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 $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 hand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 19
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 19

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, (twelve lines or 100 equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	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	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	22.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
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 Rwell.
Associate Judges—I. E. 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. Y. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
Count Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Eat, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott. O. P. Eat, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Groff, 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. 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. 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 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,
Aug 21, 1876.— Catawissa, Pa.

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. 6, '76.-1lm.

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, 73

N. U. FUNK. I. 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

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

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

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

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. —38

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
CMembers of the United States Law Association. ollections 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,
May 26—1y. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

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

WILLIAM Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Corner of Main and West streets, three doors below J. K. Eyer's store, Bloomsburg, Pa.
All orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. April 27, '77-tf

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
Lancanshire	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	5,600,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$175,955,000

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.

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

PAPER BAGS
FOR SALE
AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

ROLLINS & HOLMES,

have removed to Evans' Block, Main Street.

Extra heavy Tin Wire, also

AWNINGS AND TENTS

of every description manufactured by

Rollins & Holmes.

Galvanized Iron Cornice

designed and manufactured by

Rollins & Holmes.

ARGAND HOT BASE STOVES

the best and most economical in the market.

Rollins & Holmes.

RANGES.

The BARSTOW ELEVATED Oven Range, the LION and EMPRESS Portable Ranges have no equal.

Rollins & Holmes.

STEAM.

Public and private buildings heated by steam. A variety of Steam Pipe, Valves and Fittings, constantly on hand.

Rollins & Holmes.

PLUMBING & GAS FITTING

promptly done

Rollins & Holmes.

Feb 1, '77—tf

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.

AND

Gentlemen's Dress Goods.

DAVID LOWENBERG

Invites attention to his large and elegant stock

Cheap and Fashionable Clothing,

at his store on

MAIN STREET, IN THE NEW BLOCK,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.,

where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

including the most fashionable, durable and handsome

DRESS GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

BOXS, SACK, FROCK, GUM AND OIL CLOTH,

COATS AND PANTS,

OF ALL SORTS SIZES AND COLORS,

He has also replenished his already large stock of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
STRIPED,
FIGURED,
AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS,
CRAVATS
SOCKS,
COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS,
AND

FANCY ARTICLES.

He has constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of

Cloths and Vestings,

which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear and most of it is of home manufacture.

GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FINE AND CHEAP.

HIS CASE OF JEWELRY IS NOT SURPASSED IN THIS PLACE.

CALL AND EXAMINE HIS GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Clothing, Watches, Jewelry, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG.

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, trachea, 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 statement 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 90 years have elapsed, and Mr. Hamson still remains a hearty man to this day—September 30th, 1875.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

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

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

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

LIVER COMPLAINT

That dreaded disease, from which so many 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 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, 354 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 $1.25. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. 6th St., Philadelphia.

CATARRH,

SYMPTOMS AND CURE.

Catarrh is an affection of the mucus membrane of the nose, throat, chest, &c., accompanied with dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, weak eyes, watery and inflamed, hacking or coughing, to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, smell and taste are impaired, stopped up feeling in the head, incessant blowing of the nose, and other symptoms are likely to appear very distressing, and no disease is more common, and none less understood by Physicians. Nine-tenths of the cases of offensive breath are occasioned by Catarrh.

"Swayne's Catarrh Remedy"

is a certain and permanent cure, and warranted in every case, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. Mailed to any address on the receipt of the price, one dollar, with full directions for use, also a full account of the origin and nature of this distressing complaint. We repeat it: it is beyond all comparison the best remedy for Catarrh ever discovered. Remember! it can be obtained only by addressing DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330, North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, with a remittance, as we do not place it in the hands of dealers, the same as we do our other preparations. In writing for our "Catarrh Remedy" please state you saw this advertisement in the "Columbian" Bloomsburg.

Why Dye?

No matter how Gray or Harsh the

Hair may be, it can be restored to its original color and youthful appearance, by using

London Hair Color Restorer.

London	A Remedy to Restore	Hair Restorer
London	——	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.

FROM LAPSTONE TO HEADSTONE.

BY MORDECAI ROBERTS.

My friend the aged cobbler's dead,
Called hence by cruel gout;
He whom no other could outpeg,
Has now himself pegged out.

He was a man of a little parts,
Beloved by young and old;
And though he never sold half his goods,
His goods were oft half-sold.

