THE COLUMBIAN,
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN (HAS BEEN CONSOLIDATED.)
Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
TWO DOLLARS per year, payable in advance, or during the year. After the expiration of the year $2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance—$2.25 if not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed beyond the year.
No paper discontinued, except at the option of the proprietors, 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.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 14
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 5

Rates of Advertising.

One inch (two lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.00; three insertions, $1.50.

| | 1W. | 2W. | 3W. | 6W. | 1Y. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| One inch | $1.50 | $2.00 | $2.50 | $3.50 | $5.00 |
| Two inches | 2.50 | 3.50 | 5.00 | 6.00 | 10.00 |
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| Four inches | 5.00 | 6.50 | 8.00 | 11.00 | 17.00 |
| Quarter column | 10.00 | 12.00 | 14.00 | 20.00 | 30.00 |
| Half column | 18.00 | 18.00 | 20.00 | 30.00 | 45.00 |
| One column | 30.00 | 35.00 | 40.00 | 50.00 | 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. Kreisheim, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—G. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. J. Baker.
Register & Recorder—William H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Isaac Derrit.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. Mifflinburg.
Commissioners—John Berger, S. W. McIlenny, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Kreisheim.
Auditors—H. 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.
Poor House Directors—Directors—D. P. Hat, Sec'y, Abe. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Beece, Treas. O. P. Hat, Secretary.

## Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President; A. H. Dyer, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles B. Paxson, President; I. P. Farrin, Cashier.
Columbia Co. Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. B. Mills, President; G. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President; J. B. Robbins, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. Brower, President; C. C. 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. Yeirch.
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 a. m. 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 at 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron Streets.
Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gorgas.
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—11 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; not enough sold; hence all welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reesser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday services—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 a small book, on hand, and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb 16, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Attorneys, 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

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 Lime, Plaster 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.
Sept. 21, 1876.

PATENTS.
Persons desiring to take out patents, or desiring information from the United States Patent Office should consult F. A. TEDMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. NO PATENT NO PAY. Send for Circular.
'76 & 8

SMOKE, Soot and Coal Gas, from defective drafts, prevented. No more worry with fires smoking or heating. Send stamp for circular to J. COLFORD, 726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. 4-1y.

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. 19, 1873.

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

C. P. & 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. July 1, '73—y

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Adjoining C. P. & W. J. Buckalew.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Apr. 13, '74-1y.

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. 15—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, '74-1y.

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 6, '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 | 12,800,000 |
| Lancashire | 10,000,000 |
| Fire Association, Philadelphia | 3,100,000 |
| Ætna of Hartford | 5,000,000 |
| Farmers Mutual of Danville | 1,000,000 |
| Danville Mutual | 75,000 |
| Home, New York | 5,000,000 |
| Commercial Union | 17,000,000 |
| | $178,968,000 |

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.—1m.

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.

THE LUNGS

CONSUMPTION.

This distressing and dangerous complaint, and its preliminary symptoms, a persistent 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, pain 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 bruise, violent cough, plethora, fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overtasking 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 ever 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; spit different times a pint of blood. I remained for months in this awful condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. This was the condition I needed 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 statement will please call or address me, at the Globe.
EDWARD H. HAMSON,
Engineer of Gas Works, Seventy-Fifth street, Bridge 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, Doylestown, Bucks 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 our druggist, we will forward half dozen by express, freight paid on receipt of price.
Describe the 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 persons 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 not 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 or from 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 all 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 infrequently 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 Boehler & 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. Entirely 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 best and all compriehen 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 Hair Restorer
London in all its youthful Hair Restorer
London Hair Restorer
London color, lustre, softness Hair Restorer
London 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 23 '76-1y

## Poetical.

### THE FIRST PARTY.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party,
"Your company from four to ten," the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
"It will be the swatest party
If you're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!"

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing!
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning!
She was altogether "stunning,"
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute direction,
With copious interjections
Of "Sit up straight!" and "Don't do this, or that!—'twould be absurd!"
But, what with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As it fairy-land, and floral band, were holding jubilee;
There was laughing, there was pouting;
There was singing, there was shouting;
And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
Was the youngest at the party,
And every one remarked that she was beautifully dress;
Like a doll she sat demurely
On the sofa, thinking surely
It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
The naughty boys would crowd her;
"I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
And then, without a warning,
Her home instructions scorning,
She screamed out: "I want my supper!—and I want to go to bed!"

