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 publishers, 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 the same.

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 make rate prices.

The Columbian.

C. D. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 12. 1876.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 19
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 13

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	$5.00	$10.00
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	60.00
One column	18.00	24.00	30.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before insertion 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—Ira Deer, M. G. Hughes.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Wagner.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. Mellenry, Joseph Sayer.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Rickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murray.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Sec'y. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Gross, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Austin, 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. Austin, (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. McCron.
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. S. McMurray.
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, opp. Third street.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.
Services every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Zeller's church, Madison township.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.
Rector—
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.

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.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Meet in the Opera House every Lord's day, at 3 p. m. and 6½ p. m.
Regular Meeting of the Church for worship, 3 p. m.
Sunday evening Lecture, by E. E. Orvis, 6½ p. m.
The public are cordially invited to attend.
Seats free.

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 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.

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.

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

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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. R. IKELER, Attorney at Law. Rooms in Exchange Block, 2d floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. 48

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5. Oct. 15, '75.

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

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

ORANGEVILLE DIRECTORY.

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

BUCK HORN.

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

CATAWISSA.

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

From this date the Bloomsburg Gas Company will put in service pipes at first cost and furnish and set meters at four dollars each.

The company have on hand a lot of gas tar suited for painting roofs, and posts or other timbers placed under ground.

Price 10 cents per gallon or $2.50 per barrel.

Oct. 15, '75. C. W. MILLER, Secy.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. A. L. TURNER,
Residence on Market Street one door below D. J. Waller's.
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

SAMUEL KNORR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets Oct. 3, '75

E. E. ORVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE—Room No. 1, "Columbian" Building.
Sept. 18, 1875.

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. BERVEY EWING SMITH.
A. CREVELING SMITH & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
All business entrusted to our care will recieve prompt attention. july 1, '73—y

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Adjoining C. R. & W. J. Buckalew.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Apr. 14, '76-1y.

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. H. 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

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America.
Agents for Continental Life Insurance Company of New York. Assets nearly $7,000,000. The best in the country. Send for descriptive pamphlet. tf

WILLIAM BRYSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Pa.
Feb 18, '76-1y.

HARMAN & HASSERT.

FOUNDERS, MACHINISTS,
AND
IRON-SMITHS.

East Street, below Rail Road,
BLOOMSBUG, PA.

We respectfully call public attention to the following facts that: They manufacture first class

MINE CAR WHEELS AND AXLES

and all kinds of Coal Breaker Castings. They also make all kinds of Car, Machine, Bridge and other castings used by contractors generally. They also manufacture

HEATING AND COOK STOVES,

and are prepared to furnish all kinds of repairs, such as Grates, Lids, Fire Brick, Stretchers, &c. They keep constantly on hand

PLOWS AND PLOW POINTS.

Large Iron Kettles, Farmers' Bells, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes, Cellar Grates, &c. They are also prepared to furnish

Saw and Grist Mill Machinery,

Shafting, Pulley's, &c. They pay special attention to

Repairing Threshing Machines

Reapers, &c.

The Proprietors are both practical mechanics. Try them.

Dec. 3, 1875-6m

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

GILMORE & CO., successors to Chipman, Bosmer & Co., Solicitors, Patents procured in all countries. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a rehearing. By a recent decision of the Commissioner, all rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to interference cases before the Patent Office, extensions before Congress, infringement suits in different States, and all litigation appertaining to inventions or patents. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co. for pamphlet of sixty pages.

LAND CASES, LAND WARRANTS AND SCRIP.

Contested land cases prosecuted before the U. S. General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private land claims, mining and pre-emption claims, and homestead cases attended to. Land scrip in 40, 80 and 160 acre pieces for sale. This scrip is assignable, and can be located in the name of the purchaser upon any Government land subject to private entry, at $1.25 per acre. It is of equal value with bounty land Warrants. Send stamp to Gilmore & Co. for pamphlet of instructions.

ARREARS OF PAY AND BOUNTY.

Officers, soldiers and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

PENSIONS.