His was a busy life until
Disease did on him steal;
He healed his patrons' boots and shoes,
Himself he could not heal.

He loved his art, as well he might,
For in it he surpassed;
When nothing called him to his toil
His first thought was his last.

Unlike some men I know full well,
Of human kindness stripped
Who trap what other hands have sown,
He sewed what others ripped.

But now he's gone, the good old man,
Mankind has lost a friend;
In youth we mends—crisp in age—
He waxed onto his end.

Peace be his rest, and when around
The day of Judgment rolls,
As free from flaws may he be found
As ever were his soles!

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

The lovers strolled in Central Park,
As twilight's shades came softly stealing,
When suddenly Augustus Charles
Before the maiden fair was kneeling.

"Arise, my love!" she quickly said,
Her trembling tones true love revealing;
"The passers by will see you, dear!
Try and repress your ardent feeling."

The youth arose, and sadly said;
"For wounds like this there is no healing
I have no tale of love to tell;
I slipped on that banana peeling!"

Miscellaneous.

BURNING TO DEATH IN HIS ARMS.

"It was to meet such difficulties as this that tontines"—— "Bother!"

I wrote the first sitting at my desk, and said the last for Mattie had bounced into the room, run to the back of my chair, and clapped her hands over my eyes, exclaiming:

"Oh, Dick, what a shame! And you promised to come up and dress!"

"I do wish you would not be so childish!" I cried, snatching away her hands. "There is a blot you've made on my manuscript."

Don't be so cross, sir!" she said, laughing as she gave a waltz round the room, making her pretty silk dress whisk over one of the light chairs, which she merrily picked up, and then, coming to my writing table, she took a rose out of a basket of flowers and began to arrange it in her hair.

"I'm not cross," I said coldly, "but engaged in a serious work of a mercantile and monetary nature. You seem to think men ought always to be butterflies."

"No, I don't Dick dear," she cried. "There, will that do?"

She held her head on one side for me to see the creamy rose nestling in her crisp dark hair; but, after a glance at it, I let my eyes fall upon my desk, and went on writing my pamphlet. I saw that she was looking wistfully at me, but I paid no heed and she then came and rested her hands upon my shoulders.

"Are you cross with me, Dick?" she said softly.

"Cross? no!" I jerked out impatiently. "Only I thought I had married a woman and she has turned out to be a child."

There was silence then for a few minutes, only broken by the scratching of my pen. The little hands twitched a little as they lay upon my shoulder, and I very nearly wrote down, instead of "The calculations arrived at by the projectors of tontines"—

"Richard Marlow, how can you be such a disagreeable wretch?" But of course I did not write it—only thought—and then I felt wonderfully disposed to turn round, snatch the little graceful figure to my breast and kiss away the tears that I knew were gathering in her eyes.

Somehow or another though I did not do it—only went on glumly writing—for I was cross, worried and annoyed. I had set myself a task that necessitated constant application, and I was not getting on as I could wish; so, like many more weak-minded individuals of the male sex, instead of asking for the comfort and advice of my wife, I visited my disappointment upon the first weak object at hand, and that object was the lady in question.

"Please, Dick dear, don't be angry with me. I can't help feeling very young and childish, though I am your wife. I do try, oh! so hard to be womanly; but, Dick dear, I'm only eighteen and a half."

"Thirteen and a half, I should say," I said, scornfully, just as if some sour spirit were urging me on to say biting, sarcastic things that I knew would pain the poor girl; but for the life of me I could not help it.

There was no answer—only a little sigh—and the hands were withdrawn.

I went on writing—rubbish that I knew I should have to cancel.

"Had you not better get ready, Dick?" said Mattie softly. "You said you would come when I went up stairs and the Wilsons won't like it if we are late."

"Hang the Wilsons!" I growled.

There was another pause filled up by the scratch, scratch of the noisiest pens I ever used, and another little sigh.

Mattie was standing close behind me but I did not look round, and at last she gently glided to a chair and sat down.

"What are you going to do," I said roughly.

"Only to wait for you, Dick dear," she replied.

"You need not wait. Go on. I shan't come. Say I've a headache—say anything."

"Dick, are you unwell?" she said tenderly as she came behind me once more, and rested her little hand on my shoulder.

"Yes—no. Pray, don't bother! Go on. Perhaps I'll come and fetch you."

There was another pause.

"Dick, dear, I'd rather not go without you," she said meekly, at last.

