The Columbian.

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The Columbian

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HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Commissioners—WILLIAM G. QUICK, CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER.
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Auditors—U. J. CAMPBELL, A. J. ALBERTSON DANIEL LEE.
Coroner—JOHN D. HOUCK.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC MCBRIDE, JOHN MCANALL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY
Bloom Poor District—Directors, S. H. MILLER, WILLIAM KRAMER, Bloomsburg, and JOHNSON IKELER, Greenwood, CHARLES CONNER, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Co.—JOHN A. FUNSTON President, H. H. GROTZ, Cashier.
First National Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't, J. P. TUSTIN, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. LITTLE, Pres't., C. W. MILLER, Sec'y.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—JOHN THOMAS, Pres't., J. B. ROBISON, Sec.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. BROWER, President, M. WHITMOYER, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Directory.

PAPER BAGS just received and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware Main street, above court house.

CLOTHING, &c.

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

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor corner of Centre and Main st., over Miller's store.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

E. P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st. below the Post Office.

MOYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Brower's block Main st.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American House.

LOUIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker near southeast corner Main and Iron sts.

R. CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market Streets, in the old Post Office.

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

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, East Bloomsburg.

C. M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Main street, under Brown's Hotel.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., above the Court House.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office over the First National Bank.

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

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel."

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

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, south side Main street, below Market.

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main.

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

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street.

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

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

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

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

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

FORKS HOTEL, by T. Bent. Taylor, east end of Main street.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

D. A. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books & stationery, Main st., below Market.

F. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron

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

H. C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House.

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provision, &c., Main and Iron Streets.

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

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Notions, etc., Main st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSTABLES BLANKS for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

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

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

E. J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert block, Main st.

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

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st.

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

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

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

WM. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, ceder willow ware, near the Forks Hotel.

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

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

NOTE BOOKS, and blank NOTES, with or without exemption, for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

Light Street.

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

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

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

PETER ENT, Miller, and dealer in all kinds of Grain, Flour, Feed, &c. All kinds of Grain purchased.

Espy.

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

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufacturing.

Orangeville Directory.

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine.

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

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

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

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

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

SCHUYLER & CO., Iron founders, Machinists and Manufactuiers of plows, Mill St.

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

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

Catawissa.

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

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

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

J. R. KISTLER, "Cattawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets.

L. KEILER, Billard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St.

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

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

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

Buck Horn.

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

Philadelphia Directory.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA
jan. 1'71—1y

J. M. KEPHEART,
WITH
BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
No. 503 Market Street,
(Above Fifth.)
PHILADELPHIA.

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-tf.

Business Cards.

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

A. L. TURNER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OFFICE over Lutz's Drug Store, Residence Market Street, 1st door below Rev. D. J. Waller. dec16'70.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. Sep.20'67

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.

VETERINARY.
AUGUST FRIEND,
late from Germany, offers his services to the public as a celebrated
HORSE AND COW DOCTOR,
and all other animals, for which his charges are moderate. He can always be found east side of Berwick road, near S. H. Jacoby's Marble Yard, Bloomsburg, May 12, 1871-1y.

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.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CLARK M. BROWN,
MAIN STREET, UNDER BROWN'S HOTEL.
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. [Jan '71.

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 tal is requested.
Jan 1'71

NEW COAL YARD.
THE undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Bloomsburg and Columbia county, that they keep all the different numbers of stove coal and selected lump coal for smithing purposes, on their wharf, adjoining M'Kelvy, Neal & Co's Furnace; with a good pair of Buffalo scales on the wharf, to weigh coal, hay, and straw Likewise a horse and wagon, to deliver coal to those who desire it. As they purchase a large amount of coal, they intend to keep a superior article, and sell at the very lowest prices. Please call and examine for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere.
J. W. HENDERSHOT,
AUGUSTUS MASON.

THE undersigned will take in exchange for Coal and Groceries, the following named articles:—Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Lard, Ham, Shoulder, and side meat, Butter Eggs, Hay, &c., at the highest cash prices, at his Grocery Store, adjoining their coal yard,
J. W. HENDERSHOT.
Bloomsburg Mar. 19,'69-1y.

