The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
IN THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.
TERMS—Two Dollars a Year, payable in Advance.
CIRCULATION 2500.
JOB PRINTING
of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

The Columbian.

VOLUME IV ---NO 14. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1870. COL. DEM.---VOL. XXXIV--NO. 7.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One square	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two squares	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three squares	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four squares	7.00	9.00	11.00	15.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	32.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	60.00
One column	30.00	36.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Executor's or Administrator's Notice, $3.00; Auditor's or Assignee's Notice, $2.50.

Local notices, twenty cents a line; by the year ten cents.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, $6.00 per year for the first two lines, and $1.00 for each additional line.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

M. RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, Exchange block, Main st. west of Market. v1-n43

JOB METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware, Main street, above court house. v1-n43

CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., 2d door above American House. v1-n43

S. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for the New Perham Sewing Machine, corner of Iron and Main st., over Miller's store. v2-n35

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., below the Post Office. v1-n43

DYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Mower's block Main st. v1-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American Hse. v1-n43

LUIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, Near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. v1-43

HENRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & Jewelry &c., Main Street near West st. v3-n15

J. CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main. v1-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

SOLLEDER, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Main street, opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n43

M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Centre Street, rear of Robbins & Eyer's Store. v1-n43

DAVID BETZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market. v1-43

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, Bloomsburg. v1-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

A. H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., above the Court House. v1-n43

WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's bookstore v3-n18

B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain: Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. v1-n46

H. IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange hotel." v3-n1

G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange hotel." v4-n3

B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main st., below Market. v1n43

B. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, south side Main street, below Market. v1-n43

C. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main. v1-n43

B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street. v2-n20

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

E. PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main st. v1-n43

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street, v1-n43

MRS A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, Books, and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main st. v1-n43

MRS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market. v1-n44

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street below Market. v1-n46

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' Cloaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts. v1-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House, v1n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

AMERICAN HOUSE, by John Leacock, Main street, west of Iron street. v1-n43

COLUMBIA HOTEL, by B. Stohner, Main st. above Court House. v1n

BEKS HOTEL, by T. Bent, Taylor, east end of Main street. v1-n43

LEACOCK, Oyster and Eating saloon, American House, Main st., Baltzer Leacock superintendent. v1-n45

HIDMYER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery and Oyster Saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block, Main street. v1-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

C. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

B. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and Iron streets. v2-n30

A. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books & stationery, Main st., below Market. v1-n43

JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron v1-46

MENDENHALL, General Stock of Merchandise and Lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. v1-n44

FOX & WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block. v1-n43

C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House. v1-n43

J. BROWER, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., corner Main st. and Court House alley. v1-n43

ROBBINS & EYER, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., cor. Main and Centre sts. v1-n43

K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main Street below Market. v1-n44

K. EYER, Groceries and General Merchandise. Main st., above West. v1-43

KELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, N. E. cor. Main and Market sts. v1-n43

H. MILLER & SON, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Nails, etc., Exchange Block, Main st. v1-n43

CRAMER & A. E. HAYHURST, Dealers in Groceries, Confectioneries and Notions, Scott, south side, Main st. v2-n18

WILLIAM ERASMUS, Confectioneries, Main st., near the railroad. v1-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

WITMAN, Marble Works, one door below Post Office, Main Street. v1-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing near the railroad. v1n6

J. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1n47

M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. v1n16

W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts. v1-n43

B. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. n2v19

Z. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st. v1-43

W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st. v1n43

ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st. v1-43

K. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chamberlin's alley, rear of American House. v1n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash Fire Insurance Company, Hower's Building, Main Street. v1-n43

JAMES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

W. SAMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Bloomsburg, near Lack. R. R. Castings made at short notice. Machinery made and repaired. v2-n23

H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at O. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n46

E. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. v1-n43

Orangeville Directory.

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the Brick Hotel. v1-n47

A. R. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine. v1-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. v1-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Rohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st. v1-n47

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel v1-n47

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. v1n47

H. H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. v1-n47

JAMES R. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine. v1-n47

J. M. HARMAN, Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., opposite Frame Church. v2n11

JOHN FRYMIRE, Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., above the Swan Hotel. v1-n47

LEWIS H. SCHUYLER, Iron founder, Machinist, and Manufacturer of plows, Mill St. v1-n47

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. v1-n47

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

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine v1n49

Catawissa.

