair and all, and deposited in the middle of the room; the next moment the stranger lifted Mrs. Robinson and gave her a bear-like hug, the little woman struggling and screaming with all her might. I ran to the door, intending to call for help; but the words "Mary, my wife, don't you know me?" struck me dumb. I turned in amazement. He still held her in his arms. She had ceased struggling, and was looking at him with strange, wild, shining eyes. Was her mind shaken? Had the shock been too much for her?

"Let her go; you will kill her!" I cried, scarcely knowing what I said.

He put her down gently, still holding her hand. She stood quite still and passive, as if frozen, the two fixed, bright eyes staring from her death-white face. The man looked from one to the other in a frightened way.

"Do you think I've frightened her out of her wits?" he asked in an uneasy whisper, as she stood with her eyes riveted on his face.

"I dare say you have," I blurted out curtly, as I turned to Mrs. Robinson. "Mary, my dear, what is it?" taking her passive hands in mine. She made no motion, not even shifting her eyes. "Won't you speak to me, Mary?" The eyes turned to me, and, slipping her hands from mine, she groped in the air like a blind person. It was terrible to see!

"Mary," I said, desperately, "It is your husband come back to you"—anything, I thought, to rouse her; "won't you speak to him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Robinson, eagerly, "I am your husband, don't you know me, Mary? Ain't you glad to see me my dear?" The tears stood in his eyes, and although they could not soften the look of the scarred one, still I could see a dim—a very dim—likeness to the picture over the mantelpiece, and could no longer doubt his identity. Deep lines seemed to grow in the little woman's face as he spoke to her; the very roundness appeared to fall into sharp, angles, such as long years of sorrow had failed to produce.

"Send him away; tell the man to go away. Cannot he go away?" cried she piteously.

"No, my dear," said her husband: "I have come to stay, and I thought you'd be glad to see me." His rough voice trembled a little. "See, I've carried your picture with me thro' thick and thin. When we were shipwrecked I thought about it, and tied it up water-proof, so I should have that, any way; and all them long years, when Tom Bright and George Griffith and me used to sit in our hut o'nights and talk over our wives and homes, your picture used to look so hopeful like—just like you use to look them first two months—I almost forgot I was a shipwrecked sailor, thousands of miles away. Oh, Mary, the long days and the weary nights, and the weeks and the months and the years! Yes child, it was awful dreary-like, and your picture got dim and blurred, and I grew old and gray afore my time; and George, poor fellow!—he died of a queer kind of a fever, and we buried him, decent as we could, under the big palm just above the hut. Then Tom and I led a rough kind of life: we got savage like, and didn't seem to care much about anything."

There he paused and looked at Mary sitting motionless: "I thought, sometimes, if ever I did get back, it would be kind o'hard for you to get used to me and my ways, and I'd feel awkward with decent folks. It was nigh on twenty years, I think, before we was found; but I thought, maybe you'd be kind o'glad to see me any way." And the poor fellow broke down, and looked wistfully at his wife.

But the little woman's mind seemed quite gone. She did not answer him a word, and had again fallen into that fixed, unnatural stare. I thought I might rouse her by calling her thoughts back to daily things. "Mary, dear," I said, "Mr. Robinson must be hungry after his journey: wont you get him some supper?"

She left the room without a word, moving mechanically, like one in a dream. Half an hour passed, during which Robinson had given me a sketch of his shipwreck. It was the old story—the same, with variations, that De Foe and Tennyson and Adelaide Proctor have told. He and his two companions had been washed on an island, rich in beautiful vegetation, but infinitely dreary in its solitude through the long, long years of watching to which the castaways were doomed. He told me how hope had died out, when one morning at sunrise, they saw a ship steering for the island, signaled her, and were taken on board. She was "The Zephyr," bound for New York, and in little more than two months she brought them home.