RARE CHANCE.
FOR SALE—A second-hand "Arion" piano-forte, price $375, cost $500. This superb instrument was bought at an auction sale of private property in New York, and had been but a few weeks in use. It is in *perfect* order and in *every* respect equal to a new piano. Terms positively cash in advance. Address for one week,
C. W. FOSTER,
may 26'71—tf Mauch Chunk, Pa.

CURLING CREAM.
By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold. This is the only article that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give to it a beautiful appearance. It also invigorates, beautifies and cleanses. It can be so applied as to cause the hair to curl any length of time desired. Sent by mail for 50 cts. a package. Address
ABNER TOWNSLEY,
Middletown, Adams Co., Pa.
sept1'71-6m.

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

Poetical.

For the Columbian.

Lines,

BY TILLIE LAUBACH.

I am sad to-night, Guardian Angle,
Though the moon is shinning bright,
And the stars are glittering in azure,
And viewing their robes of light.
Yet I'm lonely to-night, Guardian Angle,
And my cheeks are pallid and wan;
And my heart is swollen and aching,
And sleep from my pillow has flown.

Go, go my Guardian Angle,
Go search the world over for me,
Search well each cottage and palace,
And tell me if it all are happy.—
Now tell me, am I alone weeping?
Is no other eyes dimed with tears?
Is no other heart torn and bleeding?
No other breast shaken by fears?

O, what are you asking my darling?
This world is a dessert of tears,
Each cottage as well as each palace,
Is haunted by sorrow and fears,
And you are not alone weeping,
And indeed you never can be,
For fears from the eyes of mortals
Are flowing continually.

But God has prepared them a city,
And therefore he is not ashamed,
For the balm of gild will brighten
The eyes now with weeping inflamed.
And grief, nor fear cannot enter,
That city is all joy and bliss;
Then be striving to gain it my darling,
O set not your heart upon this.

What Happened That Night.

BY TILLIE LAUBACH.

'Twas a beautiful night
When the stars shone bright
And the silver basin
Was radiant with light,
And the earth was enameled
With the purest white.

Aye 'twas a beautiful night
And my spirits were light
When I met a figure
All robed in pure white.
The tale—Oh! you must guess
What happened that night.

Miscellaneous.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

There was a ring at the door bell. Miss Roberts gathered up her work in her wide, white apron, flew with two or three fleet footsteps to the hall, and peeped over the balustrade.

"It's only a letter, Ann. I'll go for it."

Whereupon Ann McGoughlin, housemaid, chambermaid, and, as Jimmy Roberts declared, "chief cook and bottle washer," in the small establishment of the Robbertses, took herself back to her window-washing with a good natured growl at that "botherin' postman," and Miss Roberts proceeded leisurely down the stairs to pick up the letter, which she had seen nicely tucked in under the old-fashioned door.

Miss Roberts had few correspondents, so she looked at this unfamiliar handwriting a little doubtfully, as if, notwithstanding the name,

"MISS ELEANOR ROBERTS."

in unmistakable charactere, there might be some other Eleanor Roberts who was the rightful claimant. But a glance at the postmark—that of a large county town about fifty miles from the city—appeared to settle her doubts, and at the same time to startle her not a little. She is no less surprised when she opens the letter and reads the following:

MY DEAR ELEANOR: I hope you have not forgotten your Uncle John's wife—Aunt Polly, as you used to call her. But I hope you *have* forgotten, my dear, the miserable old quarrel which has kept our families so long apart; or at least, if you have not forgotten it, that you are willing to bury it fathoms deep out of sight and out of mind, and come and eat your Christmas turkey with us. Not only you, my dear Eleanor, but Ally and Jimmy. Bring them both with you, and let us begin the New Year together in love and peace. Uncle John joins with me in this invitation, and in this hearty desire to make amends for the past. Don't fail us, but write what day we may expect you. Be sure and take the mid-day train, however, for we are country folks, you know, and the carriage ride from town to the old homestead would be dreary later in the day. The children send their love, and I am—Your affectionate AUNT POLLY.

