THE COLUMBIAN,
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)
Issued weekly every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
TWO DOLLARS per year, payable in advance, or during the year. After the expiration of the year $2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance—$2.25 if not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed beyond the year.
No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.
All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.
POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.
JOB PRINTING.
The Jobbing department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large offices. All work done on hand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 4. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 17
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 8

Rates of Advertising.

	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
One inch	$3.00	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.50	60	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	4.00	5.00	9.00	14.00	20.00
Four inches	5.00	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	50.00
One column	20.00	25.00	35.00	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. Brockway, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Clerk, Stenographer—A. S. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Supervisor—Isaac Devitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. Mellenyndlds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. Mellenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Ketchbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown, Cornelius Carter, Charles G. Murph.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
Count Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Poor House Directors—Directors—O. P. Bat, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Beece, Mt. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Ornig, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxson, President, I. P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Litten, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. H. Robbins, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Tan ns, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunda 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. Seltzon.
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.
Sea s 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.
Sunda School— 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. 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.
Pastor—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 4th Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Rhoads.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—10 a. 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 scarlet books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN office.

DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Admnis rators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

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

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

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

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market streets, in the old post office.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

C. E. SAVAGE, Dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the Central Hotel.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5. Oct. 15, '75.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office S. E. corner Rock and Market streets.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market.

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Hartman's building, Main street.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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 Mill Timber to which we invite the attention of customers.
Orders received and filled for all kinds of FAMILY COAL.
By strict attention to business we hope to merit a share of public patronage.
KNITTLE & ABBOTT,
Mt. Pl. 1876.— Catawissa, Pa.

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 & 7

PAPER BAGS FOR SALE AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

SAMUEL KNORR.
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, 75

S. U. FUNK. L. 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
Dec. 8, '74

R. E. & J. M. CLARK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Exit's Building. April 10, '74

C. 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, '75

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

S. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. E. 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. —38

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

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

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, '75-1f

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

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.
Oct. 8, '75 Proprietor.

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

	Capital.
Ætna Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
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	5,600,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,966,000

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

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, SEGARS SODA, &c., &c.
☞Orders will receive prompt attention. 1f.

THE LUNGS

CONSUMPTION.

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

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

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

Hemmorrhage or spitting of blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arise from various causes, a undue physical exertion, plethora, fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstretching 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 gratual alterative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsides, the cause returns to its natural standard, the system is invigorated 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 nearl 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 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. In person doubting the truth of the above statement will please call on or address me, at the factory.

EDWARD H. HAWSON,
Engineer of Geo. Sweeney's Pottery,
Ridge road, below Wallace, Phila.

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

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

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

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

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

LIVER COMPLAINT

That dreaded disease, from which so many 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 act specially on the Liver as Blue Mass or Calomel, without any bad results from taking.

Address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. No charge for advice. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Price 25 cents a box; five boxes for $1. Ask your Druggist for them.

Itching Piles

is generally preceded by a moisture, like perspiration, distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at nightwhen undressing, or in bed after getting warm. It appears in summer as well as winter, oftentimes shows itself around the private parts, and is not confined to males only, but is quite as frequent that females are sorely afflicted, particularly in times of pregnancy, extending 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 Pruritus, 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, 224 North Second street, Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's All-Healing Ointment

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

CATARRH.

SYMPTOMS AND CURE.

Catarrh is an affection of the mucus membrane of the nose, throat, chest, &c., accompanied with dull heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, weak eyes, watery and inflamed, hacking or coughing, to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, smell and taste are impaired, stopped up feeling in the head, incessant blowing of the nose, and other symptoms are likely to appear very distressing, and no disease is more common, and more 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 Ifurrsh 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 Rein-	Hair Restorer
London	state the Human Hair	Hair Restorer
London	in all its youthful	Hair Restorer
London	color, lustre, softness	Hair Restorer
London	and beauty.	Hair Restorer

All persons who aspire to Beauty

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
June 23 '76-1y

Poetical.

