The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.
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JOB PRINTING
of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at reasonable rates.

# The Columbian.

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## Bloomsburg Directory.

### STOVES AND TINWARE.

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

JACOB 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

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for the New Perham Sewing Machine, corner of entre and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n35

### DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

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

OYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Brower's block Main st. v1-n43

### CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

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

E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American house. v1-43

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

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

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

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, st Bloomsburg. v1-n43

### PROFESSIONAL.

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

R. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's bookstore v3-n28

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

B. IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d door in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v2-n1

G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d door in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v1-n3

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

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

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

R. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main Street. v2-n20

### MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

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

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

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

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street below Market. v1-n49

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, v1n49

### HOTELS AND SALOONS.

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

PARKS HOTEL, by T. Bent, Taylor, east end of Main street. v1-n3

WIDMYER & 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. v3-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-n43

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, &c. N. E. cor. Main and Market sts. v1-n43

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

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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

LOOMISBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing Mill near the railroad. v1n36

FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. v1n49

M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n10

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

J. 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. v1-33

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

REN A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash Fire Insurance companies, Brower's Building, Main Street. v1-n43

JACOB DIEFFENBACH, Broom Factory, Orders left at his residence or at Miller & Son's store promptly filled. Best green Western brush v4-n18.

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 G. W. Corell's furniture rooms v1-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. v1-n49

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

M. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar willow ware, near the Forks Hotel. v4-n15

### Buck Horn.

G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, old store in south end of town. v2-n15

## 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

L. EDWARDS, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., first door above M'Henry's Hotel. v1-n23

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

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

SCHUYLER & LOW, Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St. v1-n4

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, "Cattawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n18

L. KEILER, Billiard Saloon, Oysters, and 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

W. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St. v2n22

## Light Street.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House. v1n49

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, v1n49

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. v1n49

R. S. ENT, dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches. v1n49

## 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

## 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.3'67

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. [Jan.1,'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.

CHESTER S. FURMAN,
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.
Aug. 5, 1870.

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 impurities 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 5126, 195 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 6,'69-1y.

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 accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
HAY RAKE
IN THE MARKET.
MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY
N. W. SAMPLE & CO.,
COLUMBIA IRON WORKS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
CALL AND EXAMINE IT.
Bloomsburg, June 10, 1870-tf

WIDMYER & JACOBY
EXCHANGE BLOCK, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
are agents for the sale of "Brockway's" justly celebrated Cream and old stock Ales, which they will sell as cheap as country brewed ales; whole and half barrels constantly on hand. This ale is brewed by William E. Brockway, 315 to 325 East Eleventh Street, New York City.
Bloomsburg, June 10, 1870-1y.

## Philadelphia Directory.

EAGLE HOTEL.
237 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.

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, 1868.

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

FRANK & STRETCH,
(Successors to I. H. Walter,)
Importers and Dealers in
QUEENSWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS,
No. 234 N. Third Street,
Between Race and Vine Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.
S. FRANK, C. R. STRETCH, } Gen'l Partners.
I. H. WALTER, Special Partner.
je24'70-tf.

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

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

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
may 19,67-tf.

## Hotels.

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 ready 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.

MONTOUR HOUSE
RUPERT, PA.
WILLIAM BUTLER, Proprietor,
This House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to ensure the perfect comfort of the travelers. The Proprietor solicits a share of public patronage. The bar will be stocked at all times with fine liquors and cigars. mar11'70-tf.

BENTON HOTEL.
W. F. PIATT, Proprietor,
BENTON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
This well known House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains have been spared to ensure the perfect comfort of guests. The proprietor also runs a Stage from the Hotel to Bloomsburg and intermediate points on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. [may8'70-tf

## Stoves and Tinware.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.
ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,
Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store,
A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.
Tinning in all its branches carefully attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Tin work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A call is requested.
Apr.9,'69-1f

STOVES AND TINWARE.
A. M. RUPERT
announces to his friends and customers that he continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.
Customers can be accommodated with
FANCY STOVES
of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice.
25 DOZEN MILK-PANS
on hand for sale.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CLARK M. BROWN,
CENTRE STREET, ADJOINING THE STORE OF ROBBINS & EYER.
A full and complete assortment of ready made boots and shoes for men, women and children just received and for sale at reasonable rates. Varieties to suit all classes of customers. The best of work done at short notice, as heretofore. Give him a call. [apr29'70-tf.

