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 (terms are $2 per year strictly in advance—$2.25 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.

The Columbian.

HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1875.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1y
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.0
Two inches	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	15.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	40.00
One column	18.00	36.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's Notices three dollars.

Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Ivan Derr, Isaac S. Monroe.
Prothonotary, &c.—R. 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—U. J. Campbell, S. E. Smith, David Yost.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphey.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Hill.
Const. Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Board Poor Dist rict—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Ch. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Co'n. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Ges z, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles H. 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. H. Robbins, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—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. Moyer.
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. Mordorrah.
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 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 Keller'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. Riesser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—9 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

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.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, in card printed and neatly bound in small books, a hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. ...ob 10, 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 correct fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

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.

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 8, Grower's building, 2d floor.

DR. WM. M. BROWER, 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. ROSENSTOCK, 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.

CATAWISSA.

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

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

DR. E. W. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, on Main street.
Mar.27,'74-y Catawissa, Pa.

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

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

BOOK AGENTS wanted to sell "The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D. The most ready selling book out. Exclusive territory and liberal terms. Address the Author at Buffalo, N. Y.

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.

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.29'75-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.29'75-tf

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

C. R. & 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. July 1,'73-y

C. E. SHOCKWAY. GEORGE E. ELWELL.
SHOCKWAY & 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. E. 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—38

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 Danville on Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, unless absent on professional business. Sept. 19,1875.

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	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	2,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	225,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Berkshire Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$61,958,000

March 26,'74-y

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILLIAM MORRIS,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Cutting, cleaning and repairing promptly attended to. Exchange Block, second door above Post Office, Bloomsburg, Pa. Jan. 8, '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,'75-1y

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 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. July1,'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.
A good stable in rear of Hotel.
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, 1875—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 Expy 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

CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM.
Published as a warning and for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, Loss of Womanhood, etc., giving the rules of self-cure, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a postpaid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 151, Brooklyn, N. Y. ly 2,'75-6m

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—THE LEADING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.—THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM. Daily, $10 a year. Semi-Weekly, $4. Postage Free to the Subscriber. Specimen Copies and Advertising Rates Free. Weekly, in clubs of 30 or more only $1, postage paid. Address THE TRIBUNE, N. Y. Jan 15'75-1y.

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 75-1y

WM. Y. KESTER,
TAILOR.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Has removed to Iron street, second door above the Reformed Church, where he will be pleased to see all his old friends and new customers, and serve them with satisfaction. All work warranted. 15-y

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 is believed that none superior can be found in the country.
July 1, 1875—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 hickory, pine, ash, elm, hickory and plank delivered at my shop by the first of February, 1875. Irondale orders taken and McKelvy, Neal & Co's for repairs for cash. A. S. CROSSLEY.
July11

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 prices as low as can be afforded.
Share of Public patronage is respectfully solicited.
H. F. OMAN & BROTHER.
Aug. 11,'74-1y.

A GREAT STRIDE!
Up and Over Old Methods found to be faulty, or objectionable, discarded!
A NEW AND VASTLY ADVANTAGEOUS PLAN HEREBY ADOPTED BY
G. M. & J. K. LOCKARD
At their Works in Bloomsburg,
Formerly Bloomsburg Iron and Manufacturing company), where will be kept constantly on hand a large assortment of
White and Red Ash Anthracite Coal,
FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES, AND
CUPULO, BLACKSMITH AND BITUMINOUS COAL,
at prices to suit the trade. All Coal specially prepared before leaving the Yard. Also
Plows and Threshing Machines,
and all kinds of
Casting and Machine Work,
REPAIRING promptly attended to. They would respectfully solicit the Patronage of the Public.
G. M. & J. K. LOCKARD.
Jan. 8, '75—1y Bloomsburg, Pa.

