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 TWO DOLLARS will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance—$1 50 if not paid in advance and $3.00 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. B. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO 6
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 49

Rates of Advertising.

One inch (twelve lines of Brevier measure) in Nonpareil type, one, two or three insertions, $1.50; three insertions $2.00.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
One inch	$1.50	$2.00	$2.50	$3.50	$5.00
Two inches	3.00	3.50	5.00	8.00	14.00
Three inches	4.50	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	40.00
One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	40.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.
Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.
Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars.
Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.
Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Ira n Derr, M. G. Hughes.
Prothonotary, &c.—D. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—
Sarver—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Jacob Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murph.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Blood Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Sec'y. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Gross, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President, J. P. Austin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Austin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. J. McCron.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. N. S. Buckingham.
Minister—Rev. J. S. McMurray.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gurley.
Residence—Central Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.
Rector—
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill,"—known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on Rock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb 19, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Admin rators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these necessary articles.

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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.

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.

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Clark & Wolf's store, Main street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

WHEN YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE or anything in the TONSORIAL LINE go to
JAMES REILLY'S BARBER SHOP,
THE BEST IN TOWN,
Under Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 13, 75—1y

CATAWISSA.

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

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

THE "MOODY SHIRT."
MADE TO ORDER ONLY.
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
Gentlemen desiring Shirts will please drop us a line and our Agent will call and get the measurement.
Factory Corner Penn and Centre streets.
Address P. O. MOODY,
March 16,'76-1y PHILADA, Pa

J. D. KNITTLE. W. H. ABBOTT

Important to Farmers.
and everybody in want of
LIME, LUMBER, AND COAL.
We have erected kilns at or near the Paper Mill, on the D. H. & W. R. R. and are now prepared to sell lime at very reasonable prices and of good quality. Orders by the car promptly filled and shipped to any station on the above road.
A full line of LUMBER, of all kinds, dressed or in the rough, Shingles, Lath and Mill Timber to which we invite the attention of customers.
Orders received and filled for all kinds of FAMILY COAL.
By strict attention to business we hope to merit a share of public patronage.
KNITTLE & ABBOTT.
Apl. 21, 1876. Catawissa, Pa.

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

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. 28'75-tf

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Mar. 27, '74—y Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

KNORR & BITTENBENDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets Oct. 8, '75

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. July 1, '73—y

N. U. FUNK. L. E. WALLER.
FUNK & WALLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING. Jan. 19, '77-1y

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

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

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. 1y—38

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

E. J. THORNTON would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he has just received a full and complete assortment of
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,
and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment, Main street, below Market. oct. 9, '75

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Opposite the Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The LARGEST and BEST in all respects in the county
W. B. KOONS, Proprietor.
Oct. 8, '75-1y

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancanshire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	5,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	231,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,956,000

March 26, '77—y

THE UNDERSIGNED, representing several of the most conservative and reliable American Fire Insurance Companies, would beg leave to offer his services to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, requesting a reasonable share of the public patronage.
W. J. POWELL.
Bloomsburg, July 18, 1876.
Office in Brower's Block. July 21-6m.

Columbia County
BANK,
OF BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.
Formerly the Bank of Espy, removed April first, 1876. Is conveniently located in the central part of the town, and does a general BANKING business.
Money received on deposit subject to check without notice. Special arrangements made with depositors, and interest allowed on time Deposits.
Issue Drafts on New York and Philadelphia.
Collections made on all important towns in the U. S., at lowest rates of exchange. Bonds and stocks bought and sold, and coupons collected. Every security given to depositors that can be offered by any Bank.
DISCOUNT DAYS:—Tuesday and Friday.
RATE, SIX PER CENT.
Aug. 10, '76-6m.

To the Working Class.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best Illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.
Sept. 8, '76.-1lm.

SEND sec. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. Dec. 8, '76-6m

AGENTS, for best chance in the world to copy address U. S. Safety Jacket Co Newark, N. J. Mar 31-4w

THE LUNGS

CONSUMPTION.

This distressing and dangerous complaint, and its premonitory symptoms, neglected cough, night sweats, hoarseness wasting flesh fever—permanently cured by Dr. "Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry."

BRONCHITIS—a Premonitor of Pulmonary Consumption, is characterized by Catarrh or inflamation of the mucuous membrane of the air passages, hoarseness, pains in the chest. For all Bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice, coughs,

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Hemmorrhage or spitting of blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arise from various causes, a undue physical exertion, plethora, fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, over-straining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

Its marvelous power not only over every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsided, the pulse returns to its natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food and every organ has a purer and better quality of blood supplied to it, out of which new recreative and plastic material is made

DR SWAYNE graduated at one of the best Medical Colleges in the U. S., and was engaged in an active practice for many years, thus guaranteeing that his preparations are prepared upon strictly scientific principles.

