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—$2.25 if not paid in advance and $2.50 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.

C. R. BROCKWAY, G. H. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1875.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. IX., NO. 40
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XI., NO. 44

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	14.00
Three inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	60.00
One column	30.00	35.00	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—Isaac Derr, Isaac S. Monroe.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—Michael Grover.
Sheriff's Sale—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—John Snyder.
Commissioners—William Lawton, John Herrer, John Kitt.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Kirkhamm.
Auditors—C. J. Campbell, S. S. Smith, David Yost.
Coroner—Charles D. Murphey.
Poor Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Cole.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—Jos. P. Hat, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Jas. L. Hat, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, C. H. Hill, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President, J. P. Smith, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—R. R. 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. Mecron.
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 pew 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 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—2 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.
Services every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Shiler's church, Mother town ship.

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 Holy 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. Rocher.
Minister—Rev. A. Fryer.
Sunday Services—3 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, 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 Adults tutors, 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.

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, Hats and Ready Made Clothing, 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, fish, notions, etc., Main street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Rooms 4 and 5, Exchange 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. Kerr's.

J. R. 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, Depot 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, Stite'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. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second street, Robbins' building.

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

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

Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m28

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

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, Residence on Market Street one door below D. J. Waller's. Office over Klein's Drug Store. Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m. for treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat. All call.....ls or day promptly attended to. Apr.2'75-tf

DR. J. C. BUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office, North Market street, Mar.27,74-y Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. E. F. GARDNER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office above J. Schuyler & Son's Hardware Store. Apr.3'75-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.8,74-y

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

A. CREVELING SMITH. BERVEY 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

E. R. 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 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	10,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,500,000
American of Philadelphia	1,500,000
City of Richmond	1,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	200,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Royal Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$61,925,000

March 26,74-y

MISCELLANEOUS.

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. Mar. 28,'75-y

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 FOUCHARIAN TEETH, which will be inserted on gold plating, silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by the easiest 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,'74

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, Fire-proof Buildings, Wrought Iron Roofing, Roofing Frames, Flooring and Beams, Farm Gates and Fencing, also Wrought Iron Piping, Stocks 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 East and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and 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, Lost Vitality of Manhood, etc., giving the rules of self-cure, after such a cost as may cure, and mailed free on receiving a post paid directed envelope. Address NARASIH MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 151, Brooklyn, N. Y. My 2,'75-6m

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—"THE LEADING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER."—"THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM. Daily, $10 a year. Semi-Weekly, $5. Postage Free to the Subscriber. Specimen Copies and Advertising Rates Free. Weekly, in clubs of ten or more only $3, postage paid. Address THE TRIBUNE, N. Y. Jan 15'75-1y.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. SUBSCRIBERS TO THE COLUMBIAN who are in arrears, and all others who are indebted to the undersigned for Printing, are informed that for several years this has been far or some one for him will be at home No. 1, Columbian building, for the purpose of settling accounts and receiving payment. All persons indebted are requested to make payment, as he desires to remove to Lock Haven before April, 1876. H. L. DIEFFENBACH. tf.

BLANK MORTGAGES for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

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. 16y

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, 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 care not 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 spokes welded and warranted to stand or no pay. I will exchange a portable top buggy for any kind of lumber, such as hickory, plus, ash, lime hickory and poplar to be delivered at my shop by the first of February, 1875, from date orders taken and McKelvy, Neal & Co's for repairs 2 as cash. A. S. CROSSLEY. July 4

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 competent workmanship, and at prices as low as can be afforded.

Share of Public patronage is respectfully solicited.

H. F. OMAN & BROTHER. Aug. 14,'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's, where will be kept constantly on hand a large assortment of

White and Red Ash Anthracite Coal,

FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES, AND CUPOLO, 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.

ADVERTISING: Cheap; Good; Systematic.—All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements, should send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (0 pp.) with 170 editorial endorsements, containing lists of over 3000 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements inserted for leading papers in many States at a tremendous reduction from publishers rates. 6m'75-1y. Jan. 15'75-1y.

BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, ENVELOPES, &C., &C., Neatly and Cheaply printed at the COLUMBIAN Office.

BLANK NOTES, with or exemption for sale at the COLUMBIAN

Poetical.

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Up on the breezy headland the fisherman's grave they made,
Where over the dulses and clover bells the birches branches swayed;
Above us the lark was singing in the cloudless skies of June,
And under the cliffs the billows were chanting their ceaseless tune;
For the creaming line was curving along the hollow shore,
Where the dear old tides were flowing that he would ride no more.

The dirge of the wave, the note of the bird, and the priest's low tone were blent
In the breeze that blew from the moorland, all laden with country scent;
But never a thought of the new-mown hay tossing on sunny plains,
Or of lilies deep in the wild wood, or roses gemming the lanes,
Were in the hearts of the stern bronzed men who gathered around the grave,
Where lay the mate who had fought with them The battle of wind and wave.

How boldly he steered the coble across the foaming bar,
When the sky was black to eastward and the breakers white on the Scar!
How his keen eye caught the squall ahead, how his strong hand furled the sail,
As we drove o'er the angry waters before the raging gale!
How cheery he kept all the long dark night, and never a person spoke
Good words like those he said to us, when at last the morning broke!

So thought the dead man's comrades, as silent and sad they stood,
While the prayer was prayed, the blessing said, and the dull earth struck the wood;
And the widow's sob and the orphan's wail, jarred through the joyous air;
How could the light wind o'er the sea blow on so fresh and fair?
How could the gay waves laugh and leap, landward o'er sand and stone,
While he who knew and loved them all, lay lapped in clay alone?

But for long, when to the beetling heights the snow-tipped billows roll,
When the cod, and skate, and dogfish dart around the herring shoal;
When gear is sorted, and sails are set, and the merry breezes blow,
And away to the deep sea-harvest the stalwart reapers go,
A kindly sigh and a hearty word they will give to him who lies
Where the clover springs, and the heather blooms, beneath the northern skies.

—*All the Year Round.*

Miscellaneous.

A MILLION A MINUTE.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

The money came to me under the will of old Rodney Gauntlett. Everybody in the city knew him in his lifetime—knew him as a shrewd, active, hot-tempered man, and called him "odd," while he was yet in his prime. As far as memory goes back, he justified the epithet. He looked old, withered, dried up, yet there was plenty of life in him, as those found who crossed his path, or tried to overreach him in the business transactions that took him every day into the chief places of resort in the city.

I was only, as I knew quite soon enough, the child of an old friend—one Col. Anthony Wyvern—whom he had adopted out of charity.

Having so adopted me he did his duty by me. All admitted that; the praise of him in that particular rang as a ceaseless pæan in his ears—and in mine. And I was daily bidden to take note how good he was, how loving and how generous; and what infinite return, by the way of goodness, gratitude, docility, preseverance, and I know not what other virtues, all this demanded at my hands.

Ours was not a very lively home. Our house was an old one that had held its own in the city when the city had even its palaces. But in the long course of time it had yielded, foot by foot, to encroachments on all sides, until it was fairly bricked in, and utterly lost to public gaze. It could only be reached by means of passage through another house, which had planted its great broad back right in front of our windows, and so obstructed our view and shut out our light.

Old Rodney Gauntlett's own rooms were on the ground floor; they were like dungeons, but he never saw them so. All the year round he breakfasted and dined by candle light; yellow wax-lights, in old plated candelabra, red as copper, were always lit for him night and morning. That was his fancy, and like all his other habits, had taken firm root in him

Bridget and I lived upstairs. Bridget, by the way, was our one domestic—housekeeper, nurse, and general servant in one. She was as old as her master. Bridget was my good friend and almost sole companion. If I could have wished her other than she was, it would have been in respect of her sense of Rodney Gauntlett's goodness to me, and of the hard measure of gratitude she thought proper to exact from my unhappy self in return.

As I was saying, our rooms were up stairs; they were three in number, and formed the whole of the second floor. My share comprised a very large bedroom, that had been a reception room in the old times, and a smaller apartment opening out of it. Bridget's chamber was outside mine, her door close to the top of the great staircase; so that sleeping there she, in a manner, kept watch and ward over me.