"And I'd rather you did go without me," I said angrily. "The Wilsons are our best friends and I won't have them slighted."

"Then why not come, Dick dear?" said the little woman, and I could see that she was struggling to keep down her tears.

"Because I've no time for such frivolity. There you've wasted enough of my time already, so go."

Scratch, scratch, scratch, went that exasperating pen, as I went on writing more stuff to cancel, and yet too weak and angry to leave off like a sensible man, run up and change my things, and accompany my little wife to the pleasant social gathering a few doors lower down our road.

She had been looking forward to the visit as a treat. So had I till that gloomy fit came over me; but as I had taken the steps already made, I felt that I could not retreat without looking foolish; so I acted with that usual wisdom displayed by man under such circumstances, and made matters worse.

"Did you hear me say that I wished you to go alone?" I said angrily.

"Yes, yes, Dick dear, I'll go, if you wish," Mattie said very meekly; "but indeed I'd far rather stay at home."

"You are desired to go; you have a rose in your hair," I said, satirically—oh, what poor satire, when it was put there to please me!—"and they expect you; so now go—and enjoy yourself," I added, by way of a sting to my sensible speech.

"I can't enjoy myself, Dick," she said, gently, "unless you come too. Let me stay."

"I desire you to go!" I exclaimed, banging my hand down on the desk.

She looked at me with the great tears standing in her piteous eyes, and then, coming nearer, she bent over me and kissed my forehead.

"Will you come and fetch me, Dick?" she said softly.

"Yes—no—perhaps—I don't know," I said roughly, as I repelled her caresses; and then, looking wistfully at me, she went slowly to the door, glided out and was gone.

That broke the spell, and I started from my seat, but more angry than ever. I was wroth with her now for obeying me so meekly, and I gently opened the door, to hear her call the maid and tell her to accompany her as far as the Wilsons'.

Then I heard them go—heard the girl return, the door close, and I was alone.

Alone? Well, not exactly, for, so to speak, I was having an interview with my angry self, as I felt that I was, asking how I could let a feeling of annoyance act upon my better nature and make me behave as I had to the sweet little girlish being who during the six months we had been married, had never looked at me but with the eyes of love.

"Change your things and go after her," something seemed to say; but I repelled it, threw my writing aside, kicked off my boots snatched my slippers out of the sideboard, thrust the easy-chair in front of the cosy fire, threw myself into it, and then with my feet on the fender, and my hands in my pockets I sat, morose, bitter and uncomfortable, gazing at the glowing embers.

"She had no business to go!" I exclaimed. "She knew I was up all last night, writing that abominable book, and was out of sorts, and ought to have stayed."

Then I reviewed the past half hour, and grew calmer as I leaned back, knowing as I did, and well, that I had forced her to go, poor child, and how miserable she would be.

"She'll forget it amongst all those people," I said bitterly; but I did not believe it, and at last I sat there calling myself ass, idiot, blind, madman, to plant, as I had, the first seeds of what might grow into a very upas-tree of dissension, and blight the whole of our married life.

"Poor little darling!" I said at last; "I'll wait up till she comes home, and then tell her how sorry I am for my folly, and ask her forgiveness."

"But as a man, can I do that" I said. "Will it not be weak?"

"Never mind," I exclaimed, "I'll do it! Surely, there can be no braver thing to do than own one's self in the wrong. Life's too short to blur it with petty quarrels. And suppose she were taken ill to-night—my darling, whom I love with all my heart? Or suppose she went too near the fire and her dress caught alight? There, how absurd! Thank goodness, she is in silk, and not in one of those fly-away muslins!"

I sat on, musing and musing till suddenly there was a buzz outside of the house, then a rush of feet. I fancied I heard the word "Fire!" repeated again and again, and turning to the window, there was a glow which lighted up the whole place.

I dashed down stairs and out of the door, to find the road thronged, for a house a little lower down was in flames, and, to my horror, I had not taken a dozen steps before I found that it was at our friends' the Wilsons.

There was no engine, but a crowd of excited people, talking eagerly; and just then the fire escape came trundling along the road.

It was quite time, for the house as I reached it was blazing furiously, the flames darting out in long fiery tongues from half the upper windows, while at several there were people crying piteously for help.

I fought my way through the crowd, and tried to run up to the house, but half a dozen officious people held me back, while the men with the fire-escape tried to rear it against the house; but it would not reach because of the garden in front, so that they had to get the wheels of the escape over the iron railings, and this caused great delay.

