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—$2.50 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 short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

THE COLUMBIAN AND DEMOCRAT. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 6. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 13
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 4

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.00; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	4.00	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	60.00
One column	30.00	35.00	40.00	60.00	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—I. K. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Ott.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—G. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott, G. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President, J. P. Tustin, 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. Tustin, (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—Rev L. Zahner.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 7½ 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 Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

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

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the 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. E. 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. 15, '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

J. B. 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 bill 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,
Catawissa, Pa.
[illegible] 21, 1876.-

PATENTS.

Persons desiring to take out patents, or desiring information from the United States Patent Office should consult F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. NO PATENT NO PAY. Send for circular.

'76 & [illegible]

SMOKE, Soot and Coal Gas, from defective drafts, prevented. No more worry with fires [illegible] Send stamp for circular to [illegible] 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. [illegible] '75-1y.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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. July1,'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.6,'74—y

R. F. & J. M. CLARK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ent s Building. April 10,'74—y

A. CREVELING SMITH. HERVEY EWING SMITH.
A. CREVELING SMITH & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
All business entrusted to our care will recieve prompt attention. July1,'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—28

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. 8,'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	13 500,000
Lancashire	10,000, 00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$176,958,000

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.*

J. H. MAIZE'S
MAMMOTH
GROCERY
contains the largest stock of
TEAS, GROCERIES
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware,
Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits,
CONFECTIONERIES, &c.
to be found in Columbia county.
A Complete Assortment
always on hand. Call and examine.
Jan 1, 1877.

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.-11m.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
[illegible]

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 Inflammation 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, overstraining 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 subsides, 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; 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. Any person doubting the truth of the above will please call on or address me at the factory.

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 20th, 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 asthmatic 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 our 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 night when 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 into 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, 334 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, hocking or spitting, 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 Reinstate the Human Hair in a'l its youthful color, lustre, softness 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 23 '76-1y

Poetical.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

BY LEANDER S. COAN.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want you to go
Down an' look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round
A pullin' my whiskers 'n' hair,
A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high chair.

"The first night that she took it,
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good-night to papa,
And went away to bed—
Sez she, ''Tis headache, papa,
Be better in mornin'—bye;'
An' somethin' in how she said it
Just made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red uv her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she laid there just ez patient
Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she's growin' wus in each;
An' now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out uv our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in mornin'—bye!'

"She can't get thro' the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say—
Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think He's needin
The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the corporal
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
Before me had also come;
And if he had been a titled prince,
I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
They move in silence and dread,
Around the room where the baby
Lies panting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face
With answer that shows she knows him,
But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before
The unseen, silent messenger
Had waited at her door.
"Papa—kiss—baby—I'se—so—tired."
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would wring.
"Baby—is—so—sick—papa—
But—don't—want—you—to—cry;"
The little hands fall on the coverlet—
"Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around baby is falling,
Settling down dark and dense;
Does God need their darling in heaven
That He must carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice,
As the corporal solemnly knelt,
With such grief as never before
His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women!
Do you know that around you, and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty
Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling,
How can I let you die?"
Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper—
"Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

—*Concord Monitor.*

Miscellaneous.

UNDER THE SEA.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

They were scrambling down the rocks, a gay chattering procession—pretty Kate with her captain; Dr. Gray supporting his invalid wife; Helen, Isabel, Tom and their midshipman cousin; and last of all Esther Vane—alone. It seemed to her morbid fancy right that it should be so. Henceforth she must be alone—always.

The little guide trotted on in advance—his round, ten year old face wearing the vacant look so strangely common to that part of the Maine coast, with its glorious scenery. There the ocean is considered simply a vast depot of herrings and "porgy oil," and the mountains as untoward obstacles in the way of a primitive husbandry. "Blast 'em, I wish they was flat," natives say, as their plows encounter the boulders at the base; and, if they look aloft at all, it is to calculate the perches of "medder land" which might be made to occupy the same area, if the heights were out of the way.