The smaller room, in which I lived, was like a room borrowed from the last century. The furniture was in keeping; tables with curved legs and brass handles and fittings; chairs with oval backs and striped moreen cushions; escritoires with draws, and Indian jars—all these were conspicuous. But most conspicuous of all was a Japanese cabinet, very large and cumbrous, black as ebony, with quaint figures in gold and dead colors, in slight relief. It must once have been very costly; but was now out of repair, and was only used as a receptacle for papers.

I never recall my room without a thought of this cabinet. It is especially associated with the first visit of a friend of Rodney Gauntlett's, who afterward came often to the old house—far oftener than I cared to see him. I recall that visit like a dream I seem to see myself, a pale, slim girl, with a hair of reddish hue, so thick that it will never keep its place in any knot into which I twist it, but is always hanging about my shoulders, studded with hair pins. 'Tis evening, and I am close to the window, straining my eyes over a book in the failing light. The book touches me deeply, and I am conscious that my eyelids are red, and that there are tears on my cheeks. While I am thus absorbed, the door opens, and Bridget enters, bearing in one hand one of the old plated candelabra with wax lights flaring in it, and so preceding two other persons. One is Rodney Gauntlett himself; the other a stranger—a fine, tall, square-shouldered man, with an olive face, black eyes, and shining white teeth. As I give a scared look, and toss back my cumbrous hair it is Mr. Gauntlett who says, pointing to the stranger, "Mr. Hugh Dimsdale, my dear, an esteemed friend of mine."

The night's introduction was, as I have said, followed by many a visit on the part of Mr. Hugh Dimsdale. It was not long before he declared himself my devoted admirer, and begged me to regard him as a suitor for my hand. My patron, too, hinted as delicately as he could that such an arrangement would be gratifying to him. As for Bridget, she declared him to be the finest gentleman in the whole world, and was perpetually regarding me with her head on one side and her hands raised in a sort of ecstacy of admiration at my good fortune.

But I received him coldly; I could not like him; his coming chilled my heart. The touch of his hand distressed me so that I dreamed of it in the night, and woke up with a shudder.

Still he came and came. I had a suspicion that he knew how I loathed him, and gloried in his power to inflict the torture of his presence on me; gloried still more in suggesting a further horror.

"Am I never to prove my love by showing how happy I can make you?" he would ask.

"I am very happy," would be my cold reply.

"But as my wife? Ah, if we could only realize the future I have planned!"

"The present amply contents me."

So it went on.

At last he lost all patience, and grew fairly angry with me. Whenever we met, his words were harsh and his looks threatening. I could not endure this, and in one passionate outburst bade him begone and trouble me no further.

"I will never be your wife," I said. I will die first. I hate you. Leave me!"

He obeyed; but there was a malignant glitter in his eyes as he strode from the room, and I saw that he bit his thin lips to bleeding to keep in the words with which he would have cursed me.

For more than a month I saw him no more. This might have surprised me, but during the latter part of that time I had no leisure to give a thought to him. My benefactor was taken ill. It was the winter time, and he was seized with a slight cold, of which he took no heed until inflammation followed, and he was soon really ill. Even then he would not deem himself an invalid, would not see a doctor, or give up his daily pursuits. Within a week he was worn to a shadow; his eyes sank, his shoulders rounded, and a cough tore fiercely at his lungs. I was terrified, but he only laughed at my fears, and declared that he would soon be better.

On the eighth night of his illness I sat late in my room. When I at length started, as out of a vision, I was conscious of a chilliness, and of its being very late. I put my hand to my waist for my watch. It wanted three minutes to two o'clock. Was that right by the clock on the mantlepiece? I asked myself. Instinctively I looked up. The leaning oval glass reflected me as I sat. I saw my own face and figure; and I saw more. There was another face looking over my shoulder—another figure standing at my back!

Yes, clearly and unmistakably I saw my benefactor, Rodney Gauntlett, standing there, and bending over me with a strange pitying look in his face.

