THE COLUMBIAN

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

At TWO DOLLARS per year, payable in advance, or during the year. After the expiration of the year, 2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year strictly in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance and $3.00 if payment be delayed beyond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the Publisher, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State, or to distant post offices, must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Iram Derr, Isaac S. Monroe.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—Michael Grover.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—John Snyder.
Commissioners—William Lawton, John Herner, John Ent.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—C. J. Campbell, S. H. Smith, David Yost.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Tice.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Scott, O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Tustin (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Minister—Rev. J. R. Williams.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. N. S. Buckingham.
Minister—Rev. J. H. McGarrah.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier.
Residence—East street, near Forks Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited There is always room.
Services every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Heller's church, Madison township.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Rector—Rev. John Hewitt.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.
Persons desiring to consult the Rector on religious matters will find him at the parsonage on Rock Street.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb. 19, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these necessary articles.

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

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CLOTHING, &C.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main St., above Central Hotel.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes, groceries, etc., Main st., East Bloomsburg.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market streets, in the old post office.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

C. E. SAVAGE, Dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the Central Hotel.

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

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

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

THE MISSES HARMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street, below Central Hotel.

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

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

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, groceries, queensware, flour, salt, shoes, notions, etc., Main street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Rooms 4 and 5, Brower's building, 2d floor.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Office S. E. corner Rock and Market streets.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side of Main street, above J. K. Eyer's.

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

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

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

H. ROSNESTOCK, Photographer, over Clark & Wolf's store, Main street.

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

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provisions, &c., Main and Centre streets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Centre street, between Second and Third.

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk and Harness maker, Shive's Block, Main street.

THOMAS WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block.

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

D. W. ROBBINS, Liquor dealer, second door from the northwest corner Main and Iron streets.

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

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

A. B. HERRING, Carpenter and builder, Main street below Pine.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon, Main street, 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 street, below Pine.

LIGHT STREET.

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

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

ESPY.

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill

ATTORNEY'S BLANKS, Common and Judgment bonds, just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. All kinds of Attorney's blanks either kept on hand or printed to order.

HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CATAWISSA.

ST. JOHN'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.

Rector—Rev. John Hewitt.
Sunday Services—3 o'clock p. m. every Sunday.
Sunday School—1:30 p. m.
Holy Communion the second Sunday in the month.

DR. E. W. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, on Main street,
Mar.6,'74—y Catawissa, Pa.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney-at-Law, Main street.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second street, Robbins' building.

BUCK HORN.

M. G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries and General Merchandise.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. A. L. TURNER,
EXCHANGE HOTEL, BLOOMSBURG, Pa.

Office over Kleim's Drug Store. Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m., for treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.
All calls night or day promptly attended to.
Apr.23'75-tf

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office, North Market street,
Mar.27,'74—y Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. B. F. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office above J. Schuyler & Son's Hardware Store.
Apr.23'75-tf

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. July1,'73—y

C. B. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House
Mar.6,'74—y

R. F. & J. M. CLARK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ent's Building. April 10,'74—y

A. CREVELING SMITH. HERVEY EWING SMITH.
A. CREVELING SMITH & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. July1,'73—y

C. B. BROCKWAY. GEORGE E. ELWELL.
BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. Sept.11,'74—y

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. 1y—28

E. E. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the courts of Columbia, Sullivan and Lycoming counties, in the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, and in the Circuit and District courts of the United States held at Williamsport, Pa.

Will be in his office in the Columbian building, room No. 1, Bloomsburg, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week; and in Benton on Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, unless absent on professional business. Sept. 18,1875.

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,300,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	251,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$61,968,000

March 26,'74—y

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILLIAM MORRIS,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Cutting, cleaning and repairing promptly attended to. First floor over J. F. Wideman's Hardware store, Bloomsburg, Pa. Jan. 6, '75—tf

R. M. TUBBS,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
BURNING AND LUBRICATING OILS.
Office in Maize's Building, corner Main and Centre streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.
☞Orders solicited and promptly filled.
May, 28,'75-ly

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.

Office a few doors above the Court House, same side. July 1,'73

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, Main street, below Market. July 1,'73

BROWN'S HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
B. STOHNER, Proprietor.