Reliable Evidence.
HOME TESTIMONY.

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: I feel it to be due to you and suffering humanity to give the following testimony respecting the wonderful curative powers of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla and Tar Pills. I was afflicted with a violent cough, pains in the side and breast, night sweats, sore throat, my bowels were costive, appetite nearly gone, and my stomach so very weak that my physician was at a loss to know what to do for me, as everything I used in the shape of medicine was rejected. I spit different times a pint of blood. I remained for months in this awful condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. At this time you recommended the use of your syrup and pills, which immediately began to soothe, comfort and allay the violence of the cough, strengthened and healed my lungs; in short, it has made a perfect cure of me, and I am now able to pursue my daily labor. To person doubting the truth of the above statement I will please call on or address me, at the facto.

EDWARD H. HAMSON,
Engineer of Geo. Sweeney's Pottery, Ridge Road, below Wallace, Phila.

Over 20 years have elapsed, and Mr. Hamson still remains a hearty man to this day—September 30th, 1875.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, Boyertown, Berks co., Pa., writes: Your compound syrup of Wild Cherry I esteem very highly; have been selling and recommending it to my patients for many years and it always proves efficacious in obstinate coughs, bronchial and asthmatical affections. It has made some remarkable cures in this section, and I consider it the best remedy with which I am acquainted.

Price $1. Six bottles for $5. If not sold by your druggist, we will forward half dozen by express, freight paid on receipt of price.

Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. No charge will be made for advice. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

LIVER COMPLAINT
That dreaded disease, from which so many person suffer, is frequently the cause of
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
is speedily relieved, and are often permanently cured by
Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.
Fevers are often prevented by the use of these Sarsaparilla Pills, as they carry off, through the blood the impurities from which they arise. For Costiveness there is nothing so effectual as Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.
They are purely Vegetable, and act specially on the Liver as Blue Mass or Calomel, without any bad results from taking.
Address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. No charge for advice. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price 25 cents a box; five boxes for $1. Ask your Druggist for them.

Itching Piles
is generally preceded by a moisture, like perspiration, distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at nightwhen undressing, or in bed after getting warm. It appears in summer as well as winter, oftentimes shows itself around the private parts, and is not confined to males only, but is quite as frequent that females are sorely afflicted, particularly in times of pregnancy, extending in to the vagina, proving distressing almost beyond the powers of endurance. Cases of long standing, pronounced incurable, have been permanently cured by simply applying
Swayne's Ointment,
HOME TESTIMONY.
I was sorely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases, Pruritus or Prurigo, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became quite sore. I bought a box of Swayne's Ointment; its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure Swayne's Ointment at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without finding any permanent relief.
JOSEPH W. CHRIST,
Firm of Rosdel & Christ, Boot and Shoe House, 234 North Second street, Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.
Swayne's All-Healing Ointment
is also a specific for tetter, itch, salt rheum, scald head, erysipelas, barber's itch, blotches, all scaly, crusty, cutaneous eruptions. Perfectly safe and harmless, even on the most tender infant. Price 50 cents, or six boxes for $2.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. 6th St., Philadelphia.

CATARRH,
SYMPTOMS AND CURE.
Catarrh is an affection of the mucus membrane of the nose, throat, chest, &c., accompanied with dull heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, weak eyes, watery and inflamed, hacking or coughing, to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, smell and taste are impaired, stopped up feeling in the head, incessant blowing of the nose, and other symptoms are likely to appear very distressing, and no disease is more common, and none less understood by Physicians. Nine-tenths of the cases of offensive breath are occasioned by Catarrh.
"Swayne's Catarrh Remedy"
is a certain and permanent cure, and warranted in every case, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. Mailed to any address on the receipt of the price, one dollar, with full directions for use, also a full account of the origin and nature of this distressing complaint. We repeat it: It is beyond all comparison the best remedy for Catarrh ever discovered. Remember! It can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330, North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, with a remittance, as we do not place it in the hands of dealers, the same as we do our other preparations. In writing for our "Catarrh Remedy" please state you saw this advertisement in the "Columbian" Bloomsburg.

Why Dye?
No matter how Gray or Harsh the Hair may be, it can be restored to its original color and youthful appearance, by using
London Hair Color Restorer.