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

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

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

J. B. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n18

L. KEILER, Billiard Saloon, Oysters, an Ice Cream in season Main St. v2n12

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

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbander Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware, Main Street. v2n12

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St. v2n12

Light Street.

A. H. IRVINE, Medical Store Main Street and Briercreek Road. v3n19

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House. v1n46

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, v1n46

J. J. LEISER, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2n27

PETER ENT, dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., Main Street. v1n45

R. S. ENT, dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches. v1n46

Espy.

B. F. REIGHARD & BRO., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise. v2n11

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n46

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n1

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

Buck Horn.

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

Business Cards.

M. M. L'VELLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ashland, Schuylkill County Pa.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.29'67

ROBERT F. CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

E. H. LITTLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bloomsburg Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan4,'67.

E. J. THORNTON would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS, and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment. mar.5,'69-tf Main St. below Market.

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 third door below the Court House, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov. 15,'67.

SENT FREE! M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO.'S SEED CATALOGUE And GUIDE to the FLOWER and VEGETABLE Garden, For 1870. Published in January. Every lover of flowers wishing this new and valuable work, free of charge, should address immediately M. O'Keefe Son & Co., Ellwanger & Barry's Block Rochester, N. Y. Dec. 3,'69. 6m

PIMPLES. The undersigned will cheerfully mail (FREE) to all who wish it the Recipe and full directions for preparing and using a simple and Beautiful Vegetable Balm, that will immediately remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and all eruptions and imperfections of the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful. He will also send (FREE) instructions for producing by very simple means, a luxuriant growth of Hair on a baldhead or smooth face in less than thirty days from first application. The above can be obtained by return mail by addressing THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, P. O. Box 5123, 165 Broadway, New York. Aug. 6,'68-1y.

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 accommodate their customs with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

Philadelphia Directory.

Major E. R. ARTMAN. C. H. DILLINGER. M. MORY

ARTMAN, DILLINGER & CO., NO. 104 NORTH THIRD ST. PHILADELPHIA, Two doors above Arch, formerly 226, MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS IN CARPETS, COTTONS, YARNS, BATTING, OIL CLOTHS, CARPET CHAINS, CORDAGE, OIL SHADES, GRAIN BAGS, TIE YARN, WICK YARN, WINDOW PAPER, COVERLETS, —ALSO,— WILLOW AND WOODEN WARE BROOMS, BRUSHES, LOOKING GLASSES, TRUNKS. feb. 5,'69.

EAGLE HOTEL. 247 NORTH THIRD STREET, R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED 1793. JORDAN & BROTHER. Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE No 249 North Third St. Philadelphia.

G. W. BLABON & CO., Manufacturers of OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES, Warehouse, No. 124 North Third Street Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. ROBERTS, Importer and Dealer in HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c. No. 311 North Third Street, above Vine Philadelphia.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. B. SEYBERT. HORNE, KING & SEYBERT, WHOLESALE DRY GOODS, No. 421 Market Street PHILADELPHIA. Orders filled promptly at lowest prices. January 3, 1869.

H. W. RANK'S WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE, No. 146 North Third Street, Between Cherry and Race, west side. Philadelphia.

I. H. WALTER, Late Walter & Kaub, Importer and Dealer in CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE, No. 231 N. Third Street, Philadelphia.

J. M. KEPHEART, WITH BARNES, BRO. & HERRON, HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS, No. 703 Market Street, (Above Fifth,) PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN STROUP & CO., Successors to Stroup & Brother, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH. No. 24 North Wharves and 25 North Third St Philadelphia.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW, NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET. PHILADELPHIA. oct. 22,'69-1y

SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT, Manufacturers and Jobbers of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, Nos. 525 Market, and 522 Commerce Street. Philadelphia.

WILLIAM FISHER WITH THOMAS CARSON & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HOSIERY, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, LINENS & NOTIONS, NO. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET Philadelphia. June 4,'69-6m

WARTMAN & ENGELMAN, TOBACCO, SNUFF & SEGAR MANUFACTORY, No. 313 NORTH THIRD STREET Second Door below Wood PHILADELPHIA. J. W. WARTMAN. P. ENGELMAN.

WAINWRIGHT & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS, N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA, Dealers in TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &c., &c. Orders will receive prompt attention. may 10,67-1f.