All officers, soldiers and sailors wounded, ruptured or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension by addressing Gilmore & Co.

Cases prosecuted by Gilmore & Co. before the supreme court of the United States, the court of claims, and the southern claims commission.

Each department of our business is conducted in a separate bureau, under charge of the same experienced parties employed by the old firm. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to GILMORE & CO. is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it. Address,

GILMORE & CO.,
629 F street, Washington, D. C.
Jan 21, '76-1f.

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
Lancanshire	10,000,00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	2,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	5,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	251,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,956,000

March 26, '77—y

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. March 10, 76-1y.

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, Oct. 1, 1875.

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.

Oct. 8, 1875—tf.

WANTED,

1,000 GOOD MEN

to call at

CROSSLEY'S CARRIAGE SHOP

to inspect his work, and he will guarantee you can make $25 on a first class Top Buggy if you buy of him for cash. I offer for sale at cost,

TEN BUGGIES,
3 PHAETONS,
1 SHIFTING TOP & OPEN BUGGIES

The price of my wagons is as follows:

3 Phaetons, Sarvent pat. wheels, gum top, one for $175, cost.
2 Piano box, portable top, pat. wheels, gum top, one for $175, cost.
5 Piano box, open, patent wheels, steel tire, one for $125, cost.
3 Platform spring wagons, patent wheels, 2 seats, one for $165, cost.

As I am closing out my business the offer I make will stand till the first of July. All work warranted to stand, and are made of good material.

A. S. CROSSLEY.
March 31—3m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., B. Stohner, Proprietor. Accommodations first-class. $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Restaurant attached. October 8, '75-tf

CENTRAL HOTEL,
A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE,
Oct. 8, '75-1y JOHN LAYCOCK, Prop'r.

NEW SALOON AND RESTAURANT.

The undersigned has opened a first-class Eating House in the Exchange Block, formerly occupied by B. Stohner, where his customers will find every thing in his line.

MILTON CHARLES.
Feb 18-2m.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH.

Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa. Oct 1, '75 1y

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

Opposite the Court House,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

The LARGEST and BEST in all respects in the county

W. B. KOONS, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, '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 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. Oct. 8 '75

F. 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. Oct. 8, '75

WOOD PUMPS

B — BLACKLEY'S PATENT. G — GRATTON PATENT.

Blackley's Standard Cucumber and Gratton Co's Pumps, with copper linings old and new styles, and all valuable improvements. Manufacturing facilities greatly increased; sizes and assortment LARGE, prices SMALL. Visitors, Dealers and the Trade especially, are cordially invited to look when in town at the Exhibition, to call and see us or send for catalogue, with prices and terms.

C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufr, 506 Commerce St., Phila.
March 31—6m.

THE EYE & EAR.

DR. G. C. McDERMOTT

makes the treatment of

Diseases of the Ear & Eye

A SPECIALTY,

and has opened at Williamsport, Pa. an Institution for the treatment and cure of patients suffering from such diseases.

Office Hours.—Until 8 a. m., 1 to 2, and 6 to 8 p. m. Call on or address

G. C. McDERMOTT, M. D.,
72 Edwin St., Williamsport, Pa.
April 28-6m.

AGENTS,

make no engagements till you see our

NEW BOOK,

Which in thrilling interest, sterling merit, elegance and cheapness, has absolutely no equal. It is "THE Times" for the Centennial period—takes on sight. The "North American Review" says it is "deserving of unqualified praise; we anticipate for it an extensive popularity;" the "Dubuque Times" says, "Just such a work as thousands of the American people will be glad to possess;" the "Detroit Advertiser" calls it "preferable to any yet published." Any active man or woman of good address insured large profits and steady work for a year. For full particulars address J. R. FORD & CO.,
April 14—12 w. 27 Park Place, N. Y.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and $12 terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. March 18, '76 4y.

Poetical.

THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and buoy,
Out of sight of tower and town,
An empty and battered boat,
And that boat would not go down.
The morning rose on the waters wide,
And the night fell cold and dark,
Yet ever on with the wind and tide
Drifted that battered bark.