Our party felt on the eve of great things. Having arrived only the day before, Mt. Newport with its wonderful reach of sapphire sea, the bluffs, the lakes in their settings of dark blue hills were still to them the images of things not seen. This, their first excursion, they had dedicated to the "Grotto," or "Devil's Oven," as the coast people term it; a sort of submarine cave unveiled and accessible at low tide only, and a great wonder in its way. The path grew steeper. Carefully they followed its windings step by step; sure-footed Kate accepted the help she didn't need for that pleasure in being guided and watched. And now the little guide pauses, and with a freckled forefinger points round a projecting rock. All crowd to the spot. Ah! there it is—the cave of the mermaids!

A shriek of mingled surprise and enchantment burst from the party at the sight. Beneath the low browed arch the rocky floor arose, terrace above terrace, till in its highest recess it met the roof above. A floor for the nereids to dance upon; a floor of pink coralline, gleaming here and there through pools of emerald water left by the retreating tide. And each of these tiny lakelets seemed brimming with flowers—the flowers of ocean—green whorls, like chestnut burrs; anemones with their dahlia bloom, brown and rosy mosses, among whose tendrils fish darted and played and snails of vivid orange color clustered; broad leaves of brilliant dye swaying and undulating with the motion of the pool—minute sparks of life flashing every irridescent hue; earthly garden was never so gorgeous. The rocky shelves were dimpled with hollows—softly, exquisitely curved. No fancy of the old classic days seemed too fantastic or too fair for the spot. The imagination immediately kindled into pictures and saw the sea nymphs sporting in the foam; bold tritons winding their shells; mermaids playing at hide and seek; nixies and water sprites peeping from the basins—all dreamland and wonderland opening, and the common earth put aside and far away.

With cries of delight the party made their way down, and scattered through the cave. There was room for an army. It was hard to realize that with the returning tide the the space must fill, the gateway close, and leave no resting place for human foot.

"You said the tide was going down, didn't you, little boy?"

"Yeah."

"You're sure?"

"Yeah."

"That's nice," cried Isabel. 'Then we can stay as long as we like. Oh! do somebody come here and see this.'

She was lying with her face almost touching the anemones. Nobody responded to her call—each had found some other point of interest. Tom had fished up a sea urchin and was exhibiting it. Kate and the captain, in a niche of their own, at safe whispering distance, were absorbed in each other. Esther had climbed to the topmost ledge and was sitting there alone. For the first time in six weary months, a sensation of pleasure had come to her, and she was conscious of but one longing—that they would all go away and leave her to realize it. With some vague hope she got out her color box and portfolio, and began to sketch. Sketching, she had discovered, kept people off, and furnished an excuse for silence. And so an hour or so passed by. She heard as in a dream, the clatter of the others, their questions to the little guide, his short, jerky replies. The pools were all explored; the urchins and anemones had all been tickled with parasols, and had been made to shut again; the young people had begun to sigh for future worlds to conquer and Mrs. Gray to consider it very damp.

'Little boy, isn't there something else near by which we should like to see?"

"Guess so."

"Well, what is it?" Tell us, please.

"There's the 'heads,' I guess."

"Oh! how far off is that? A mile did you say? That's not far. Papa, the boy says there's a place called the 'heads,' only a mile away, and we want to go and see it. Can't we go? You know the way, don't you little boy?"

"Yeah."

"I think this place is very damp, sighed Mrs. Gray. I should really be glad to go somewhere and feel the sunshine again. I begin to have creeping chills. Suppose we let the boy show us the way to this other place, father?"

"Very well. Get your things together, Esther, we're going."

"O, Mr. Gray! Must I go? I'm in the middle of a sketch, you see. Couldn't you leave me here quietly and pick me up as you come back? I should like it so much."

"Well—I don't know. The tide is going out, the boy says; there won't be any trouble of that kind. Are you sure you won't be chilled or lonely?"

"Oh! quite sure."

"Promise me that if you are you will go to the cottage at the head and warm yourself, or sit on the rocks in the sun. We'll look for you at one place or the other.—Good-by, my dear."

"Good-by, sir."

"And, Esther, you must have some lunch. You'll be starved before we come back," cried careful Helen.