Accommodations First Class—$1.25 to $1.50 per day.
RESTAURANT ATTACHED.
Large, Airy Sample Rooms on 1st Floor.
Bloomsburg, July 2, 1875-tf.

VULCAN IRON WORKS,
DANVILLE, MONTOUR COUNTY, PA.

WILLIAM H. LAW, Manufacturer of Wrought Iron Bridges, Boilers, Gasholder, Fireproof Buildings, Wrought Iron Roofing, Roofing Frames, Flooring and Doors, Farm Gates and Fencing, also Wrought Iron Piping, Stacks and all kinds of Smith Work, &c. Repairs promptly attended to.
N. B.—Drawings and Estimates supplied.
July 1, 1873—tf

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.

G. A. HERRING

RESPECTFULLY announces to the public that he has reopened

SNYDER'S TANNERY, (old stand) Bloomsburg, Pa., at the Forks of the Espy and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the times. The highest price in cash will at all times be paid for

GREEN HIDES

of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Bloomsburg, March 12, 1875-y

The Columbian.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

OPERA HOUSE, 3d ROOM,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

B. H. STRICKLAND

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened a New Music Store, in the Bloomsburg Opera House, on Centre Street, below Main, where he keeps a full assortment of
PIANOS,
ORGANS,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
SHEET MUSIC,
MUSIC BOOKS, &c.,
always on hand and for sale at the lowest prices. He invites the patrons of music to call and examine his stock.

REPAIRING AND TUNING,

also attended to on demand. The public patronage is respectfully solicited. april 9 '75 ly

BLOOMSBURG

State Normal School.

THIS Institution affords to students preparing for the profession of TEACHING, excellent facilities for improvement in the most approved methods of instruction.

For the accommodation of students desiring preparation for College, or for the business relations of life, an Academic Department is organized, which affords the most ample facilities for so doing.

Each course of study is complete in itself.

Superior advantages are offered for instruction in MUSIC and LANGUAGES.

Fall Session commences Wednesday, August 26th
Fall Session closes Tuesday, December 22d.
Spring Session commences Wednesday, Dec. 30th.
Spring Session closes Tuesday, June 29th.
Spring Term commences Wednesday, March 31st

TERMS.

Board, including Fuel and Washing, Four Dollars per week.

Tuition one dollar per week. In Model Schoo orty to sixty cents per week.

Students are admitted at any time, and to and course of study for which tcey may be prepared. It is better, if possible, to be present at the commencement of a term, or a session.

Send for a Catalogue.

Applications for admission may be addressed to
DR. T. L. GRISWOLD,
Principal.
COL. J. G. FREEZE,
Secretary.
Aug. 14,'74—ly

GREENWOOD SEMINARY.

THE Greenwood Seminary will open the Fall Term of School
8TH MONTH 16TH, 1875,
under the care of Friends, with A. W. Potter, B. E., Principal.

The desirable location of this School and the high standing of the principal amongst educators and students are seldom found. Students from a distance can reach the Seminary by public conveyance at a trifling cost from Bloomsburg, Pa. Boarding can be had at the Seminary or private houses on reasonable terms. For particulars inquiry may be made of Ellis Eves, Aaron Kester, or R. S. Eves, Millville, Pa., or T. E. Eves, Danville, Pa.

Millville, 7 mo., 8, 1875. tf.

CARRIAGE

MANUFACTORY

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER

HAVE on hand and for sale at the most reasonable rates a splendid stock of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every description of Wagons both PLAIN and

FANCY,

Warranted to be made of the best and most durable materials, and by the most experienced workmen. All work sent out from the establishment will be found to be of the highest class and sure to give perfect satisfaction. They have also a fine assortment of

SLEIGHS

of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best material.

An inspection of their work is asked as it's believed that none superior can be found in the country.

July 1, 1873—tf.

KEYSTONE CARRIAGE WORKS!

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

A. S. CROSSLEY has on hand and for sale cheaper than the cheapest, for cash, or will exchange for old Wagons on reasonable terms.

CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
AND
WAGONS

of every description both plain and fancy.

