THE COLUMBIAN,
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)
Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
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 demand.
POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

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

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1876.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 24
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 18

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in S[illegible]) one or two insertions, $1.50; three [illegible] tions, $2.00.

	1 W.	2 W.	3 W.	6 M.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00
Two inches	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00
Three inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00
One column	30.00	36.00	40.00	60.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. T[illegible] sient advertisements must be paid for before inse[illegible] except where parties have accounts.
Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for th[illegible] insertions, and at that rate for additional inserti[illegible] without reference to length.
Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's noti[illegible] three dollars.
Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a li[illegible] regular advertisements half rates.
Cards in the "Business Directory" column, [illegible] dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Ivan Dorr, M. G. Hughes.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Knickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Eat, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Stout. O. P. Eat, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. B. Greene, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Austin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. R. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robbins, 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.
Class and 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—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 Beifler'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. Reesor.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Priebe.
Sunday Services—2 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.
Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill," known as the Welsh Baptist church—on Lock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3 o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in much books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. Feb 19, 1876-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Acknowledgments, 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, Hour, 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. 68

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, Boltins' 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, Supt.

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 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. 8, '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. july1,75—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 Ent's Building. April 10, '74—y

A. CREVELING SMITH & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
All business entrusted to our care will recieve prompt attention. july1,'75—y

A. CREVELING SMITH. HERVEY EWING SMITH.

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. H. 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, Pulleys, &c. They pay special attention to
Repairing Threshing Machines
Reapers, &c.
The Proprietors are both practical mechanics. Try them.
Dec. 2, 1875-6m

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
GILMORE & Co., successors to Chipman, Hosmer & 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 reissue. 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. Inclose 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	25,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	18,000,00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,100,000
Ætna of Hartford	5,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	221,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$175,956,000

March 26, '74—y

BLANK NOTES, with or without exemption for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

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 county.
Oct. 8, 1875—tf.

WANTED,

1,000 GOOD MEN
to call at
CROSSLEY'S CARRIAGE SHOP
to harvest 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,
7 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.
5 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. Stehner, 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. Stehner, where his customers will find every thing in his line.
MILTON CHARLES.
Feb 18-2m.

C. M. BROWN,
has removed his Boot and Shoe store from Brown's Hotel to 1st door above Wagoneller and Sharpless', Towanda Boots a specialty. Repairing done at short notice.

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,
Oct. 8, '75-1y Proprietor.

W. HOWELL,
DENTIST.
Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner Main and Market Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
May 26—1y.

DENTISTRY.
R. 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
Blatchley's Patented Cylinder and Grafton Co.'s Pumps, with copper boxes and brass tubes, and all plumbs improvements. Manufacturing facilities greatly increased; stock and assortment LARGE, sales SMALL. Tinmen, Dealers and the Trade in general, are invited to call, when in town to see the big Exhibition, at wholesale or retail, and be convinced that we do what we say, with prices and terms.
C. G. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r, 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 3, and 6 to 8 p. m.
Call on or address
G. C. McDERMOTT, M. D.,
73 Edwin St., Williamsport, Pa.
April 28-6m.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
at
PRIVATE SALE.
The subscriber offers for sale, two small lots, on each which are erected a frame dwelling house, stable and necessary outbuildings. Also four vacant lots, adjoining the above and of larger size. These lots are on the Main road near Stillwater, Fishing Creek township.
For terms apply to Wm. IKELER,
May 5, '76.—6m. Stillwater, Pa.

Poetical.

THREE AND ONE.

They stray through the sunlit, summery weather,
Two maids and a youth 'neath skies of blue,
And each of the three, as they walk together,
Is secretly wishing there were but two.

Yet the maidens love each other dearly,
And both love the youth, if he only knew;
But he loves one as a sweet friend merely,
And the other he loves as lovers do.

She who has won his heart's best passion
Gives back a fancy, a passing whim;
She loves him only coquette fashion;
While the other maid—she would die for him.