The sail had passed from its broken mast,
And its painted pride was dim;
The soft seaweed hung round its bows,
Which had been so sharp and trim.
Where were the merry mates and free
Who had gone with it afloat,
We never learned; but the world's wide sea
Hath lives like that drifting boat;

Lives that in early storms have lost
Anchor and sail and oar,
And never, except on Lethe's shore,
Can come to moorings more;
Out of whose loveless, trustless days,
The hope and the heart have gone—
Good ships go down in stormy seas,
But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once;
They had hands to reef and steer,
With a stretch that would not yield to chance
And a faith that knew no fear;
But the years were long and the storms were strong
And the rainbow flag was furled,
And they that launched for the skies have grown
But the driftwood of the world.

AN OLD MAN.

The hour far spent, the harvest in,
He goes serene along his ways,
Blessed with the sunshine that befalls
The Indian summer of his days.

A dear old man, whom all men love,
Who loves all men and round whose head,
As round the brows of ancient saints,
The silver locks of nimbus shed.

Just as the sun comes sifting through
The violet vapors on the hills,
Building a land of promise where
The vista with new glory thrills,

So shines his smile on all he meets,
A tender after-glow and mild;
He sees the other side of life,
And takes it sweetly as a child.

For genial as the autumn day
That spells us with its soft surprise,
Life seems to wait as waits the year,
Obeying his benignant eyes.

He dreams not of a dark unknown
So close at hand, so chill, so drear,
The ice cold snow covered the grave;
He only sees the sunshine here.

He lifts his eyes up to the hills
Whence cometh all his help and stays,
To bless us with the light that fills
The Indian summer of his days.

—HARPER'S BAZAR.

Miscellaneous.

ONE SUMMER.

Blanche stood on the piazza playing with her fan and watching for the stage, upon the arrival of which hung a great many possibilities. It might bring her letters, it might bring somebody to enliven the house, which was growing fearfully dull with nobody but ladies in the parlors, putting their heads together over crocheting and embroidery. Since the last chance for flirtation had vanished with his valise over the Jefferson road, there had been comparatively nothing in the way of excitement. The train was half an hour late, as it usually is at the Gorham station, and the sunset was burnishing the slopes of Mount Moriah and the Imp, bringing out the strong shadows which had all day been lurking about them, while a tender young moon looked through the fringes of a purple cloud that hovered over the Pilot range. Just as the stage appeared over the little bridge below the house, Mr. Mathews carried Blanche off for a game of whist, and she failed to see the tall gentleman who alighted from the coach and went in to tea. In fact, she had almost forgotten the probabilities of Saturday night in the excitement of a revoke on the part of her purblind partner, in virtue of which their opponents were claiming three of their hard-won tricks when Clara Clew sailed into the room brimful of it.

"Oh, girls," she cried, "he's come!"

"Who, for mercy's sake?" in a chorus.

"The Great Mogul, I guess."

"Don't keep us in suspense," said Blanche. "We are out by honors, at any rate, in spite of your tricks."

"Shall I open the door for you?" asked Mr. Mathews, gallantly.

"Do tell us about it, Clara" pleaded Kate Turner. "Is he young? Does he look flirtatious?"

"Well, I dropped my fan at his feet—entirely by accident, you know—and he picked it up with such an air and smile that—"

"You were ready to drop there yourself?"

"Nonsense," cried Blanche. "Clara is teasing us. It's only Mrs. Bell's husband, or some slippered Pantaloon or raw school boy, depend upon it. Does he wear a moustache, Clara, or a scratch?"

"Judge for yourself," answered that giddy girl; and looking up, Blanche caught a glance from the eyes of Mr. Langthorne—dark, persuasive eyes, with a word of melancholy in their depths, which the smiling mouth with its dimpled chin denied.

Mr. Mathews laid down his cards and pushed back his chair hastily. "Langthorne, my dear fellow how are you?" he cried. "Glad to see you here. Make yourself at home. Here, let me introduce you to the ladies—Miss Clew, Miss Turner, Mrs. Krel. Won't you take a hand at whist? Oh, pardon! Mr. Langthorne, let me present you to Miss Blanche, Miss Blanche Deshler—a rival of Pole and Cavendish at whist, let me warn you."