Portable Top Buggies, open Buggies, Plain and Fancy Platform spring Wagons all of the latest style and made of good material and fully warranted.—Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I cannot be undersold. I claim that I make the best wagons for the least money.

I also do painting, trimming and repair old work at the shortest notice, old springs welded and warranted to stand or no pay. I will exchange a portable top buggy for any kind of lumber, such as hemlock, pine, ash, linn, hickory and poplar to be delivered at my shop by the first of February, 1873. Irondale orders taken and McKelvy, Neal & Co's for repairs as cash. A. S. CROSSLEY.

July1tf

LIGHT STREET

BUGGY & CARRIAGE
MANUFACTORY

H. F. OMAN hereby informs the public that he has entered into co-partnership with his brother, G. L. Oman, and that the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm name of

H. F. OMAN & BROTHER.

They will have on hand or manufacture to order
BUGGIES,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS,
LIGHT WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
and every thing in their line of business, of the best material and most complete workmanship, and at low as can be afforded.

share of Public patronage is respectfully solicited.

H. F. OMAN & BROTHER.

Aug. 14,'74—1y.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
ROWELL & CHESMAN
Advertising Agents,
THIRD & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Poetical.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep.
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet of late I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for early rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of catching cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eye,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sigh,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing air,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years.
E'en flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks to the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings—
The light that beams from out the sky
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

Miscellaneous.

THE TEST.

"I am beautiful," murmured Lora Dean, as she stood before the mirror, smiling at the face reflected there, and I know very well that Edward is not indifferent to beauty; although he is engaged to my plain little saint of a cousin, Flo. I do not really think she cares very much for him, and if she does—pshaw! I have nothing but my handsome face to depend upon, so must make the best of it, and let the others look out for themselves."

Lora Dean was certainly very beautiful Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and lay in thick, heavy coil upon her shapely head; eyes of velvet blackness, which their owner could at will cause to flash defiantly, or droop in sweet, innocent confusion, cheeks and lips like scarlet roses, and teeth rivaling pearls in whiteness. She was a little above the medium height, and her elegant carriage would grace a queen.

Miss Dean was an orphan, and lived with her aunt in the city of New York, but had accepted her cousin Ray's invitation to spend a few months with her in the country. Here she met Edward Earle, Flo's. betrothed husband. He was handsome, talented and wealthy and this beautiful, unprincipled girl was not long in making up her mind to throw all her arts into the contest, and win him for herself, thus ending a long struggle between pride and poverty, which threatened the happiness of the future, even though the result might be the wreck of her cousin's happiness.

"I declare! It is almost five o'clock!" continued Miss Dean, petulantly glancing at her watch. "Flo, promised to help me dress for the party. I do wish she would come."

As if in answer to her wish the door opened, and Florence Ray entered the room. She was plain—no one would think of calling her anything else—yet there was an expression of innocence and purity in that sweet, gentle face, and speaking from those soulful brown eyes, which attracted every one, and to know her was to love her.

"Oh, Flo? I am so glad you have come!" And the treacherous face was wreathed in smiles. "I want you to do my hair just the prettiest you can. I know I'm a bother; but you are a darling girl and won't mind.

Florence kissed the pouting red lips of her cousin held up to her.

"No, coz, you are not a bother. It is a pleasure for me to help you."

"Flo, do you think I'm very beautiful?" said Lora when her cousin stood unwinding the coil of her magnificent hair.

"Yes dear. I wish I were half as beautiful."

"I wonder if Edward Earle thinks so too," she said, watching Flo. through her half-closed lids.

"Who?"

"I mean to win him if I can."

"Lora," said Florence, her face flushing, then turning pale, "you know Edward is my affianced."

"Well, supposing he is; if he would leave you for a beautiful face he is not worthy of you. Florence, dare you let this be a test to see if he will remain true?"

Did there creep a doubt into the girl's mind, that caused her to hesitate and for a moment to remain silent? When she spoke it was with a white yet determined face, and her voice sounded strange and cold.

"I am willing."

But Florence's heart sank within her when her cousin's toilet was finished, and she stood before her a very queen in the rich robes of her silk lace, with glittering diamonds in her hair, and at her throat. Would he stand the test she asked herself.