And while they wander across the meadows,
Their three hearts brimming with love's sweet pain,
Fate is sitting within the shadows,
Weaving for them a tangled skein.

And she shall weave till the autumn weather,
When th' threads shall unravel and all come straight;
But well she loveth to knot them together
And tangle the ends for a time, doth Fate!

She at whose feet is cast that treasure,
A man's heart strong with love's full tide,
Shall use it awhile as a thing of pleasure;
Bruise it, and break it, and cast it aside.

And she who is loved as a sweet friend only
Shall find it bleeding upon the ground,
And being herself so sad and lonely,
Shall strive through pity to heal the wound.

And after a time, when she's hushed its grieving,
She shall take it with all its wounds and scars,
And hide it away in her breast, believing
"Its the richest treasure under the stars.

But the three walk on o'er the sunlit meadows,
And dream all life is a summer land;
And they pass by one who sits in the shadows,
And see not the webs in her bony hand.

And so we all while the days are flitting
Plan out a future of joys and pains,
And see not Fate in the shadows sitting,
Knotting and tying the tangled skeins.

The vows we vow with a fond "Forever."
The pledge we deem there can naught befall,
Fate with a touch of her hand can sever.
Ah me! 'tis folly to plan at all.

Those that we love may the soonest fall us:
We may grow to worship where now we hate,
And what do our plans and our dreams avail us?
Better to leave it all with Fate.

—*Ella Wheeler, in the Galaxy for March.*

THE WIDOW.

Her smiles are temper'd by her sighs,
Her garb scarce veils her glory;
The tender glamour of her eyes
Enshrines her and her story!

No greenling girl, nor spinster tart,
She's all things that become her;
Her life, her beauty, and her heart
Are in their Indian summer!

Miscellaneous.

MABEL'S RIVAL.

"Hush up!"

"Can't do it, old fellow; anything to oblige you but that. Must tell somebody, or I'll burst."

"Well, what about her?"

"What about her?"—

"Why, man, she is mine own,
And I am rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
Their water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Sorry you don't like Shakespeare—

'And they no sooner looked but they loved;
no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy, and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage.' And now, my sweetly sympathetic friend, you know all about it."

"What a fool you are, Harry!"

"I say, Joe, if there is any medal awarded for politeness at that university of yours, you'll be sure to get it. She's just the sweetest, dearest—"

"If there's any more of that to come, would you mind retiring to your own room?"

"Joe, you're a beast. You never saw such a darling little—"

"What will you take to clear out?"

"I don't know. Will you give me a lock of your hair if I'll go?"

"If you open your mouth again, I'll pitch you out of the window!" and Joe got up from his chair with an impatient jerk, and a look of positive annoyance came over his ugly but good-natured countenance.

"Don't be cross, Joe; I didn't mean to bother you, old fellow," said Harry, penitently. "I'll go now;" and the handsome boy picked himself up from the bed where he had been lying, and made his way down stairs to his own room.

Joe crossed over to the mantel piece when he was gone, and leaning his elbow against it, gazed long and earnestly at the sweet face of a picture that hung there.

"Sweet little Mabel, should I have made such a fool of myself if you had loved me? What a weary world this is, my poor little girl! You are far away in the country, with your soft eyes dim with tears and your warm little heart worn with fretting for that handsome scamp I have just sent down stairs; and I, who know your tender little secret, and would have shielded you from all sorrow at the sacrifice of my own life, must sit still and listen to his raptures over another woman. By-the-way, who is she? All that row, and he never told me her name. Well, what matters it if she be called Smith or Jones or Montmorenci? you will suffer all the same, my gentle little darling, and I cannot help you."

Joe turned moodily away, and sat down again at his desk, and drawing toward him a ponderous-looking volume, proceeded to immerse himself in the difficult mathematical problems that Harry's rapture had interrupted. But the chain of thought had been broken. Calculus seemed to have lost all power to engross his attention, and differentials and infinitesimals had suddenly grown as uninteresting and unimportant as they are small.