So she and Tom and a basket made their way upward, and a deposit of sandwiches and Port wine was left in a convenient crevice within reach.

"Good by, dear. I hope the sketch will be lovely." And they are gone—up the hill side—Mrs. Gray last, leaning upon her husband's arm.

"Poor child," she said, 'it makes my heart ache to see her look so sad. Didn't you notice how she was longing to have us go and leave her alone?"

"And the worst thing for her. She needs rousing, and all this morbid thinking does her harm."

The voices died away. Esther caught the words and smiled at them—a bitter little smile. That was what all of them had said since her trouble came. She must be aroused—amused—and they had crowded business and pleasure upon her until she sometimes felt she could no longer bear it. This was the first time in many months she had felt really free; free to be silent, to look sad, to cry if she wished. What a luxury it was! No anxious mother to watch her, these comparative strangers withdrawn, his cool, darkling silence, it was delicious. There was something in the very nature of her trial which made it necessary to veil her grief with reserve. A black dress she might wear—Paul was a cousin, and some show is allowed for second cousinhood even and for intimate friendship, such as theirs has been. But no one knew the unavowed engagement which bound them since the hurried farewell letter in which his love found utterance, and which only reached after he had sailed—the sailing from which there was to be no return. No one knew as they talked compassionately of her having had a dreadful shock, poor girl, her own cousin, you know, and such a fine young fellow—that her heart was wearing widow's weeds, and mourning its dead as the great loss of life. It wouldn't bear talking about so she kept silent, and tried to wear a brave face.

Left alone, she found with some surprise that she didn't want to cry. All that morning she had felt that to creep away somewhere and weep, and weep her heart out, would be so good; but tears are contrary things. Sweet there dulled into a calm, that was almost content. She was thinking of the time Paul had visited the island and climbed about that very cave. On that very rock where she sat he might perhaps have rested. She liked to think so. It brought him nearer.

A little later she put her sketch away and crept down to a broad ledge, where through the arch, the exquisite sky line was visible. The surf tumbled and chimed like distant bells. She lay as if fascinated, her eyes fixed upon the shining horizon. Somewhere far beyond it was the spot where the ship which held her all went down. Down where? Her imagination ran riot. Cleaving the liquid depth to inmost sanctuary of the ocean, she saw the golden sands, the shadowy green light percolating through miles of water—the everlasting repose which reigned there beyond the reach of wind, storm or hurricane. She tried to fix the wonderful images, and to think of it as a heaven no less tranquil than the quiet mounds under which are pillowed beloved heads on earth. But it would not stay. Thoughts of tempest and fury, or chill piping winds whipping the foam from the waves, of roar and tumult, and of a heaving wilderness of dark waters came over her, and through all the refrain of Jean Ingelow's pathetic strain both mixed and blended.

"And shall I see thee no more
Till the sea gives up its dead?"

Great drops forced themselves beneath the closed eyelids, and she sobbed out: 'O, Paul, Paul! how can I bear it?'

And then she thought as she had thought before, how glad she would be to die! Life didn't seem desirable any longer, and it would be blessed to be with Paul, even at the bottom of the dark, deep ocean. And thinking thus the long eyelashes drooped more and more heavily; peace fell upon brow and lips; she was asleep—asleep and dreaming a sweet joyful dream. She awoke with a sensation of intense cold. The spell of slumber was so strong upon her that for a moment she did not realize what had taken place. The cave was full of water. Her feet and the hem of her dress were already wet. The roar of the waves beneath the hardly distinguishable archway told them that the tide had surprised another victim, and already the avenue of escape was barred.

Was this the answer of some unbroken prayer.

The thought flashed over her. Had she really prayed for death? Here it was, close at hand, and she was conscious of no gladness—only a distinctive desire for life. It was too dreadful to be drowned in the hole and washed away like a weed. Life was worth living after all.

Had somebody said, or was she dreaming, that a portion of the cave was untouched by water? She could not remember, but now she searched about for some indication. Ah, surely this was one—a cork, a scrap of paper lodged on the higher shelf, fragile things which a tide must inevitably have washed away. With that instinct of property which survives shipwreck and fire, she collected her drawing materials and other little belongings, and retreated to this possible place of refuge, wrapped her cloak about her, and with folded hands sat down to await her fate.