Mr Langthorne graciously availed himself of Mr. Mathews' generosity and became Blanche's *vis-a-vis*.

"I'm only here for a few days," he said, in passing. "Think I shall go on to the Waumbek, or the Glen, next week,

Mr. Langthorne went to the Glen the next week, but not alone; he and Miss Deshler drove over in the sundown, while the rest of the party followed in a mountain wagon. The ragged Pea-boddy river loitered along by their side over its rocky bed, and the mountains seemed to chassez and waltz from one hand to the other, as the road wound along, while the dim delicious woods shut them in here only to open there and show the grand outlines of the everlasting hills shining in the early sunlight.

That very morning Clara Clew had said, while they were dressing, "what an opportunity for flirtation the Cascades and the Glen Ellis Falls afford! Here you go up, up, up, and there you go down, down, down, and here it is slippery as death and there you need a strong hand that holds you tight; and perhaps you lean over a ledge, just to frighten some one, and a tender arm snatches you away, and tender eyes reproach you! Heigh, ho! I wish I were going in the sundown!"

"You silly girl! I should think you had already been there," laughed Blanche. But she found it pretty much as Clara had depicted. Mr. Langthrone went to the Waumbek too, but not as he had prospected. He and Blanche had saddle horses for the occasion, and lingered at pleasure, now watching the silver Israel river tumbling down a distant steep, as if bent upon touching up the scene, and anon the haymakers in the Jefferson meadows, with the shadowy hills and primeval forests for background, companioned all the while by glimmering peak and neighboring scarp, about which sunbeams and clouds wrought magic, while all the moods and colors of the passing hours lent themselves to the effect. There had been a masquerade at the Waumbek House the night before, and the pillars of the verandah were draped with evergreen, and the balustrade of the staircase was decked with golden rod, and the young ladies in the parlors were talking over the last night's disguises and surprises, and playing snatches of the wedding march.

"I do not see any one I know here," said Mr. Langthorne, making the tour of parlors and verandahs with Blanche on his arm. "I expected—." But what he expected did not transpire. What a ride home it was, with the sunset retouching the picture, with twilight stealing upon them, bringing its pensive stars—when they sang stanzas of old songs together, and quoted the poets they loved best, and talked no end of pleasant, familiar nonsense! When they returned Clara Clew was lounging on the piazza. Blanche retired to change her riding dress, and Mr. Langthorne gave Clara his arm for a promenade.

"And what have you been doing with yourself, Miss Clew?" he asked, idly.

"Little or nothing," she returned. "But there's no need to ask what you've been doing, Mr. Langthorne. Prenez garde. What's that old saw about playing with fire?"

"Old saws have blunt teeth. You mean about the burned child, eh? I haven't been even scorched."

"Nor 'shriveled in a fruitless fire?' The pitcher goes often to the well."

"You mix your metaphors. I'm at a loss to determine whether you consider me a child or a pitcher."

"It's plain you've been talking nonsense all day, Mr. Langthorne. But isn't Blanche just splendid? She has no end of lovers, you know. Perhaps she has talked to you about Tristram Pennon, the witch?"

"Never. Pray tell me about him. Is he interesting?"

"Blanche seems to think so; there's an understanding between them, you know."

"Indeed?" and then there was a call for a Virginia Reel, and Langthorne and Clara joined the dance.

The next morning brought new guests Among them was a plain young lady and her mother, the last of whom shook hands with Mr. Mathews like an old acquaintance, and walked directly to the office to inspect the register.

"Ask them not to take off my trunks," said she, turning to Mr. Mathews in some trepidation. "I shall proceed straight to the Glen."

"But, my dear madam," he expostulated, "take your dinner first; it is never wise to decide upon any step on any empty stomach."

"What, and Langthorne here! My dear Mr. Mathews, how little you know me!"

"But allow me to say that you have nothing to fear from Mr. Langthorne."