"You here, sir!" I cried, turning round, frightened—I know not why.

There was no answer.

I half rose.

As I did so, the form receded from me. It went slowly, with the shuffling gait of an enfeebled man. The face was toward me even when there was the width of the room between us. Then it turned away. It turned toward the Japanese cabinet, and I saw an uplifted forefinger beckoning me to observe what followed. The movement was so natural, so real, that it scared away the fears which were beginning to paralyze me.

"Speak to me, sir!" I cried out, stepping forward as I spoke. "Or if you are too ill—"

The finger was raised again; this time as if to silence me. Then the face half turned. I could catch the expression of the eyes, and followed them. They seemed to single out a spot—a rosebud in the flower pattern of the cabinet—and then the pointing finger went straight to the spot.

Unless I dreamed, the bud yielded under the pressure of the finger-tip.

I saw it sink and spring back to its place. Then almost instantly a long narrow panel fell out and dropped on the ground.

"You wish to show me the secret of this?" I gasped, looking up from the spot where the panel lay.

A small aperture had been laid bare; evidently a secret recess; and what it contained was clearly revealed to my gaze.

It was a folded paper.

Casting my eyes hurriedly over it I saw that it was a will—Rodney Gauntlett's will. Through a mass of blurred letters I gathered that by means of it he revoked all former wills; and then I lighted on these words, glowing, as they seemed, letters of fire:

"——all my real and personal estate, amounting at the present writing to three millions sterling, to Julia Gauntlett, otherwise known and designated by me as Julia Wyvern, my own true and lawful daughter——"

I could read no more. The words swam before my eyes.

What! Was I Rodney Gauntlett's only child? Was it a fiction that he had reared me out of the love he bore his old friend? What mystery was here? What could have prompted so strange, so cruel a course? And now, why did he seek to atone for all by securing to me a fortune vast beyond computation?

These questions crowded to my lips. The awe, the marvel, the mystery of what was passing confounded me. My only proof of the reality of all was the crackling of the paper I grasped in my hand. That was real, that and the cabinet from which I had taken it. Yes; and hark! The great bell of St. Paul's was chiming. Real enough, that. I stood and counted the quarter chimes; and then the first for the hour—One; the second—Two.

As the last echo died away, I glanced again at the will. In the act of doing so, and stooping my head for the purpose, I suddenly fell heavily forward with a crashing sound in my ears. A blow had been dealt from behind by an unseen hand, and under the force of it I dropped bleeding and senseless.

* * * * * *

More than a week had elapsed before the sense of life returned to me. I was in my own bed, and Bridget's kindly face was bending over me. Pain racked my brow, and I was conscious of having suffered intensely. It was some time before I was permitted to ask questions, or to receive information as to what had happened. At length Bridget gratified my curiosity to an extent.

She informed me that my patron, Rodney Gauntlett, had died on the night to which I have alluded, at three minutes to two, as nearly as Bridget could calculate, she being then the only person in the house except myself. Her reason for fixing the hour was, that at three minutes to two—the time at which the house clock gave "warning"—she being startled by a strange noise, had gone into his room only to find him dead in his chair. While there, a sound overhead apprised her of my fall, and at the same moment St. Paul's struck two. On rushing up stairs, she had found me on the floor where I had fallen, as she supposed in hurrying to the sick man's aid, and with the back of my head bleeding.

I kept my own counsel. I said nothing to Bridget; nothing to the Doctor when he came. In the mean time I formed this further resolution—I would say nothing unless my impressions received some confirmation through subsequent events. One such confirmation they did receive—it was a very startling one. When Rodney Gauntlett's will came to be read, it was found that his fortune exceeded all belief. He had been money-grubbing and speculating all his life, but no one suspected that he had died worth—three millions of money! His will disclosed that fact for the first time. When I heard the words I fainted. Here was a corroboration of what I had discovered in my dream, or whatever it was, so strong that it utterly overpowered me. Unless I had read it in the paper I took from the Japanese cabinet, how could I have thought of that sum? Such a thing was beyond coincidence, and when I came to myself, I eagerly demanded a sight of the will. It was handed to me, and one glance dispelled all my illusions. It was not written on the paper I had seen, and it contained no mention of my relationship to the testator. My name was there, but only for an annuity of three hundred pounds for life. The bulk of the vast fortune was left in other ways, a very large slice falling to the share of the man I detested and had rejected, Hugh Dimsdale.