Eleanor Roberts sat long with this letter in her hand after she had read it. Her thoughts went back to that "miserable old quarrel"—to the time when her father and mother were both living; when, in spite of some care and caution, she had heard, as a child, a great deal of bitter talk, which had given her young mind its first prejudice. And then later, when her mother had confided to her the main points of the quarrel—points that were now rather confused in her mind—an odd jumbling of old deeds, and land claims, and accusations on one side and the other of unfair dealings and all manner of falsehood and injustice. If Eleanor, at ten and at twenty years of age, had espoused with the unquestioning ardor and belief of youth her parents' side, at thirty she began to see things more by the light of her own reason. She bethought herself that her father, impetuous and extravagant as he was, might have possibly been as much in error as his brother. Her mother she well knew, in her great pride and her great but unreasoning love, not only echoed her husband's prejudice, but went beyond them in her partisanship. Beyond the grave in one sense, for she rejected every overture of reconciliation after her husband's sudden death, and carried her implacable resentment all through her own life. Eleanor thought of these things as she sat there with Aunt Polly's genial letter in her hands—this letter that again offered the palm of peace. To reject it would be unchristian and ungrateful. Eleanor could be neither. In her thirty years she had lost and suffered much, but she had not grown hard or bitter—only chastened and clear-sighted and tolerant. The letter, with its invitation, seemed a Godsent to this good Eleanor. It came when she was feeling particularly lonely and desolate—when she was longing for sympathy and companionship. It came, too, and opened a way to her out of a great perplexity and anxiety. And at this crisis of her thought, the door bell rang again; but Eleanor was too preoccupied, too absorbed to take much heed of it. Presently, however, Ann McGoughlin thrust in her head with the words:

"It's Mr. Godfrey, ma'am,"

Eleanor slipped the letter into her pocket, and went down at once. Mr. Godfrey—Frank Godfrey, as they all called him, was a great friend of the Robertses, though latterly the neighbors were beginning to say that it was not all friendship—not merely the old friendship for Captain Roberts that sent him there so frequently, but young and pretty Ally. This seemed very reasonable, but pretty Ally certainly had no such suspicion. She thought it quite the most natural thing in the world that Frank Godfrey, who was that brother Dick's most intimate friend—who was with him as brother officer all through his last campaign, should now continue to be the most intimate friend of his dead comrade's family—should, indeed, strive to supply in a measure a brother's place to them. Eleanor, in fact, appeared to look upon him quite as a brother. She consulted him in all her perplexities great and small, from Jimmy's delinquencies, to Alice's—"pretty Ally's"—broken engagement. This last was Eleanor's greatest perplexity, her greatest anxiety now. It had seemed such a happy prospect for Alice to marry that fine fellow, Alec Warde. Such a happy prospect to know that Alice would be sure of such a home as Alec would give her—for this Alec Warde was a prosperous man, a young merchant with an honorable name and a large business connection. Yes, it had been a very fine prospect for Alice Roberts, who had neither father nor mother, and only the slenderest income. People used to say that it was hard work for the Robertses to make both ends meet, and for once "people" were right. It *was* hard work; only Eleanor knew just *how* hard—Eleanor, who managed for them all. For a little while one great care had been lifted from this brave, patient girl's life. That care was Alice's future—Alice, who was young and pretty, with her father's wilfulness and impetuousity, and her mother's pride. And now here was the worry back again, with an added anxiety for Ally's fading cheeks and hollow eyes. But suddenly a light had shone in upon her as she read Aunt Polly's letter. Here was a possible help. She went down to Frank Godfrey with this new light shining upon her face.

"You look as if you had some good news," cried honest Frank, coming forward to greet her.

"I have. Sit down and let me tell you about it." Frank sat down and she told him, for the first time, all about that miserable old quarrel and Aunt Polly's letter, which had just come like a good angel. "Isn't it just the thing for Alice—just the change for her?" Eleanor asked brightly.

"Well, yes, I should say it was, and for you too, Eleanor. I believe this affair of Alice's has won you quite as much as it has her. You've looked like a ghost all along. But say, Eleanor, what do you think of my going down to the Elms with you, eh?"

She looked a little surprised.

"Why, it would be very pleasant for us all—but——"

"But being a stranger and uninvited, you think the proposition very unseemly. Why, Eleanor, I know Tom Roberts as well as you know me, and better. He is the junior partner in a firm we are constantly having dealings with—a capital fellow; and I have a standing invitation to go down to his father's place, just out of Exham. Every time I see him, he says: "When are you coming down to the Elms?" And last week he insisted on my visiting there during the holidays. *Now* what do you say, Miss Eleanor?"