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, same side.
Bloomsburg, Jan.31,'68tf

BARGAINS—BARGAINS.
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.
Go to
HENRY YOST,
East Bloomsburg Pa., for all kinds of the best home and city made
FURNITURE.
Prices reasonable and the best work done.
j11'70-tf.

## Choice Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

### The Tempest.

BY RAVEN.

The Tempest comes with vengeance dire,
Written on its angry brow,
It threatens in its dreadful ire,
Creation's final overthrow.

Its chariot is the moving cloud,
Whose vapors still condensing more,
Its music is the thunders loud,
And red-winged heralds go before.

The whirlwinds, restive to begin,
Are harnessed to the vapory car,
With thunder-bolts are coupled in,
They snuff destruction from afar.

On moves the fearful retinue,
Triumphing in its mad career,
All reeking in its pride to show
Supreme contempt for all that's dear.

At its approach the mountain quakes,
The waters leap to pass their bound,
All nature to the danger wakes,
As desolation moves around.

But, far above the raging storm,
Enveloped in creation's mist,
God checks the lightnings with His arm,
And holds the whirlwinds in His fist.

With tightened rein, he bids them go
Till the appointed work is done,
"I've nothing more for you to do,
My servants all, from hence begone."

He speaks, and whirlwinds cease their howl,
Astonished lightnings fear to play,
The thunders hush their angry growl,
And misty vapors flee away.

The Sun throws down his golden rays,
The ground drinks in the needed rain,
And with a song of grateful praise,
The earth triumphant, smiles again.

### The Old Garret.

I remember it well, that bare old room
In a homestead far away,
Where many a happy hour I've passed
On a rainy summer day.

In one corner stood the old spinning wheel,
Across it the band was laid;
I remember well, 'twas my childhood's dread,
Such a "terrible" noise it made.

Beside it, the "little wheel," on which
My mother the linen spun;
At thoughts of her, the tear-drops start,
For her earthly work is done!

Some empty bottles lay under the eaves,
Whose mouths were gathering rust,
And a spider's web spun across a book,
Whose edges were covered with dust.

On the old dark roof were bags of herbs,
Some also hung by a string,
While out by the chimney were loops of corn,
And a mammoth turkey's wing.

I've sat in that old west window seat,
And watched the driving rain,
Admiring the miniature rivers, which
Ran down on the window-pane.

I've often taken my school-books there,
And studied my lesson o'er;
So quiet, a mouse would come out of his hole
And run lightly across the floor.

I wonder if I ever again will know
Any hours as happy as those—
When hopes were pure, and life was bright,
And never a cloud arose!

### Come Sit by My Side, Little Darling.

Come sit by my side, little darling,
And lay your brown head on my breast,
While the angels of twilight around us
Are singing the flowers to rest.
Your hands are as fair as the lilies
That blossom in shadows of green;
And their touch has a magical power
My heart from all sadness to wean.

I dream when your arms are around me
That life is an infinite calm;
Your kiss has the spell of a charmer—
Your kiss that is sweeter than balm.
Oh! what could be sweeter than dreaming
This dream that is on us to-night?
Let us think of the present, my darling,
The future is out of our sight.

Sing low in the twilight some ballad
As sweet as the smile on your face,
That shall thrill me with melody's sweetness,
And touch with its words' tender grace.
And I'll give you a kiss when it's ended,
A kiss that the singer shall earn;
And perhaps—do you hear, little darling?
I shall ask for a kiss in return.

## Miscellaneous.

### SETH HATHRON'S FOURTH.

I always was a black-browed, broad-shouldered brute of a fellow, always, from a boy.

At school, (not that I had much of that sort of thing,) but at school, if Miss Peggy found out any mischief, she laid it to my score because of my looks, when often and often, when I was holding out my hand to be ruled, the prettiest boy in the school was grinning over his good luck in getting off so safely. She had her preconceived notions of a villain, I presume, and I answered the description.

For the matter of that, of all the books and stories I've read since, especially those written by ladies, I've noticed there isn't one where the burglar, or forger, or pirate, or what not, who does all the wickedness of the book, as though he's taken it on contract, wouldn't do for me on a passport, while their pets, who do the grand and noble things, are generally slender, and fair, and pretty. Now, the worst wretch I ever saw, one who was afterwards hung and who deserved hanging richly, even on his own showing, had blue eyes, white lashes, and a pink mouth, like a girl's.

I never was a favorite with any woman but my mother, and she died when I was eight years old. So, instead of growing up with the idea that most men have, that every girl they meeet is ready to fall in love with them, I never had the slightest hope that any one would ever like me well enough to let me fall in love with her even. And I liked girls so. It was odd for a fellow like me, but how I did like the girls!