When Robinson had finished his story, I went out to see what had become of his wife. She was in the pantry, standing before Willie's cup, and the blessed tears were streaming down her face. As soon as she saw me she fell on my neck, sobbing convulsively.

"Must I give him Willie's cup? No lips have touched it since he went away. How can I give it to that man?" I let her cry until she was exhausted; then I raised her gently and carried her to bed.

"Lie there fifteen minutes, dear: by that time I shall have supper ready."

She obeyed as a little child might. When I went to her she was waite and still, her lids closed. Alarmed, I called her hastily by name, and she raised her eyes to mine. There was still the same fixed glitter in them. I lifted her from the bed and arranged her dress; she was quite passive under my hands.

It was a dreary supper, and a more dreary evening. But at last it came to an end.

I lay half the night turning restlessly on my lounge. The moonlight poured across the room in a broad stream. Willie's picture looked down at me with an unearthly expression; Willie's arm-chair took weird forms in the dim light. I thought over the rapid succession of events, until my head grew dizzy with thinking. Then the reproachful eyes of the young Willie seemed staring at me from the dark corners of the room; and mingled with his youthful traits, came the rough features and sinister eye of the adult Robinson. Through this chaos of faces Mary's, too, came up, just as I had seen her when she stood at the door of her room, bidding me good night, her eyes large with terror, and her hand stretched out to me for help—for help alas! which how could I give her? For was he not her husband? And is it not to her husband that a woman must cleave?

Suddenly my heart stood still. The little woman herself crept noiselessly from the bed-room—her face looking horribly wan in the moonlight—crossed the parlor and knelt in the accustomed spot. Her hands were raised above her head; her upturned face was convulsed with an agony of appeal; but for a time no words came from her lips; she sank prostrate on the floor. "Willie has gone from heaven—gone from heaven! I have lost him! Oh, where is he?" Then she glided back as silently as she had come, but the bitter moan sounded in my ears the long night through.

The next morning she wore the same stony face. I stayed with her three weeks, and then returned to my own home, which had, meanwhile, been thoroughly renovated. I could sit in peace before my fireplace now, without fear of storms or risk of draughts. I could sit in peace, outwardly, but my mind had little rest. At intervals of two or three days I went over to see the little woman. Month by month her face grew smaller and her eyes larger and brighter. Their glitter haunted me.

More than a year passed. One cheerful morning, in early spring, I was ironing in the kitchen: a pleasant breeze came through the window; the blithe birds without made the orchard vocal with their lively twitterings, and a bed of strawberries in the garden delighted my eyes with its white blossoms. Life seemed pleasant to me this bright morning, and my hands moved briskly at my work.

A shadow fell across the ironing-board and caused me to look up. There was Mr. Robinson, standing in the doorway. The weather-beaten face had changed much in the year—an unhappy year it had been to him—but its events had stirred the gentler parts of his nature. He looked even sadder than usual this morning, and his voice was low and subdued;

"Miss Jemima, my Mary seems lower than common; she's clean given out and gone to bed. My rough hands and ways ain't no account in the sick-room; wouldn't you just step over and see if you could help her any? I wouldn't ask it if I could get along without."

"Instantly," I replied, putting on my bonnet. "I will lock up the house and go back with you."

I found Mrs. Robinson lying on her bed, the room darkened. She looked up and smiled—a sweet, dim smile—then, closing her eyes, she lay quite still. Hour after hour, that I sat by her bedside, she never moved nor spoke. In the evening I sent for the village doctor—a quiet, meek little man—who shook his head, looked doubtful, and left some powders.

And so she lay for five days and four nights. Sometimes she was feverish, and would turn and mutter; but usually she lay quite still, her small, thin hands folded, and that wonderful smile on her face. The evening of the fifth day the room was intensely still; Mr. Robinson and I sat watching the calm face, white as the pillow beneath it. Suddenly a light broke over her features. She flung her arms upward with a murmur of joy: "Willie, I am coming!"—sank back, her breathing growing shorter and feebler