County Superintendent—William H. Snyder, Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent. S Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creve too.t. O. P. Ent. Secretary.

Beeretary, Biomsburg Bullding and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robison, Secretary, Hoomsburg, Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

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Soats free. The public are invited to attend.

Minister—Rev. J. McCron. Sunday Services—15% a. m. and 6% p. m.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

PRESENTERIAN CHURCH.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

перовмер спокси.

Corner of Third and Iron streets,

BT. PAUL'S CHURCH.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

тик спикси от спикт.

fool, to Richmond-and, like a fool, haunted

the Well House. It looked just the same as

in the old, dear days, but I heard children

believe, to the city people. Came back to

the club. Got back to chambers late. Wrote

a column-Review. A weary, weary day.

Shall I never know a moment's forgetful-

He drew then from the leaves of the diary

a letter, written in a delicate feminine hand,

and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12

Gray's Inn." This letter he regarded with

MY DEAR ARTHUR.-If you will be so

uspicious, so jealous and exacting, I can-

not see how we are ever to be happy. Faith

without works is dead, and love without faith

is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am

tired of cross words and dark looks. Some

Yours, affectionately,

Well, House, Richmond, Oct., 1871.

and the rain was falling-a cold, penetrat-

ing, impetuous, determined rain. The

country, which but a brief while since looked

so fair in a bland October sunlight, now

seemed a thing to shudder at. The dun-

olored woods, wet and forlorn, seemed to

have no hope of any returning summer, and

to know the utter desolation of the end. It

was impossible, indeed, to imagine that in

the green, soaking fields, where now a few

ows were huddling together, and lowing

isconsolately, glad children could ever have

ossed each other in the warm, sweet-smel-

ling hay; the rain drove drearily against the

window, and the wind shricked around the

house, and occasionally thundered in the

chimney, and at the bar, where, in spite of

a brisk business, for ale corks popped con-

tinuously, and pewters clanked audibly, as

the men set them down on the slabs; and

the great wagons lumbered by, or drew up

ponderously in front of the door, and while

the drivers availed themselves of the "Green

eat variety of whips hung against the wall,

and over the mantiepiece was a photograph

of a fine chestnut mare. Under it was writ-

earts, I wonder, had she caused to ache

while the hair was gold and the buxom fig-

photograph album lay upon the table.

ALICE CLAREFIELD,

slowly. It ran as follows:

indignant.

The Jobbing Department of the Columbian is very complete, and our J b Frinting will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on 0, E. ELWELL,

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## BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 2. 1876.

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President Judge-William Elwell.
Associate Judges-Tram Derr, M. G. Hughes.
Prothonofary, &c.-B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stemographer - S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder - Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney - John M. Clark.
Sheriff - Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer - Dr. H. W. Mcheynolds.
Commissioners - John Herner, S. W. Mellenry,
Joseph Sands.
Commissioners Clerk - William Krickbaum.
Auditors - M. V. B. Kilne, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner - Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners - Jacob H. Fritz, William H.
Utt.
County Superintendent - William H. DR. A. L. TURNER,

DR. J. C. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office, North Market street, DR. B. F. GARDNER, Bloomsburg Official Directory.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ricomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashler, Firs Navional Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. Y. Tustin, Cashler, Columbia County Murual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Berretary. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

E. E. ORVIS, Rev. J. P. Tustin, (Supply.) Sunday Services—10% a. m. and 6% p. m. Sunday School—9 a. m. Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6% ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C.W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Sunday Service—1973 a. in. 1800 059 p. in. Sunday School—93, in. Praver Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6% clock. Scals free. Nopews rented. All are welcome. C. B. & W. J. BUCKALEW, ATTORNEYS, AT-LAW.

Minuster—Itev. Stuart Mitchell. Sunday Services—105; a. in. and 655 p. m. Sunday Sensol—9 a. in. Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 655 o'alock. Sears free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome R.F. & J. M. CLARK,

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Minister-Rev. J. S. McMurray.
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Sunday Services-10% and 6½ p. m.
Busic School-1 p. m.
Busic Class-Every Mosfday evening at 6½ 6'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting-Every Tuesday
evening at 6% 6'clock.
General Prayer Meeting-Every Thursday evening
t o'clock. A. CREVELING SMITH & SON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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Services every Saturday aftermion at 2 o'clock at
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First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion,
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday
venting before the st Sunday in each month.
Tews rented; but everybody welcome. Bloomsburg, Pa. E. H. & R. R. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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. Bioomsburg, Pa. Brockway & Elwell,

Meet in the Opera House every Lord's day, at ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. p. m. and 6% p. m. Regular Meeting of the Church for worship, p. fa.
Sunday evening Lecture, by E. E. Orvis, 63 p. m.
The public are cordially invited to attend.
Seats free.