Hotels.

COLUMBIA HOTEL. BY BERNARD STOHNER. Having lately purchased and fitted up the well known Robison Hotel Property, located a FEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE, on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg; and having obtained a license for the same as a HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure, A LITTLE MORE ROOM. His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up to put buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. [may17'67-tf

THE ESPY HOTEL. ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. The undersigned would inform the travelling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the perfect convenience of his guests. His larder will be stocked with the best the market affords. The choicest liquors, wines and cigars always to be found in his bar. WILLIAM PETTIT. Apr.23,69-tf Espy, Pa.

BRICK HOTEL, ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. ROHR M'HENRY, Proprietor. This well known House, having been put in thorough repair, is now open to the travelling public. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table will be, at all times, supplied with the delicacies of the season. No pains will be spared to insure the comfort of guests. Orangeville, dec. 10,'69-tf.

FORKS HOTEL, BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. The undersigned has taken this well known House, lately occupied by George W. Mauger, and has put it in thorough repair with entirely new furniture, &c. Every attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of guests. The bar always supplied with the best of liquors and cigars. T. BENT, TAYLOR. March'30-3m.

BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS, &C., &C. Neatly and Cheaply Printed From the Latest Styles of Type at the COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

Choice Poetry.

The House that Jack Built.

A NEW VERSION.

Behold the Mansion reared by dedal Jack,
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac,

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid,

Anon with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtile Grimalkin to his quarry glides;
Grimalkin grim, who slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent!

Lo! now, the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vascine nugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast, whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The baying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Aroused the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with vermicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's court we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man, whose amorous lips incline
Fell of young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose fact-albic hands,
Drew alba-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realms ethereal was borne,
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The obl mordaceous rat, that dared devour
Intercalaneous malt in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct,
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the wight unthrift
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the place that Jack built.

The loud cantankerous shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament;
To him who robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulator of the horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *kilt*
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

On the Approach of Spring.

FOUND ON A LAWYER'S DESK.

Whereas on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Now therefore hall thou coming spring.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs,
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests, themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's court,
When tender plaintiffs action bring,
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail as aforesaid, coming Spring.

Miscellaneous.

OUR FARM OF TEN ACRES.

We lived once in the city. We had a pretty, convenient house, and were thoroughly comfortable, until some evil-disposed person lent to our mother a copy of "Ten Acres Enough," which gave her an agricultural fever, resulting in a determination to sell or rent our beautiful city home and buy a ten-acre farm in the country.

We argued and entreated. It was of no avail. Go we must; and go we did; and before the house was furnished at that.

We arrived at our estate one chilly day in April. Far-seeing mamma had previously sent Frank out with directions to "procure servants and have the house warm and comfortable." But such extravagances as servants were not to be had in the region where we were to settle, for love or money, and so after a day spent in fruitless attempts on his part to conjure up one, Frank started for the city, just as we left it.

As a matter of course, he carried the door-key in his pocket, and as mamma had taken pains that the house should be burglar-proof, we could not possibly gain admittance. We stood upon the piazza, shivering and shaking like Harry Gill of old, when our attention was suddenly attracted to the street, where we saw a most diverting spectacle—a cow driving a man. I suppose, however, that when they started upon their peregrinations the order of their line of march was reversed. What a lively, playful cow it was! The man preceded her by eight or ten yards, with a rope in his hand, one end of which was attached to the cow's horns. He was coming toward us at a rapid rate, and the "sweet creature" in his wake was tossing her head up and down, and careering at full tilt after him. The man brought forcibly to mind Artemus Ward's description of the "Gallant advance of the Federal troops towards Washington" after the first Bull Run battle. Man and cow turned in our yard.

"Oh, mamma!" I expostulated, in terror, "tell him to take her right out. What has he brought that dreadful creature here for?"

But before our mother could speak, the man announced, "Here's yer cow, ma'am."

"My cow?" Mamma turned pale.

"Yes, ma'am."

"But I said she was to be gentle," faltered mamma.

"So she is," replied that false-hearted one, "as gentle and playful as a lamb." And he dodged around a tree as the cow made a precipitate rush at him.

"Shall I leave her here, ma'am?" he panted.

"Oh, no!" we all exclaimed in chorus; and mother ordered him to take her to the barn, and put her in the stall, if he *could*.