"Nothing to fear! how little you know him! Hasn't he made my life a burden for the last eighteen months? Don't I know that he is a miserable fortune-hunter, who has bewitched my precious Isabella with his heartless wiles, so that she won't look at any other man, gentle or simple? Enough! don't talk to me about Langthorne! I verily believe he is ubiquitous."

"My dear friend," pursued Mr. Mathews, "he is at this moment at the summit of Mount Hayes with a party of ladies. Follow me to the north side of the piazza and you will see the blaze they have kindled there to boil their coffee; see, a trifle to the left, Mrs. Vexer. And now let me whisper to you that he is head and ears in love with the lady at whose feet he is possibly sitting at this instant."

"An heiress, no doubt?"

"Yes, and a beauty to boot. To tell you the truth, I have a weakness for Langthorne myself, in common with the young ladies. I do not believe him the mercenary wretch who would marry for money without loving."

"But Isabella is plain, if she is my daughter, and Langthorne loves beauty."

"Every woman has her own little attractions, and a plain face is sometimes more attractive than positive loveliness, which is apt to pall on the taste. Madame De Stael was no beauty, you remember."

"But Isabella is not even a Madame De Stael. You will not convince me of Langthorne's disinterestedness. You have gone over to the enemy, I am sorry to see."

"Stay; instead of that, I have espoused your cause so heartily that I sent for Langthorne to come here myself, trusting to the charms of Miss Deshler, who was dying of *ennui*; and let me tell you that the spell has worked; every one in the house is remarking it. Now let me suggest that if you wish to destroy Isabella's regard for him let her remain and see him make love to another woman. Nothing could be more effectual, believe me."

"There is reason in what you say. It will be a fearful ordeal for the dear girl, but bitter things are wholesome, and—"

"It will pay;" laughed Mr. Mathews; "and then Capt. Despard is coming to-morrow, and you will agree with me that he is a match for a queen. And did he not waltz four consecutive times with your plain Isabella at Mrs. Buhl's last reception in May? and send her a bouquet of Parma violets next day? and a string of milky amber from Rome soon after?"

And Mrs. Vexer allowed Miss Truth to conduct her to a room.

One would have said it was an exceedingly well-bred party that met at breakfast next morning, inasmuch as no shade of surprise was visible on the countenance of either Langthorne or Miss Vexer as they bowed across the table and exchanged a few commonplaces. Mrs. Vexer observed with pleasure that the handsome Miss Deshler was Langthorne's neighbor, a situation eminently favorable for flirtation; and she was not surprised at Isabella's lack of appetite, nor at the increasing pallor, which, by no means, became her style.

"They tell me here," she said to her daughter later, "that Mr. Langthorne has surrendered that tough muscle, his heart, to the fascinations of Miss Deshler. You see, my love, what his protestations were worth!"

As Mr. Mathews predicted, Captain Despard arrived in the morning train; and as he was one of those genial men who carry sunshine and good humor wherever they move, and was backed by a handsome face and fortune, Mrs. Vexer resigned herself to her easy chair and her crocheting, confident that he was capable of soothing the smart that Langthorne's behavior had inflicted, by his courtly and well-timed attentions. At first she remarked that Isabella was pale and *distrait*, but by degrees this gave place to an unwonted flow of spirits on her part; she corruscated with gayety, which made her almost beautiful in spite of features that lacked symmetry and eyes that lacked color. Mrs. Vexer made sure that pride had come to her daughter's aid, and vanquished every tender sentiment for Langthorne, and she flattered herself that Captain Despard's attentions would not be wasted, coming at this crisis, when wounded affection required the solace that nothing but love could offer, and Mrs. Vexer gave herself credit for having made a bold stroke in staying at Gorham and fighting it out in the teeth of her adversary.