Every eye was turned toward Miss Dean that evening, when she swept into the parlors. Her beauty, and gay sparkling manner soon brought a crowd of admirers around her, and lured by those bright eyes Edward Earle found himself among them.

Florence Ray only needed that one evening to tell how the contest would end, and who would be the winner; yet she had herself consented to the trial, and come what might she would hide all suffering and act her part.

The evening was a fair sample of the days which followed. Edward rarely sought Florence's side, and she stood proudly aloof, never by word or sign betraying her true feelings.

To do Edward Earle justice his love for Florence was still the same. He was merely fascinated with her cousin, and repelled by her manner toward him, he sought Lora's society. Had Florence acted differently he would never have gone so far as to release her from their engagement. Her cold manners, together with a few insinuations from Lora Dean made the work of parting two loving hearts very easy. Although no hard words had been spoken on either side, both realized that a great gulf was fixed between them.

The finishing stroke came in the shape of a note, in the familiar handwriting of Florence, which fell in Edward's way. It was addressed to a young man who had formerly been a lover of her's, and filled with regrets that she was bound to another, while her heart was and always would be his.

Could Edward Earle have known how much time that Lora Dean spent upon that very note, in which she forged her cousin's handwriting so cleverly, he would have taken a different course that memorable afternoon.

With a stern face he sought Flora in the summer house, which he had seen her enter with a book in hand.

Florence heard his familiar footstep and her heart gave a great throb, while a glad light came into her eyes; but when he entered her presence he only saw her lift her eyes from the book she was reading, and how coldly!

With the words of that note still burning in his brain, her manner almost maddened him.

"Miss Ray I think we had better come to an understanding at once, and I have taken it on myself to offer you freedom from the bonds that have proved so irksome."

For a moment Florence sat as if stunned. Although she had felt for a long time that a great distance was between them, she could not realize it had come to this. In his offer of release she only saw a glad escape on his part, that he might wed her beautiful cousin; and, forcing back the cry of anguish that would have risen on her lips, all the pride in her nature came to her rescue, and helped her through her ordeal. With no more visible emotion in her white face than if it were carved from marble, she drew the costly solitaire diamond from her finger and held it toward him. The last link that had bound them together had been severed, and without a word he took the ring and left her presence.

Alone in her room, with no eye but God's to witness, Florence Ray fought with her love and pride. Pride conquered, and she went out boldly determined to die rather than give one one sign of her suffering.

Days grew into weeks and still Lora Dean lingered at the farm house. Edward Earle and she were almost constantly together.

One afternoon Florence stood by the window, in thought living over the past, and contrasting it with the present, and wondering if she could ever again think the sunshine beautiful with that dull weary pain in her heart. A familiar form was coming up the road, and her heart beat almost audibly while a crimson spot came to either cheek.

How beautiful and innocent Lora looked out in the garden among the flowers. Her voice thrilled some happy love song floated in through the window to Florence's ears. As she listened for a moment—and only a moment—a feeling of bitter hatred against her cousin crept into her heart and was harbored there. Lora Dean's graceful attitude did not look as if it was studied; but she had caught a glimpse of Edward Earle's handsome figure, although she was to all appearances unconscious of his approach.

He opened the little gate and entered the garden. Florence saw them standing together—saw him stoop, pick up a rose and place it among her tresses; then they walked down the path in the direction of the lake.

When the trees hid them from sight Florence sank into the chair, buried her face in her hands, and the glistening tears fell through her white fingers For a moment only she sat thus and then her old pride returned, and as if ashamed of her momentary weakness she dashed the tears away and took up the embroidery she had thrown aside.

An hour later, when Lora, flushed and elated, entered the room, her face gave no sign of the struggle she had passed through.

"Florence, beauty has won! Edward Earle has asked me to become his wife."

"And you have accepted him?" slowly came from the white lips of Florence.

"Of course I have! He is handsome and wealthy. For one in my position—having ran through a fortune—with plenty of pride and no means to keep up appearances much longer, it is a decidedly lucky thing. I am glad you do not care much for him—at least judging from your actions you did not, or I should not have let matters gone this far."

"One question: Lora, do you love him?"