After half an hour he gave it up, and, lighting a cigar, let his thoughts wander whither they would. Finally they lit upon Harry. "I wonder if I was unkind to the boy to-night?" he asked himself. "I was busy, and he irritated me, and he did make such a fool of himself. Then all the time he was raving so absurdly, Mabel's eyes seemed to be looking down so sorrowfully. I suppose I imagined it, but it made me rude to him, and I fancy I managed to hurt his feelings. I think I'll go down to his room and see what he is about. After all, I am fond of the youngster, though he does make such a nuisance of himself."

Joe knocked twice at Harry's door, and then, receiving no answer, opened it and entered the room. The gas was burning dimly, and there were no signs of occupancy. "Gone out, I suppose. Does the idiot leave his letters open for the inspection of his landlady? said Joe to himself, as he saw an open note and a photograph lying on the bureau. "Wonder if this is the fair object of his adoration?" and Joe turned up the gas and proceeded to examine the imperial type. Suddenly he started, and the bushy eye-brows contracted fiercely above the deep-set eyes. With a steady, searching look he examined every feature of the expressive face before him, and then turned the picture about in search of a name. There it was, just as he had expected to find it, in the firm, flowing characters which he knew so perfectly well—"sincerely yours, Alice Remson."

"Good God!" muttered Joe, "what does that woman know about sincerity?" Then he took up the note, written in the same hand.

"At home to you, dear Harry, to-night at 7. With love. ALICE."

"Then, that is where he has gone. Oh, Harry! Harry! God help you."

Joe sat down on the side of the bed, and, brushing the falling hair back with his big, awkward hand, set himself steadily to work to find out where his duty lay.

"All of us!—Harry, Mabel, and me. Bah! I think the fiends exhausted their ingenuity when they invented the torment called loving. Poor boy! poor Harry. How can I tell him? how make the wretched story sound less horrible?" Joe looked at his watch. Harry could not reasonably be expected to return for two hours. He would probably remain as long as Miss Remson would permit him, thought Joe, bitterly; until the fascinating young lady wearied of his ardent devotion, and dismissed him with a yawn.

For the next hour Joe paced steadily up and down Harry's room, his heavy footfall sounding through the house with a dull monotonous regularity, and the longer he thought of the task before him, the greater became his dread of it. He dreaded to see the change come over Harry's bright face, the brilliant light fade from his happy eyes, and the rigid lines of suffering replace the laughing curves about his mouth. Poor Joe! his trouble was always about somebody else. He thought his own powerful limbs and clumsy features were adapted to labor and sorrow, but he would have liked to claim immunity from suffering for those he loved; and Harry held a very warm place in his heart, perhaps because he was Mabel's cousin.

Finally he scrawled a single line upon a card, and left it where Harry would see it when he entered the room.

"Come up to my room as soon as you return. JOE."

Then he went quietly up stairs to his own apartment, and unlocking a heavy desk that stood in one corner, took from it a bundle of letters tied carefully together with a small piece of black crape. Placing the package on the table within reach of his hand, he sat quietly down to wait. It was a bitter hour that he passed—sitting there waiting for the return of the boy to whose bright hopes and happiness he was preparing to deal such a deadly blow. Would Harry's friendship for him survive the revelation he was about to make? he asked himself bitterly, and then an angry feeling rose up in the heart, that his should have been the hand selected to deal out such misery to his friend. Joe shivered when the clock struck twelve and simultaneously with its solemn sound he heard the rattle of Harry's latch-key.

"It must come?" he muttered below his breath, "and the sooner the better. If I put it off until to-morrow, it will be no easier to tell or to hear."

In a moment Harry's light step sounded on the stairs, and, flushed with health and happiness, he burst into the room.

"What's the row, Joe? Thought you didn't believe in burning the midnight oil? Surely your exciting researches into Newton and Leibnitz haven't kept you up till this hour? You ought to be dreaming about our landlady's muffins and all the dear delights of to-morrow's breakfast. Phew! I'm tired," and Harry resumed his old position on the bed.