TREES
FOR FALL PLANTING.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Ornamental Shrubs, Climbing Plants, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Strawberries, Raspberries and other small Fruits, Asparagus, Rhubarb, &c.
SEEDS for FALL SOWING.
Seed Wheats, (see price list.) Orchard Grass, Blue Herds, (Red Top,) Clover, Timothy and other Grass Seeds; Turnip Seeds of all kinds; Vegetable and Flower Seeds; Hedge and Tree Seeds.
SEEDS
BULBS.
Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Lilies and other Bulbs for Fall planting; Horticultural Goods, Vetts Cotta Ware, &c. Send for price list, or enclose 25 cents for Full Illustrated Catalogue. Address,
EDWARD J. EVANS & CO.,
Nurserymen and Seedsmen, York, Pa.
Aug. 20-3m.

Poetical.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see,
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the sigh that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiting grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A modest blush, a sparkling eye,
A manner unaffected, free;
Those things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,
A sympathy that's free from art,
A real friend among the few;
Those things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful heart;
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest;
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie;
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they all are born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the Heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

Beautiful maidens—aye, nature's fair queens,
Some in your twenties and some in your teens,
Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim,
Striving for learning, thirsting for fame;
Taking such pains with the style of your hair,
Keeping your lily complexion so fair;
Miss not this item in all your gay lives,
Learn to keep house, you may one day be wives.
Learn to keep house.

Now your Adonies loves sweet moonlight walks,
Hand clasp, and kisses, and nice little talks.
Then, as plain Charley, with his burden of care,
He sees what he calls a more nourishing fare.
He will come home at the end of the sun,
Heart sick and weary, his working day done,
Theses let his slippered feet never wish to roam.
Learn to keep house and you'll keep him at home;
Learn to keep house.

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
Joy of his joy and life of his life.
Next to his dwelling, his table, his meals,
Shrink not at what my pen trembling reveals.
Maidens, romantic, the truth must be told,
Knowledge is better than silver or gold;
Then be prepared in the spring-time of health,
Learn to keep house tho' surrounded by wealth;
Learn to keep house.

Miscellaneous.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B——, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal, flowing from the huge furnace, into the mold, which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid blue flames that burst from the top of the tall chimney, flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house-tops.

The scene within the foundry was wierd and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarean shadows, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains crossing, half black, half golden, under the glowing roof, recalled the engines of the Cyclops under Mt. Ætna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour sharp!" cried the forge-master. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper on what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'Inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, laughingly, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?" returned the man, in the same jesting tone.

"He's been round the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hollo! hollo! I say! Where's the 'Inventor?'—Come here! Ah, there he is!" And in silent answer to the summon, a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopus," quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off!"

The poor lad smiled, and meekly did as he was ordered—just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this "Mopus;" stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the working of the foundry, by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went on in an unusual way, he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before, he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting-chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a dangerous injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength, he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the Inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happed, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let on the molten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something great was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace, absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet!

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat, as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin red strem followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half-way down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting, with only a poor, half-idiot lad to guard it.

What could he do? He did what perhaps a lad in his right mind would not have dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with the sharp point up the terrible funnel, a few quick, prying strokes! Stand back, now! The confining clay fell away, and the yellow-white flood spurted out with resistless force. It leaped into the clay-lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming, down to the mouth of the bell-mold.

The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a general on a field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones toppled over. Still the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the opened vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

Poor "Mopus" stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together, and his head swam. A great heap of red-hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire.—Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible, unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sunk into the earth and been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned again on the scene of disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the building, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups about the remains of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces, and nothing was left but heaps of steaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hand, lying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home.

Little was said, but the few words spoken, uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and the hands against the man George, whose excuse for himself only exaggerated his offense.

"See what he's done," said they a few days later, as they stood in the self-burned foundry. "Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The rascal, to go hunting for his pipe, and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why, the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces!"

The master who had more at stake than the men, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried in a startled voice:

"Hallo! What's this? What's this?"

He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the furnace to the mold. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

"Bring me a shovel, quick!" he shouted.

