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 be ond 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 he county.

JOB PRINTING.
The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is ver complete, and our J b Printing will compare favora y with that of the large cities. All work done on mand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 8. 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 22
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 13

Rates of Advertising.

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

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	4W.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.50	$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	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	12.00	14.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	48.00
One column	30.00	36.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

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

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell,
Associate Judges—I. K. Frickbaum, 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 Frickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reese, Scott. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Gro z, 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. 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 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—9 a. 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, '76.

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

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

Babcock & Wyeth's Ads

DURANG'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY

is taken Internally, and Positively Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia and Lumbago. Sold by Wholesale and Retail Druggists everywhere. Send for circular to.
HELPRENSTINE & BENTLEY,
Druggists, Washington, D.
Oct. 6, '76.-1y. S & W

PATENTS.
F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for a circular.
May 4, 77-1f b & w

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-A-T-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets Oct. 8, '75

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. july1,73

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

C. R. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House
Mar.6,'74

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

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

E. 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.
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,
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

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

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
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	600,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,958,000

March 26,'77—y

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

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.
J an 1, 1877.

J. Weaver & Co's. Adv'ts.

$200,000 WORTH OF GOLD-PLATED JEWELRY.
For $1 we will send, as below, all Warranted Gold Plated. 1 pair gold stone Sleeve Buttons, 1 pair engraved Sleeve Buttons, 1 set pointed Studs, 1 set amethyst Studs, 1 Wedding Ring, 1 engraved band finger ring, 1 amethyst stone Ring, inlaid with gold, 1 elegant Ring, marked "Friendship," amethyst stone scarf ring, inlaid with gold, 1 splendid silvered hat pin, 1 set Ladies' jet and gold pin and drops, 1 misses' set jet and gold, 1 ladies' jet set, ornamented, 1 set handsome rose-bud ear drops, 1 gent's elegant Lake George diamond stud, 1 cardinal red bead necklace, 1 pair ladies amethyst stone ear drops, inlaid with gold, 1 ladies ornamented jet brooch, 1 fancy scarf ring and elegant watch chain. Take your choice the entire lot of 20 pieces, sent post-paid for $1, or any 8 pieces you choose for 50 cents. Now is the time to make money. These goods can easily be retailed for $10.
F. STOCKMAN, 23 Bond St., New York.
His reputation for honesty, fair dealing and liberality is unequalled by any advertiser in this city.—"N. Y. Day Book," Dec. 16, 1876.
May 4, 77-1m j w co

PATENTS.
FEE REDUCED ENTIRE COST $55.
Patent office fee $30 in advance, balance $20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents sold.
J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
May 4, '77-3m j w co Washington, D.C.

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 SOVERIEGN REMEDY.

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

DR. SWAYNE'S
Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

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

Its marvelous power not only over every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain 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 20 years have elapsed, and Mr. Hamson still remains a hearty man to this day—september 20th, 1875.

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

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

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

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

LIVER COMPLAINT

That dreaded disease, from which so many person suffer, is frequently the cause of
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
is speedily relieved, and are often permanently cured by

Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

Fevers are often prevented by the use of these Sarsaparilla Pills, as they carry off, through the blood the impurities from which they arise. For Costiveness there is nothing so effectual as Swayne's Tar and Sarsaparilla Pills.

They are purely Vegetable, and act specially on the Liver as Blue Mass or Calomel, without any bad results from taking.

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

Itching Piles

is generally preceded by a moisture, like perspiration, distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at nightfall, undressing, or in bed after getting warm. It appears in summer as well as winter, oftentimes shows itself around the private parts, and is not confined to males only, but is quite as frequent that females are sorely afflicted, particularly in times of pregnancy, extending into the vagina, proving distressing almost beyond the powers of endurance. Cases of long standing, pronounced incurable, have been permanently cured by simply applying

Swayne's Ointment,

HOME TESTIMONY.

I was sorely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases, Pruritus or Prurigo, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became quite sore. I bought a box of Swayne's Ointment; its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure Swayne's Ointment at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable without finding any permanent relief.
JOSEPH W. CHRIST,
Firm of Rosdel & Christ, Boot and Shoe House, 334 North Second street, Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's All-Healing Ointment

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

CATARRH.

SYMPTOMS AND CURE.

Catarrh is an affection of the mucus membrane of the nose, throat, chest, &c., accompanied with dull heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, weak eyes, watery and inflamed, 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, eradicates 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.

EUROPE BECKONS TO AMERICANS WHO CAN BE SPARED.

While Europe, breathless, stands and waits,
And war in every rumor lurks,
'Tis not too late for Sergeant Bates
To go and join the Turks.

—New York Commercial.

And even when war's harsh alarms
Resound, time ample still remains
For Wendell Phillips to take arms
And join the Russian trains.

