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Commissioners Clerk—William Krickbaum,
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Cassey, E. B. Brown,
Joroner-Charles G. Murphy,
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Bloomsburg Official Directory.

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KNITTLE & ABBOTT. Catawiss. Pa.

Oct. 76. 3 & W

Columbian. The

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8. 1876.

and the maid comes and knocks.

Now how did those boots get away, and

how did they come back? For I'm sure the

often in the British workman's Sunday coat,

There is another way in which I am terri-

bly annoyed. Being a regular 'bus man

of course, I don't mean a driver or a con

ductor, but a traveler by omnibus-from mo

tives of economy, I have noticed the nui-

fair sex, which never travels without a large

bundle, which they plant on somebody's

and fellow passengers, by keeping the vehi-

cle waiting for them while money is dislodged

from a pocket somewhere in the region of

folds, or from the corner of a handkerch'ef,

in which it is tightly tied in a knot which

won't come undone; while one lady always

produces her cash wet-out of her mouth.

have noticed all this, I say, and, in conse-

quence, I provide myself with a three-penny

or six pence, and place it in my waistcoat

pocket ready for alighting and paying with-

out requiring change. Do you think that I

can find that coin when I require it? If you

do you are mistaken. I grope for it with

my glove on-I hunt for it with my glove off;

nel; but no-there is no coin, and the con-

feel very much provoked as I produce my

port-monnaie,drop my umbrella in the mud-

dy street where we are standing, fumble out

with all the passengers craning forward to

look, and the driver shouting to his mate

became of that four-penny-piece," and my

full of mischief, what is it?

"Look alive, there !"

which is creased from top to bottom.

girl did not bring them back this time.

zirl.in an ill-used tone.

over my forehead.

course.

IMPORTANT TO ALL

Office over Kleim's Drug Store. Office hours from to 4 p. m. for treatment of diseases of the Rye, Ear and Threat. All calls night or day promptly attended to. DR. SWAYNE, The discoverer and compounder of the far-famed Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

and other valuable preparations, entered upon his professional career with the important advantage of a regular medical education in one of the oldest and best schools in Philadelphia, and, perhaps, in the world. He subsequently served a faithful term or practice in the Philadelphia Dispensary, and for many years attended in the Hospital. In these institutions he enjoyed the most ample opportunities of obtaining an insight into diseases in all their various forms, as well as for ascertaining the best methods of the treatment. In offering, therefore, to the people of the United States the Fuits of his extensive professional experience in the medical compounds as the best results of his skill and observation, he feels that he is but proffering a noon to every family throughout the land, resting, as he does, confidently in the merits and effications virtue of the remedies he herewith commends. The vast amount of testimony from all parts of the world has proven "DOCTOR SWAYNES COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY" the most efficacious remedy known, and it is admitted by our most eminent objection, and all who have witnessed its wonderful healing properties. The WILD CHERRY in all ages of the world and in all countries where it is known has been justive celebrate for its wonderful medicinal qualities, but its great power to cure some of the worst and most distressing diseases among us was never fully secondarde to the worden most eminent objection, in combination with Pine Tree Tar, and other equally valuable vegetable incredents, when chemically combined renders its action tenfold more certain and beneficial in curing all obserses of the healthy combined renders the action tenfold more extrain and beneficial in curing all obserses of the healthy combined renders the action tenfold more extrain and beneficial in curing all obserses of the healthy combined renders the action tenfold more extrain and beneficial in curing all obserses of the high daptation, in combination with Pine Tree Tar, and other equally combined renders Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Oct. 8, 78

Ask Your Druggist for Them,

Females and all who value health should never be without 101. SWAYNE'S TAR AND SARSAPARILLA PIBLS, as they purify the blood, remove all obstructions, cleanise the skin of all pinnjes and blotches, and tring the rich color of health to the pale cheek. Female tregularities are restored to a leading condition. They are a certain cure for Sek and Nervous Headache. As a Dinner Pil, nothing can exceed them: take one, two, or three, as may be found necessary; unlike others, they heither gripe, produce nauses, or any other unpleasant sensation, while they are as powerful as it by beache for a medicine to be and be inarmiess. These Pilis cleanse out the discodered humors, enrich and purify the stomach and bowels, causing a perfectly healthy state of the fiver, and are undoubtedly the best exthartic and antibilious medicine yet discovered; and we are determined that the sick shall have them at a price within the means of the poorest (25 cents a box of 30 Pills.) If your druggist or storekeeper has not got them, do not be put off by any others that may be offered in their place, but send to us direct, and we will forward by mail, on receipt of the pile, 25 cents a box of five boxes; \$1.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Poetical.