COUSIN WILL.

BY PHILIP MORER.

I strolled last night in musing mood,
Reflecting on my lonely state;
Till, wearied out at last, I paused
And leaned upon a garden gate.
The old moon's mellow radiance hung
In golden mists among the trees,
Faint odors, borne from distant flowers,
Ebbed idly on the evening breeze.

As thus I stood, absorbed in thought,
I pressed against the gate top hard.
It opened with a sudden jerk.—
I found myself within the yard
A form came gliding down the walk;—
Soft arms embraced me, as, perplexed,
I stood one blissful moment, while
A sweet voice soothed my ear; the next
It rose into a shriek, then sobbed:
"O sir, how could you keep so still!
When all the time I 'knew' you knew
I thought you were my cousin Will."

. . . . .

These stars are moons, or rather months;
Just five have flitted since that night,
And two of these have calmly shone
Upon our wedded life. It quite
Surprises me to think of it.
And she is queenly, tall and fair,
With lustrous eyes, and such a wealth
Of—well we call it auburn hair.

. . . . .

"So late?" I've just come from the club;
My wife sits silent, but a light,
Unseen before, lurks in her eye.
Once more I muse on that calm night
When first she met me at the gate,
And wonder, while her eyes flame still,
If ever I, in days to come,
Shall wish it had been cousin Will.

—*Scribner for May.*

WHEN WHEAT IS GREEN.

When wheat is green in furrowed fields,
And forest lanes are lined with leaves,
And passion unto pleading yields,
And every nameless maiden grieves
For lack of love, at such a time
My pleasure will be in its prime.

The clouds that keep away the sun,
And cover up the moon at night,
Before the strong March wind will run,
And leave the heavens blue and bright;
The sun will shine upon the sea—
The moon will light the wood for me.

And then, ah, then! O dearest days!
Laburnum branches, thick with bloom
Will throw their gold on garden ways,
And kiss the windows of my room;
And then the day! How will it be
To live in such felicity?

My brow with blossoms will be bound,
And from my fears I shall be free;
O tardy Time, bring quickly round
The merriest month of all for me!
That I may hear the church boys sing,
And on my finger see the ring!

—*Temple Bar.*

Miscellaneous.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

A close cab laden with luggage drove up to Euston Station in time for the 7:30 a. m. train for the North. While the porters surrounded the boxes, the occupants of the cab passed straight through on to the platform, looking rather nervously about them. They were two—a very pretty girl in a most fascinating traveling costume of blue serge and fur, and an elderly woman, who, from her appearance, might have been her nurse.

"Sit here, and don't move, Miss Edith, while I take your ticket; now, mind you don't stir;" and she deposited her on a bench.

"Are you the young lady as has ordered a through carriage reserved?" asked a guard, with official abruptness.

"Yes."

"Then come along of me, Miss."

"No, no; I must wait," and Edith, who was quite unused to traveling, grasped her bag and did not move. The guard looked astonished, but only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Presently he came back.

"You'll be late, Miss," he said, not encouragingly. "Train'll be off in another minute." Edith looked at him in despair. Should she leave her post? Would Jenkins never come back? A loud aggressive bell began to ring. Edith started up; she seized all the things Jenkins had put under her charge—rugs, carpet-bag, umbrella-case, loose shawl, and provision basket—and was trying to stagger away under the load flurried seized half the packages, and hurried her to the train. The guard unlocked the special carriage, and put her in.

"No hurry, ma'am," he said, "for minutes still."

"I don't at all like it, now it has come to the point, Jenkins," said Edith, leaning out of the window.

"Nor I, miss; and how your mamma could let you go all alone like this passes me. But I have spoken to the guard and written to the station master, and you've a good bit to eat, and not a blessed soul to get into the carriage from end to end; so don't be afraid my dear, and I make no doubt that your dear uncle will meet you at the other end."

"I have no doubt that one of my uncles will—I hope Uncle John, as I have never seen Uncle George."