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Paper, common and for Administrators, Execu-nd trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printer and for sale at the Concurrent Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply them JUSTICES and Constables' Fee Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

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H MILLER & SON dealers in Dr. notious, etc., Main street, H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Gro eeries, Fruits, Nuts, Provisions, &c., Main and entre streets.

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B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Ph sician, north side Main street, below Marks

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DR. H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Mai

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Frice 10 cents per gallon or \$2.50 per barrel.

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Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No Bloomsburg, Pa. july1,73-

Office on Main Street, first door below Court House Mar. 6, 74-y

OFFICE-Adjoining C. R. & W. J. Buckalew.

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ARREARS OF PAY AND BOUNTY omicers, soldiers and sallors of the late war, o

their heirs, are in many cases cuttled 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 dimore a Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be

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GREEN HIDES of every description in the country. The public pat-ronage is respectfully solicited. Bloomsburg, Oct. 1, 1875-



MANUFACTORY

BLOOMSBURG, PA. M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER HAVE on hand and for sale at the most

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

and every description of Wagons both PLAIN and Warranted to be made of the best and most durable

SLEIGHS of all the newest and most fashionable styles well and carefully made and of the best material. As inspection of their work is asked as it is be lieved that none superior can be found in the coun



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 Burgy if you buy o him for cash. I offer for sale at cost,

THE DESCRIPTION 2 PHAETONS. 7 SHIFTING TOP & OPEN BUGGIE The price of my wagons is as follows:

2 Piano box, portable top, pat, wheels, gum top, on for \$175, cost. 5 Piano box, open, patent wheels, steel tire, one for \$125, cost.
3 Platform spring wagons, patent wheels, 2 seats As I am closing out my business the offer I make will stand till the first of July. All work warranted will stand till the first of sur.
to stand, and are made of good material.
A. S. CROSSLEY. March 31-2m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., B. stolmer, Proprietor.
Accommodations firstOctober 8, 75-44.
Restaurant attached.

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NEW SALOON AND RESTAURANT. he undersigned has opened a first-class Eatin ise in the Exchange Block, formerly occupied b Stohner, where his customers will find ever MILTON CHARLES,

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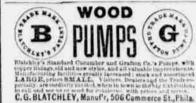
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Oct. 8, 75-1y HOWELL, DENTIST. Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner ELCOMSBURG, PA.

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rom such diseases. Office Hours.—Until 8 a. m., 1 to 8, and 6 to 8 p. m, G. C. MCDERMOTT, M. D.,

VALUABLE PROPERTY PRIVATE SALE. The subscriber ofters for table, two small lots, on each which are erected a frame dwelling louise, stable and necessary outbuildings. Also four vacant ots, adjuning the above and of urger size. These lots are on the Main road near Stiffwater, Flaining Poetical.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow, And the gray roof sloping down. The trees fold their green arms around it. The trees a century old ;
And the winds go chanting through them,

The cowsitps spring in the marshes, And the roses bloom on the hill : And beside the brook in the pastures, The herds go feeding at will. The children have gone and left them They sit in the sun alone; And the old wife's ears are falling,

That won her heart in her girlhood, That has soothed her in many a care, And praises her now for the brightness Her old face used to wear. She thinks again of her bridal-How, dressed in her robe of white, She stood by her gay young lover

As she harks to the well known tone.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever, And the sunshine still is golden. But it falls on a silvered head. And the girlhood dreams, once vanished

Till her feeble pulses tremble With the thrill of Spring time prime And looking forth from the window, She thinks how the trees have grown, She crossed the old door stone. Though dimmed her eye's bright agure

The love in her girlhood plighted They sat in their place in the sunshine Till the day was almost done; And then, at its close, an angel

Stole over the threshold stone. He folded their hands together-He touched their cyclids with balm; And their last breath floated upward, Like the close of a solemn psalm Like a bridal pair they traversed The unseen mystic road, That leads to the beautiful city,

"Whose builder and maker is God, BITUMEN.