London	A Remedy to Restore	Hair Restorer
London	state the Human Hair	Hair Restorer
London	in all its youthful	Hair Restorer
London	color, lustre, softness	Hair Restorer
London	and beauty.	Hair Restorer

All persons who aspire to Beauty
of personal appearance, should not neglect that natural necessity, the hair. By many it has been neglected until it has become thin, gray or entirely fallen off. The London Hair Color Restorer restores natures losses, and imparts a healthy and natural color, thickens the hair, cures dandruff and all itchy, scaly eruptions on the scalp, making it white and clean, and insuring a luxuriant growth of hair in its natural youthful color. Price 75 cents. Principal depot for the U. S., 330, North Sixth street, Philadelphia.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
June 22 '76-1y

Poetical.

IF YOU LOVE ME, TELL ME SO.

EMILIE LILIAN WHITING.

If you love me, tell me so,
Wait not till the summer glow
Falls in autumn's changeful light
Amber clouds and purple night;
Wait not till the winter hours
Heap with snow drifts all the flowers,
Till the tide of life runs low—
If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,
While the river's dreamy flow
Holds the love enchanted hours
Steeped in music, crowned with flowers;
Ere the summer's dreamy days
Fade in mystic, purple haze—
Ere is hushed the music flow—
If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,
Let me hear the sweet words low,
Let me, in life's morning fair,
Feel your kisses on my hair,
While in womanhood's first bloom,
Ere shall come dark days of gloom;
In the first fresh morning glow—
If you love me, tell me so.

—*Chicago Times.*

BY-AND-BY.

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
"All will be elsewhise by-and-by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by-and-by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it by-and-by?

Ah! it will matter by-and-by
Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain
Lifted or sky-ward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by-and-by!

Miscellaneous.

A POT OF MONEY.

Ezra Arden was in love with Clara Scudder and sometimes in moments of great exultation—for he was a modest youth, as every true lover should be—he had dared to think that she did not frown upon his passion. But Clara was the 'squire's daughter and an heiress; while Ezra was but a small farmer, and so far from successful in that pursuit, that it seemed absurd as well as impossible, that he should aspire to the hand of the lovely Miss Scudder, who had been courted in vain by fine city gentlemen. So he had sighed and cast longing looks from his place in the choir (where he sang in a fine tenor voice on Sundays) into the 'squire's pew; and more than once he thought pretty Clara blushed brightly and he knew well enough that she always smiled sweetly; and her voice, when she spoke to him, had a caressing sound; and altogether her manner toward him was not discouraging.

But Ezra would not be discouraged. He felt that it was useless for him to ask the 'squire for his daughter's hand unless he had a good pot of money in his own hand with which to back his proposal. So, instead of trying to compass the desired end by increased industry he neglected his little farm more than before, and spent his whole time in wishing that he could find a pot of money somehow, in the manner of the old-fashioned stories—at the foot of a tree, under the foundation of the house. I believe he would even have sought for it at the end of the rainbow, like the boy in the nursery rhyme, if he had been told there was a good chance of finding it there.

Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that a wonderful gipsy had appeared, who was telling people fortunes that came true in the most remarkable manner, and all the country side was in a state of excitement on the subject. She was a somewhat exclusive character, this madam gipsy, and could only be consulted in a certain place, in the shadow of a wych-elm, in the open air, and during certain hours—these hours being between the last rays of the declining sun, and the first shadows of the coming night.

Of course the rumor of the gipsy's marvelous fortune telling reached Ezra Arden, and equally of course he was much exercised in mind concerning it. He found out the place where the fortune teller divined those fair fortunes; and one evening, after watching the sun slowly disappear behind the western hills, he repaired thither, stealthily and a little afraid of meeting Clara Scudder somewhere in the vicinity, for the wych-elm was just on the further side of the 'squire's farm. However, he met no one, except a hurried squirrel, fast speeding to its home, and it was even more scared at being met than Ezra was; so he hastened the wych-elm and there, sure enough, was madam gipsy, sitting curled up against the trunk, and looking precisely as if she was waiting for him. She was a very old woman, bent almost double; her lined and wrinkled face was the color of butternut, and the tangles of her hair hung in elf-like, grizzled locks about her brow and over her cheeks; but her black eyes had a wonderful brilliancy, and such a keen look that they seemed to see right through him. She was wrapped in a tattered old scarlet cloak, and a hood of the same was drawn well over her head. She gave a quick nod to Ezra, and motioned him to take a seat at her feet, which he did, with his heart thumping as if he were before the Delphic oracle. And when she spoke he had to bend his head and listen very attentively, for not only did she mutter her words in a very toothless fashion, but she spoke in so low a tone that he had some difficulty hearing her. But he made out what she said.