I wish emphatically that "that was all," like the rhyme in Mother Goose; but it wasn't by any means. They had just disappeared from sight, when we heard a fearful shriek, and beheld the man spin through the air, and come crashing down through a cedar tree. The cow, "gentle as a lamb," had tossed him, and the toss and tumble had broken his leg. We were in a pleasant predicament, truly! The house locked up: no train from Boston for two hours; a cross cow at large; a man with a broken leg to take care of; and three helpless females in distress. The ten acres were a little beyond enough just at that period.

Meanwhile the cow was rampant, "Oh, Maud," exclaimed Rose; "holla! I'm sure I heard a man whistle."

A clear, melodious measure from "Der Freischutz" sounded up from the road.

"Holla! holla!" I screamed; "help! help!" and a young man turned in at the avenue, and stood looking at us.

"Oh! *do* come here, sir!" we called in chorus again. "Oh! do catch our cow!" for she appeared to be ruminating which of us should have the next toss.

The young man sprang over the hedge and mother directed his attention to the vendor of cows, who lay insensible upon the grass, thoroughly *cowed*.

"If one of you will step over to my place, the next on the right, there are two men who can come up and remove him," said the stranger, after examining the broken leg in a professional way which at once proclaimed that he was a doctor.

"Rosie, will you go?" asked mother.

Rosie looked askance at the cow, but undertook the errand. The stranger held the gate open for her to pass out, saying: "Tell them Dr. Murray sent you. Michael and John are to bring up a cart with a mattress."

Then Dr. Murray advanced towards the cow, who, seeing he was not afraid of her, immediately grew submissive.

After she was properly secured, and the poor sufferer's broken limb bound up with a splint, mother explained our unfortunate situation to Dr. Murray, who immediately proposed to us to make his house our home until our own was habitable.

Mother demurred, but he insisted, and so it came to pass that when the injured man was sent home in the cart Rosie had been dispatched for, we all started en route for Dr. Murray's.

Mother explained her grievances.

"You see, sir, all this was so unexpected. I ordered our furniture from Ware's last week, and 'twas to have been delivered Monday. And I told Frank to be sure and engage a couple of servants directly, and have the house ready for us. Then that dreadful cow! why, sir, the man declared that she was perfectly gentle. I can't imagine where Frank is, either."

The doctor assured her that the cow would be gentle enough if her calf were with her, and advised its being sent for; explained how impossible 'twas to obtain servants in the country; suggested that Frank had gone to town to procure them; condoled with her over the non-appearance of the furniture; and, as by that time we had reached his house, ushered us into his warm, cheerful parlor, and begged us to remove our outside garments and make ourselves thoroughly comfortable, while he went to set the cow-driver's broken leg.

Dr. Murray's parlor was a very interesting study. The room itself, long and wide, with a multiplicity of alcoves and arches, and long, deep windows, opening upon the verandah and lawn, was delightful. And then everything was in keeping. Light straw matting covered the floor; the furniture was covered with mauve linen, and every article of it suggested comfort. There was an open fire in front of which, on a bright-colored rug, lay stretched out an immense St. Bernard dog, who greeted us in a dignified manner, and then returned to his comfortable quarters.

But the walks, the alcoves and deep windows! there lay the charm that held Rosie and me speechless with delight. Pictures, statues and flowers; oil paintings, engravings, water sketches; every variety of picture, and all of them gems of art; statues in bronze, marble and plaster, a collection that must have been gathered from all parts of the world, with infinite taste and appreciation. And the flowers! Well, if you had heard Rosie's prolonged exultant "Oh, how splendid!" you would have known what they were to us.

There were several deep recesses filled with book-shelves, and as no inhospitable glass doors, polished and locked up, guarded the treasures, they were accessible. A piano, flute and guitar showed somebody was musical; and strewn around the room were beautiful foreign nicknacks, bits of marvel from all the points of the compass, and a huge pile of photographic views from foreign parts.

We concluded that Dr. Murray was a genius, and must have spent most of his time in travelling. We said as much to him when he returned.

"Oh, no," said he; "I have travelled a little, but those are Philip's. He's a great traveller."

We remained in the house until late in the afternoon, when Frank returned from Boston with two servants, and at the same time three loads of furniture arrived for us from Ware's.

For some days it stormed heavily, giving us an excellent opportunity to make our new home habitable.

