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—$2.24 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 J. b Printing will compare favorably 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, JULY 6, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 26
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 15

Rates of Advertising.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
One inch	$3.00	$3.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.50	4.50	5.50	8.00	13.00
Three inches	4.50	6.50	7.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	13.00	15.00	25.00	38.00
One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—I. K. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—R. 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. Mellenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Eut, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott. O. P. Eut, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Tustin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Tustin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ 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 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 Ledgers, 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. 12, '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

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

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.

P. 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. Ma y 4, '77-tf 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-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets. Oct. 8, '75

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

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 Ext'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. H. 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-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
Lancanshire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Ætna of Hartford	250,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,925,000

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.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, RICARB SODA, &c., &c.
Orders will receive prompt attention. 1f.

PATENTS.
FEE REDUCED ENTIRE COST $55.
Patent office fee $35 in advance, balance $20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents sold.
J. VANCE LEWIS & CO.,
May 4, '67-3m J w co Washington, D. C.

AUG. L. KAUB. JNO. E. FRYMIRE. CHAS. E. EDWARDS.
WM. R. HAGENBUCH,
WITH
Kaub, Frymier & Edwards,
(Successors to Benedict Dorsey & Sons, 922 Market street.
Importers and dealers in
CHINA, GLATS AND QUEENSWARE,
922 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Constantly on hand Original and Assorted Packages
June 29, '77-1y

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 mucious 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, fulness 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, and different times a pint of blood I vomited 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, 36 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 labors, by person doubting the truth of the above stat m will please call on or address me, at the factory.

EDWARD R. HAMSON,
Engineer of Geo. Sweeney's Pottery,
Ridge Road, below Wallace, Phila.

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

PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND IT.

Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, Boyertown, Berks Co., Pa., writes: Your compound syrup of Wild Cherry I esteem very highly; have been using 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 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. 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 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 of 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.
23, '76.-1y.

Poetical.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

BY REEN E. REYFORD.

All day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always around.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom.
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click, clack! another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you nor I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end I know.
And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better then, oh my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

GOD'S PLANS.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with aches wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And shall we see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, that while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because He's wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and stalk,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine,
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest bloom his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart:
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil we reach the land,
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say that "God knows best."

Miscellaneous.

THE LOVER'S WRAITH.

"Now, girls, if you want any beauty sleep, you had better go to bed," said Mrs. Conway.

Mrs. Conway's house was decorated with festoons of evergreen studded with scarlet berries.

The great wedding-cake, with its columns of spun sugar and wreaths of frosted roses, was already set in its place of honor in the middle of the table, and the chandelier, an old-fashioned affair, with glistening silver chains and pendants of cut glass, was wreathed with princesspine and "velvet run," for Katie Conway was to be married the next day.

She stood before the fire, a tall, sweet-faced girl of nineteen, her golden brown hair coiled in rippling waves around her head, and her large blue eyes shining like azure jewels, while the three bridesmaids, old school-mates, who, in accordance with an ancient compact, had been summoned to this first wedding in their ranks, clustered around her like maids of honor about their queen.

"Dear me," said Rosa Finlay, "it's past 11."

"And my hair not crimped yet," said Josey Dale.

"And I've got the blue bows to sew on my white muslin dress," added Lucilla Wharton. "Good-night, everybody."

And so the merry little group scattered to their various rooms.

Katie Conway herself went last of all, but she did not go immediately to bed. Was there not Robert Falconer's last letter to read over, once again, in the glow of the fire, while Bessie, the maid, who was waiting to brush out her young lady's hair, glanced askance at Katie's face, and thought how nice it must be to have a lover.

Suddenly Katie started up.

"How selfish I am!" she said, apologetically. "I forgot that Bessie was waiting."

And in five minutes the maid was dismissed, and Katie was alone, with the lamp burning softly on the table and the firelight glancing on the gilded arabesques of the Chinese folding screen, that shut all draughts away from the hearth.

Almost at the same time Robert Falconer just arrived in the late train, was standing out in the frosty moonlight by the stable-yard of the "Bolton Arms," and close to him stood a tall, handsome man, leaning against the gate-post and smoking a cigar.

"Well," he said, airily, "this is a surprise!"

"I don't see why it should be," returned Falconer. "I am to be married to Miss Conway to-morrow, and I decided to come on to-night instead of waiting for the morning train. I shall give them an agreeable surprise," and his face brightened at the thought. "The wonder is that you should be here, Karll Porter."

"I?"

The young man's eyes turned evasively away from the other's frank glance.

"Oh, we lawyers are here and there and everywhere. I've had a libel case in the town, and it has brought me down occasionally."

"Who was that woman you were talking to when I first came in?" carelessly questioned Falconer. "She seemed annoyed or angry."

Porter laughed again, this time more constrainedly than before.

"It's only a woman from the other end of the town," said he. "I've paid her pretty daughter a matter *au serieux*. These country people are so desperately in earnest. Here comes the hostler; now you'll be off."

But fate had ordered otherwise.

The only horse left in the stables was hopelessly lame.