"I was rather rude to you this evening, Harry, and I thought I'd like to tell you—"

"Oh, bosh! is that what's the matter? You dear old boy, do you suppose I remembered it for a moment? I say, Joe, do you know I think you the best fellow in the world; there never was anybody quite so—quite so—I don't know what I want to say. When a fellow is spooney on a girl, there's a million ways of telling her of it, but when it's another fellow, why—let's shake hands," and Harry rolled over and placed his hand in Joe's enormous paw.

"God bless you, Harry."

"Why, what on earth is the matter. You're as solemn as if you were assisting at the funeral of all your friends and relatives in a bunch."

"Harry, is Alice Remson the girl of whom you are telling me to-night?"

"Of course she is. Sweet little Ally! There couldn't be two like her in the world. Why, you don't know her, do you?"

"I know of her."

"Then you must know that she's the sweetest, dearest little—O Lord! I forgot. I'm an awful bore, Joe; I know it."

"She is two years older than you are."

"Y-e-s."

"And a woman is older than a man at the same age. Alice Remson is twenty-five."

"Well? You don't intend to tell me that a woman is increpit at twenty-five, do you?"

"Alice Remson was a belle in New York society before you had entered college."

"What of it?"

"I have a story to tell you to-night, Harry. Will you try and listen patiently, and not hate me when I have finished? Shake hands once more, will you? You may not be willing to when I have done," and Joe's strong hand enclosed Harry's more delicate one for a moment in its firm clasp. Harry was startled by the quivering, uncertain tone in Joe's voice, and the gentle way in which he laid his hand back on the bed when he ceased holding it.

"Did you ever hear of Charley Howard?"

"Yes, I think so. The man who was found drowned in the bay, wasn't he? There was a great fuss about it in the papers. I was in the country then, you know."

"Yes. You were at home then with your mother and Mabel, but I was boarding here in the same room where I am now, and Charley Howard was on the floor above us. He was something like you, Harry, frank, open, and noble hearted, generous and affectionate. Unlike you, he was poor, relying entirely upon his own exertions for a living and working hard as a clerk in the banking house of Huntley & Co., in Broad street. Whenever Charley went he was a favorite. His unusual beauty and winning manners seemed to charm every one with whom he associated. I have known a great many men in a long course of university life, but I have never seen a handsomer or nobler-looking young fellow than Charley Howard. His bright laughing eyes were of a soft brown color, matching the hair that curled over his low broad forehead, his mouth was as softly curved and gentle in its expression as a woman, but redeemed from all suspicion of effeminacy by the long thick moustaches that shaded it. He was tall and well-proportioned, graceful in build, though not possessing much appearance of muscular strength. Charley was very fine-looking, although he always gave an impression of elegance rather than power, and his face showed a quick intelligence, but not a strong intellect. Poor fellow! had he been endowed with less beauty and more mental force, he had not ended so miserably. I have told you that he was a great favorite in society. It was during the second year that I knew him—we had been living here together for about eighteen months—that he came into my room one night about 9 o'clock, in evening dress, and told me that he was going to a large party at the house of Mr. Huntley, his employer. It was there that he met for the first time Alice Remson."

"Who?" said Harry, in a sharp, constrained tone. He began to see where Joe's story was tending, and a hot, bitter feeling of hatred toward his friend surged up in his heart.

"Forgive me, Harry. I would spare you the horrid story if I could. It is as hard for me to tell as for you to hear. It is only the hope that the present pain I am inflicting may save you years of future suffering that enables me to go on;" and Joe's voice trembled as he spoke.

"He met her for the first time at Mr. Huntley's; but after that, as the winter went on, not a week passed that he did not spend one or more evenings at her side. At balls, parties, or receptions, Charley was her constant attendant; he was her escort at the opera; he walked with her in the mornings, and later in the day rode with her in the park. Their names were always coupled together in the current gossip of drawing-rooms, and the people would pause to admire the handsome couple as they passed them on the street or avenue. Charley's attention was in a great measure drawn away from his business; his salary was exhausted with opera and concert tickets, carriage hire and hot-house flowers; and his devotion to Alice Remson absorbed his time and attention to the exclusion of every other thought or interest. All other admirers fell away from Alice's train to devote themselves to some one less preoccupied, and society began to look upon them as belonging to each other although no engagement was ever announced."