"Let me go!" I panted to those who held me. "Let me go! Some one—some one in the house."

"You can't do any good, sir," said a policeman roughly. "The escape-men will do all they can."

But I struggled frantically, and got loose, feeling all the while a horrible, despairing sensation, as I knew that my poor darling was one of the shrieking suppliants for help at the upper windows, and that but for my folly I might have saved her.

As I freed myself from those who held me, and ran to the escape, it was to find that the man who had ascended it had just been beaten back by the flames.

"It's no use," he said: "we must try the back."

He was about to drag the machine away, when I heard my name called, "Dick! Dick!" in piteous tones; and as I was once more seized, I shook myself free, rushed up the ladder, with the flames scorching and burning my face, and, panting and breathless, I reached a window where Mattie stood stretching out her hands.

I got astride of the sill, the flames being wafted away from me, and threw my arm round her; but as I did so the ladder gave way, burned through by the flames that gushed furiously from the lower window, and I felt that I must either jump, or try and descend by the staircase.

There was no time for thinking; so I climbed in, lifted Mattie in my arms, feeling her dress crumble in my hands as I touched her, and the horrible odor of burnt hair rose in my nostrils, and saw her wild and blackened face turned to mine.

"Dick, Dick!" she gasped, "save me!" and then she fainted.

Fortunately I was as much at home in the house as in my own, and making for the staircase through the flame and smoke, I reached it in safety; but below me was what seemed to be a fiercely blazing furnace.

I recoiled for a moment, but it was my only hope, and I recalled that the lower floor was as yet untouched by the fire; it was the one beneath me that was blazing so furiously.

So, getting a good tight grip of my treasure, I rushed down the burning stairs, feeling them crackle and give way as I bounded from one to the other.

It was a fiery ordeal; but in a few seconds I was below the flames, and reached it, and fell.

If I could but open it, I knew we were saved. But I was exhausted, and the hot air caught me by the throat and seemed to strangle me. I raised my hand to the lock, but it fell back. I beat feebly at the door, but there was only the roar of flames to answer me; and as I made one more supreme effort, panting and struggling to reach the fastening, I was, as it were, dragged back by the weight of the burden I still clasped to my breast.

It was more than human endurance could dear, and I felt that the end was near; and, to make my sufferings more poignant, Mattie seemed to revive, struggling with me for her life, as she kept repeating my name, and clung to me, till——

"Dick—dear Dick! wake; pray, wake! Are you ill?"

I started up, to find Mattie clinging to me, and clasping her tightly to my heart, a great sob burst from my breast as I kissed her passionately again and again, hardly able to believe my senses.

"Oh, Dick," she panted, "you did frighten me so! I couldn't stay to supper at the Wilsons,' dear; for I could do nothing but think about your sitting here, alone, and cross with me. So—so—so, I was so miserable, Dick, and I slipped away and came home, to find you lying back here, panting and struggling; you wouldn't wake when I shook you. Were you ill?"

"Oh no; not at all," I said, as I kissed her again and again, feeling now for the first time sensible of a smart pain in one foot.

"You've burnt yourself too, Dick; look at your foot."

It was quite true: the toe of one slipper must have been in contact with the fire; and it was burned completely off.

"But, Dick—dear Dick," she whispered, nestling close to me, "are you very, very angry with your little wife for being such a girl?"

I could not answer, only thank God that my weak fit of folly was past, as I clasped her closer and closer yet.

"Mattie," I whispered at last, in a very husky voice, "can you forgive me for being so weak?"

I could say no more for the hindrance of two soft lips placed upon mine; and while they rested there I made a vow I hope I shall have strength to keep; for real troubles are so many it is folly to invent the false.

At last, when I was free, I took the rose from where it nestled in her hair, and placed it in my pocket book; while, in answer to the inquiring eyes that were bent on mine, I merely said—

"For a memento of a dreadful dream."

By the way, I never finished that pamphlet.

A Russian Romance.

It has often been said that the inventions of the liveliest imagination of romance writers are always surpassed by the reality. The following is a new and curious proof of this saying. An officer of the engineer corps, who has just arrived here (Odessa) from Kicheneff, the headquarters of the Russian army of the south, relates in his own language this curious little history:

There is nothing talked of down there at Kicheneff but of a most romantic incident. Two years ago