A gentleman suddenly came running on to the platform; the train was just about to start. "Here, porter, take my portmanteau; quick—smoking carriage."

"All full, sir! quick, sir, please!"

"It's Mr. George!" cried Jenkins, suddenly. Edith started forward. "Oh!"

The gentleman caught sight of Jenkins. "Here, guard, guard! put me in here!"

"Can't sir—special."

"Quick; let me in! it's my niece."

The train began to move,

"Confound you, be quick!"

The door was opened just in time, and Edith, as much excited as Mr. George, seized him with both hands by the coat sleeves and pulled him with all her might into the carriage. They were off.

"I am so glad to see you, Uncle George," said Edith, timidly; "for though I am generally bold enough, I was rather afraid of this long journey."

"I will take care of you," said the uncle. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, my dear." The "my dear" sounded a little strained, as though it were not a common expression on Uncle George's lips, and Edith looked up at him.

"Now we must make ourselves comfortable," said Uncle George, and he proceeded to set to work. He put the rugs and baskets into the nets, he pushed the carpet-bag and portmanteau under the seat, took off his hat, put on a very becoming Turkish fez, extracted newspapers from his pocket, spread a shawl over Edith's knees, and then wriggled himself comfortably into a corner seat.

"How well old Jenkins wears!" he said. "She looks like a young dairy maid."

"Oh!" said Edith, a little shocked at his irreverence.

"I remember how she used to feed me with dried fruit and macaroons out of the store room."

"Really! surely she is not old enough for that?"

"Oh, ah! I forget her age, but the fact was, I wasn't of course a boy."

"Of course not. Why, I think mamma said that you and Jenkins were born the same day—or was she the eldest?"

"Oh, I was the eldest."

"No, you were not; I remember she was three weeks older than you, and it was because she was your foster-sister that she always was so fond of you. Indeed, mamma said that she wanted to leave her to go to you and Aunt Maria when your eldest children were born, even out to India."

"My eldest children! what do you mean? Oh! by the by, yes; they are dead."

"Dead! my cousin George dead!"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Poor little Addie! Was it true that George never got over her loss?"

"Don't!" said Uncle George, abruptly; and he held up a newspaper upside down.

Edith touched his arm very gently.

"I am so sorry, Uncle George," she said sweetly. "If I had known that you had lost them both, I would not have said anything; please forgive me. And poor Aunt Maria, too! I beg your pardon."

Uncle George threw down his paper and looked smilingly at her.

"Does your mamma ever speak of me?"

"Constantly, perpetually;" said Edith, her voice still a little choked.

"And what does she say of me?"

"She says that you are the dearest, kindest, warmest-hearted, most sweet-disposioned old gentleman existing; she says you have been a gallant officer and a loyal, true hearted soldier." Edith's eyes kindled. "And I have heard how you distinguished yourself in India, and I—I am very glad to see you, Uncle George."

"Yes, yes, he is all that," said he with enthusiasm.

"What? who?" asked Edith confused.

"My father—I—I—I mean my son."

"Poor George! he was a most distinguished soldier also. I wish I had known him. No, Uncle George, I won't speak so, I do not wish to pain you."

"I like to hear all you tell me about him, my dear."

"I have only heard how good a soldier he was, and that he was so handsome and so good."

"And had he faults and defects?"

Edith looked surprised.

"I used to hear that he was conceited."

"No no," said Uncle George, hastily; "he never was that. He was proud, I grant—perhaps too proud—but never conceited."

"Poor George!" sighed Edith; "I had so looked forward to knowing him."

"Had you really?"

"Yes, I never had a companion of my own age. Do tell me, shall I like my cousins at Hatton?"

"I think so, some of them; do you mean Uncle John's daughters or his stepchildren?"

"Both."

"I think you will like Mary, tolerate Susan, abhor Agatha, admire Jane, and adore Alice."

"Alice is the adorable one, is she?" said Edith, laughing, "and is she the one they say is so pretty?"