"No Flora, I will be candid with you. It is only the position his wealth will give that I covet."

"Lora! Lora! Was it for that you wrecked my life? I had thought to suffer in silence, but I must speak. I love Edward Earle with a love that will never die. Before you came we were happy! I can forgive you the wrong you have done me: but, oh, Lora, think well before you consent to perjure your soul at the altar by giving your hand not your heart! You will not be happy, and God will mete out punishment to you."

"There, there, Florence! Do not preach any longer. It is too late now."

"No, Miss Dean, not too late," said a stern voice as a form darkened the doorway.

"Mr. Earle, as I live! And in the pleasant position of eavesdropper."

Lora meant to be scornful but her voice trembled with shame and mortification.

"Yes, Miss Dean; for once I have been guilty of listening; yet my concience does not condemn me. I have learned that which will greatly change the future for you and me. If you will consider those words I was mad enough to utter a short time ago recalled, I shall be very much obliged to you."

"As you please," said Miss Dean, in a voice trembling with passion. Then she arose and swept from the room.

Edward crossed the room where Florence sat with bowed head, and taking one of her hands he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Ray—Florence—for being a listener to this conversation between you and your cousin. It has opened my eyes in more than one respect. I chanced to think of a book Miss Dean spoke of having and which she had promised to lend to my sister; so I came back for it. Passing by the open window I heard a few words of conversation I deemed it no sin to hear more of. The words that I heard you say made me doubt that you ever wrote this."

He placed in her hands the note he had found.

Florence read it through and then said, looking into his face with those truthful eyes—

"No, Edward, I never wrote this. Some enemy has been at work."

They did not question who, for it was evident to both who the guilty person was.

Florence confessed that she consented to test his love; and both shuddered when they thought how near their lives came to being shipwrecked. It was a perfect reconciliation.

Miss Dean left for the city the next day in disgust. A month later she received cards to attend the wedding of Florence Ray and Edward Earle; but she very politely declined the invitation.

Mohammed the Iconoclast.

Prophet or impostor, saint or devil, hero or Antichrist—which was he?

Ages have asked that question, and the reply is not yet. Godfrey de Bouillon would have answered without hesitation, and Richard Plantagenet, surnamed Cœur de Lion would have backed the assertion, "Impostor, devil, Antichrist." Haroun the Just, who sent Charlemagne the first clock ever seen in Europe, and Yusuf Salah-ud-Deen, who outgeneralled the Lion Heart, would have answered with even less hesitation, "Prophet, saint, and hero." Which party was right? and if neither, which was nearest right? Which of the two knew most about Mohammed? Which was most capable of judging on any question of character and evidence, and which possessed the most collateral learning and powers of comparison? These questions are by no means hard to answer. We know that mental accomplishments of Godfrey de Bouillon and Richard Plantagenet were confined to a very small smattering of education, sufficient to enable them to sign their names after a fashion, while of the Arabic language and of the contents of the Koran itself they were both in blissful ignorance. Had any one offered to present either with a copy of the book in the original Arabic or in the perfect French translation, it is probable that Godfrey and Richard would have acted in the same way. Into the fire would have gone the book and with it the donor, had the latter been available. Had either possessed the power to exterminate every Moslem living, there is not a shadow of doubt that he would have ordered the execution at once, imagining he was doing God service in punishing "blasphemers." In what the sin of blasphemy consisted, as applied to "Islam," Godfrey and Richard might have been puzzled to explain to the satisfaction of a disinterested party. The argument, had such a thing as argument been necessary, would infallibly have ended, like the renowned discussion between Captain Fluellen and Captain MacMorris, in an attempt by one party to cut off the other party's head.