The cave was full of pale, green light. It was beautiful to see, as the advancing flow rose, ledge after ledge, and flooded the fairy pools, how each star flower and sea urchin, each crimson and golden weed, trembled and quivered as with delight at its refreshing touch. Each anemone threw wide its petals and expanded into full blossom to meet the spray baptism. No mortal eye ever looked upon a sight more charming; but its beauty was lost to the shivering and terrified girl.

The doorway had quite disappeared. Sharp spray dashed against her dress. The drops struck her face. She shrank and clung more tightly to the rock. A prayer rose to her lips; and through the tremulous light of the submerged archway a strange shadow began to go and come, to move and pause and move again. Was it fish or weed, or some mysterious presence? Did it come accompanied by life or death?

Meanwhile on the rocks above, a distracted group were collected. The party had come gayly back from the "Heads." Mr. Gray, ignorant landsman though he was, had grown uneasy, and hurried them away. Arrived at the "Grotto," the full extent of the calamity was at once evident. The boy had mistaken the tide—flow or ebb—and the only hope was that Esther, discovering her danger in time, had taken refuge at the cottage near by. Thither they flew; but, as we know, in vain.

The sobbing girls hung distractedly over the cliff, listening to the hollow boom with which the waves swung into the cavern beneath, sickening to think of the awful something which might any moment wash outward on the returning billow. The gentlemen went for assistance and brought a couple of stout fishermen to the spot. But what could anybody do?

"If the young woman has sense enough to climb up to the right hand corner and set still it wont hurt her none, perhaps,' one of them said. "Not more than two tides a year gets up there."

"Oh! if Esther had only been told that! They could but trust powerlessly to her steadiness of nerve and common sense.

"She's such a wise thing," Helen sobbed out. So they waited.

A rattle of wheels came from the road. They all turned to look and some one said, "Perhaps its a doctor!" Though what earthly use a doctor could have been would be hard to say.

A figure was rapidly coming up the path—a young man. Nobody recognized him till Dr. Gray started forward with the face of one who sees a ghost. "Paul! Good God! Is it possible!"

"Yes, doctor,' with a hasty hand shake. "No other. I don't wonder you stare."

"But in heaven's name how has it come about? Where have you been since we gave you up for lost?"

"It's a long story. You shall hear it some day. But'—rapidly—forgive my impatience—where is my cousin, and what is the matter?"

There was a dead silence. At last with a groan, Dr. Gray spoke.

"Paul, my poor fellow, how can I tell you! Esther is below there."

"In the grotto?"

"In the grotto. Can anything be done?"

The young man staggered. The glow faded from his face, leaving him ashy pale. For a moment he stood irresolute, then he aroused himself, and his voice, though husky, was firm:

"It is a frightful place; still there is no absolute danger if she keeps her presence of mind. I staid there over a tide once myself, just to see it. Is your boat at hand?—to one of the fishermen.

"Yes sir."

"Fetch it around then, as quickly as possible." Then to Dr. Gray: "I shall row there opposite the entrance and make a dive for it. If I come up inside it is all right, and I'll see that no harm happens to Esther till the water falls and we get out."

"But the risk!"

"There is the risk of striking the arch as I rise—that is all. I'm a good swimmer, you know. I think it can be done. You can guess," with a sort of a pale smile, "how I have been counting on this meeting: and to leave her alone is simply impossible. I shall manage it—never fear."

The boat came. They saw it row out—Paul taking the bearings carefully, shifting positions once, and yet again, before satisfied. Then looked up with bright, confident eyes and a nod, and clasped his hands over his head. A splash—he was gone, and the water closed over him.

Within the cave Esther watched the strange, moving phantom which darkened the entrance. The splash reached without startling her, and in another instant a flashing object whirled down and inward, and rising, the waves revealed a face—a white face with wet hair. In the pale, unearthly glow it wore the aspect of death. It drew nearer; she covered her face with her hands. Was the sea giving up its dead, that here, in this fearful solitude, the vision of her drowned Paul confronted her—or was she going mad?