To Blanche Deshler the days seemed only half long enough for the pleasure that overflowed them. To be sure, now that the house was full of young people, there were fewer solitary drives and rides with Langthorne; but there were giddy waltzes with him in the dancing hall, and psalm-singing Sunday evenings from the same book in the north parlor, and stolen half hours on the moonlit piazza, with Mounts Madison and Adams hanging like petrified clouds over the brow of Mount Carter. "You knew Miss Vexer before," she once said, as they promenaded through the long hall and piazza. "She was so pale and sad-eyed that I thought her really plain when she first arrived, do you know; but Captain Despard, seems to have developed her capabilities."

Just then, in the shadows of the verandah a rustle of silk and a perfume of sandal wood swept by them and Langthorne stooped to pick up a bit of white cambric that fluttered to his feet.

"Your handkerchief, Miss Vexer," he said quite coldly, and passed on.

"How did you know her in the dark? The captain can't be far off," whispered Blanche.

"Dear me!" said Clara Clew the next night, in the full swing of Portland Fancy, "Miss Vexer ought to cultivate her muscle; she hasn't enough to enable her to hold fast her goods and chattels. Langthorne has just picked up her fan. See, he's reading the precious autographs upon it. Why dosen't he add a pretty sentiment?"

"What should it be? queried Clara's partner.

"My heart is another's, and never can be yours? or, a thing of beauty is a joy forever!"

"For shame!" said Clara. "Handsome is that handsome does. We can't all be beautiful; some of us must be good instead."

That evening, after Blanche had taken down her hair, she missed the gold scorpion with which she looped the folds of her polonaise. She had strolled with Langthorne and the others by moonlight through the underpath after the dance had ended, and divining that it must have fallen out there, she decided to rise early and go out to seek it, without awaking Clara. Accordingly, the next morning, while the sun and the mists lay in ragged patches on the hills, she tiptoed out through the vacant rooms and the deserted piazza, retracing her steps of the previous night. Blanche had gained the hill, and was sauntering along the edge of the wood that bordered it, when she detected a rustling among the fallen boughs and a gush of voices, and looking over her shoulder into the hollow below, she saw two lovers strolling down the dried bed of an ancient brook, made picturesque by time's fantastic touches and the flickering light that flecked the mossy path with leafy shadows. As she gazed after them, puzzled by something familiar, they paused and embraced lingeringly. Then he was out of sight with a bound, and hastening home by the railway track, while his sweetheart walked slowly on alone by the underpath, singing softly as she walked.

"What a pretty picture!" thought Blanche. "The captain must be desperately in love, to leave his pillow at this hour, when he has the day before him;" for in parting the girl had half turned, and revealed the face of Isabella Vexer. "I must tell Mr. Langthorne about it. Surely the early bird catches the worm—and sometimes it is a glow worm."

She drove to the village after breakfast with Langthorne for some shopping. They had the stage all to themselves, and, true enough, she painted the picture as she had seen it, and Langthorne laughed heartily, and said, "Stolen sweets, you know, Miss Deshler."

There was an evening party to Berlin Falls, when the next moon waxed full, along the banks of the capricious river over which the mists were curling in weird outlines, as if the spirits of the stream were abroad. The falls themselves were wreathed in their own spray, spanned by a lunar rainbow, and overshadowed by great clouds of vapor, like half guessed shapes of genii; and strolling over the slippery rocks in that deceptive, half-luminous atmosphere which almost blinded one, somebody stretched out a hand to Blanche, and held her fast in two arms for an instant, whispering, "Darling, have pity on me! Let it be to-morrow, Bella!"

For the first breath she had believed that Langthorne's arms imprisoned her; that the old, old story was on his lips. Then she was half angry with herself at the thought, at the thrill it gave her, though she laughed as she slipped away, saying, "You have mistaken your audience, Captain Despard. It is Isabella's Shetland shawl that has misled you. She put it over my shoulders when we alighted—ah, woe's the day!—because I shivered." And Miss Vexer's lover bowed and retreated.

So the weeks wore on; it was either a pic-nic to the Leadmine Ridge, or a morning with the echo by the river, or an afternoon at the bowling alley; evenings spent in the dance or in flirtations long drawn out, on the verandah; and as surely as Despard attended Isabella just so surely Langthorne waited by the side of Blanche, and lent