Time passed on. I had quitted the old house. All I have related had become a thing of memory. Bridget was dead. Hugh Dimsdale had gone I know not where—to the Indies I had heard, but neither knew nor cared. I was receiving my annuity, and enjoying a simple country life, over which the shadows of the past fell lightly. In the process of time I had almost persuaded myself out of the reality of what I had long held as the mystery of my life.

One winter evening an adventure occurred to me.

I was returning home from a long walk. Tired and anxious to reach my cottage before dark, I took a short cut through the field adjoining—a farm. In the field were several stacks of hay and corn, and as I passed these I saw that a group of persons evidently from the farm itself, were bending over some object lying on the ground. My curiosity was aroused. I quitted the path, and went toward them. As they moved aside on my drawing near, I saw that it was a man who was the object of their attention—a squalid man in the garb of a beggar. He was ill, haggard, starving—yet I could not mistake that face.

"Hugh Dimsdale!" I exclaimed aloud.

He shuddered as he lay, then looked up feebly, shading his eyes with a tremulous hand. With that hand he then beckoned me to his side. Too weak to speak aloud, it was only by drawing my ear towards his mouth that he could make me understand what he had to say. It took this form:

"Julia Gauntlett—for that is your true right name—I robbed you of all. I did it. Yes, yes; no need to hide it now. I knew Gauntlett's last will was hidden in that cabinet—knew it from the first; knew its purport and strove to make you mine in consequence. Had you consented, we should have shared the old man's millions—you and I. You rejected me, and I had recourse to other means to get the later will destroyed, so that I might benefit by a former one under which I was entitled. I was in the house when he died, his life shortened by my means. I passed from his room to yours when I made sure of the old will which gave me so much. I came upon you as you read the will, in which he had acknowledged you as his child, and left you all. It was I who struck you down and secured that paper. I swear to you that this is the truth.

"But tell me," I cried, "what do you know of my father's motive in disowning me—O, my mother—"

"Nothing."

"And this other will?"

"Destroyed. Consumed in the flames. The fortune can never be yours."

They were his last words, spoken with his stiffening lips, and they were true. Without the will it was impossible for me to gain one penny more of my father's princely fortune than I now enjoy. The wealth he had designed as a recompense for the wrong he had done me—Heaven alone knows why!—had flowed into other channels, and could never be recovered. I had held the right to it for three minutes only, from the moment of his death—that in which he had appeared to me—until the villain's hand snatched it away. Only for three minutes out of a whole lifetime; but during that space my income exceeded that of any potentate in the world. It was at the rate of a million a minute.

"You have a pleasant home and a bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the Judge. "Yes, sir," aid Mr. Tompson, who thought he saw a way out of difficulty. "Well," said the Judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will stay there just forty-three days, as I shall send you upfor that time."

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.

The Detroit Way.

It was the second time he had accompanied the young lady home from one of those those little social parties which are gotten up to bring fond hearts a step nearer to each other.

When they reached the gate she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would, and he followed her into the house. "It was a calm, still night," and the hour was so late he had no fear of seeing the old folks. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room to lay off her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in, and dropping down beside the young man she said:

"I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah he would have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughter's happiness for riches, but I am not of that class."

The young man gave a start of alarm. He didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not, and he hadn't dreamed of such a thing as marriage.

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and what ever is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man gave two starts this time, and he felt his cheeks grow pale.

"I—I haven't,—he stammered, when she said:

"Oh, never mind. I know you haven't much money, but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll risk but that we'll get along all right."

It was a bad situation. Hadn't even looked love at Sarah, and he felt that he ought to undeceive the mother.

"I hadn't no idea of—of"—he stammered, when she held up her hands and said:

"I know you hadn't, but it's all right.—With your wages and what the boarders bring in we shall get along