IN FUTURO. It seems to me the bud of expectation Has not yet swollen to the perfect flower That with its wondrous fragrant exhalation

The lamps we light are but the stars of pr The faintes frefiex of a d'stant sun That wakes an eager a luta() in from u)
'Till nobler heights are won.

The past was but the preface to the story In which the romance of our lives is wrought The deeds that win imperishable glory Live scarcely in our thought.

Whate'er we do talk short of our intending; The tructure lacks the beauty we design ; And tortured angels, to their home ascending Depart, and leave no sign. By all the doubts and trials that so ver us,

By all the falls and failures that annoy, By all the strange allusions that perplex us And yield no fruit of Joy, We know that unto mortals is not given The strength or knowledge that is yet in store

For us, ere yet we walk the streets of heaven And dream of heaven no more. The heart of earth has secrets yet withholds: That wait the dawning of some future day,

When angel hands from sepulchre so golden Shall roll the stone away. Man has not touched the zenith of his creation The godike thought that filled Jehovah's mind Has had in him but feeble revelation,

Uncertain, undefined. inc my clothes at night. This extends to The days wherein Time reaches its fruition, garments I do not wear every day-dress With moments weighted with no vain regret, Draw nigh, but are not yet. a tour or shooting expedition.

-JOSEPHINE POLLARD, in Harper's Magazi

CUI BONO.

What is hope? A smiling rainbow 'Tis not here : still yonder, yonder;

ever urchin found it yet. What is life? A thawing loeberg en a sea with cunning shore; Gny we sail; it melts beneath us;

We are sunk, and seen no more. What is man 7 A foolish baby. Vainly strives, and fights and frets;

Demanding all, deserving nothing; One small grave is what he gets.

Miscellaneous.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

In a whisper, mind-in the gentlest, the most sighing of whispers-I tell you this. In fear and trembling, too, all the time, for

it might hear me. You observe, I say it ; for I cannot apply ectual distinction to the weird little entity that torments me. At the same time, though I find that I have often called it him, and, it a misty, wandering way, associated the thing I dodge first in one corner, then in the other with the tricksy-looking sprite who stands and each time along the intermediate chanwith his hands upon his hips in the Landseer pictures of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The fact is, I have been haunted for the past five years -I, the simple-minded, calmlyiving, seventh-rate literary man who pens these lines; and my innocent bachelor life has been made a torment to me by some- a two shilling piece, and wait for change thing, of which, as you see, I only dare

speak in a whisper. You are shaking your head! Don't say you are not, for I can feel it mentally; and ny perceptions are now those of the most cute. Let me hasten, then, to reassure you -to enlighten you upon the point you are nietly discussing.

No; there has not been the slightest man festation of insanity in my family. Again my pulse gives, with calm regu-

larity, the proper number of beats to the Hansom wheel. It is not incipient delirium tremens, for I

was never inebriated but once in my life, and then I was so dreadfully ill the hand involuntarily goes to the pocket of my next day that I made a vow, which I have vest, and-yes, there it is-I can feel it religiously kept, and am always considered plainly enough through the cloth. an abstemious man. So, once more, in a calm whisper,I declare | before ?

you that I am haunted-bewitched-ill-

vished-evil-eved-over-looked-or in some vay suffering from a spell. In fact, there An Eruption of 8 Years Standing nust be something in the matter not heretoore dreamed of in my philosophy, and I remble lest ill should come of it. But let me explain-let me give you sample of the kind of annoyance to which ble, and then send them to be cleaned.

seems to me that I can hear the silvery tinkle of a very small kind of laughter floating It was only yesterday that I required my daily remembrancer-the diary in which I

record the trifles of my life and note my meagements. It was gone That book lies on my study table, and I pookease, drawers, in folios, among papers

was put out by its loss I searched the turned out my desk, got into a violent pers stration, went and bullied the servant, rose into a towering rage, and at last, quite exnausted, and furning with annoyance,I three Where did I find it?