"Say? why, that I am very glad, of course—but how strange that we never——"

"Knew of my acquaintance with your cousin? Not at all. It would have been stranger if you had. I had just enough knowledge of the Roberts feud to suppose that it would be a great want of tact to mention one to the other. I looked up this feud as an inheritance. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," answered Eleanor sadly, remembering how a little while ago this view would have been a just one.

"But I am very glad that you feel as you do about it, Eleanor, very glad, and I think with you that the change will be the best thing in the world for Alice. Did you ever discover her—her reason, you know, for breaking with Warde? Don't tell me unless you think best, and don't think I ask too much. It isn't idle curiosity. I have an idea." Good old fellow! he was always having an "idea" which he was poring over for somebody's benefit. "Well, yes," answered Eleanor, "I had a long talk with Alec himself the other day. I met him at his Cousin Ann's, and we fell to talking about Alice at once. And it is just as I supposed—Alice's pride and wilfulness in a great measure. Alec, you know, had been intimate before his engagement at the Mason Howards—that gay family of pretty girls. Alice was always a little shy about it; I knew that at the first. Not jealous, but shy and sensitive, because they are fashionable girls 'in society,' as we say, and *you* know, Frank, as well as I, that Alice is not, because we can't afford it. You may know, too, that not long ago, when one of the girls—the eldest Miss Howard—was married, that Alec was very naturally a good deal there—at the reception and the parties. Alice had cards and invitations, but didn't care to go. She insisted upon Alec's going, however. But towards the last of it there was a very annoying accident. Alec came in late one evening after one of these receptions, and before he left, made some arrangement with Alice to go to Valzi's studio with him the next morning. There was the most unfortunate misunderstanding about it. He asked Alice to meet him, he says at eleven o'clock, at Moore's music rooms, for he wouldn't have time to come away up here for her. Alice, it seems, understood him to say twelve o'clock. But going out quite early to do some shopping, she found herself at liberty by eleven, and so went into the music-rooms to wait and rest, as she supposed, an hour. You know how the rooms are situated—the front a warehouse, and the next for the trial of specimen pianos. Alice went in and seated herself by the register at the further end of the first room, close by the half open door communicating with the second. Sitting there, she heard Alec's voice in conversation with another voice—a young lady's. The conversation, interspersed with music, goes on perhaps half an hour, and then Alec comes out with her, and Alice sees that it is the youngest Miss Howard."

"By Jove!"

"Yes, you perceive at once how it looked to Alice with her misunderstanding of the hour, and the little previous feeling she had had about these Howards. You know it was reported once that Alec wanted to marry this very Miss Howard."

"Yes, I see—I see; it looked as if Warde had been playing a side game—playing fast and loose, indeed. Well, and Ally is jealous, of course, and there's a row."

"No, not exactly jealous. She was deeply offended. From her point of view she had been deceived and insulted by this kind of thing. And then she took the notion that he had all along loved this Miss Howard, and that if for no other reason, upon such a discovery, she could not and would not hold him."

"And Warde?"

"I think Alec, perhaps, was a little impatient with her. You see, it *was* guiltless. He told me that at the time he felt as if she believed him capable of any villainy in the world. To be so distrusted, he said, was horrible."

"But he loves her yet."

"Yes, oh! yes, and I think he would forgive her foolish suspicion now, if she could only be made see what a terrible mistake she has made, and would send for him. But Alla is very willful. She has such a persistent nature."

"But Alec won't do that. He will never seek her again, while he feels that his truth or his honor is doubted."

"I don't believe she does doubt him now. How can she, and Carry Howard going on as usual, you know—disengaged—and Warde as grim as a ghost, and shut up from morning till night in that counting-room, or in that old woolen-ware house, and never looking at a woman, he's so sulky about Miss Ally's throwing him over."

"Well, I wish—" but what she wished, this kind, anxious Eleanor, Frank Godfrey never heard, for just then the door pushed open, and in came pretty Ally Roberts herself. She deserves the adjective; for certainly there was never anything pretier than that straight, slight figure, that proud, spirited face, brunette in coloring, and lit up by a pair of splendid hazel eyes. there was a brilliant bleze of crimson in her cceeks, just now, from *her rapid walk in the* frosty air, so that she was rather lovelier than usual, Frank thought.