Mother had let the house in town, with the furniture and carpets, and our new home had been carpeted, curtained and newly furnished throughout. As the carpets were all down, the curtains all up and the furniture all new, it didn't take us long to "settle." And the shining of the sun upon our fourth day was hailed with delight.

We began our farming operations. Acting upon the doctor's suggestion, mother had sent one of his men for the calf, and after breakfast Frank invited us all into the barn to see it.

"Poor little creature!" said Frank, "he's been standing still here for three whole days; I guess I'll take him out and exercise him a little."

"But aren't calves very strong?" suggested Rosie.

Frank laughed scornfully.

"As if I couldn't hold a calf!" And he proceeded to untie her and led her out.

Then such a scene! The moment the calf felt the soft grass under her feet, away she went over hill, dale, brush and briar, dragging poor exhausted Frank after her, and causing him to practice gymnastics in a most ludicrous way.

I never had imagined that my brother possessed such an aptitude for surmounting obstacles; huge bushes were taken at a flying leap, stone walls proved no impediment, trees were dexterously dodged, and no French dancing master ever exhibited a greater variety of steps than Frank's elastic limbs accomplished, to say nothing of the calf's.

Finally the interesting performance was wound up, literally and figuratively, by the calf's dodging behind a tree, and then around and around it, entangling the rope so as to bring himself to a standstill, and Frank, suddenly, into a horizontal position, thereby causing *him* to imagine that the ground had flown up and hit him on the head.

Dr. Murray's factotum, Michael, who had been leaning over the fence, hugely enjoying the whole scene, now came forward and offered his services. With his assistance, the calf was soon lodged safely in the barn, and Frank was taken in hand by tender-hearted mamma, who, fearing that, like Jack in the story book, he had broken his crown, treated him as Dame Hill did her son, to a plaster of "vinegar and brown paper."

Just as the operation was completed, the expressman reined up his horses before our door, and, alighting, lifted a great box from his cart, which he deposited in our front entry.

"What is this, mamma?" we inquired, eagerly clustering around it.

"Seeds, my dears, for the vegetable and flower gardens."

"Oh! you darling!" said Rosie, giving her a hug, and then dancing off for a hammer.

But Frank was before her, and coming up with a hatchet, soon had the box open.

A variety of parcels, large and small all numbered, greeted our eager sight, as we each plunged in a hand to inspect their contents.

"What is this, mamma?"

"And this?"

"And this?"

Mamma looked wondrously wise, as, taking the first package, she looked first into it, and then around it, and finally, after a second inner inspection, ventured the suggestion:

"I think these are squash seeds."

"Oh, mamma!" I exclaimed, "I know they are not squash seeds; they are three times as small."

"Perhaps they are cantelopes," suggested Frank.

"No, they are cucumbers," declared Rosie

"Are you sure, my dear?" asked mamma, meekly.

Rosie replied that she was, and labelled the package neatly.

"Now, what are these?" said Frank, holding up for inspection a very bulky package.

"Onions!" exclaimed mamma, triumphantly.

"But," said I, doubtingly, "they do not smell at all; Rosie, do you think they are onions."

"Maud Leigh," cried my sister, "I am heartily ashamed of you. Onions, indeed! they are bulbs for the flower-garden—hyacinthe, narcissus, crocus, etc.; but they might as well be fire-crackers, for all the use we can make of them now; they cannot be planted until next fall. Don't you know, mamma, that only gladiolus bulbs and a few of the lilies are suitable for late spring planting?"

"Stop your lecture on botany, Rosie, Posie, and tell us what is this;" and Frank held up a bag of—something.

Rosie took it, looked at it, sniffed at it, and, making a very dubious face at it, avowed that the contents were "nothing but sawdust in huge grains."

"And here are two more bags filled with the same!" Frank cried, indignantly.

"It's a shame, mamma," we vehemently sympathized.

Frank's declaration, that the seed dealer was a "rascal," was interrupted by a knock upon our front door.

Our visitor was Dr. Murray.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, as he entered the hall, and then glancing at the array of packages, he remarked:

"You are making extensive garden preparations I see."

"I should think so," answered mamma, a little ruffled; "the seedman has sent me three bags of sawdust."

"Sawdust! my dear madam, there must be some mistake."