—Boston Globe.

Let Mary Walker fly with speed
To don her pants and gulp her tea,
And mount a hungry mule and lead
The Austrian cavalry.

—New York Graphic.

And ere is reached the Danube blue
By forty thousand Turks, or more,
Let G. F. Train, and Pinchback too,
With Servians wade in gore.

—Norristown Herald.

And why need "Bill" linger here,
His wondrous yarns to try on?
Let him across the ocean steer,
And back the English Lie on.

New York World.

And while there's so much to fly from
And nothing much to fly at,
Clang the harsh cymbal, beat the drum,
And clear the way for Don Piatt.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

And Benny Wade, with passage paid,
Should over the sea be sailing,
To fight the Turk, with gun and dirk,
And make 'em do some wailing.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

And let not Massachusetts shirk
Her offering to the fray;
Send Butler off to fight the Turk,
And send him off to stay.

AT THE BLUE GLASS WINDOW.

To see what a maiden fashes
I'm stealing along the stairs;
My love at the blue-glass sash is,
I'll come on her unawares.
Her hair, of the deepest golden,
Takes the hue of heaven, I know,
She'll look like a saint in some olden
Church window of long ago.

Her hair, did I say? Oh, wonder!
Her head, like a billiard ball,
Gleams bare in the sunlight yonder!
Great Cæsar! I see it all!
Her locks, with golden-light fitting,
Were false! She I hoped to win
Has none of her own; she is sitting
There, trying to get some in!

O Pleasanton! where is the kindness
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better suffer from absolute blindness
Than see what I've seen in this place!
You've shattered my idol, you've shown me
That science indeed has its dues;
Your blue-glass invention has thrown me
In a permanent fit of the blues!

—St. Louis Republican.

THE SEEDSMAN.

How doth the busy nurseryman
Improve each shining hour;
And peddle scions, sprout and seeds
Of every shrub and flower.

How busily he wags his chin,
How neat he spreads his store,
And sells us things that never grew
And don't grow any more.

Who showed the little man the way
To sell the women seeds?
Who taught him how to blow and lie,
And coax, and beg, and plead?

He caught himself, the nurseryman,
And when his day is done,
We'll plant him where the lank rag-weeds
Will flutter in the sun.

But oh, although we plant him deep
Beneath the buttercup,
He's so much like the seed he sells,
He never will come up.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

Miscellaneous.

LOVE AND LOGGING.

Louisa's father had gone up into the woods sixty miles away, to make the camp before the winter's logging should begin. She felt very lonely as soon as he was out of sight, for more reasons than one. In the first place there was nobody at home but little Tim, who could dig the path, to be sure, and look after the cattle; grandmother, who was companionable enough, with her stories of old times, but a care more than a protector; and Susette, who helped about the house, but was only a child. The second was that she had quarreled with Ben; and last, but not least, he and her Uncle Simon had driven off on the ox team with her father. If there had ever been a time since their quarrel when she had felt disposed to make it up, it was when the ox team had disappeared from sight, and it was impossible to follow.

The fact of the case was that Ben had been looking upon Louisa as his own property ever since he could remember. He had beaued her to and from singing school; he had helped her out with her hard problems at district school, and had carried her home on a sled; at quilting, sewing circle, or picnic, he had chosen her for his partner in the dance, had paid his forfeits to her, and had revolved about her daily. And she had seemed to relish the whole thing till she went away to the city one winter to work in a milliner's shop, and so came home quite out of conceit with country living and country men, and had rather given Ben the cold shoulder, refusing his gifts and attentions, and showing pretty plainly that she looked higher. But Ben, with the instincts of a free-born American, felt himself as good as anybody, and charged her one day with having come by hifalutin ideas of herself and life in the city, which didn't the least become her, and averred that she couldn't do better than to marry him.

"Well, Mr. Benjamin Thurman. I hope you're conceited enough," she answered him. "Marry you!—I won't say but you're well enough yourself; but to live in this slow, backwoods fashion forever would be the death of me; and not so much as a lecture or concert to while away the time; to be wearing homespun all my days, and worrying about the crops. Oh, dear, no, thank you; I've had enough of hard times. I believe I'll wait awhile before I settle down."

"Perhaps there's somebody else?" ventured Ben.

"No, I can't say that there is; though I don't mind telling you that I didn't come home single for a want of a chance. He had a house too, in the suburbs, and a housekeeper, and he said I never should bring the water to wash my hands."

"And why didn't you marry him?" asked Ben rigidly.

"Oh, he didn't exactly suit me; he'd lost his front teeth and his hearing. There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught," she sang gaily.