A COSTLY JOKE.

In the flush times when oil-wells were the them Whereon all enterprising minds were dwelling And every speculator's fundest dream Saw great Petroleum's arountic stream-The fat of nature's broth, plutonic cresm— spontaneously from his own well upwelling, Twelve gentlemen on money-making bent ded in an upper chamber spacious. To listen to an "enterprising gent" While he to them should make it evident Much money might be made for a little spent By any one sufficiently sagacious To furnish funds, by him to be invested In a location he himself had tested. "The territory where that well and derrick are Is the best oil country in America, The drill will very shortly reach bed-rock, Being already promisingly started." We paid our money and we took our stock,

horses beat the miry road with heavy hoofs, And then I marked, as I have marked before, Twas not possessing riches great or small, That fixed the due proportion each one bore, Those who have little always give the more, On them all burdens do most lightly fall, While some are like the cobbler in his stall When into one small hole he puss his little awl Why need I here repeat the old, old story? We never saw again our cherished pelf; The reader will have guessed so, "a priori," And very likely knows how its, himself. When the whole enterprise had gone to pot Once more we stockholders convened a mee

Seton mechanically opened the album In the same sadly well-remembered spot Here was a tinted photograph of a young And to the rest one then, there, thus gave greet girl, with profuse gold ringlets,a large,round ace, and meaningless blue eyes. Under it was written: "Presented to Miss Hunter by her affectionate friend, Isabella Grant,

(Although we're neither more nor less tha For you rich folk, who know so vastly more Have been deceived in spite of your acumen And tiels deep hole that's proved so great a bo Although it has no oil, it has tolt-you-men." -Joseph Kirkland; Seribner for June

HIS WORD OF HONOR

suming to be an inn, is in reality little more

than a wayside public house. Mr. Hunter

landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a

ittle surprised and flurried when, upon a

raw October afternoon, a young man having

a great coat over his arm, a light bag in one

hand and a stick in the other, presented him-

self at the bar of the "Green Dragon," and

asked languidly if he could be accommed to

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a bi

think we can manage to give you a bed.'

man, with red face and gray hair, "yes, 1

"And a sitting-room?" continued the

"A sitting-room," echoed the landlord, it

the tone of one who is considering some

great undertaking; "one minute, if you

please, sir," and Mr. Hunter disappeared in

to a little room immediately adjoining the

bar, there to hold counsel with some second

person, the upshot being that, in a few

tin whistles and decapitated dolls.

rejained the traveler.

ooked on it for long.

engaged ?"

sir." said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly,

not have much parlor company."

minutes, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, and a

"You really must not let me disturb you,

"Don't you mention it," replied the land-

lord, in a tone which was at once genial and

onfidential. "We would not turn a custo-

ner away from our door. You see, we do

"And this is the only room you have dis

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at

For some time he least indolently back,

with a bed and sitting-room.

tranger.

re still shapely? For want of something better to do Sento egan to write a letter; but he made slow Miscellaneous. way with it. For minutes together he sat olding the pen listlessly in his hand leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening as we all listen when alone to what BY PHILLIP BOURKE MARSTON. sounds may be going on near us, from a feel-The "Green Dragon" at Orpington as-

ng which is not curiosity, but more overowering. Suddenly what must have been a very ight vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up with great precision at the doo of the "Green Dragon," while the voice of a new-comer became audible. Seton, however could only catch a few disconnected words such as "Caught in the rain-delicate-shelt

er-Chiselhurst-a closed carriage.' Then the door opened, the landiord presented himself upon the threshold, and said, n a very pointed manner, "If you please sir, a young lady driving over to Sevenoaks n a light, open trap, has been caught in the ain and her servant wants to know if I can ive her a sitting-room while he drives back

o Chiselhurst for a close carriage." "And this is the only one you have? dned Seton. "Oh! ask her in by all mean However, I am sorry the room smells so o smoke," he added, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Don't you mention it, sir, and thank

you very much," replied the landlord, refew Hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working In another moment the door opened again materials, socks, in process of being mended and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady tall and very graceful, having a pale Madon "You can have this room all to yourself na like face, and gold hair shining like an aureole round a small classical head. Seton's face had grown white to the lips

and his voice quivered perceptibly, as, ex ending his hand, he said-"This is a very unexpected meeting." "Very unexpected meeting," echoed the dy, removing her wet mantle, and sitting lown on the worn leather sofa. The reognition had been mutual, but women, as rule, are more self-composed than men.