I'll tell you: That book lay in its usual dace upon the study table. Now, you may argue for a week, and you will not convince me that some sprite had not hidden that book away until it was tired

IS YOUR HAJR FALLING OUT placed. ood, of carefully folding my clothes before retiring to rest. I never kick one thing here and another there, after the habitude of the reckless, but place each garment ready to be donned in the morning. Now, I am ready to make affidavit that those things are all right at night; but when I have left rising till the last moment, just leaving myself sufficient time to dress and catch the on, and find them all right, the tongue is gone from my brace buckle. Or it may be a stud dropped from my shirt; the buttonhole split off my cellar ; or, more likely, a

At another time I hear the servant come up with my boots as I lie in bed. She bumps | er, who owes me no end of borrowed money boots down as servants will bump boots down which I get back a little at a time. But and in that pleasant, semi-unconscious way how did Purnow get it? Stop-no-yes-6 bottles \$4. Sent by express to any address on re-ceipt of price. Address orders to DR. SWATNE & SON, 336 North Sixth Street, Phila., Pa., sole proprietors. ing, I seem to see those boots and wonder if same time, and the notes must have been ing all the while. they have been carefully dried, for the pre- put-yes, I deliberately say. in a whisper, vious day was wet, and I have had a horror mind-put into the wrong envelopes? I was aghast for a time-it seemed so hor of damp boots ever since I read, somewhere, that they were a prolific cause of catarrh. rible; but at last I recovered myself-suffici-Then I wonder, too, why it is that servants ently to take my bat and go in the telegraph have such peculiar notions respecting the office, and send a message to Purnow, telling

anatomy of the human foot masculine, and him it was a mistake and that he must come credit with abnormally turned-out toes, from directly, for I had ordered a capital dinner the way in which they always reverse male at the club. boots-the right on the left side, the left I got that message very cleverly within

upon the right. They never do so with twenty words, got out a shilling, and was boots feminine. I lie then, seeing those just going to hand both to the pleasant-lookmisplaced boots there; and when I have ing young telegraph clerkess, when a horrimade my plunge out, done my tubbing, and | ble thought ran through me like a chill, and have arrived at the stage when I want those I stood as if transfixed. Jack Shorter had boots, I open the door to get them, and they got Purnow's note, and he would come to the club to dinner! Worse still, to me, as Now, I am certain that they were there ; I we sat together with coffee and cigars, he heard the girl bring them; but all the same. would borrow another ten pound note of After a few minutes interval I rang sharply me, or perhaps be kind enough to take it in

two fives. "My boots !- I'm waiting for them," I What was I to do? I dare not bring those two men together. I did not wan "Please, sir, they're out here," says the Jack. Oh! it was dreadful. But the dinner was ordered, and might just as well be eat Whereupon I go indignantly to the door, en; so I went away-making the pleasantwith a brush in one hand, into which I have looking telegraph clerkess look upon me as savagely driven the fellow brush, so that very strange in my ways-and wrote an exthey adhere together, and my hair all down planatory letter to Purnow, appointing an-Yes, there are the boots; and put wrong as to the rights and lefts, as a matter of was a try-on for money.

But Jack Shorter came and ate my dinner; and as I said, so he did-he borrowed two fives over our coffee, which sum he will

never pay. I told you how particular I am about fold-It's an awful position for a man to be in, and I suffer from it at every turn. I have found my gun unaccountably rusty; my coat, for instance, left in the drawer during fishing lines horribly tangled, and my top joints broken. I have found my choice ci-Now, it won't leave those garments alone; gars mouldy, my soda water without a fizz and whenever I take them out after absence, left in the bottle, my tea disappear; and the they invariably look as if they had been number of umbrellas that have deliberately used for the raising of money, and suffered gone away I dare not enumerate, for my from the pawn-broker's roll, so evident too

sake-not yours. Enough. I am the Haunted Man, an ny sprite will not leave me. He puts fuel in my pockets, rubs my hat nap the wrong way, blunts the edges of my razors, breaks the teeth out of my comb, and in one way and another reduces me into the state of a hypochondriacal dyspeptic. As before said, sance that the fair sex-especially the fat I tell you in a whisper, lest evil should come upon me seven-fold; for mine is a malignant sprite, and to you, good reader, I wish knee when entering-is to conductor, driver a happier fate.