"What were you two talking about, I wonder, when I came in? You looked 'caught,' bust as Jimmy does when he's been at the jam." And with this pulck, mischievous question, Alice glanced from one to other, like a little inquisitive bird.

For answer, Eleanor handed her Aunt Polly's letter.

The splended hazel eyes dilated in surprise as they mastered the contents

"Well I never!" And then Miss Alice stopped in utter amaze, as if no words were adequate to express her astonishment.

"Well, Alice, what else can you say?"

"Say? I know what *you'll* say, Eleanor. I know what you feel."

"But *you*, Ally!"

The crimson had died out of the girl's cheek, as she had become accustomed to the in door temperature, but it blazed up now in a great wave of color as she said—"Yes; I say, yes. Let us go there and be friends. Estrangements and buarrels are dreadful things, I think." And then, quite suddenly, she rose up, and with some trivial excuse, left the romm.

Frank Godfrey looked at at Eleanor significantly, with an "I-told-you-so" expression; and a few minutes after, when he took his leave, he said, in a low and confidential tone—"I can manage it."

CHAPTER II

There was a grave discussion of ways and means in Eleanor's chamber next day.

"My dresses are so shabby," signed poor little Ally; "and there's nothing to make over any more, unless," laughing a little vexatiously, "we take the parlor curtains. We've used up about everything the house contained for our dresses except the curtains and the carpet."

Eleanor started with some kind of an exclamation that made Alice open her eyes, and respond hastily—"You *didn't* think I meant that, Eleanor, in earnest?"

Eleanor laughed. "Oh! no, but I mean it in earnest, Alice. You have suggested something to me I shouldn't have thought of myself. Do You remember that set of maroon curtains that father bought at auction the year before he died?"

"Yes, I think so."

"They were of a very handsome material—somethink silky and rich, like Irish poplin, and so heavily lined that the inerside can not be faded, and I'm sure I don't know——"

"Why they shouldn't be turned into a dress for me! There, I told you so—everything but the curtains and carpets! We shall have the carpets next, see if we don't!" And Ally shouted with laughter. "But where are these wonderful curtains which are to transform your Cinderella into a princess, Eleanor?"

"Packed away in the garret. We never had any use for them in this house, you know."

Brought forth from their obscurity, where they have been carefully laid away from moth and mould, these richs old curtains, after much ripping and shaking and pressing, turned out to Ally's great satisfaction. They were their own seamstresses, these girls! Eleanor cutting and fitting, and Ally evencing her skill and artistic taste in the matter of trimming. Perhaps, if you had seen this pretty Ally, busy over her new dress—had seen her folding and refolding the trimming—had heard her light and easy chatter, you would have said that her heart was as light and easy as her talk. But it is only in very unnatural novels that young women wear the visible sackcloth and ashes of their woes. Most persons, after the first shock of a grief, go about the daily business of life much as usual. The external surface of things seems the same. But underneith, far out of sight, the nerve lies sore and sensitive, which any chance word may thrill with bitter pain. People do not foster a real grief, either. Real griefs are contended with, being put away as much as possible into the dark background, and fought silently against day after day—often, too, covered over with all manner of gay and lightsome things to cheat the weary, weary ache for a time. And as Alice Roberts grief was a real one, and as by force of her nature she had little hope to help her, she strove with it, or turned her back upon it in the way that I have told. So now, as she laughed and jested over her new dress as she set herself with a will to its adorning, it was partly that resolute desire to overcome, and partly that instinct of cheating pain.

But Eleanor was not deceived. Eleanor knew how much was habit, how much was effort when Alice paraded up and down the room with her gored trail of silky lustre sweeping after her, and her gay little speeches thereat.—But the effort was good for her. The excitement of preparation was good for her. And the greater excitement of finally metting that half-remmbered Aunt Polly, and that mysterious and wholly forgotten Uncle John, and the troop of cousins, was the best thing in the world for her.

"Isn't it jolly though, having you here?" said the younger John, or Johnny, as he was now called, and who was very much taken with Alice's bright eyes and pretty ways.

"No—is it?" Alice made answer, laughing out of her lighter mood.

"Yes, the jolliest thing *this* Christmas and New Year, *I* know. And we're to have a gay old party Christmas night. We always have one; but this year there'll be no end of fun with you here, and Mr. Godfrey."