When we come to examine Haroun and Yusuf we find men of a different stamp. Without being less a soldier, each was much more of a general, and each was the most enlightened prince of his own time. All the learned men of the East flocked to the court of both, and in those days the East almost monopolized the learning of the world. Besides this, each prince was well acquainted with the writings of Mohammed, and in fact had committed the greater part of the Koran textilly to memory, as every Arab of rank does at the present day. These men, thoroughly acquainted with Mohammed's book—a book historically certain as being the work of his single mind unassisted by others—called Mohammed, as their descendants do to this time, "Prophet, saint, and hero." It becomes, then, to us of the present time, a matter of inquiry whether these men may not possibly be right, and Godfrey and Richard possibly wrong. For good many centuries we have been going on the crusading theory as regards Islam, and it is about time that those of us who are open to reason stopped to ask ourselves whether we are quite justified in our classification of "Jews, Turks, and infidels" as objects of pity, to be prayed for once a year. Another doubt may even arise as to whether we are justified in calling a Moslem an "infidel" under any circumstances; but this doubt will arise at a later stage of the inquiry. To form a judgment on Mohammed we must read his book Al-Koran. To that alone he appealed, when asked to work miracles as a sign of his mission: to that the Arabs point to-day as a standing miracle, defying the world to produce its equal.

We are told by all Arabs that the Koran is the most perfect poetry in the Arabic language; and yet, when we come to read it as translated into English, we find it dull and tedious. It is a difficult thing for a European to read through the whole Koran in a translation. He soon realizes it to be different from what he imagined it. Very possibly he dreamed of finding therein long and luscious descriptions of the "Mohammedan paradise;" that he should read about houris and the tree of life, the beast Al-Borak, rivers of wine, and all those visions of the different heavens usually attributed to the prophet. He finds not a word of all this. Instead, there is boundless devotional enthusiasm, all the vocabulary of praise to God, long moral lectures, Old Testament stories in a different form, a familiar reference to all the Jewish patriarchs, prophets and kings, an equally constant reference to the facts of the Gospels, but in a somewhat different dress, and finally fierce denunciations, in a strain of the most awful solemnity, of the infidels who will not believe in the truths of God. Of doctrine he finds no subtlety. Mohammed proclaims but one fact, and reiterates it for all time. As the Koran opens with Al-Fatihat, "The Preface," so it naturally closes with the simple and sublime "Declaration," a chapter of itself. The words of those chapters are texts for all the rest of the book. It enlarges, dilates, amplifies, illustrates, reiterates the one grand declaration, "*La Illaha, il Allah*"—"No God but God." All the rest is written only to give that weight. The fact that Mohammed is the prophet of God is a mere incident, like the "Thus saith the Lord" of the Hebrew prophets. It is to show whence came the message. That message is the one thing of importance to man, and it is of the simplest: "No God but God." When that message is believed, the morality of the Koran follows with equal simplicity. Prayer and charity are the whole duty of man. Not prayer as an importunate begging for favors, but prayer which is only praise and anxiety to be kept in the faith of God: not ostentatious almsgiving, miscalled charity, but a charity as complete and genuine as that described in the Corinthians. Such as we find Al-Fatihat we find the whole book.—*The Galaxy for August.*

The man who was hemmed in by the crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

For the COLUMBIAN.

ANGEL SLEEP AND ANGEL DEATH.

BY TILLIE LAUBACH.

Continued.

CHAPTER II.

After Angel Sleep and Angel Death had become as brothers, Angel Sleep thought less of his own merits and beautiful garments and more of the people for whom he professed, and really, possessed, so much love; and before a moon had passed, sought and obtained another interview with Angel Death. Aye, even before the first day was well begun he wished to see Angel Death, and when he found him, he ran to him, caught him in close embrace and wept freely. "O, Angel Death" said he "what a lesson you have taught me. With all my philanthrophy how stupid I have been. I thought the eyes of mortals like a close room, when the curtains were closed, all was dark; but you have taught me 'tis not so.—Tell me brother what is the sleep I give them."

"Be composed my brother Angel Sleep"—said the Angel Death "and go with me again to the land of dreams, and let us linger there long and learn what we can. Many things there are which we cannot comprehend. But we will learn what we can."

As the Angel Death had thus spoken they were come to the banks of the River, and the good Silent Warden soon ferried them over its boon waters. And when he had set them on the fairy shore the first one they saw was a young man, apparently of eighteen winters, playing ball with half a dozen others.

How heartily did he play, how light and quick were his steps, and how merrily rang his laughter. How he chatted to those with whom he was playing. And with what pleasure did he listen to their answers. "Happiness," said the Angle Sleep. "There is perfect happiness."