"Let me recommend this chair," said Se

"We have only been back from the Cor

present. Susan! coals for the gentleman's on, laying his hand upon the one from The traveler having, as he thought, shown which he had just arisen. "No, thank you, I prefer sitting away due amount of consideration for the comrom the fire." fort of Mrs. Hunter and the young Hunters, "I am sorry the room should smell so of was glad enough to enter the apartment beobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but fore alluded to, and to draw close to the fire

ou see I did not expect the pleasure of a the one dilapidated armchair. Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and She smiled a rather forced smile by way literary by choice, was not really more than of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and thirty, though he looked considerably older put into an envelope a sheet of blank pafor the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular, "The country is very beautiful around handsome features, wore habitually a look here," he observed, writing his own name of such intense mental weariness as would with great care upon the envelope. have saddened the most hopeful man had he

his hands clasped behind his head; at length Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenhe rose and took from his bag a locked-up oaks this morning, and was caught in the diary, which he opened, and availing him rain, and induced to ask for shelter here. self of pens and ink which stood upon the "And how is Mrs. Clarefield ?" table, made the following entry : "Mamma is quite well, thank you," Then "October 17, 1874.-Got up late.

on the Brianstones ; George was out. Had after a pause, in a full, sweet, low contralto bent down. She raised her face, and the a pleasant chat with Annie; went, like a voice, which had a ring of infinite pathos, 'Are you stopped here?"

together in a prolonged, passion rte kiss. He knelt down by her, her head sank upon his "Hardly," said Seton with an assumption of gayety in his tone; "but I'll tell you all shoulder, and for several minutes they replaying in the garden. The house is let, I about it. My friends kindly took it into mained thus, lost in love's profound peace and mystery. And the ale corks continued their heads that I was sticking too closely to London ; dired at the Pall Mall ; went to work-that I wanted fresh air and exerciseto pop, and the wagoners on their way to so they bound me over, on my word of honor, to walk from London to Hastings in a warm good-nights were exchanged between week. HI acquiesce in everything now, so, of customer and land-lord, and as Arthur folded Alice's mantle round her, she said, half ourse, I acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprison- shyly, "You are coming back with me to see

"But you used-" began the lady, then she colored a little, and seemed unwilling to long, sad, loving look; then, resting his finish her sentence; "you used to be so fond head on his hand, he read it through very of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three which she was not a little proud, remained years," he replied, wearily. Then came a long silence, broken at last and the day's labor was not regretted. by the pop of an ale cork, at which they Chiselhurst through the wild, windy evenstarted as if an explosion had taken place. ing. Between it and the past three years "Oh! you grow used to it in time," oblay all the pains of hell. And the rain served Seton.

women, I believe, like the feverish excite-It seemed impossible to imagine those two ment of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable, petty jealousy is quite uner than the most distance acquaintances, worthy of you. Do try and put it from you: could ever have been passionate and devoand remember that love once wounded is ted lovers. What thoughts had they, I wonsometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I der, as they sat together, and yet so far received your article quite safely, but I canapart, of the old days wherein love led them not speak about it now. You have made and al! was well? It would weary you, dear me too sad and too weary, and even a little reader, and to no purpose, were I to set down here the dreary commonplaces with she used always to take his part. When which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour. At length, worn out by the arduous offort of trying to entertain each He replaced the letter, closed the diary, other while their thoughts were so far away ook up his pipe and began smoking. The they took refuge in silence, and the wind dear soul, over the hppiness of her children. early part of this day had been fine and roared, and the rain lashed the window, and And down stairs these two are very quiet. mild, but toward the afternoon the sky grew the dusk came on prematurely; and Seton. To them love was a solemn thing, and they all at once leaden, and the wind shifted to looking out on the cheerless prospect, shiv

> son in the room rose very quietly and stir- by. red the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa. "No, you shouldn't, really," said Seton. tightly, "You won't continue your walk to not turning round, however, though with a Hastings this week ?" look of great pain upon his face. It is wonderful what suffering some small, commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of impossible joys, again, may they not open up to us!

aid Alice, presently, and speaking with him that for once in his life he had broken effort, "and our new coachman drives so his Word of Honor! fast, too." "Yes, and your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arm upon the mantelpiece, and examining with wet weather, Mr. Hunter seemed to be doing critical interest the photograph of Mr. Hun-

ter's defunct mare.