A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the bell-mold. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick-bats, ore, slag and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantice, and, plying his spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metalic ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast!"

"Who did this?" asked every excited voice as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you!" cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with her finger on her lips.

"The poor lad is in a brain fever," she said.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?" whispered the master.

"O, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell-mold. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out.

"Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said. "Such things have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray Heaven he may!" solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and they turned away, deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe-room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in on a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"I remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head with a smile. "It's all new to me, all new and strange—*so* strange!"

"Yes," said the master, devoutly, "it was God's hand."

Every eye was turned on the invalid.—Some of the men felt afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long underwitted, now a young man keen and intelligent, as if changed into another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once," said he. Two men lifted him up, and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah," said the master, "there's a hallelujah in that, and it may well begin here.—Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together!"

"Amen!" murmured all the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck rolled away with its melodious burden, the boy was lifted and carried after it and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways waiving their hands.

Little "Inventor" afterward well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matchless richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.

Rise Above It.

There is always a way out of discouragement. Conviction that our course is right, constancy of purpose, an invincible determination never to submit or yield, and a calm reliance on Providence, may sustain us in a lofty attitude. If we will wait with patience for the elements of time to keep in our affairs, the difficulties may disappear of themselves, and we may find a clear path where we had anticipated only insurmountable obstacles.

Discouragement oftenest overtakes those whose lives pass in the petty details of commonplace existences. The mother whose narrow round of duty confines her to the range of two or three rooms; the primary teacher, whose life passes in the monotony of the school room; the mechanic, whose days are filled with activity that never varies—these typical individuals find it hard to keep buoyant, hopeful, fresh and resolute. But this is what they must do or dwindle into cyphers.

This current is not so difficult to set in motion as many people think. Instead of suffering the mind, while busy with routine work, to dwell on trifles, on petty troubles, or to drift whither it will, let some subject of interest occupy it.

Of all things, when the mood of discouragement overtakes one, he should think of anything else than his own troubles, and more than this, should take measures at once to follow new currents of thought and feeling. Sometimes the mood is purely the result of bodily conditions, and requires for its cure sleep, or exercise in the open air, or change of diet, or a simple waiting till it passes away of itself. When it springs from causes not connected with the body, then the cure must be spiritual or intellectual An intensely interesting novel, constant intercourse with fresh minds, change of scene, travel, the study of a science new to the patient, anything that will absorb the brain, and keep it from consuming itself, is good medicine.

The world is full of sunshine and beauty. "It is right, meet and our bounden duty" that should open our hearts to all the soothing, healing, invigorating influences of the sky that bends over us in changing love, the balmy air, the happy chirp of innumerable insects, the ten thousand voices with which nature speaks to him whose ears are opened to receive her gentle teachings.

If this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life as tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only, and a slave in effect.

Some persons seems to forget that mere talking is not conversing; that it requires two to make a conversation, and that each must be in turn a listener, but no one can be an agreeable companion who is not as willing to listen as to talk.

If you go fighting imaginary woe you will not be prepared to grapple with it when it comes; if you keep looking for misfortunes you will become exhausted, and have no strength to battle with it should it overtake you.

About Coffee.

Coffee, as it appears in commerce is the seed of a small evergreen tree. Indigenous to Southern Abyssinia and Liberia, occupying a narrow belt, probably, across the continent of Africa. It belongs to the natural order cinchonacæ, the same order from which quinine is derived. It is often seen in our hot-houses; there it is a small shrub, with dark green foliage. The seeds, if fresh, readily germinate; and in a suitable climate the plant commences to bear in three years, and continues bearing during twenty years or more. There is one main crop during the year, but there are flowers and ripe fruit ever on the tree, like most other tropical fruits.

The ripe fruit resembles a cherry in size and color, but containing two seeds instead of one. The seeds are imbedded in a pulp, which, at a particular time, is edible. If allowed to remain on the tree the pulp dries up. It is asserted that the coffee is improved by allowing the pul