"Well," said Ben, rising and looking blue lightning, "on the whole, I am glad that you won't marry me, for you've got no more heart than an adder." And then he could have bitten his tongue out for saying what wasn't true, when his heart was almost breaking for love of her; and if she had showed that she was wounded by word or look, he was ready to abase himself beneath her feet and take it all back.

"You're amazing polite, Mr. Thurman, I must say," she returned. "I am sorry you asked for what you didn't want, because it would have been awkward if I hadn't refused. I didn't know that this was the way folks made love—calling names, when I've always treated you well."

"Treated me well with a vengeance!" cried Ben, his face white as a star, and his eyes like thunderbolts. "Do you call it handsome treatment to let me go on loving you year after year, while it strengthened with my strength, without a hint that you couldn't return measure for measure? And then to go back upon a fellow and throw him over because he doesn't live like a nabob, though he loved the ground you walked on, and thought nothing too hard to do for you! If that's what you call treating me well, good by—I don't want ever to see you again."

Louisa had been looking at him with sparkling eyes. She rather liked to see him angry; it was vastly becoming. And then he loved her so desperately. She felt a strange, delightful thrill at her heart, as if it responded secretly. She had half a mind to go to him and hold out her arms and be clasped to his beating heart, and forget ambition and luxury and choose rather a heaven on earth; and while she had hesitated he had said: "Good-bye—I don't want ever to see you again—good-bye."

"I return the sentiment," said she, instead, "I believe I can live without you. Good-bye." And when he was safely out of sight she took revenge in a good cry.

But now that he was gone, she began to find how much she had depended upon him how much more his presence was to her than any dream of worldly prosperity, however golden. Perhaps but for this breach she never would have known how dear he was to her, nor how little she valued the superfluities of life in comparison. Well, one of the three was to return before the winter season of logging began, in order to lay in provisions for the camp—as they had only taken up enough for a week or ten days—and perhaps Ben would be the one to come in which case he could hardly avoid bringing her some word of her father and uncle. And then who would predict but he might think it worth his while to reiterate his love in his eloquent style? And then Louisa laughed wickedly at the prospect, and decided that if he was enough in love to do thus and thus, it would be safe for her beyond a peradventure to take her own time about making up, to show a supreme indifference to his regard. No more heart than an adder, indeed! What was it, then, that ached so day after day, as the dull, cold November wind sighed about the house and touched the neighboring pines into Æolian harps and swept up the dead leaves, only to scatter them again? Why was she always straining her eyes down the frost whitened country road? And what was it that trembled in her bosom whenever a speck appeared against the frosty sky? But Louisa had reckoned without her host. Ben was not the man who was fond of reiterating a love that had been received so coldly. He didn't mean to leave the woods till March, if he could hold out so long. Moreover, it was Mr. Bruce himself who proposed to go back with the ox team and bring the supplies and hire the men.

"I don't feel quite right about the head," said he, "and I want Louisa to coset me. Then I'll go out to Shopton and see Scales and Weight about the supplies, and be back before you and Si have eat up all this 'ere victuals."

"All right, sir," said Ben, smothering a twinge of disappointment which he wouldn't own to himself. "We'll get the hovel ready for the cattle while you're off, and take a tramp through the woods and spot the best timber for felling."

"That's enough to do," said Uncle Simon.

"You'll be back in five days, say?"

"If I'm lucky. How's the stores, Si?"

"Good for a week, I should say such as they are. But the sooner you get back the better. It'll be easier for you if you can manage to get up before a heavy snow comes. You see, we haven't had anything but spits yet, though, maybe, we're going to hev an open winter."

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Bruce, as he drove off through the woods with the ox team. "Provisions for a week, eh! That'll tide ye over, I reckon. There's a sight of work to be got through with in a week's time. There's the supplies to be got, and the hands to be hired; lemme see—five cutters, two teamsters and a cook; that's about it, and to have 'em ready to start when I do, and I ain't so young as I was. Heyday, it's rub and grind, a lumberman's life, is it!"

Alas! there was more to be gotten through with in a week's time than Mr. Bruce had an inkling of; so much that it ran over into the next week, as work has a trick of doing.

When Louisa saw that it was only her old father trudging along with the returning ox team, her mercury went down to zero in half a second. She saw before her a weary three months of lone iness and longing, and she saw, too, that she deserved it.

"It's a deuced cold day for an old man," said Mr. Bruce, shivering before the wood fire, as if there should have been special sets of weather created to suit customers.—"What's that you've got cooking on the crane, Lu? Stew? I ain't got no more appetite than a bear in August. Brindle and Trot were slow as cold molasses; they've seen their best days, I reckon, like their master. Wish I'd swapped 'em to Dunn for the yearlings and boot; it would hev been a good bargain. Si sent his love to you, Lu. I've got a cold. I reckon I'll turn in and sleep it off."

"They oughtn't have let you come," said Lu, indignantly, as she carried him a bottle of hot water for his feet. Uncle Si or Ben ought to have come instead."