Ha! ha! By Jove, what fun! I've just turned this out of my desk, where it has lain for six months. I meant to send it to a magazine, and here it goes at last, if any one will have it. But, I say, the spirit's exoreised; gone, vanished,-everything's in its place, and there's a place for everything. Apple-pie order and sunshine; unity, peace and concord. E pluribus unum-Honi soit qui mal y pense-Decus et tutamen ! Excuse my high spirits; it's all due to St. Lydia, who took pity upon my forlorn lot and mar-

ried me, driving all sprites away. I say, though, only think! Jack Shorter has come in for a plum, and no sooner did he hear that I was going to be married than he clapped a check for a cool hundred into mourning and adorns herself in brave attire my hand, saying that he didn't know how we stood, but we'd cry quits, and that would feel instinctively that she will come back ductor ironically asks me if I want to keep

This comes unknown to St. Lydi .- Once

A Turkish Snuff-Box.

A Paris correspondent tells the following

"Well," said our friend E---, I get my change-I have already recoverany news to day from snuff-box land?" ed my umbrella-and I bound to the pave "We looked at each other, a little astonment shore, out of the muddy river, after ished, and not knowing very well what he narrowly escaping a run down from a Han meant to say, Snuff-box land! What was som, when to my annoyance I was minus : this fantastic country, and was be not speaka glove, and—yes, there it lies, in the middie of the road, ground into the mud by the ing of a creation of fairy art? He took from his writing table a very pretty golden snuff-box, square in form, incrusted with Of course I have to go on, buy a new pair, and as I pay for them, having grown cool enamel, and having in the centre some let-

in the shop, I mentally say, "I wonder what ters in Turkish writing, engraved upon a gold plate, and resembling arabesque. "This," said he showing the inscription, "is the cipher of the Sultan Abdul-Mejid,

Listen to the story of this snuff box : "Twenty-two years ago, at the time of the Eastern war, I had engaged in the ser-I merely say, where was that little coin vice as a volunteer in the ranks of the Turk-I mentioned my loss, and that naturally brings me back to gloves-a covering for the | ish army, in order to continue on the Danube the duel against Russia which we (my countrymen and myself) had commenced on With my customary practice of neatness, the Vistula. Omer Pasha, a great general, I double my gloves together, especially the and at the same time an excellent man, who white and lavender kids, which, between had but one fault, a very innocent one, ourselves, I always make last as long as possihowever, that of saying 'My Highness' when am subjected, and during which it always Now, the home of my light kid gloves is in speaking of himself, had taken me to his my left hand tail coat pocket, and I fish staff as orderly officer. Notwithstanding his title, I commanded a company of brave and them out just as I am going into a theatre, or 'at home;" and this is always the case : I good men, and accepted no pay personally put on one, get it buttoned, and am about although I was not rich. My salary was to put on its fellow, when I find that if it is paid into my soldiers' coffer. It happened a white glove on my hand, I hold a lavender kid in my hand, or vice versa. They are sure to be odd ones, and I am certain that I Why don't I look before I start, you will ay. Because I don't think to look, and one does not feel it necessary after regular proshowed me genuine sympathy, saw an op-

"You will take horse from Bucharest to Sultan in person; the news of the evacua-

noney. If you had any ideas of the latter snuff-box." kind in sending it, believe me that a frank request would have been better. I am your I was amazed, and sat with the note in my hand, unable to comprehend it. I had asked Purnow to come and dine with me at the Curacoa Club, and wouldn't have asked him for money for the world. Besides, I

> worth something. "Give that officer," said be "a forty-thoufrancs was a pretty sum. I don't know what

Then you are very rich ?" "I am not rich," I replied, "but eight or

"I received my snuff-pox, certainly,"

suppose ?"

a souvenir of the Sultan."

"And you exchanged it at the treasury, I

"No, your highness, I have not exchang-

ed it. I shall keep it always, all my life, as

"The deuce!" exctaimed Omer Pasha

nine hundred francs will not make me wealthier. And I took from my pocket the snuffbox they had offered me, and which by successive diminution after leaving the Sultan to reach the official who gave it to me, and having left much of its gold and enamel and iers and managers of the mint, had, so to derstood so well the art of reducing a forty thousand snuff-box to one worth three hundred crowns. "This is the identical snuffbox." When Omer Pasha saw it he smiled, but rather sadly, and said, "When forty other day for the dinner; but he declined to thousand franc snuff boxes won't be worth come, and I feel sure he believed my note even eight hundred, Turkey will be saved and become a great nation."

Widows.