Now big folks, who are older,
Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined
To leave the ball, or party,
As did Annabel McCarty,
But we hadn't half her courage, and we couldn't speak our mind!

—*Josephine Pollard, St. Nicholas for February.*

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WEST PIER.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

A hot summer's night at Brighton, a night when there was no wind and no stars, a night so intensely black that the restless, moaning waste of waters below was hardly to be distinguished from the moveless, silent vault above, save when now and then a break in the inky curtain of the latter showed a tawny, orange-colored gap and the gleaming of a crescent point showed a fainter orange glare on the languid roll of the sea, a paler gleam on the wet shingle of the beach.

Very still that beach was just then. The shingle, a few hours back scattered over with children, red-cheeked and short-skirted, shrieking, laughing, beating each other with little wooden spades, or splashing bare-legged in the surf and foam—with loose-haired nymphs in classically fluttering attire—with trim nursery-maids, and wet-legged, blowsy, semi-masculine bathing women—was silent and deserted now; abandoned to the white bathing machines and gaily painted boats hauled up high and dry, out of reach of the mischievous element with which they had been battling all day; and scarcely to be distinguished in the darkness. Very silent and dim the parade, so gay with carriages and horses, and crowded with pedestrians that very afternoon. More silent still, and still more dim and dark the town behind. All Brighton seemed to have gone to sleep and been buried behind its rattling bow windows and brown paper walls. All Brighton seemed to be awake and lively on the West Pier.

No silence there!—no darkness, desertion or desolation! From end to end of the huge, frail-looking erection nothing but a glitter of lamps, green, white, and red, nothing but a sea of people crossing, re-crossing, meeting and re-meeting one another, sitting on the benches talking, laughing, eating ices, flirting, fooling, perhaps (God knows!) grieving to the languid airs of "La Traviata" or the "Blue Danube," as performed by the band of the Coldstreams or the hushed and sighing murmur of the sea. People of all ages, sexes, nations, and degrees; wealthy publicans with portly wives and overdressed daughters; Jews in profusion, male and female, easily distinguishable by too much nose, too much full red lip, too much curly hair, too much gaudy color and sham jewelry; ladies of the "*haute monde*" in dinner dress, shrouded in shawls and cloaks, and carefully protected by white cravatted husbands and brothers; ladies of the *demi-monde*, in war paint and plumes, and not shrouded at all in any way; children in Highland plaids or sailor costume scampering about, and getting under every one's feet; Rotten-Row "swells," eyeglass in eye and drawl on lip; naval officers, happily unconscious of the nauticality vsible through every stitch of their ready-made shore garments; volunteer officers, bristling in full uniform; army officers, rigidly disguised in the severest "mufti," and supremely oblivious of the amateur comparisons; all these and a thousand others making up the gay-colored, happy looking swarm congregated above the elastic timbers of the West Pier.

Rather apart from the crowd, centered round the band at the further end of the pier, two young men of the last mentioned type of individual leant against the railing chatting in a low voice—Captain Garsford of the —th, a big, dark, good-natured looking man, without much strength of character written in his handsome face, and his friend Cyril Granger, a smaller, square-built, fair-haired, fair-faced young fellow in the same regiment, a soldier all over, trimly put together, with a pair of piercing blue eyes and a square resolute chin which belied the most boyish blondness and delicacy of his hair and skin. There was a pause in the music, and many people who had stood still to listen to a triumphant "finale" recommenced their slow promenade. These two, however, seemed more lazily inclined. The night was hot, and Mr. Granger had been riding all the afternoon: it was pleasanter to lounge in that quiet corner, puffing faint clouds of blue smoke into the still, warm air, and discussing the people about them, than to go round and round with the stream like gold-fish in a bowl.

"Well, it is difficult to tell who *is* who, nowadays," Granger said at last in answer to some remark of his friend; "barring paint (and that's not so easy to see at night), one set of women dress so closely after another that I for one don't see how you can tell them apart."

"Except in a place like this," objected the Captain; "in the park or opera, I grant you—sometimes; but here——"

"Well, what's the difference here? Has the place any particular touchstone by which to test the society of the fairer sex?"

"One touchstone is sufficient. Take this pier, for instance, decent women don't walk alone on it."

"Nor your Mdlle. Phryne either, if she can help it."

"Possibly; but you were speaking of flirting out the good-form ones. *They* wouldn't dream of showing in such a place at all *sans chaperon of some sort*."