"Aye, brother," said Angel Death, "But what do you think of the awakening of that spirit? Behold the clay house of which it is an inhabitant."

The Angel Sleep looked and saw the clay house and lo—but what use to describe it. It had already been builded more than three score and ten years, and soon must be in the dark, cold bed to which Angel Death will take it.

"But," said Angel Sleep, "I see a form play ball. What does it all mean? The form there is free from care uncontaminated by the deep, dark stains of sin. But this?"

"I cannot tell," said the Angel Death, "I do not comprehend it all myself. You see you have carried that spirit backward many years and he is again what he once was. All the sad past forgotten. Behold, that one on whom his eye rests so lovingly. Long years ago, when the bloom of youth made radiant her countenance, when her song was sweeter than the birds, when her heart was pure and good, and free from care, I was bid carry her to the tomb."

"Then that youth now in fancy was a youth in reality. But when that loved one was carried from his sight—ah, but I will not repeat his history. Look on that sin hardened brow. Look at the prints of iron bands which are on his wrists, and limbs, and you know enough. Mark well, and remember; for when I take you with me to the land of Death we will perhaps have reason to speak of him again."

As the Angel Death finished speaking; Angel Sleep's attention was drawn to another youth. He was clad in armor and at the head of an army seemingly about to attack a fort, and calling the Angel Death's attention to him, they both watched him command the army.

Amusing, indeed, are his movements—what an odd figure? but he conquers. Ah! see him swing his sword; but, ah! no longer dreaming. He is a little boy of eight, a puny, sickly one whose hand could e'en but illy grasp so large a sword, and to raise it would be impossible.

And another, anon, drew their attention. It was a lady whose hair was thickly sprinkled with grey. Whose brow was agitated, and who seemed to be suffering intense mental agony. Aye, soon the tears ran down her cheeks and she wept—wept as if all was gone—as if she had nothing now for which to live. But her grief became too great for the land of dreams and they saw her as she was in reality, a lovely, pure little maiden who scarce knew a sorrow other than fancied ones.

And another they saw there, a spirit in dreamland; but what it was doing neither Angel Sleep, nor Angel Death could tell; nor could they tell if it was happy or miserable. Something mysterious about it drew their attention, and in order to learn more of it they went back and gazed on the clay house it inhabited; a very tiny house it was, beautiful, white, shapely and delicate. One o'er which the winds of heaven had never been allowed to rudely pass and even the gentle zephyrs had been permitted to kiss but through a veil. Its spirit was in dreamland and none knew more of it except what they supposed by the soft sighs which it drew, and the smiles, anon, played o'er the tiny face. That was all—Angel Death and Angel Sleep could still learn no more of it. But they still lingered in dreamland.

Seeing now an aged grandmother fancying herself a maiden at a gay ball. Then another practising the "graces" at the mirror as she had been accustomed to do. Then another standing again o'er the grave of her husband, weeping in fancy the tears which were shed in reality forty years before.

Watching the young, the gay, how the light hearted in reality were in fancy bowed. How their ebon backs were forgotten and they were wearing silver hair. How the poor were rich. How rustic feet pressed the velvet carpets of city halls, and how the rich, the dwellers of palaces, were but poor peasants.

But fearing my readers will not be interested in their visit, as was the Angel Death and Angel Sleep, I will close this chapter by promising them a description of Angel Sleep and Angel Death's visit to the land of the dead, which, I hope, will be more interesting. And begging pardon for claiming their attention to so long and dull a chapter, I will close it—close it but to begin another.

(*To be Continued.*)

A close observer says that the words of which the ladies are fondest are the first and last words.

An exchange thinks that Eve must have been a very unhappy woman—there was no other woman to pass her on the street that she might look around and see how that dress fit on the back.

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A Point Not Well Taken.