Winter-kept apples, seasoned wine, clouded meerschaum, a vase around which the scent of the roses still hangs, all these have a rare, ripe evanescent flavor that suggest, but cannot express the charm of the widow. A young widow is, perhaps the most interesting object in nature-or in art. She represents experience without its wrin kles or its gray hairs. She has matronly beauty and maidenly freedom combined. She is grief with a laughing eye-sorrow in a house of festivity-a silver moon in a sable cloud. She is too sweet for anything Like all good things she can only be created at a great sacrifice. Mrs. Browning says that a man must be pretty thoroughly spoil ed before he can leave a widow. This black swan-this mournful Phoenix-rises only out of the funeral urn that holds the askes of a husband's heart.

Let us wipe away the briny tear and pro ceed Perdite Pierides. Poets, statesmen, heroes, and philosophers have each felt the indefinable influence of widowhood. Its quality is not strained. It falls alike upon the ust and unjust. Edward Plantagenet married the widow Elizabeth Gray, though he knew she brought civil war for her dowry. Ned Walker, Joe Addison, Sam Johnson, George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte. John Wesley, Tony Weller, Ben Disraeli and all the boys married widows. Henry VIII was so fond of them that he took two and King David was so pleased with Abigail the widow of Nabal, whom he took to wite that he turned Bathsheba into a widow or purpose to marry her. When Judith ceased her cogitations over the virtues of the late lamented Mannasas of Bethulia, puts off her eel instinctively that she will come back with his heart, his crown or head whichever she goes for. When the old widow Naomi counsels the young widow Ruth how to lay snares in the harvest fields of her kinsman and spring her net on the threshing floor, we know at once that the wealthy bachelor Boaz might as well order the wedding garments. Allan Ramsay wrote a song telling how to woo a widow. He might as well have left directions how to get struck with light-

the Arabian nights business as follows: "Rumors are rife on the streets concerning a most remarkable discovery of silver in Wasco county. The stories floating about tell of nothing less than acres of boiling springs which, instead of water, flow streams of he hurried out just in time to meet on the chloride of silver. Ship loads of precious metal are represented to be in sight, in the resembling quicksilver. The molten masses bubble and boil with escaping gases. The Nevada would be deserted, and the silver el. abouts of the "find," who go by pony express

blacksmith shop and waited for customers. Coffee and doughnuts at Bethlehem and horse shod, and the self-taught blacksmith and picturesque camel will hereafter only took a bar of iron and began to pound out haul Saratoga trunks from the depot. Moody a horseshoe. He worked till his customer's and Sankey will have a revival at Gomorbox, one can go directly to the treasury and patience and his own coke were alike ex- rah. Beecher will lecture at Tarsus, threehedge hook." And he pounded away until patron, "just hold your horses half a minute; I've got just enough iron left to make a jiggeo." He heated the iron, pounded it a little on this side and that, turned it one way and bent it the other, and handed it to the wondering farmer with a triumphant "There!" "Well" asked the patron, "what's this?" "It's a jiggoo." "And what in the little. thunder is a jiggoo, and what is it for?"
"I'm blowed if I know," said the smith, "but that's the prettiest one you ever saw beat out on an anvil, and I know it. Take

Bates of Advertising.

One inch

A Thrilling Scene.

Says a writer: It was at a military review held in Vienna, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military Order of Maria Theresa.

Not far from 30,000 cavalry were in line. A little child-a girl-of not more than four years, standing in the front rew of spectators, either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came aweeping around from the main body. They had mad the detour for the purpose of saluting the empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came other values in the hands of ministers, viz- the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop-down down directly upon the childe, say, melted between these fingers, which un- The mother was paralyzed, as were others for there could be no resone from the line of spectators. The empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable-and such terrible destruction-the

ramping to death by a thousand iron hoofs! Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one-another instant must seal its doom-when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slacking his speed or leasening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle bow; and this he did without changing his pace, or breaking the correct alligament of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thensands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents-the mother and the empress.

And a proud and happy moment must it have been for the hussar when his emperer taking from his own breast the richly enameled cross of the Order of Maria Therees. nung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

The Man who had been to the Centennial. A bashful appearing man stepped into the Enquirer editorial room the other evening,

and, edging up to the table of the managing editor, hat in hand, said in a hesitating suppose?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Cockerill, "s

ewspaper, like life, is made up of little tems. What have you to offer ?" "Well," said the bashful man, playing with his hat band, "my name is Smith-