"Who?"

"Tom—brother 's friend, Frank Godfrey. He's pri tell you. When we boys go up to the city with Tom, he takes us to all the plays there are going."

"Only think, Eleanor, Frank Godfrey is coming," cried Alice, as Eleanor came up to them. Eleanor was saved from reply by Johnny's glib rattle; but a sense of uneasiness made her linger, and by and by change the conversation. What else did Johnny know? She could not ask Johnny himself, but she could ask Aunt Polly. So away she went to the store-room, where that motherly face was beaming over copious measurements of raisins and spices, and other Christmas condiments. Eleanor had gone back very easily to her old liking and intimacy with Aunt Polly. They had had all sorts of confidential talks already. And they had another one now. Uncle John, smoking his pipe in the little sitting-room adjoining, wondered "what mother was at," as he caught detached sentences like these:

"No, nobody knows anything but Tom—an old acquaintance of his, too," and "they'll be down the very night." This, inter-persed with sundry little laughs, and a great deal of motherly 'my dear'-ing on the part of Aunt Polly, and an acquiescent, but less hopeful sentence now and then from Eleanor, was quite enough to justify a less experienced person than Uncle John, in thinking that "mother was fixing up some of her mysterious plans for those children." And Uncle John sitting there, laughed quietly to himself over 'mother's ways.' Why, bless you, she was as young as any of 'em. And Johnny himself wouldn't enjoy his Christmas better than mother. Which was quite true. Indeed, I do not believe that Master Johnny, ever his crammed stocking that Christmas morning, could have possibly been in such a state of enjoyment as this good mother, this kind and genial Aunt Polly, when she sat down at her full table that day, and looked across at those three orphan faces her heart had yearned in motherly compassion over so many times Uncle John, too, that morning, was more than usally gentle and tender, as his glance fell upon his brother's children. And when he asked his Christmas blessing, there came into his voice a quivering note as he thanked God for the peace and unity that had brought them together once more. Everybody there, even Johnny, whose mind was very much occupied with his crammed stocking, snugly stowed away behind him, knew what Uncle John meant here. And everybody was quite touched and subdued at this evidence of emotion from so reserved a person as Uncle John. Poor little Ally felt a sob coming up into her throat, as she thought how far away *she* was, even now, from peace and unity. But Aunt Polly, observing her sad face, her deep drawn sigh, said softly to herself—

"God grant that full happiness may come to her under this roof."

Poor little Ally, indeed. There was Tom, with his pretty *fiance*, and Cousin Mary with that new engagement ring on her finger, and such a shy delight in her eyes, as that tall, blonde-bearded young gentleman dropped his voice for her benefit, now and then. What a contrast this offered to that proud, sore heart, in its aching loneliness. What a long, desolate vista it seemed to open before her of what her own life would be. Poor little Ally! All through that day her mind was tortured with visions of the past—with the "might have been"—that sad and dreary ghost, and all the host of dreary phantoms which followed in its train. In the meantime, to help herself to bear her trouble, she set herself to help others in their pleasures and their duties. If Johnny's new top wanted a piece of string, she helped him hunt for it; if Aunt Polly needed service in that busy preparation. Alice was at her call. Still, the day dragged, and the evening that approached with such a welcome from all the rest, was only something more to be endured for Alice. As she went wearily up the stairs to dress herself for this new effort, Aunt Polly called out in a cheery voice—

"Put on your prettiest gown, my dear, for there will be a good many new faces here. And then Mr. Godfrey is expected in the next train, and says he will bring a friend of his with him."

Alice laughed a little. Her prettiest gown recalled its curious origin· But she didn't give a thought to Frank Godfrey and the friend he was to bring with him. Why should she? She put on her prettiest gown, however—that rich, soft, silky new gown, with its warm, winey tint, and trailing folds.

"How pretty you are in that pretty dress—look at her, mother, look at Ally, isn't she lovely?" cried out Mary Roberts, as Ally entered the parlor again.

"Yes, I see, my dear—very pretty indeed. And what is this stuff, Ally, so rich and soft?" Ally laughed outright, and straightway told its story, for Ally was not ashamed of their economy and its devices.