"On no; poor Alice is deformed, and can never leave the sofa; but she has the sweetness of an angel, and the courage of a martyr; she is not in the least pretty."

"Oh, what a trial! always on the sofa!"

"What a sweet little thing this is!" thought Uncle George, but he said nothing.

"How comes it that you know none of your cousins?" said he suddenly.

"Why do you want me to tell you what you know so much better than I do, Uncle George?"

"Yes, yes, of course; but naturally I want to know your side of the story. Have you never been at Hatton?"

"Never; and I thought it so very kind of you to induce Uncle John to persuade mamma to let me go."

"Yes, I thought, you know, that a few companions of your own age would do you good. How old are you?"

"Did you not get mamma's letter in which she told you that I was to be eighteen to-morrow?"

"No; it must have been late. I never heard of it."

"How very unfortunate! Then no one will know I am coming. She asked you to tell Uncle John about the train and things."

"Ah, ah! that letter. Oh, of course, that is all right. I don't—I—I sometimes don't read letters through."

Edith laughed.

"I will tell you one version of my story. Mamma being papa's widow, and papa having been the eldest son, had to leave Hatton when a baby was born and turned out to be a stupid little girl; and she went abroad because she was so delicate, and became a Roman Catholic."

"Hollo!"

"What is it, Uncle George?"

"You are not one, I hope?"

Edith looked rather indignant. "It is very odd of you to say that," she said, "when you know as well as I do all that you did about it; indeed I shall never forget your kindness."

"I am very glad, my dear child, and I hope that in future you will be guided by my advice."

"I hope I shall see a great deal of you, Uncle George, for I know how fond I shall be of you, for my mother loves you dearly."

"It is very kind of her."

"And do you know, since we came to live in England, I have never paid a single visit, or been for one week away from home? Oh, it is such fun going to Hatton! Do my cousins ride?"

"Yes, a great deal; are you fond of it?"

"I love it; there is nothing in the world to me like a good gallop. Ah, it was the greatest trial of my life when Queen Mab was sold!"

"When was that?"

"Mamma made me give up riding, or rather I gave it up myself, because it made her so nervous."

"What else do you care for?—dancing?"

"Oh, I love it; but I have never been to a ball in my life."

"There are to be two at Hatton next week and you must promise me the first valse at each,"

"Do you valse?"

"Oh, yes. You see I am not such an old fogy as you expected."

"No; nobody would believe you to be fifty eight, but for one thing."

"What is that?"

But Edith blushed and would not answer.

"You need not mind, child, I never was at all sensitive; and, alas! now my memory is not what it was."

"That's it," said Edith eagerly; "only I did not like to say it. Here we are at the station."

It was now 10 o'clock; Uncle George bought the *Times* and *Daily News*, and they both began to read. About 12 o'clock the pangs of hunger began to assail Edith, and she exclaimed:

"Uncle George, it is only 12 o'clock and I must eat to live. Will you have beef or chicken sandwiches, or cold partridge, or what?"

They made a very good lunch, and uncle and niece grew hourly better acquainted.

"I believe we ought to look out of the window," said he, presently. "My father said that the country about here was quite beautiful."

"That must have been before the days of railways," said Edith gravely. "Those coaching days must have been quite delightful."

"They were. Hollo!"

"What is the matter?" said Edith, startled.

"Nothing—nothing—sit still!"

But she followed the direction of his eyes. The train (a very long one) was going round a sharp curve, they were in one of the last carriages, and to her horror and terror, she saw, about a hundred yards in front of the train, a whole herd of cows on and off the line—two or three frantically galloping.

All heads were stretched out of the windows, clamoring tongues and even cries resounded from the other carriages, but neither Edith nor George uttered a sound, only she put back her hand and caught his; he seized it very tightly in the suspense, knowing well that a terrible accident might be impending. It was hardly a second, but it seemed a lifetime. The frantic cattle rushed off the line in a body, all but one unfortunate beast. The guards put on the very heaviest brakes, but the impetus was so great that the slackening was hardly perceptible. It may have been fortunate that it was so, for instead of upsetting the train, the cow was tossed off the line utterly destroyed, and the engine rushed on in safety.