"See for yourself!" cried Frank, tossing him the despised parcels, at the contents of which the doctor merely glanced, and then, with a not wholly suppressed smile, named them mangold wurzel and beet seeds.

"There must be a catalogue," said he, "accompanying the packages, and in it corresponding numbers to those on the wrapper will give us their names."

"An instantaneous search produced the catalogue. We consulted it eagerly, and Rosie wrote the names, as the different packages were identified, upon their wrappers, with frequent interjections and remarks in parentheses.

"No. 10, Mignonette, ah! that is nice! 40, Turnips, bah! 14, Sweet Peas, magnificent! 3, Carnations, splendid!' etc.,' finally going off in a flutter of delight, with her apron coquettishly drawn up and filled with a prospective crop of flowers, her hair very picturesquely disarranged, and her sweet voice warbling,

"We are the flowers, bright, sweet flowers;
Offspring we of sunny hours."

And not unlike a bright, sweet flower, herself, was our pretty Rosie.

Meanwhile, Dr. Murray remained patiently by mamma's side, advising, explaining, and giving all the general information requisite for an amateur gardener; seemingly devoted to mamma's interests, but really concerned in his own and Rosie's, if frequent stealthy glances in the direction which she had departed, and a flush of pleasure at her return, might be taken as indications of the same.

When the last package was taken out Frank removed the box. The doctor remarked persuasively to mamma: "I came over, Mrs. Leigh, hoping to be able to inveigle your young folks into taking a horseback ride with me."

"Hurrah!" shouted Frank, returning; "what say you, girls?"

"Yes, yes, by all means, if mamma is willing;" and dear mamma, not liking to spoil our pleasure, gave her consent.

Dr. Murray was determined that no obstacle should stand in our way, and even when Frank suggested the rather alarming one that we had no horses, he waived it aside, declaring that "Phil." always kept a couple of saddle-horses, and he had two of his own.

"Isn't he splendid?" whispered Rosie in my ear, as we donned our habits. "I felt just like giving him a hug, and calling him a darling!"

Which announcement would have probably pleased the doctor as much as it horrified me.

That was a glorious ride! I wish I could fully describe it, but have only time to remark that the doctor and Rosie were mutually interested in each other, and Frank and I were left to our own resources a good deal of the time.

On our homeward route we took the postoffice road, and Dr. Murray brought to us, with his own letters, one to me, post-marked "Paris," and forwarded from Boston. He handed me the letter with an air of surprise, which greatly augmented the flush which pleasure and embarrassment had sent to my face.

"Why, Maudie, that is from Allston," Frank heedlessly remarked; "and I brought you two last week. Well, he is devoted."

"Be still, Frank," said Rosie; "come here and arrange this girth for me; it is loose."

"Allow me," exclaimed Dr. Murray, starting forward.

A careless motion of his hand threw his letters to the ground, and there among them lay one in Philip Allston's own handwriting, and addressed to Dr. John Murray Allston." Philip's brother, I knew; but what had our Dr. Murray to do with them?

Then it flashed upon me.

Before we were engaged Philip had told me that he and his brother had lived from boyhood with their uncle, Dr. John Allston, and all being now physicians, they were known in their native place as Dr. Allston, Dr. Philip and Dr. Murray.

I laughed to myself at his surprise when I should write to him that we were his next-door neighbors at home. And I would not tell Dr. Murray for a while yet.

But Rosie spoiled that part of my plan, for when Dr. Murray rode beside her again he said:

"So your sister knows Phil.?"

"Dr. Allston?" inquired Rosie. "Oh, yes! they are engaged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Murray, with a smile of pleasure. "Shall I tell you, Miss Leigh, how I have heard your sister described? As

"'My Maud in all her glory,
Forever and ever mine!
Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls—
Queen Lily and Rose in one!' etc."

"I thought your sister beautiful, and wished Phil. had seen her, before engaging himself to an English Maud, for he wrote me that he was made happy in London."

"Yes," said Rosie; "Maud was visiting there. But how came you to know Philip Allston so well?"

"Simply because he is my brother," replied the doctor.

How About Elijah?

A Methodist minister was traveling through the west of Illinois twenty years ago. Illinois was a wild place then. He traveled twenty miles one day before coming to a farm house. But there he was received with hospitality.—Chicken pot-pie and corn dodgers composed his supper; but to a hungry man these are as good as a stuffed turkey.

The fine old grand