"It wa'n't their fault; I thought I could drive a better bargain with the hands. Ben said he'd come in my place, but his heart wa'n't set on it," which assurance in no wise comforted Louisa.

Mr. Bruce was restless all night, and in the morning was out of his head, and didn't know his right hand from his left, and called Louisa Ben, and asked grandma to put the oxen into the cart, mistaking her for Uncle Simon. And Louisa, half frightened to death, jumped upon old Roan's back and galloped all the way to Shopton for the nearest doctor.

"Ahem! Nothing more nor less than a fever," said he, the instant he laid his eyes on Mr. Bruce.

"Is he dangerous?" asked Louisa.

"Dangerous? Oh, I guess he'll pull through. I'll leave this prescription, and be round to-morrow. There's Mr. Maverick, of the tavern—Maverick's tavern, at our place, had the same symptoms a week ago, and he's about to-day. There's no telling about these things; different constitutions take diseases differently. At least, you needn't be alarmed at present. Good morning," with an emphasis on the good. Louisa thought it was anything but a good morning after the comfort of his professional presence was withdrawn. But the next day her father was no better, nor yet the next, though the doctor assured her that he was doing as well as could be expected, whatever that might be.

Louisa was too busy, and weary with watching and nursing, cooking and looking after the house and seeing to grandma's cold and keeping order and quiet among the children, to take any note of the sick man's delirious words, though he was constantly talking about the camp sixty miles away—where her own thoughts wandered whenever she had time to think them—bargaining with imaginary teamsters, haggling with Scales and Weight over groceries, and repeating "Provisions for a week, for a week," and counting the days on his fingers and losing the count, and beginning over and over again, as if it were a puzzle upon the solution of which his life depended. And so fever ran to the ninth day and turned, and the patient fell into a quiet sleep, and awoke too weak and languid to put words together, or to remember anything but that he had suffered a fearful nightmare and it was over. It was perhaps the third day after the fever turned that he suddenly took up the thread of life where he had dropped it, and asked, "How long have I been a-laying here, Lu?"

"Twelve days."

"Where's Ben and Uncle Si?"

"Why, you left 'em in camp, father."

"Left 'em in camp! Twelve days ago," he gasped, "with a week's provisions! I shouldn't wonder if they were both in Heaven by this time! What hev you been thinking of all this while, eh?"

"I didn't know they had only a week's provisions," said Louisia, showing a ghastly face; "and I had to look after you and the fever."

"Well, don't wait another minute round me; just harness up old roan and Quickstep, and take some brandy and things—and don't let 'em eat all they want; make gruel; keep 'em short. Come start yourself, and don't be standing still like a ghost and folks a-dying for lack of you."

"And you?"

"I'll take care of myself, and so'll grandma. Roan and Quickstep can do the distance by nightfall. Take my gun to keep off the wolves, and little Tim and a lantern."

"But how shall I find the way?" Louisa was already inside her pelisse and mufflers.

"Bless you, a baby couldn't miss it; the trees are notched with a star every half a mile, on the left hand side. There, take Tim and be off."

And as there was not an able-bodied man short of Shopton at that season who wasn't off logging, and as grandma and Susette could take care of her patient, and Ben was starving without her, what could she do but go?

And how were they faring in the camp, sixty miles away in the heart of the wood, which was almost like a primeval forest? After Mr. Bruce's departure they had gone about their work with a will; while Uncle Simon was busy on the hovel of the cattle, Ben had walked miles and miles through the sweet-scented wood, spotting the timber; and suns had risen and set, when one morning before the week was out, Uncle Simon was surprised to see the bottom of the meal chest.

"Tough luck!" said he briefly, "but there's swamp pork to eke it out." And he plunged his hand confidently into the pickle, and had something of a chase after two or three insignificant pieces. The two men looked at each other in dismay for an instant.

"But he'll be back day after to-morrow," said Ben.

"But what if he shouldn't?" asked the older man, not so sanguine.

"What can keep him? At any rate we've got legs of our own."

"Precious stiff ones mine are! It wouldn't be a nice excursion, sixty miles afoot. Why, we should freeze to death!"

"Well, let's wait; no use running from your shadow."

And so they waited.

"He'll be sure to come to-morrow," was the assurance with which they comforted each other; and when to-morrow passed without bringing him, "We'll wait another day; perhaps the oxen were disabled on the road." For a storm had set in cold and blustering; not much snow; just enough to make the world lovely. The wind sang among the pines like the voice of angry water courses, and splintered great boughs in the forest, and uprooted blasted trees, and seemed like an invisible presence haunting the recesses of the wood—some impersonation of Thor, whose touch was a blow; and all the while the snow built up its Aladdin palaces, crystal by crystal;