I could never bear to see one cry, or to hear of their being imposed upon or hurt. I couldn't pass one with a heavy basket or bundle without at least wanting to offer to carry it for her. I never could bring myself to sit in stages or cars when one was standing.

Something as a man might have felt just in sight of the angels, who were too much above him to be spoken to or touched, I felt about all girls. That is good, pure girls. When a woman was intoxicated, or in any way debased, she never seemed a woman to me, but a dreadful sort of creature, all the worse for having something of the pretty womanly look about her.

I was the maker of fire-works, as my father had been before me. I don't know that I liked the business particularly, but there I was and there I staid. I made good wages, and I saved them, for I didn't think enough about my looks to dress much, and never drank. "Sulky," the other men called me. What of that? It was better to be sulky than raving mad, as some of them were, so surely as Saturday night came round. Men with nice, good looking wives, too, whose children wanted for bread and shoes what they spent in drink. I never expected to have a wife and children, but knew how they ought to be used better than they did.

I suppose I had come to be twenty-eight or so, and no girl had ever looked at me, except as she might at a tamish polar bear, when, one day, old Mr. Williams, the proprietor of the place, came to me as I was going home to dinner, and said in his own quick way:

"Hathron, can you drive?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"I want you to take the wagon and go over to the railroad depot at Baldwin, and bring down a new hand and her traps," he said.

"She'll be there about half past twelve so you'll have barely time to get a bite and go; and you can have the rest of the day to yourself, if you like, as it's Saturday. Her name is Annie May.

Brfore you can understand what he meant I must tell you that our place (they call it the "*Ne Plus Ultra* Pyrotechnic Establishment," bless you!) employed some five-and-twenty girls, and that they generally came from a distance, and boarded while they staid, with an old woman close by, all in one place, to keep them out of harm's way.

Mr. Williams insisted on that, and a lot of rules about the hours they were to keep, and the way they were to behave; good rules and not so rigid but that there was plenty of innocent courting, and more than one wedding in a season. As for us men, we went where we chose. Some put up at the tavern, some with people who would take a few boarders, and those who lived in the place, with their families. There were very few girls who had homes there to go to; for the village was an uppish kind of place, full of country seats and villas, and the factory stood all alone by itself, quite a distance away, and the tavern and the few common houses were grouped close about it, as if others were too genteel to mix with them. So Mrs. Munson's place was always full.

It was a day to tempt a man out—a beautiful spring day, with tender green grass on the earth and tender pink buds on the branches, and in the sky there were only two or three fleecy bits of clouds, like carded wool, amidst the blueness. It took only half an hour to get to Baldwin.

The train had got in, and there were people waiting in the little house at the depot—a couple of stout old ladies, a gentleman who looked like a minister, and a young woman. I looked at her and made up my mind she couldn't be the new hand, not because she was more dressed than they usually were, but because she wasn't dressed half so much. Generally they had on their brightest gown, and big beads around their necks, and roses enough in their bonnets to fill a garden. This girl was all in gray and wore a veil to match. The things were cheap and not new, but they made her look like a lady. I walked up and down and waited. The fat woman went away in a wagon; the clergyman had a gig sent for him, and there the girl sat beside her trunk, looking now and then out of the window and beginning to seem anxious. I took off my hat and stepped up with a bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said I, "but has there been anybody here asking about being taken to Mr. Williams' place?"

"I want to go there myself," she answered, "that is, if you mean the fire-work factory. I'm Annie May."

"I do mean the fire-work factory," I said. "Mr. Seth Hathron, one of the hands. The wagon is outside; will you get in? Wait a bit; I'll put the trunk in first."

"Shan't I help you?" she said, and she put her little hand on the handle nearest her. It looked so small I burst out laughing.

"I don't need any help," said I, but I thought I could carry both the trunk and its owner together, if I chose and she'd let me. She was the smallest creature to be a full grown woman that I ever saw.

After I had helped her in and had taken the reins in my hands, I kept stealing looks at her, and thinking how beautiful she was; and I tried to talk about things that would please her, and felt that, bright as the day had been before, it was somehow a great deal brighter with her beside me.

We stopped at Mrs. Monson's and said good-bye. I carried her trunk into the hall, and called the old lady, and drove the horse back to the stables. Then, having a holiday, I got a newspaper and went out into the woods, Baldwin's woods they called them, and I think I knew every tree by heart.