"I was expecting you my son and I know what you come for;" and then she held out a hand even more butternut than her face—a shaking and tremulous hand; and Ezra made haste to cross the palm with silver, that being, as he knew, the time-honored custom. This happened before we had begun the return to a specie basis and silver was scarce, but Ezra had in his pocket a half dollar piece, with a hole in it, and a cross drawn on its face, which he had kept many years for luck. So, as there could be no more auspicious occasion than the present for using it, he timidly placed it in the gipsy's hand, and again bent his ear attentively to listen to her unintelligible mumbling.

"I know the desire of your heart, my pretty gentleman," said the gipsy. "It is a certain maiden not a hundred miles away, only you have the faint heart that seldom wins a fair lady. But if you could find a pot of money, your spirit would be bolder. Listen to me, and obey me, and you shall have your wish."

Ezra did listen, with all his ears, and as you may suppose, they were just then pretty long and wide and capable of taking in a large amount.

"You must dig up every foot of ground you possess," proceeded the gipsy; "you mustn't grow weary in your search; you must dig and dig continuously, and plant and harvest, and, mark my words, before a very long time, you will find the pot of money, and the maiden will be yours."

Ezra listened with faith, and departed with joy in his heart. He fulfilled the fortune teller's injunctions so well that all the country side took to talking of him after the gipsy had disappeared. He not only dug, but he ploughed, sowed and harrowed; he seemed taken with a sudden mania for farming and work, which before had seemed distasteful and monotonous, and now that he had an object in view, was full of excitement and interest. At first he dug and dug, looking for his pot of money; but as it did not turn up, he continued to dig, full of faith and growing every day more interested in his own efforts.

"What on earth has got into Ezra Arden?" asked the neighbors, one and another. "Why has he taken to working like all possessed? He's hired a man, too, and the pair of 'em are at it from the first dawn of daylight to nightfall."

"Whatever has got into him he is going to have the best crops of the year," answered one. "Lucky fellow. Just when there's going to be a rise in flour, too, and he has no end of wheat growing, and in splendid condition."

"Why, Clara isn't that Ezra Arden's farm?" asked the 'squire, as his daughter one day drove past it, in her pretty pony carriage.

"Yes, sir," returned Clara, with a faint pink stealing into her clear, pale cheek.

"Has some one else farmed it then?" asked the 'squire. "There isn't another farm around here fit to compare with it."

The pink in Clara's cheek deepened to a lovely crimson.

"Oh, no, papa," she said softly, "it seems Ezra—Mr. Arden, has developed a sudden talent for farming."

"And a very first-rate talent, I should say," said the old gentleman. "A man who can show such a farm as that can hold his head as high as any one."

Clara's eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly, and her happy thoughts rushed off into the future at a pace to rival even their fast trotting.

As the neighbors had foretold, Ezra Arden had particularly fine crops that season, and his success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage.

"Well," said Ezra, as he counted his gains and tied them securely in his money bags, "I haven't found my pot of money, but this little pile is not to be despised, and I shall deep on. By George! I wonder if this is what the old gipsy meant."

Ezra had some time on his hands now for dreaming, and he took to sighing for Clara once more, but in a much more hopeful spirit.

"I will speak to her father," he thought, "and if he gives me encouragement I will ask Clara plump if she will marry me."

Now some young men would have thought it safer to win the daughter's consent first; but Ezra was too honorable for that.

"If the squire won't have me," he said to himself, "it's no use to ask Clara. She would never disobey her father. I shouldn't care half as much for her if she would."

So he took the money bag in his hand and sought the presence of 'Squire Scudder.

The 'squire sat reading a volume of the Pickwick papers in his handsome old-fashioned parlor; and being in a very genial mood, he received Ezra with the most encouraging kindness, and listened to all that he had to say with a benignant smile.

"It is not a great deal," concluded Ezra holding up his money bag, "but there's plenty more where I found this, sir."

"And pray, where did you find it, Mr. Arden?" asked the squire ratoer taken aback.

"At the roots of my wheat and barley," answered Ezra, adding, with a laugh, "To tell the truth, sir, I consulted a fortune teller, and she told me to dig and dig, and I would certainly find a pot of money. I haven't found it yet, but I intend to keep digging, and I don't doubt but I shall find it by and by."