In its comments on the recent rifle match in Ireland, 'Saunders' News Letter" makes the following remarks: "Nor should it be forgotten, as a slight extenuation of our failure, that while the American team was selected from a nation of forty millions, who are familiar with the rifle from their cradle, ours was selected from a province of five millions, where, except in privileged cases, the use of that weapon is forbidden." These are quite natural observations, and yet they are erroneous. For a long period the rifle was peculiarly an American weapon, but that time has passed away, and the rifle peculiar to that period has passed out of use. The rifle did not originate in the United States, neither rifled small arms nor great guns. .The plan of rifling firearms was known in Europe before it was in use here. It is, nevertheless, the fact that, in the early history of the American colonies, and for more than half a century after they became States, the rifle was largely in use by the great portion of the adult American male population.

Everywhere in this country game of all kinds was abundant, and particularly squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys, bears and deer. The hunting of this game familiarized nearly all the inhabitants of the colonies with the use of the rifle. This hunting practice was supplemented by the necessity of defence against the Indians, who then ranged along the whole border of our country, and for many years there was an incessant frontier warfare. That brought about the transition in the use of the rifle from a mere hunting piece into that of a military weapon, and was the foundation of the skill in the use of the rifle in warfare which made the untrained American militia such formidable adversaries to the trained and disciplined armies of Great Britain in the two wars with that country. But, as already observed, that period and practice passed away many years ago, except among the sparser populations of the remote western frontier. The weapon of that time has also disappeared from use. It was a roughly made gun, with flint-lock as well as rifled bore, with a length of six feet of barrel and sometimes more.

The modern rifle is a very different firearm. The greater part of its improvement has had its origin in the United States, but the modern weapon is quite as familiar throughout all the military countries of Europe in some form as a military weapon as it has ever been in this country. It is a shorter arm, the barrel in the United States being generally less than three feet long—say from thirty-four to twenty-four inches. With this modern rifle the population of the United States is not in any wise more familiar than the military countries of Europe, it is quite doubtful if in any community in the United States there could be found a greater number of persons well practiced in the use of the weapon than in any similar communities in the United Kingdom, France or Germany, Belgium or Switzerland. In target-firing practice it is quite likely that there are as many skilled marksmen in either of those countries as in the United States. So that it will be seen from the consideration of these points that the observations made by Saunders's News Letter are not well grounded.

As farther matter worthy of note, concerning an erroneous impression that the old rifle as we meet with it in the early history of the American colonies, originated on this side of the Atlantic, it may be mentioned that the plan of "riding" firearms can be traced back in Europe to the fifteenth century. In respect to breech loaders, there was a patent issued in England as early as 1664 to one Abraham Hall. It was not until 1811 that a patent for a breech loader was issued in the United States. After that we took the lead. Between that time and 1860 there were about two hundred patents issued in this country for improvements; and in the eleven years following 1870 there were about seven hundred patents granted here for improvements in breech-loading firearms. It may be said in general that, with the exception of the German "needle-gun" and those of similar pattern, nearly all the firearms on the breech-loading principle are of American origin.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Fuss Kills More than Fever.

One of the most curious discoveries made during a recent investigation of the almshouses of this State is that the paupers have an obstinate way of dying. The average length of life after admission to these comfortable establishments is said to be 20 years, though the inmates are, upon entering, most of them well advanced. Such is the advantage of being free from botheration, worry, fret, trouble, anxiety, disappointment and like things, the names of which may be found in Dr. Roget's Thesaurus. It was long ago settled by agreement of the moralists and the physiologists that fuss kills more than fever, and sends greater numbers to an untimely sepulcher. The real bill of mortality are the tradesman's. We die of our tailors, grocers, butchers and shoemakers, and our collectors of internal revenue. We perish of our great desire to keep up our notes. We are the victims of too much heed of to-morrow. The wise pauper may say, if he takes the trouble of saying anything: "I have made a snug harbor at last; I have all that the richest man is sure of—three meals daily, a bed nightly, and clothes to put on when I get up in the morning—Good-bye, hope! I have no further occasion for your anchor, my lady! Farewell care! You shall not kill me as you did the cat! Nothing to do but to live; and by George, I will live as long as possible. Old boy, you have got into a good thing! Don't make a donkey of yourself by prematurely exhaling!" "He doesn't it seems and why should he?"

* * *

A party of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the members called in the hostess. "Angelique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of the great Platonic year, when everything must turn to its former condition? Know, then, in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted; "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

* * *

The fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair, was informed that it "costs money, hair does."