George and Edith sat down opposite to each other; both were very pale.

"Thank God!" said Edith, and she covered her face with one hand. George did not speak, but he took off his cap and looked out of the window for one minute.

"Now I shall give you some sherry," he said, suddenly. "You are the pluckiest little brick I ever came across. Any other girl would have screamed."

"I never scream," said Edith, indignantly; "and I don't want any sherry."

"I am your uncle, and I say you are to have some—drink it up."

"I hate wine," she said, giving back the flask.

"There, good child, to do as you are told."

At the next station a perfect crowd of passengers were waiting for the up train. A great fete was going on in the next town for the visit of some royal personage, and the train was filled to overflowing. Presently the civil guard came up to the special carriage, and said, most deprecatingly, that there was one gentleman who couldn't find a place anywhere; and as he was only going to the next station, would they admit him just for the twenty minutes? Uncle George consented very discontentedly, and very grudgingly moved his long legs to admit of the entry of a very stout old gentleman, who sat heavily down, and received into his ample lap a perfect pile of packages and baskets, and a brace of hares, and a rabbit tied by the legs, which he had dexterously suspended by a string around his neck.

"Not worth while, indeed, my dear madam," he said, as Edith began to make room for his things. "Only twenty minutes—no inconvenience, I assure you."

The heavily-weighted train moved off. The old gentleman now began a series of playful bows which made the hares and rabbit dance up and down.

"It really was too good of you to admit an old fogy like me," he said, blandly; "for of course with half an eye I can see the tender situation."

A deep growl from Uncle George. He gave a little start and went on to himself—

"Sweet young couple! just wedded eh?" Edith felt half choked with laughter, but she managed to say convulsively:

"Will you give me my book, Uncle George?"

The old gentleman started, cocked his head like a blackbird does when he perceives a very fat worm, and muttered:

"Impossible!"

Edith and George were wrapped in their respective novels. The old gentleman fidgeted, sighed and arranged his features into a most sanctimonious expression. There was a dead silence till he reached his station, where he descended. The departure bell was ringing, when his head suddenly reappeared at the window, the hares and rabbit streaming wildly from the back of his neck.

"My children," he said, "take my advice, go back to your friends. This—." A little shriek ended his discourse; the train was going on, and he, being borne along on the step involuntarily, two stout porters rushed to the rescue and lifted him off. Edith and George laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"I could eat again, with a little persuasion," said George, presently.

"Why, what o'clock is it?"

"Just five, and we shall not get in till eight thirty. Remember that we had our luncheon at twelve."

"Very well." And they proceeded to eat.

The sun had gone down, and the whole sky was gorgeous with gold and crimson light, on which great black clouds floated prophetically.

"What a grand sky;" said Edith.

"Magnificent! Nowhere does one see such clouds as in England."

"Were you very fond of India?"

"Of course I am; my work lies there, my hopes, my future."

Edith looked astonished. "I should have thought," she said, "that now you would have been content to rest at home; but I admire you for loving work. Shall you go out again?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances. It would be a great grief to me to give up my profession."

"It is very odd, but I certainly thought that mamma told me you had given up your profession."

"She was mistaken," said Uncle George, shortly.

"I have often longed to go to India," cried Edith.

"Have you?" said George, very eagerly.

"Oh, yes, beyond anything; life there gives everybody a chance. I mean, heroic men and great characters are formed in India, and men have great responsibilities and development for quite a different class of most desirable qualities there."

"That is quite true; and you are just the sort of woman to help a man to do anything."

"I am so glad you think so, Uncle George," she said, laughing and blushing.

At 7 o'clock they reached a very large station where the train had half an hour to wait. They got up a cup of tea, and then both being rather cold, they began to walk vigorously up and down to the very end of the terminus.

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