'I suppose the carriage will soon be back,

"How the time passes," said Alice, in a low voice, as if speaking to her self. Then, with sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part answer into the fathomless past. Each day is a life Dragon's" hospitality, the large, broad-backed and weary—are you happy ?" me one question. You are looking worn

> en Hope. All the rest deserts us, but Hope, "Of which you need not fear the repetitivin sister of Immortality, is ours through ion," she rejoined promptly, with cutting the week-into and beyond Saturday night

en: "Being Mr. Hunter's favorite mare, who died in her fourteenth year." A short "No, it can't end like this," he went on. way on was a photograph of Mrs. Hunter, 'Do you know, ever since you have been Blessed be Hope, and blessed be the nights a full holiday costume. A large Bible and here, I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past. This meeting was not of your seeking, and it seems to me unmanly and dastardly to take advantage of this opportuni-

"We are sometimes so mistaken," she said Poor Isabella! how many honest country

hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued-"Alice! you have treated me very ill. gave you my love, and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been, and how full of faults I was, You reclaimed me-you transformed my days-you made my life all at once pure and fair; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you, you threw it all away, and left me to perish miserably. She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her by a gesture and went on : "and now when we meet, after three years, you ask me if I am happy? If I loved you once, I shall love you forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both sides, he said, quietly. "Yes, perhaps there were," he replied but I was reading your last letter over only to-day. Oh! how terribly bitter is

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter?" she said almost passionately, her voice quivering, and her breast heav-"I don't remember it word for word," he eturned quickly; "I know it was written

on the impulse of the moment." lowly, "you said if your love, in its heart and strength was a little exciting, mine was cold and tideless; in fact, no love, only a slow sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on ; "but a woman with less pride than I have could not have acted differently. Only one course

was left me—to be silent." "Well, it is all over now," he rejoined we shall never, never meet again." "You won't take my friendship, then "

"No, thank you; you are very generous

but I do not want this gift," He threw himself wearily into a chair, and for some time there was a complete silence. Hope is so aubtle, so intangible thrt we are often only aware of its existence looked upon himself as a man quite without hardly be more gray and desolate than it and the sabbath rises, let us strive again! he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him through the last three years. Now everything seemed gone-there was

nothing but death left. Presently carriage wheels came down the road; carriage homes flashed through the dusk, and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in, and announced, in a tone of triumph, that the carriage had come for the young lady and done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door

shut, and they were alone together again. Very softly and distinctly Seton heard her say his name, "Arthur," but he did not move. It seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clinch fast his heart till inent about six weeks," she observed, after she were gone, and then die swiftly of the in death. A mother's gentie tones, perhaps a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near

> come? Are you not going to forgive me?" her hands and drew him to her. Then he night,

Bates of Advertising.

One inch, (tweive lines or its equivalent in Monna-rell type) one or two insertions, \$1.00; three insec-tions, \$1.00. SPACE.
One 19th.
Two tuches.
Three inches.
Pour inches.
Quarter column.

Items.

A call has been issued for a Liberal Reublican National Convention, to meet at

Wilkes-Barre has on exhibition a Welsh Tom Thumb, a native of Merthys Tydvil, and claimed to be the smallest man in the world.

peretofore been paying its men by checks will pay next month in hard silver. The Bethlehem Times says "it will take 28 tons to go around," but where the silver is to come from deponeth saith not.

Stewart once remarked that his ambition was to sell \$100,000 worth of goods at retail in one day in his up-town store, but he had never been able to go beyond \$75,000.

number of densely thronged meetings in ceased, and strange voices were abroad in St. Louis since Friday last, and excited persons, more formal to each other in manses, have gone to Kansas City.