Squire Scudder burst into a hearty laugh, and kindly patted Ezra on the shoulder.

"I don't doubt but you will my lad," he said cheerily. "Honest industry is the best pot of money any young man ever found. As for Clara you can talk the matter over with herself—she's sitting there by the window, hidden behind the curtains."

Now, that was dreadful mean of the 'squire, not to have given Ezra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it. It seems quite impossible for these gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.

'Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Ezra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains and wishing the floor would open and swallow him. But it didn't. Instead the window curtains opened and a lovely young lady stepped out from them.

"So, Mr. Arden," she said, coming forward, "you consulted the gipsy fortune teller, too?"

"O, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Ezra, slinking into the chair from which he had risen in his first consternation. "What a terrible fool you must think me!"

"But I don't—I have great confidence in that gipsy's predictions."

"Then you consulted her, too," asked Ezra.

"Dozens of times—she beguiled me of all my small silver."

"Well, she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Ezra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh.

"Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing one from her pocket and holding it toward Ezra on the palm of her hand like cream.

Ezra looked and started, and gave a little cry. It was his own lucky silver piece. He glanced into the laughing, blushing face; and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes. They were very, very dark, and wonderfully brilliant; but this time they did not seem to look through him; they sank before his glance and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.

"Oh, Clara," murmured Ezra, "you were the gipsy?"

"Of course I was."

"And you knew I loved you all the time?"

"Of course I did, you foolish boy—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."

A Sporting Pup.

Geo. W. Peck, editor of the La Cross *Sun* a sportsman of much enthusiasm in Wisconsin, gives his experience trying to raise a dog. The following is his story:

We had never been as proud of anything in the dog line as we were of that Peruvian retriever pup. Time passed on and the pup began to grow. He did not grow tall, but spread out lengthwise and sidewise, and his feet got big. There never was so long a dog of his age as that one was. And talk about tail; a kangaroo's tail would be nowhere. One wiggle of his tail would sweep eleven old-fashioned flower-pots off the verandah, and you might kick him as much as you pleased and he was the same long dog. You couldn't telescope him together an inch. He was the most cowardly dog that ever was. If a cow came along and scratched against a tree, he would crawl under the house and howl all the afternoon. Once a little girl came in the gate after swill, and when he looked at her dropped her swill pail and ran. He heard her cry and ran the other way, and it was two days before we got him home, and then we had to carry him in a basket. He was a retriever. His best "holt" was hens. He got acquainted with Mr. Manchester's chickens early in the season, and he retrieved them regardless of expense. He would occasionally come back from Manchester's without a hen but it was not the dog's fault. If Manchester had not thrown wood at him he never would have come back that way. That is where we have always blamed Manchester. But when Manchester went to the Centennial the dog got even. The dog and a skunk that lived under the barn broke up the hen business there. We might meet him on the sidewalk, and he never seemed to know us. If we spoke to him he would wag a foot or eighteen inches of the lower end of his tail; look away beyond, and seemed to be trying to think if he hadn't met us in another world, ages ago. The other day he came home howling, walking on two legs. Some one had put a charge of shot in him, and we knew Manchester had got back, though there was nothing about it in the papers. He seemed to be as full of it as ever, he was as cowardly, dirty, and every time he went to bed on the hearth he howled horribly. He was a dog of sedentary habits, and when his utensil for sitting down was not as well as could be expected, his capacity for enjoyment was limited, and he would stand and lean against a barrel and discourse in a foreign tongue until nobody could sleep in the entire neighborhood. In his helpless condition the hens used to show fight, and we saw it was humiliation to him, so we prepared to lead him like a lamb to the slaughter. We took him to the police office to get the dollar we paid for his license and to have him shot.

A Race of Men with Tails Reported.

A Wesleyan missionary, Rev. George Brown, has returned in safety from an exploration of twenty months on the unknown coast of New Britain and New Ireland. He crossed the latter island, which he found well populated. "No white man was ever seen inland before, but no opposition was offered to the explorers. A difficulty was experienced in getting the natives to go any distance from their villages, as they are so often at war with one another. Plenty of proofs of cannibalism were found. One of the party, on going into one house to light his pipe, saw a woman roasting the thigh and leg of a man who was killed the day before." The exploring party were interested in the curious legend of the tribe of "tailed men" which is met with in many uncivilized countries, but they did not, unfortunately, succeed in getting any further than second-hand testimony. "The natives," it is stated, "of Blanche Bay, New Britain, affirm positively the existence of a race of men with tails at a place called Kali