Another second, and the hands were withdrawn. The peril, the excitement of the past hour, the strangeness and unreality of the spot, combined to kindle within her an unnatural exalation of feeling. Had she not craved this? If they met as spirits in this land of spirits, was she to be afraid of Paul, or shrink from him? No, a thousand times no.

The face was close upon her. With rapid strokes it drew near—a form emerged—it was upon the rocks. With a shiek, she held out her arms. Cold hands clasped hers—a voice (did dead men speak?) cried "Quenie, Quesnie!

The old pet name! It was Paul's ghost, but none the less Paul. "I know you are derd," she said, "but I'm not afraid of you," and felt unterrified as a strong arm enfolded her. But the breast upon which her cheek rested was throbbing with such vivid pulsations that, half roused, she began to shudder in a terrible blended hope and fear, and she shrank away from his touch.

"Oh, Paul! are we both dead, or only you? Is this the other world?

"Why darling," gently seating her on the rock, "you are in a dream. Wake up, love; look at me, Esther. I am not a dead man, but your living Paul. Feel my hand—it is warm, you see. God has restored us to each other; and now, if his mercy permits, we will never be parted again."

"Paul! Paul!" cried Esther, convinced at last.

They were very happy. Prosy folks could they have looked in would have seen only two exceedingly wet young people seated high on a rocky ledge, receding waters rippling about their feet, but they, all aglow with life and happiness, scarcely knew of the lapse of time before the shimmering line of light appeared at the mouth of the cave.

With blessed tears streaming down her cheeks Esther heard his story; how, picked up—the sole survivor of that dreadful wreck—by an India-bound trader, her lover had lain delirious many weeks in a far land unable to tell his name or story; and in part recovered, started at once for home and landed in advance of the letters which told of his safety. And so they had met here 'mid coral and tangle and alomondine,' as she heard the story of his perils Esther clasped the hand she held as if she never again could let it go.

That provident little Helen—bless her heart!—"builded better than she knew,' in having such a store of damp sandwitches and refreshing wine for those drenched and happy lovers. And when at last the receding tide opened again the rocky gate and the vista of the sea tinged with rosy sunset, and Esther, aided by strong arms, left her prison it was with a glow like the sunset upon her cheeks, and in her eyes such a radiance of happiness that it fairly dazzled the forlorn, bedragged group above. Mrs. Gray embraced her fondly and fell into a fit of long deferred hysterics. The boys executed a war dance of congratulation, and Helen and Isabel laughed and cried for joy. And as Esther turned with Paul for a last look at the scene of their deliverance the chimes and murmur of the sea seemed full of blessing—the blessing of the dear Lord who had compassion upon her weakness, restoring her to life, and to that life its lost joy. With thankful heart she went her way.

A Louisiana correspondent of the *St. Nicholas* writes to that journal as follows:

The rescue of a mule in Bienville Parish, La., from a well sixty feet deep, caused so much surprise and interest here lately that I send an account to you.

It is vouched for by some of the best citizens of this place, who witnessed it, and I assure you it is every word true.

This mule fell hind-feet backward into an old dry well sixty feet deep; it is supposed that the edge of the well caved in with him. All efforts to rescue him were fruitless, as he was completely wedged in. Finally, the owner of the mule, supposing that the poor creature was severely injured by the fall, decided that it would be more merciful to have him killed than to allow him to starve to death. Not knowing any other way of dispatching him, he had a cart-load of dirt thrown in upon him. But, instead of allowing himself to be buried alive, his muleship quietly shook off the dirt and pressed it down with his feet; thus raising himself several inches above his original position. Another load was thrown in with the same result; and then some said that if the mule would continue tramping down the dirt, it was possible that he might be extricated; it would be no harm to try, any way. Acting on this suggestion, all the farm hands went to work filling the well, carefully pouring the dirt in on the sides so as not to hurt the mule. It was slow work filling that deep well, but a heavy interest was awakened by the perseverance with which the poor animal tramped down the dirt, and all worked with willing hands.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, did he ascend, until the great well was filled within a few feet of the top; then as complacently as if nothing strange had happened, his muleship stepped out safe and sound!