Aunt Polly was full of admiration at such ingenuity, such "positive genius of resource" as she called it. Full of admiration, for the proud and spirited face that gleamed and sparkled like a brilliant gem above this pretty dress. She seemed much more interested in Alice's appearance than in any of the others'. You would have thought that this little Alice, clothed economically in an old curtain, was some distinguished personage, such a fuss did this smiling, bustling Aunt Polly make over her, setting a ribbon right here and there, pulling out lace ruffles, and giving an extra puff and a fluff, to the wavy hair.

"I want you to look just as lovely as possible, my dear," she said in the midst of these little arrangements, for there are some of Tom's friends coming, and who knows"—and here she left off very suddenly with a "Bless my heart! there's the train now!" And Alice who was a very keen little person thought to herself—"There's a plan in her head about Frank Godfrey. Because he's our friend she thinks"—and here Alice left off suddenly too, to laugh over Aunt Polly's good natured folly, and to sigh over her own greater folly, perhaps. She was roused from these contemplations by the sound of her Cousin Tom's voice.

"Well, that is too bad," he was saying.

"What is it, Cousin Tom?"

"Why, the train we expected Godfrey in is detained by an accident to the locomotive; nothing serious; but there'll be a delay of half an hour or so, the telegram says."

The two boys, Johnny and little Tip, hearing this, set up quite an outcry of regret, for Frank Godfrey was "no end jolly in their opinion. Half an hour was half a lifetime to these impatient youngsters. A general discontent and restlessness seemed to attack them all, in fact, at this delay; and at last Master Johnny, who was fruitful in suggestions, proposed with great enthusiasm, that they should have a game of blind man's bluff, or hide and seek.

"Not blind-man's buff, for Tip got his nose smashed last year at that," cried out Tom, laughing; "but here goes for hide-and-seek. Come, boys—come, girls. Come, Ally—this is a regular Christmas bout with us. We all turn children to-day, you know; and this is a gay old house for hide-and-seek.

There was something so bright and funny, and hearty, in this proposition and the hilarious effect it was having upon everybody, that Ally felt her gay girl's spirits suddenly return to her; and laughing as she hadn't laughed for too long a time to tell about, she scampered off to join in the game. And what a game it was! "No end jolly," as Johnny declared in his favorite phraseology. As Tom had said, it was a gay old house for hide-and-seek. Queer corner closets, unlooked-for niches, stairway nooks, and great window recesses curtained into hiding rooms. Into one of these Alice fled with a laugh that would have betrayed her to the seeker if Aunt Polly's whispered advice had not already done so.

"Go into the window recess in the back hall, Ally, nobody has thought of that," she had said in an incautious underbreath. And into the window recess in the back hall Ally went with that little laugh at the fun of the thing, thinking, comically, what an affinity she had for curtains. And here she waited for that sharp seeker, Tom, whose turn it was, as the children say. Here she waited, and heard Tip's shrill halloo of laughter as he was dragged forth from behind the tall, old fashioned clock, and her brother Jimmy's answering shout as he was discovered in the clothes-basket. And here she heard another sound than that of hide and seek—a clanging of a gate, a hurrying of footsteps up the path and across the piazza; Tom's voice in greeting and welcome, and Frank Godfrey's hearty, jovial tones over all. And then Jimmy's piping notes of gladness—"Jimmy was very fond of Frank Godfrey always," thought the listener behind the curtain. Jimmy's piping notes, that high, boy-treble crying out—"Oh! come here! come here and let me show you a Christmas present I've got for you. You didn't think I had a Christmas present for you, did you? But I have—and *such* a jolly one!"—and laughing in little, hilarious bursts between his jerky sentences, Alice heard the small boots come clattering down the hall, with a stronger but quieter tread following. That mischievous Jimmy, he had discoveded her retreat, and was bringing Frank Godfrey there. It didn't take a minute for all this is to happen, you know—this mischief of Jimmy's planning—the crossing the hall into the back passage way, Jimmy's clattering feet, his noisy tongue, his gleeful hand, which pulled aside the curtain, his—"There—there she is! There's your Christmas present!" Not a minute for Alice to join in Jimmy's laugh, and cry out—

"O Frank, Frank! how do you do, sir? It's I—Alice—that that silly Jimmy has brought you to find. We were playing hide-and-seek, you know, But how do you do? Aren't you going to speak to me?"