Somehow I felt lonesome and unhappy, and couldn't read my paper, and sat down with my head on my hands, sulkier than ever, I suppose, to look at. Maybe it was an hour, maybe two, that I sat there, before I heard a step coming over the grass, and looking up, saw the girl I had driven over from Baldwin—Annie May—coming towards me. She did not see me at first, but when she did she started and stopped, and smiled at me just as I had seen other girls smile often at other men, but never once at me before that moment—I never thought what I was doing, but held out my great brown hand, and shook hands with her as if we had been friends for years.

"I found there was nothing for me to do in the factory until Monday," she said, "and came out to see what these woods were like. It's a pretty place."

"Prettier in summer," I said, "and prettiest of all in autumn, when the leaves are burned gold and scarlet."

"I like spring best," she said; "everything is new and fresh, and just begun. In autumn everything is nearly over—and is sad."

"I don't mind it, I haven't a gay disposition, I suppose," I said. "But look here—if youd like some fresh young things, I'll show you something," and I took her to where, behind a fallen log, the first spring violets always grew. There were a dozen there now, and she went down on her knees to smell them. She would only pick one though, it seemed wrong, she said.

That one, after we had walked for an hour or so, somehow or other, dropped out of her hair. She did not know it, but I did, and when she had gone home I went back and found it lying in the path, and put it in my bosom. It was so sweet, and fresh, and beautiful that I could but think it was like her. I liked to think so. Oh, what a day it was for me! What a night when I dreamed it over.

Next day was the Sabbath, and I did what I had never done before. After I was dressed, angry with myself for not looking handsomer all the while I stood before the glass, I went over to Mrs. Munson's and asked for Miss May.

She came down prettily attired, and I remember stammering out something about thinking she might like to go to church, and would not know the way. I am afraid I could not have remembered the text to save my life, and the sermon was thrown away on me. But I was very happy—happier than I had ever been before. Only a day since I took her over in a little wogon, but I loved her and told her so. It may not be such a mighty matter to other men to have one woman's love, but I had no one else on earth to care for. So when she said "Yes," and let me kiss her, it was only shame that kept me from crying outright for joy. She had promised to marry me in the autumn, and after that she would work no more in the factory. I was saving to buy a three-roomed cottage in the village, and to furnish it—humbly, of course, but so that it should be a home for her; and when she was its mistress, I should not envy any king in his palace.

One week we had been more than usually busy, for it was near the end of June, and we were making fireworks for the celebration of the 4th of July, and the first that I had seen of Annie that day I saw in the great salesroom where we were always gathered to receive our wages. The men on one side, the girls on the other, stepping up to the great desk, one by one, as old Griffin, the clerk, called our names. I looked across the line of girls' faces, and saw her smiling at me, but I could not get near her. Besides, at that moment my name was called—"Hathron"—and I stepped up to the desk. Then, for the first time, I noticed that old Griffie was not there. A nephew of Mr. Williams, whose name I knew to be Richard Janes, was paying the hands instead. He was a handsome young fellow, and very gentlemanly—one of the fair kind.

He had a sort of amateur way with him, very different from the business-like manner of old Griffin, and when it came to the girls, he had something pleasant to say to each one, instead of the old man's snapping style. What he said to Annie I don't know, but she blushed like a wild rose from brow to chin.

Walking home together, she asked me who he was.

"Mr. Janes," I answered; "did you never see him before?"

"No," said Annie. "How very handsome he is—don't you think so?"

I gave a grudging "Yes." I couldn't bear to hear her praise him. She might for all I knew, be contrasting him with me. That was the first pain, but there was more to come.

Besides her daily work, Annie had got into the way of doing some fine sewing and embroidery for a Miss Redford, a beautiful young lady in the village, and once a week she carried it home. Generally I went with her, but there was overwork for the men to do one night, and I could not get off. I fretted and fumed about it, and, when the time came, couldn't for the life of me, help slipping away to a stair-head window, to catch a glimpse of her. Sure enough, I did see her a good way on the road, with her little basket on her arm, but there was some one with her. It was too far to see faces, but I knew the coat he wore, and it was Mr. Richard Janes. He was talking to her earnestly, and, when I could stay no longer, they were still together—her face inclined towards his.