"But if the gentleman could wait an hour or"—

"Wait an hour!" echoed Mr. Falconer, "and it's after 11 already! No, thanks, my good fellow. It's an easy two miles. I could walk it in less time than that."

"But it's a bitter night, sir, for all the moon shines so bright," urged the man, "and you'll be famished with the cold."

"No matter. My friend here will lend me his fur trimmed Ulster—eh, Porter?" laughingly demanded Falconer.

"With all the pleasure in life," Karll Porter languidly made answer; "that is, if you are actually determined to commit such an eccentricity."

"Wait until your wedding-eve comes, and see how you will feel about it," retorted the bridegroom elect as he buttoned the long wrap about him and turned up the fur collar to protect his neck from the cold. "Well, au revoir. I shall expect to see you at the wedding-breakfast to-morrow, remember." And with the long, swinging stride of a practiced walker, he disappeared down the road.

All this transpired at about 11:30, and the little alabaster clock on Miss Conway's mantel pointed to 12 precisely, when, still brooding over Mr. Falconer's letter, something like a tremulous quiver of chill air across her made her start instinctively and look up. The lamp illuminated only a small portion of the room, but the silver radiance of the full moon, shining in through the casement across which Katie had forgotten to draw the crimson draperies, made all as light as day. And there, standing leaning against the long French casement, Katie Conway saw her lover, wrapped in a long, fur-trimmed coat, a seal-skin cap on his head, and a face as pale as marble, save one scarlet spot on the left temple. She started up with a low cry, and at the same instant he seemed to beckon to her to come to him. And even as he beckoned the bell in the old church-tower struck 12.

Katie ran to the casement, but when she reached it the moonlight and glistening snow of the untrodden lawn, and the moving shadows of an immense old tree that grew close to the house, were all that could be seen. For an instant she looked with wild, startled eyes out upon the snowy silence and then, wrapping her dressing-gown about her, she ran to her mother's room.

"Mamma, wake," she cried, stopping over Mrs. Conway's pillow. "Robert is here! Robert is outside in the cold. Call Michael to unbolt the doors: Quick, mamma, quick." And in five minutes Michael, the old man servant, had unfastened the ponderous front door and was looking out.

"Did you say it was at your window you saw him, Miss Katie?" he asked.

"Yes; close to the glass—beckoning me to come."

"But it couldn't be, Miss," protested the man. "Look at the smooth snow. There's naught on it for three yards around your window, let alone the sparrows' tracks. Sure there's never a foot-print touched it since the snow fell three days ago."

"For all that I saw him," she said, lifting a blanched and haggard face towards her mother. "I saw him. Oh, mamma, mamma, put away the flowers and the bridal veil. I shall never be married now."

"Darling," soothed her mother, "you are nervous. It was only a dream. Go to bed now and rest."

But Katie kept on saying, "I shall never be married now."

Early the next morning old Michael set off to the florist's for the freshly-cut flowers which had been ordered for the wedding breakfast. But he had scarcely reached the gates when the outline of something dark lying in the snow caused him to pause abruptly. It was the figure of a man, his white face turned upwards towards the sunrise, and a tiny crimson spot on his left temple—the spot where a bullet had sapped his life away with deadly aim. And the prostrate figure was wrapped, as if in a shroud, with a long, fur-trimmed coat.

"God help me!" cried out old Michael: "it's Mr. Falconer, just as Miss Katie saw him last night." It was quite true. Robert Falconer had been assassinated on his way to the house of his bride elect on that moonlight midnight. And a veil and a tattered shawl caught in a bush near by led to the almost immediate identification of the assassin.

"I didn't mean to do it," said Margaret Hull, sullenly. "It wasn't him as I meant to hit when I fired the shot. He had Karll Porter's fur overcoat on, and I supposed he was Karll Porter. I did mean to kill Karll Porter," she added, with a savage light in her eyes. "So, if that makes murder, I'm a murderess. I followed him, on the sly, all the way from the 'Bolton Arms,' an' when I saw him cross the moonlit space by the gates, the church clock began to strike 12, and I says to myself: 'Now's my time.' And I fired, and I see him drop; and all the time I supposed it was that false-hearted villain who has made love to my Peggy, and left her like a cast-off toy. Let him look out for himself, for I'll kill him yet."

The poor, half-crazed creature was committed to jail, and there was a funeral at the Conway House, instead of a wedding.

"Mamma," wailed poor Katie, "did I not tell you so? His spirit came to me at the moment in which it was set free from the body."

Whether it was a dream or a reality no one ever knew. Katie Conway persisted to the day of her death that she actually did see Robert Falconer's wraith. And every year when the sad anniversary came round she watched at her window for another glimpse of her lost lover. But the spirit of the murdered man never came again.

There were two of them hanging over the front gate the other night. She was standing within the yard and he on the sidewalk outside, both leaning on the top rail, and apparently as happy as two pigs in a cornfield. He was saying, "Now, my own little darling, sweet idol of my soul, whose image is ever on my heart"—when he saw the old man coming down the front walk, and continued in a different strain: "The potato bugs haven't destroyed our crops so much since we purchased Paris green, and you will also find that cabbages can be raised better on richer soil." The old gentleman heard it, and turned back, saying, as he entered the house, "These young people take more interest in agricultural affairs than people generally suppose."