> ex-Secretary Belknap, for accepting bribes in office. The presentment is now in the hands of the District Attorney, who will prepare a formal indictment. Gilmore's Band of sixty-five performers will give concerts in the Centennial Ex-

o'ctock each day. "Bitten by an alleged mad dog," is the mild way in which such an occurrence is the northeast. Now the wind was rising ered as with the cold. Then that other per- priceless moments went silently and swiftly put in Baltimore, to avoid hurting the dog's feelings should he merely be laboring under

Three children, between ten and twelve years of age, were drowned in the Sault au-Recollect River, near Montreal, on Friday. They were in a boat, which got into the rap-

The petitions of Maguire and McKee for pardoned have been unfavorable reported upon by District Attorney Dyer. It is unerstood that an unfavorable report will also be made in the case of Avery.

was seen descending and after a short search it was found. The shell was divided among several citizens. this country (Astor and Stewart) have died recently, and now the third (Commodore Now he stood before her, and through the are the graves of Saturday night, alas, too Vanderbilt) is reported as seriously ill. Thus

> succeeded in collection the residue of the money belonging to him and on deposit at the National bank at Washington when that concern collapsed a couple years ago. Our ecollection is that the original amount was about \$60,000, and that before his death Mr. Johnson obtained forty or fifty per cent, The sum loaned the bank was the greater

portion of the savings of a life time of ccono The large sums of money which were paid treasuries. In one instance the skin of a colt which had died was deftly cut up and made into ears, and palmed off as those of a

An old story recently recuscitated in con nection with Roscoe Conkring's aspirations for the Presidency, to the effect, that when John C. Calhoun was a candidate for the ame position, he consulted an old colored voman who was noted in the vicinity where she lived as a prophet. After carefully examining the lines of his bands said : "Massa Calhoun, you nor no other man whose name begins with a C can be Pres dent of the United States." It is a strange coincidence that Calhoun, Crawford, "Clay and Cass, were all defeated candidates for the Chief

REVOLUTIONARY CANNON DUG UP .- The West Chester (Pa.) News says seven cannon were recently dug up on the Warwick Fur nace farm, in Warwick township, Chester county. They were buried about three feet under the surface, on a space of ground not over thirty feet square They are huge ones -seven feet in length, two feet in diameter at the breech, and about four and a half inches calibre. One of them apparently was charged ready for firing, as a ball was found in proper position; but all symptoms of powder had disappeared. Tradition says Gen. Washington put them there about ninety-eight years ago. A STORY OF DR. NOTT, OF UNION COL-

LEGE .- The theory of Dr. Nott was that of forgets to answer back! The eye has grown family government as far as practicable, and when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton, cold or worse than indifferent! Who is to to attain this he brought the Faculty as blame? Some one. And why? None but much as possible in personal contact with none. It seemed to him that his life could God can tell truly. As the sun goes down the students. He was himself very intimate with the boys, and many stories are told of was, yet who shall say what feeling, of which Mother, clasp still closer to your heart the him by the older graduates, the most famous of which is the following: One night the Doctor's hen-roost was unusually noisy. Concerned about his poultry and his eggs, he hastened out in dressing-gown and slippers, in time to surprise certain disguised figures, which quickly vanished, leaving a to be happy. Let kind words, good wishes few of his choicest chickens beheaded. The and liberality of sentiment expand all our Doctor had a magic way of finding out evilhe arts this night, for they are blessed influ-doers, he soon discovered these. But instead of taking off their heads in turn, he in-If you have a friend draw him closer to vited them to dinner the next day, and feastyour heart. If you have a life in your keep- ed them on the fowls with whose necks they had made free the night before. The Doctor Pause ere you do evil. Think of the reward | made no allusion to the occurrence, trusting there is for those who love. Look back, to the conviction that every mouthful of con-Listen! A little, prattling voice now stilled traband chicken would stick in the threat, to teach them a better lesson than any he could convey in words. When the meal was finished the boys were politely bowed out, firmpast—the blessed memories—the mementoes ly resolved never again to prepare for them-Now he rose and groped his way toward of the heart-and tell us if you are not glad selves so uncomfortable a meal. The culher like a blind man. She stretched out that Heaven is nearer by one more Saturday prits never heard the last of "Prex's Chickens."-Scribner for June.

hearts and the lips, so long, disunited, came

London tramped in and out of the bar, and

"May I?" he answered, great joy evident

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter had

been preparing all the afternoon, and of

unoccupied, but the payment was lavish,

Oh! that never-to-be-fo-gotten ride to

risen and redeeming. And the clouds drift-

ed away, and the pure, sweet, windy moon-

light quivered over wet fields and trees and

I leave you to imagine the arrival home

Arthur had always been a favorite with Mrs.

Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels

dinner had at last been disposed of, Mrs.

Clarefield pleaded household duties and

went to her bedroom. There she sat down

before the bright fire and wept profusely,

were solemn lovers. And the wonderful

Presently, however, Alice said, looking up

in Arthur's face, and pressing his hand very

And he answered, with a bright smile

"But I pledged my word of honor to do

Yes, and he did break it; but none of his

friends brought it as an accusation against

Saturday Night

night comes.

in sadness.

Such is life.

One by one the days go out. Saturday

One by one the hopes go out. Eternity

omes. Like hail stones, the days drop from

the clouds of time, to fall cold and dreary

-is a history. The hopes of the morning

are tears by night-the air castles of Monday

-into the grave to bear us dry and happy

Changes have come during the interim be

ween this and last Saturday night, Many

a mound in the churchvard or cemeter

marks God's bruises on the desolate human

heart. Many a heart joy has been dipped

Many a dress which one week since was

iome. Scarlet buds and sombre blossoms

Who of us all is nearer Heaven than one

week since? Who of us have laid up treas-

ures above? Who of us have mellowed the

vowed one week since to do right, but alas

for temptation! All of us have argued with

the subtle reasoner-few of us have come off

last Saturday night. Curses have been in-

voked. The record has been perfectly kept,

and some day 'twill be opened to your eyes.

Let us rest from labor and renew our vows.

By the family fireside-by the family altar-

by the cot and the couch there is much to

do this night. Look back down the dark

lane. See what a wreck is there strewn

Hopes which have died. Promises badly

broken. Good intentions and noble resolu-

tions lie bleeding and torn as far back as the

eye can reach. Hard words lie where sof

ones would have been better. There are

lisappointments and betrayals, bitter words

and wicked acts strewn thick over the

ground. Ruins-ruins-ruins! Here and

there a fragrant flower lifts its silent voice

and rears its pearly leaf to gladden the debris

around. Here and there a blossom. Here

and there, but too far apart, can be seen the

beautiful in strange contrast to the rules and

wrecks. Life is a dark lane. Would to God

there were more loves and fewer hates. More

How the changes come over us! What

gave us joy is now a pall of ashes! The lips

we loved to kiss a week since, now have no

nectar! The hand which once thrilled in

rapture at the slightest touch of love, nov

pledge you now caress, for God may want it

back before another Saturday night is yours.

ago has been taken away-who will go next?

Deal gently with those who have erred.

Heaven is forgiving. God is love. Strive

ing, do by it as you would be done by.

well nigh forgotten !- a sister's phaintive eye

is calling you to happiness. Look over the

ences-none too plenty.

The pet you kissed and caressed one week

white and less red.

victorious. Prayers have been uttered since

through the Stygian flood and on to God

which call us to kneel at her altar.

"And I command you to break it."

seemed love's benediction.

mamma, are you not?"

in face and voice. -

Philadelphia the 26th of July.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, which has

Moody and Sankey, who have held a

The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia have agreed upon a presentment against

hibition grounds, morning and afternoon, from ten to twelve o'clock and three to five

a temporary aberration.

ids and upset.

The Sunbury Daily says that the town of Northumbland is excited over a meteor that fell there. It was quite hot when found, and was about a foot in circumference, It Two of three enormously wealthy men in

There was not much to occupy a man's dust and the firelight his eyes flashed on oft. God gives us sun life, rain health, friends their great wealth will soon scatter, and this thoughts in the dreary little bar-parior. A her as he said, in a low harsh voice—"From and that which is more blessed than all, gold-country will probably never see their like The heirs of ex-President Johnson have

> white is now the deepest mourning. Some by the authorities of several counties in the mourn. Some wear mourning while the mountainous parts of Pennsylvania as bounheart rejoices. Some there are whose hearts ties for scalps of wild animals during the are darker than the grave, for the lamp of last year prompted an investigation, which ove is broken and the joy of years has gone revealed a well devised and carefully executed scheme for defrauding the county fox. A large number of warrants have been earth in which all must rest? The account | issued against the persons suspected of this is for or against us! We all thought and