The deep voice that answered her—that deep, low voice, that only spoke her name, that pronounced "Alice" in a sad, and lingering, and startled tone, Oh! that was not Frank Godfrey's voice, and that was not Frdnk Godfrey's face that here suddenly flashed into the moonlight. It seemed like a vision to Alice—like a nearer vision of one who had haunted her, sleeping and waking, for the past six months; and breathless with surprise and a sudden rapture she never thought to conceal, she called out—"Alec! Alec!"

At that call, he was at her side, and there all in a moment, the pain and passion of anger, and doubt, and disbelief, vanished—all in a moment, at the sound of each other's voice, at the sight of each other's face.

And Jimmy, who had conducted the last act of this drama so successfully, no sooner had dropped the curtain upon the two, than he commenced the most uproarious antics—no doubt, the only fitting expression of his delight. In the midst of these he was caught and collared by Frank Godfrey.

"What have you been up to, you monkey? What have you done with Alec Warde?"

"Given him a Christmas present! *such* a Christmas present! Guess you'll wish you had it when you see it." And here, spite of Frank's firm hand, Jimmy began a double shuffle. By dint of some persuasion, however, and a few threats, Frank at length succeeded in obtaining the information he sought.

"How in the world did you come to think of that trick, Jimmy."

Jimmy looked wise. "Didn't I know that there was a row, don't you s'pose? And didn't I think, when I saw Alec, that this was a high old time for patching up things? I havn't lived up to thirteen years with our Al, I'll bet, without finding her out. When she's huffy with *me*, you know, I take her all of a sudden—quick as a wink, and then it's all over in a jiffy, and we kiss and make up. And she'll get over her huff with Alec just that way, see if she don't. I know her." And this wise thirteen-year-oldster again broke into his double shuffle.

And the next thing, there was Alec *himself, looking on and laughing at* this double shuffle, and Alice smiling into Frank Godfrey's face, and shaking hands with him, and saying—"I have you to thank, I know, Frank, for this, It was you that brought Alec here."

"And to think," said Eleanor, by and by, to Aunt Polly—"to think that so much peace and happiness has come to us here under your roof. I felt that God's blessing would be upon this visit."

"And to think," echoed that audacious Jimmy, who had caught something of this as he balanced himself on the arm of a chair near by—"to think that Alec found such a jolly Christmas present behind that curtain! Hooray!"

VARIATION OF COLOR IN BIRDS WITH THE LOCALITY.—The subject of variation of color in birds, as expressing specific distinctions, has for a long time occupied the attention of ornithologists; and while with some the slightest difference in shade was sufficient to establish a separate species a wide variation is allowed by others without affecting the idea of specific identity. We are gradually, however, coming to appreciate the influence which external conditions, such as light or shade, moisture or dryness, varying temperature, latitude, etc., produce upon color; and so long as the general pattern remains the same, we can allow a great variation in tint, and even in size, since, as is well known, this depends largely upon latitude or altitude of birth-place and residence. As a general rule, it may be said that as we go southward from a north temperate latitude, with the increasing temperature and brighter sky the colors are deeper and the size less; and, on the other hand, in proceeding northward and into more clouded atmospheres, the dimensions become greater, with a decrease in general brilliancy. In sandy or barren regions the accompanying birds become of a grayish tint, while in red soils a reddish shade will be appreciable.

Again, in certain regions the birds exhibit a tendency to melanism, or a blackening, this being noticeable in Florida, and more especially in the West India Islands, as compared with the United States. An instance of thi is seen in the common red winged blackbird, the female of which, as as found in the United States; is variegated with brown, yellowish, and grayish streaks; the male alone being a glossy black, with red shoulders. A blackbird is found in Cuba, however, the male of which is undistinguishable from our bird, excepting in the smaller size, while the female is of a uniform lustrous black, differing only from the male in the absence of red upon the shoulders. Similar comparative peculiarities are presented in quite a number of West Indian birds.—EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD, in *Harper's Magazine for January*.

THE key note of the presidential campaign has been given by the Springfield *Republican*: "Tammanyism at Washington must be got rid of as well as Tammanyism in New York."

"THE administration," says Henry Ward Beecher in his corruption sermon, "must reform the civil service. Every custom house is now a bribery shop, and nearly all the other offices are damning and deadening to the national conscience."