John Smith-and I've just got home." "Glad to see you back again, Mr. Smith." said Cockerill. "Been gone long ?" "I have been," said Mr. Smith with remor of pride in his voice, "to the center-

nial, and if you want to make a little no-"What!" cried Cockerill, springing to his feet, "you've been to the Centennial? And you've got back? Give us your hand; I'm delighted to see you. Spear, let me intre-

duce you to Mr. John Smith. John has been

to the Centennial." Spear shook hands very warmly with Mr. Smith, and then ran to the aperture comquick, here's a man that's been to the Conennial." Then O'Shaughnessy bounced in, followed by his assistants, all of whom cobraced the bewildered Smith warmly, and expressed the gratification it afforded them to meet a man who had been to the great national exhibition. Word got down states somehow and Joe McDowell, Bill Small and Uncle Joe Shadenge came up stairs at a The Portland (Oregon) Bee has gone into

tearing rate to gaze upon the individual who had been at the exhibition. It was too much for the modest man to bear, and, murmuring something about waking an item of his return if fhey wanted to, stairs the foreman and thtrty-two composiwho had been to the Centennial.

The ways of the buffelo as described by travellers in the far West are as strauge as those of the Heathen Chines. If a herd of these animals gets on the north side of a track, it will stand stupidly gazing, though the locomotive passes within a hundred wards of it. But if two miles from the track on the south side, the whole herd is thrown into the wildest commotion. Regardless of onsequences it will make for the track, a number the campage for the north side of

by the way of Albany and the Minto pass to "Through by daylight to Bethsheba!" is exclaims, "Fast express for Siloam! Passengers desiring to stop over at Galillee will. please to get checks from the conductor, monte-card men will be forciby ejected at Zion, or stand in with the conductor at El-harbur, and Tilton will get into the wrong berth between Gilead and Dan.

"I'll bet that Tilden is elected!"

"I'll bet you are a liar !" replied a voice. The two clinched, rolled on the floor and useled around, and the Tildenite finally had the other at a disadvantage." "Now will you admit that Tilden is elect-

"No, I won't!" gasped the undermos "but I'll admit great Democratic gains all

ed?" he asked, letting up on the other a

over the country !" That was good enough, and he was lifted

didn't want any-just then. train by which I am going with a friend, motely resembling a horseshoe, "Hold on At last, by way of solving the mystery, there is invariably something wrong. Now vished me to receive this time Abdul-Medhere," he cried to the disgusted enstomer, took up the inclosure, to read, in my own it is a button off my trousers. If I get them jid's snuff box. I arrived at Constantinodon't go away yet; let me make you a nice ple. Everybody smakes way for the young officer, bearer of a message for the great he all but flattened out the anvil, and made DEAR OLD BOY: Let me have that ten Turkish general. I stand before the Sul- nothing that resembled a hedge book any noon while Republicans were claiming that pounds, there's a good fellow. You promised tan, and the Sultan is enchanted, he is hapmore than the first attempt looked like a the Presidential question was still in doubt, button grown overripe and ready to drop, it before Christmas, and it's now May. horseshoe. "Now, don't go off mad," the a man in a saleon on Main street called py, and smiles without ceremony at the news t will restore gray hair to its original color, t will make the hair grow on baid hoads, t will restore the natural secretions. t will remove all dandruff and itching. t will make the hair soft, glossy and Bezibie t will preserve the original color to old age, it will prevent the hair from failing off, t will cure all diseases of the scalp. swinging only by one thread from the most Thine, I have come to bring him. Such joy is well persevering mechanic called to his weary preminent portion of my coat.

Yes, I wrote that, but it was to Jack Shortno-to be sure I did-I wrote to both at the Medjid dismissed me very graciously, smil-"When I returned to camp, some days af-

> good-natured tone: "Well E—— you are satisfied?"
> "I am delighted?"

autions. And again I say, How is this? If it be not the workings of some spirite Only a week ago I had my breakfast spoiled by a letter which came by post. It

Varno," said he. "There you will take the SIR: I am at a loss to understand the nople. Above all, ask to speak with the meaning of this note, and I should be glad if you would explain, for I am a man who makes it his rule neither to borrow nor lend tion of the Principalities is well worth a fine

"A souff-box! I scarcely knew what Omer Pasha meant, for I was yet ignorant that in Turkey remunerations in money are given as soulf-boxes. The Sultan distinguishes snuff-boxes into first, second and third classes, and the value of the snuffboxes increases or diminishes according to the recompense which his highness wishes exchange it for the official sum which it

sand franc souff-box!" Forty thousand Vizier was there, who bowed, and Abd-ul-

terward, Omer Pasha said to me in a very