"Granted, *sometimes*, as you observed just now," said Granger slowly, his keen, quiet glance traveling over the throng around him—"Not always though—look there!" taking his cigar out of his mouth to direct attention to a girl passing them, a tall, lithe-looking girl, in handsome black silk, and walking with the quick but irresolute step, shoulders rather forward and eyes down, but head erect and expression both proud and timid, betokening to an unaccustomedness to being alone in a crowd, and a dislike at once shrinking and haughty to the glances cast on her. "There's a woman walking by herself; but 'for a' that an' a' that' there's something about her—I'd lay my life she's a lady and good form too."

"*That!* Why, how the deuce——Good heaven! I should rather think so. *It's my sister*, man!"

And it was, for the raised tone and shuddering plunge forward startled the girl. She turned her head and the next moment was at her brother's side, her hand on his arm, while the look of pleasure and relief in her face abundantly proved the truth of Granger's surmise. The younger officer drew politely on one side, waiting for an introduction, but not wishing to appear to claim it. The girl had never noticed him.

"George, I *am* so glad," she said breathlessly. "I was beginning to be afraid, for I couldn't see you anywhere, and there are such lots of people down there."

"But, my dear girl, what the deuce brought you out all by yourself? Lots of people! I should rather think so. You've no business even to be here by day without Mrs. Garsford or some one else. It isn't respectable, it——what in the name of heaven, did you do it for?"

Garsford was really angry. To have just been in the act of passing a stricture on a particular distinction between women, and to find that your own sister, the pearl and pride of your life, has unconsciously been serving as an example to point the moral, is irritating even to a mind usually placid to a fault, and Ethel Garsford, very unused to anything like harshness from her brother flushed all over her delicate high-bred face, like a lilly smitten by the last red rays of the setting sun. Young Granger felt sorry for her, sorry, and yet glad too, that he had keen enough eyes to distinguish the "good style" in her, even among equivocal surroundings.

"I am very sorry," she said gently; "but it was not my fault, George. Do not be angry, dear. It was not, indeed. We all came out here after dinner, my stepmother and her brother and I, and then she fancied that the smell of the sea made her feel sick, and said she would go back again. George, I *had* got so tired of sitting in that hot, stuffy drawing room, with the sun glaring in at the bow window all day long; and just then she caught sight of you standing alone, and told me that if I wanted to stay out I had better go to you, as she would be just as glad of a quiet hour to talk business with her brother. I wasn't quite sure if you wanted me," looking up wistfully into her brother's face, "but she was vexed at my hesitating, and then—when I turned back I could not see you. You had moved, and though I went on, I began to feel nervous. So don't be vexed with me, dear. You shall take me home now at once if you like."

"If I like! Nonsense!" said George, pacified with her, though not with the incident. "Of course you can stay with me. It was just like Mrs. Garsford's consummate selfishness not to put you in my care before taking herself off. She's no more fit to be your *chaperone* than—but of course I like to have you; though, as it happens, I wasn't alone. Granger of ours—. Why where the deuce is he?"

But young Granger had disappeared. Moved by the wistful sweetness of her face to determine that his presence at any rate should neither recall the past *contre-temps*, nor come between the brother and sister's walk, he had quietly taken himself off, and indeed devoted some trouble to keeping out of the way of the other two for the remainder of the evening.

He met them again on the following day, however, in company with Garsford *pere*, a severe looking country gentleman, with an expression of ill-health struggling with a decorous dislike to admitting it, and his wife; and George Garsford introduced him to the party as "Cyril Granger, an old chum of mine at Oxford, and one of my best friends," with a cordiality which at once put him on friendly terms with the rest. Mrs. Garsford asked him to dine with them, and Ethel gave him her hand, and a smile wonderfully frank and sweet with it, instead of the English ortho-lox bow. The three young people were soon walking in front on the most pleasant terms imaginable. It was one of those intimacies which spring up in a moment, and seem so happy and natural that one can hardly believe they have perhaps the length of a summer's day instead of half a life behind them.