A celebrated vocalist, whose demeanor and action were as awkward and ungainly as his voice was beautiful, said one day to Charles Bannister: 'Do you know what made my voice so melodious?' 'No,' replied Bannister. 'Why, then, when I was fifteen I swallowed by accident some train oil.' 'I don't think,' rejoined Bannister, 'it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing master.'

JONES' CAKE.—Somebody praised a kind of cake Jones brought down to his office. He was asked for the recipe for building the cake, and next day appeared with the following, which his wife dictated, after dinner: "Seven cups of molasses, three pinches of flour, two heaping quarts of saleratus, a pint of sugar, two pounds of milk, fruit to suit taste; stir well and boil over a slow fire for three hours, and then set aside in a cold oven for a week." Somehow, Jones said it didn't sound just right, but that was the way his note read.

How Augustus Lost his Girl.

Some months ago, a youth of this or some other city, says the Chicago *Tribune*, took a fancy to a fair lady, and began to be polite to her. He met her when he could at parties and that sort of thing, and occasionally he called to see her at home. She liked the young man, and smiled sweetly whenever his name was mentioned. He was Augustus and she was Mary Jane.

Augustus wasn't worth a cent financially, but he had a capital of hope that surpassed the treasury of the First National Bank.

Mary Jane had a father whose name was Jones. He didn't fancy Augustus, and didn't like to have him spooning around Mary Jane. But he was a shrewd and sensible old duffer, and knew that if he raised his voice in opposition that Mary Jane's liking would be strengthened into red-hot, diamond pin, flat footed love. So he kept still and pondered, and then he hit on a plan to smash the courtship of Augustus into smithereens.

At the boarding house where Augustus lived, there lived also two youths of his age and sex, who were as full of mischief as a caucus is of seekers for office. So papa Jones went to them and unfolded his plans, and offered them ten dollars each to bring about a successful end. Within a week they had the money and this is how they earned it:

Augustus was to call on Mary Jones that evening, so of course he put on his best clothes for the occasion. Half an hour before he went to his room to dress, his friends went there and took his best coat from the wardrobe. They ripped open the lining between the shoulders and put inside a couple of very thin slices of Limberger cheese. You know what that is if you have any knowledge of German beerballs.

Augustus dressed and started for old Jones' house. He changed his seat two or three times in the street car, and when he reached the door steps he turned again, like a dog about to lie down; but 'twas no use.

He usually occupied a seat on the sofa at Mary Jane's side; but that evening she was inclined to dignity, and occupied an arm chair a couple of yards away. She went twice out of the room to dip her handkerchief in Cologne water and the second time she brought the bottles and offered some to Augustus.

After he had gone home and changed his clothes, one of the boys took him to walk, while the other restored his coat to its former condition. He examined it very carefully before he went to bed, and naturally discovered nothing wrong except the scent of the roses remaining there still.

But when, three evenings later, he again visited Mary Jane, the trick was repeated. Old Jones had taken pains to hide the Cologne bottle and everything else of that character, so that the offense of the Limberger could not be Cologne. The fair maiden stood it half an hour, then she fainted, and he called her folks. She was borne to her room, and Augustus was sent home. Next morning he received a highly perfumed note (white rose was the odor it exhaled) which told him that for the future they had better be friends only, and the next time she met him she hoped it would be in the open air, and she would try and keep to the windward.

April Characteristics.

April, at its best, is the tenderest of tender salads. Its type is the first speer of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the campfire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun,—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the the calls of the first birds—like that of the Phœbe bird, or of the meadow lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am filled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mold under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagined it came from the willows at a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen,—or did it come from much farther—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristic of these April odors is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are often bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere,—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of springs about the fields and by the road side in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner for April.*

Six-year-old: "Mamma, what are twins made for?" Precocious older brother quickly: "So that cannibals may eat philopenas."