Harry's face was turned away from Joe; but the latter saw a slight shiver convulse the boy's frame, while one hand was tightly clinched in the pillow under his head.

When Joe ceased speaking Harry lay for a few minutes motionless. His fierce passion had subsided, and with a noble effort he rallied his powers of endurance and self control, to enable him to face in a manner becoming a man, the misfortune that had fallen upon his life. Then he raised himself from the bed in a weary, laborious manner, like an old man. He took the package of letters from the table, and shuddered as his fingers came in contact with the black band that held them together; his brow contracted with a sudden spasm of pain as he saw the name "Charles Howard, Esq.," traced in the same delicate characters that had so often written his own. When he spoke, his voice had a harsh and unfamiliar sound.

"One night Charley came home, and passing my room on his way to his own, stopped for a moment. I missed the usual buoyancy from his quick, elastic step, and the pleasant whistle that nearly always announced his coming. Looking up at him I saw a sad, troubled look in his handsome eyes, and struck by the change in his manner asked him what was the matter. It was something so unusual to see him anything but cheerful and happy.

"'I don't quite know, Joe,' he answered, in the low sweet voice that was one of his greatest attractions, 'Ally promised to be at home to-night, and when I went to her house she had gone out—'with a gentleman,' I was told.'

"'Is that an engagement, Charley?' I asked.

"'I suppose I may tell you, Joe,' he replied; 'but the little lady will not have it announced publicly.'

"'Why not?' I asked him.

"'I don't know. You—you don't think she can mean to break her promise, do you Joe!' he asked, in a troubled, hesitating tone. 'She hasn't seemed quite the same to me lately.' And a heavy sigh broke from his lips, and there was a slight evidence of tears in the depths of his soft brown eyes.

"That was the beginning of the end. From that night a change came over Charley. The brilliant light in his eyes faded away, the sound of his footfall grew heavy and weary as he dragged himself hopelessly about, and his merry whistle never woke the echoes in the old boarding-house again. Alice Remson's falsehood and treachery had broken his heart, and a few weeks afterwards cost him his life.

"It is false—as false as hell!" With a sudden bound Harry sprang from the bed, his eyes glowing with the fury of a maniac. With a sudden jerk he seized Joe by the shoulder, and, dragging him to his feet, threw him forcibly back against the wall with a resistless strength born of the madness of passion that ingulfed his soul. 'How dare you tell me such a wild, false, wicked lie? Do you stand there with such a vile, base falsehood on your lips and think that I shall not kill you?'

Joe warded off the fierce blow that would have fallen on his head with his left arm, and, exerting the full strength of his heavy muscular frame pinioned Harry's arms to his side, and lifted him back to the bed, where he held him by the force of one powerful hand.

"Are you mad, Harry, that you would strike your best friend? Control yourself instantly;" and Joe's stern gaze locked into Harry's passionate eyes with a calm, determined force that would have subdued a nature even more violent than poor Harry's.

The boy winced under the severe glance bent upon him, and twisting himself away from the resolute grasp that held him, buried his face among the pillows while a deep groan came from his lips.

"Harry," said Joe, while the tears gathered in his eyes, and his voice quivered at the sight of the poor boy's suffering, here is a package of letters, the evidence I have to offer you of the truth of the sad story I have told you to-night. Among the first you will find Alice's confession of love for Charley her sweet expression of devotion and affection for the man she afterward ruined; then the cruel letter that blighted his hope and destroyed his ambition. Next a few cold business-like lines from Mr. Huntley, informing him that his services are no longer of value to his employers, and regretting the necessity of discharging him. Last of all, a few disjointed words in Charley's own handw