I wonder, whether you, my reader, are acquainted with Brighton? Surely yes; for is there any one nowadays who is not? and therefore there is little need for me to dwell on the regular occupation and amusements which, in that liveliest of watering places, bring day by day and hour by hour those who know one another and those who do not, into an oft-recurring propinquity which is pleasant, or the reverse, according to the amount of liking which people have for each other. The early morning bathe from which he used to see her returning, with her long hair falling like a veil of golden light around her shoulders, or blown out behind her like one of A. Moore's nymphs, in the wind and sunshine; the long happy gallops with her and her brother over those greenly swelling downs which wall in the merry township from the assaults of the north wind; lunch afterwards at the hotel where the Garsfords were staying; the afternoon promenade in the Aquarium to the strains of one of the most perfect bands to be met with anywhere, and the evening lounge upon the pier, enlivened by more music, which sounded sweeter and more soul-stirring still from the concomitants of rippling waves and starlit night. Was it any wonder that these numerous chances of meeting, combined with ever dangerous idleness and peerless summer weather, should work a spell more powerful than that of "mystic pass and of woven hands" over the hearts of two young people as young and (for all his soldier life and gay, fair face, for all her rare beauty, and pride even greater than beauty) as fresh and unsullied by the contact of the world as Cyril Granger and Ethel Garsford?

Little enough she knew of that world, sheltered from all knowledge beyond a vague and shrinking reprobation of its evils in the old country home in Warwickshire, where year by year she had led the peaceful busy life of an English maiden and an English gentle-woman. As for Cyril, an only son with plenty of money, a soldier who had seen fight, and a man of eight and twenty, he might be considered rather more remarkable in his degree, being publicly spoken of as one who had never flirted with a woman, never cared for a woman's beauty, never striven to win a woman's heart in all his life, and as openly admitted the imputation.

"I remember my mother," he said once to a friend. "When I meet a woman like her I will go and kneel at her feet, if you will, and kiss the dust she walks on. Why not? There is nothing so lovely under heaven as a woman pure of all evil and unspotted from the world. The question is, where will you find her nowadays? When he saw Ethel Garsford, he said to himself "She is found," and straightway fell down in his heart and worshipped her.

And Ethel understanding by the unerring instincts of womanhood that there was something in the touch of this man's hand when it brushed hers, something in the look of his eyes when they gazed into hers, different from anything she had ever before felt or seen in any other male acquaintance, let her innocent heart stop fluttering as a caged bird before the master-touch of his unspoken love, said in her soul, "There is no one like you in the whole wide world. Surely it is not wrong to admire anything so brave and noble when after a few days I may never see it again." The while he was wondering, "Does she like me even as an acquaintance? and how long will it be before she will think me worthy of calling her friend? and how much longer before I may tell her I love her and ask her to be my wife?"

Now, when it comes to this, that two people's pulses beat faster when their hands clasp, that the touch of a dress makes them thrill and tremble, and the glance of an eye or the breath of a word sends them red and white in a moment, the answer to this "How long?" may be counted by days; not weeks, nor yet months."

It was night again and the dark blue waters of the channel were lapping and beating with a lazy murmur against the strong girders of the West Pier. There is a bench that runs round the further end of it, roofed with glass and divided by a thin wooden partition from the damp sea breeze. Between this partition and the waves there is a narrow path, and on this path, with arms folded on the bulwarks overhanging the moving water, and faces turned upward to court any stray breath of air that may be stirring, were Cyril Granger and Ethel. Seated on the covered bench, though out of sight and at the opposite corner to themselves, were Mr. and Mrs. Garsford, while George had strolled off to speak to a friend near the band. No one else chanced to be behind the barrier. To all intents and purposes these two were as alone as though they were on a desert island, and no breath of wind stirred the sultry stillness of the air, no single star lit the deep blue-black curtain of the sky. The hushed ripple of a thousand voices, the faint quiver of the planks to a thousand feet, the myriad lights glimmering in the far-off town, and repeated in the black mirror at its foot, alone bore token to the seething light around them; and over all the music floated, now loud, now low, now rising high, now dying away, but ever sweet and thrilling, and idealising that life into a poetry of romance far beyond itself.

"It is like being on the deck of a steamer anchored at night off some southern city," said Cyril. "Like the night your brother saved my life in the *Adriatic*."

"Dear George!" said Ethel softly. George was always dear to her, her home idol and earthly god; yet as she analysed her feelings, there was a distinct throb of gratitude added to her appreciation of this act.

"And it is a miracle that he wasn't drowned himself, that I didn't drag him under," Cyril went on; "for he could swim as little as myself, and yet he never hesitated, but went over the side after me like a shot."

"It was just like him," said Ethel proudly. "Of course he didn't think of himself. Who would that was worth anything? Do you think I could love my brother as I do if he were not just the noblest, truest——Ah! I am so glad you are friends," coming down from her burst of enthusiasm to a pleasingly inconsequential little murmur. Cyril was silent for a moment. He had been silent for some time before. Speech was not always easy to him now, when the only words on his lips were three which in his calmer moments it would have se