I thought of this picture until it seemed to burn into my heart. It was like my sulky, brooding nature, never to say one word about it to Annie. One day, when I made an excuse to enter the woman's work-room, after Mr. Janes had gone there, I plainly saw him slip a little note slowly into Annie's pocket. The time had come around for her to go over to Miss Bedford's with her work; but that evening instead of going with her, I watched her—hiding like a thief behind trees and buildings on the road. She went alone, came back alone, and I saw nothing for my pains. I did at church, next Sabbath, though. When the hymn was given out, Mr. Janes sitting in the handsome family pew, seeing Annie in doubt as to the number—for the old clergyman did not always speak distinctly—reached over and took her book to find the place. When he gave it back I saw there was something between the leaves, and, come what might, would have snatched it, but at that moment Miss Redford, who sat in the side aisle, whispered to Annie to show her the number, and I lost the chance, for in passing the book it was hidden. I knew it was a note by the white glimmering of the edge of the paper.

Miss Redford looked at Annie as if she knew something of the matter, too, as she stepped after her father and mother into the carriage. There was a feud between the old folks and the proprietors of the factory, and the old Redfords scowled and looked haughty until they were fairly shut in and driven away. Not Mr. Janes—he was too gentlemanly; not Miss Redford—she was too sweet.

The factory hands who were at the church, a dozen in all, I suppose, hurried home pell-mell, by short cuts, and of them all, only Annie and I were left. She was waiting for me to join her—a thing I did not mean to do.

I leaned against the iron railing of the church-yard, wishing I was sound asleep under one of the green mounds, looking dark as usual, until I saw her turn towards me. Then I leaped over the railing and went away.

On Monday I was at work. It was the third of July, and the fourth was of course, to be a holiday. It was hard to keep the younger hands at work. They were crazy about the Fourth, and I suppose every one of them had a pistol. I never cared for banging at anything, and I should not have had one even had I felt differently.

After supper I was coming back, when among the shadows, I saw two figures standing together. I felt in a moment who they must be, and got close enough to hear their voices. One was Annie May, the other Richard Janes. I heard enough in their parting words:

"Eleven will be the best time; the moon will be up by then. I'll have the carriage waiting under the two elms in Baldwin's woods. Be certain about the hour, for the down train starts at a quarter to twelve. Good-bye; God bless you!"

Not another word, but I knew the whole. She was going off with Richard Janes; she whom I loved so. The one of all the world who had seemed to love me. I heard his firm tread die away I heard her light footstep rustle over the grass, and went back to the work-room, for we were to work until a late hour that night.

I wanted to get rid of my tiresome life.

There was nothing left to live for—so it seemed to me.

At half-past ten I got the chance I wanted, and slipped out. I was going to kill myself in Baldwin's woods, on the dead log behind which the first spring violets grew, and where we had sat so often since together.

The moon was just rising, round and yellow, behind the black trees, and the factory windows were ablaze. As I slunk by the office, I saw Mr. Richard Janes there alone. He was standing exactly under a swinging lamp. A trying lamp for anybody but a pretty face, but his was not hurt by it. Great heavens! how handsome he looked, and how happy! My blood boiled with jealousy and grief. I was as mad for a moment as a lunatic could be. My hand went into my bosom and caught at a pistol hidden there. The next instant I had fired, taking aim at the handsome head. But it was not a good aim. The ball passed over its mark, and struck the swinging lamp. I saw it fall, and a great blaze spring up on the instant, and I knew that the fire-work factory was on fire. That factory filled to the roof with explosive substances, and with a hundred and fifty men and boys, and pretty, innocent girls, shut up within its walls. I do not know whether Satan ever felt remorse, but if he does it must be such as I felt—hopeless, maddening, scorching.

The next moment there was a horrible report, and I was thrown into the air.

No hurt, though. I picked myself up from the grass, and stood looking at my work. Hundreds of rockets and bluelights and wheels tossing and flaming. Hundreds of cannons seemed to be roaring, and over it all you could hear screams—women's screams—and I went down on my knees and prayed.

"Oh, save her, save her—to be his wife to hate me—only save her!"

People were flocking in from the village. In the midst of the wildest tumults some one caught my arm. I turned—it was Annie, and beside her, white and trembling, stood Miss Redford.

"Oh, Seth—thank God for this!" cried Annie; "you are safe. Oh, dear young lady, try to hope—he may be too."

And then that beautiful Miss Redford sank on her knees before me, and clasped her hands and prayed me to save her Richard!

"I should have been his wife in an hour," she said. "Oh, save my husband—my love, my life, my darling."

The truth rushed into my mind then—I saw all in my blind folly. I remembered the feud between the Redfords' and Williams' family, and knew that my Annie had only been helping Miss Redford to meet and correspond with her lover; that it would have been better for me to be dead.

"Go out of danger!" I panted. "I'll bring him to you or die with him!" and with Annie's scream of terror in my ear, I dashed away.

"Are the women in there?" I yelled.