A Vicious Fish.

Right whales frequently find their way into the Bay of Fundy, and are there captured. The bay is also a favorite resort for the thrasher and the swordfish. I have heard old coasters say that they had seen thrashers forty-five and fifty feet long, moving with great velocity on the surface of the water, their heads raised ten and twelve feet above. Bay of Fundy fishermen, in speaking of them, say they are the greatest of sea villains. Twenty odd years ago one of these sea monsters got caught on a sand bar, where he was left by the rapid falling of the tide in the Cumberland branch of the Bay of Fundy, and was killed by the people on shore after an exciting struggle. He measured forty-six feet in length. As Captain Nemo says, the head is flat and serpent-like, the eyes almost red, with ugly white circles over them. Indeed, nothing could be more repulsive than the head of this sea monster. The only other sea villain they are known to fraternize with is the swordfish. Both are well known to old coasters and fishermen as the deadly enemy of the whale; and it is the common belief that they hunt in couples, and on finding the whale make immediate war, the swordfish attacking beneath and the thrasher on top.

The common belief is that the thrasher has a huge weapon, very like a sledge hammer, protruding from his mouth, with which he administers on the whale's back those terrible blows you can hear ten or twelve miles distant. I have myself stood on a bluff overlooking the Bay of Fundy, and witnessed three of these terrible battles between a whale and his enemies, the swordfish and the thrasher. The swordfish did his deadly work underneath, while, as Captain Nemo says, the thrasher coiled himself half over the whale, and applied the blows with his ponderous tail. In the distance, however, the thrasher seems to raise and let fall his weapon very much as a blacksmith's helper handles his sledge. You could see the weapon rise and fall; you could hear the blows distinctly, although the distance was believed to be not less than ten miles from shore, and you could also hear the whale bellow and see him blow. On one of these occasions the terrible contest lasted nearly three hours, the water in the vicinity being red with blood. About every fifteen or twenty minutes the whale would disappear in an attempt to escape from his enemies; but they would quickly pursue him and force him to the surface, where the combat would be renewed.

These two sea villains, the swordfish and thrasher, invariably kill the whale when they get him into close quarters; and as soon as the combat ceases, which can be clearly seen by the whale's body floating motionless, the thrasher will proceed to clear water, where, raising his serpent-like head in triumph, ten, twelve, and fifteen feet above the surface, he will continue for fifteen and sometimes twenty minutes lashing the sea into a foam.

A Brilliant Student's Fate.

Emil Schwerdtfeger, a student in the senior class of Cornell University at Ithaca, shot and killed himself in the residence of Prof. Morris on the University grounds recently. Schwerdtfeger, whose father lives in Jersey City, was regarded by Dr. J. C. Rodrigues of New York, who was defraying his expenses at college, and by the professors and students of the University, as a prodigy in philology. At the late inter-collegiate contest in New York, he bore off the $300 prize for the best examination in Latin, and when he was in the Freshman class he received the first prize offered by the London Philological Society for the best essay on the English verb. His bright talents made him almost the constant companion of the professors, although he was not over 19 years of age. His health was exceedingly poor, and his eyes were almost useless to him after he finished studying for the inter-collegiate prize. He was much depressed on account of these afflictions, and when he received a letter from a New York physician who had been attending him, saying that he feared he would never be better, he was thrown into despair.

His lifeless body was found in the chair at his study table. The pistol was on the floor. A freshly-written paper, headed "The Last Will and Testament of Emil Schwerdtfeger," was on the table. It provided that the $300 which was to his credit in the bank should go to pay his debts and funeral expenses. He expressed a desire to be cremated, but if this was not practicable he desired to be burned in the Ithaca graveyard. The paper also disposed of his books, some of which he gave to the University library and others to his benefactor. He wrote further:

I know that this will not hold in law, but as there are no valuables to squabble about, I hope that all its provisions will be respected. The cause of my suicide is constant sickness and the conviction that I will never be any better in this world. No other cause may be looked for. None exists.

A FLORIDA MUNCHAUSENISM.—A correspondent from Sanford, Orange county, sends to the Savannah *News* the following snake story. Those who are acquainted with either the habits of a scared lizard or a hungry coach-whip snake may doubt it, but the *News* does not. He says: "Mr. English, an old gentleman who lives in this county, was out hoeing one day, when he saw a coach-whip snake chasing a lizard. The scared lizard ran towards the man and went up his pantaloons leg through the waistband of his breeches and out of his shirt bosom. The snake pursued, went also up the old man's pantaloons, got to the waistband, where he was prevented from making the trip the lizard did; but as the next best strategic movement, fell back and went out up on the outside of the pantaloons, got on the man's shoulder, saw the lizard make his exit, and jumped down and caught it. It was all done so quickly that Mr. English hadn't time to get scared."

A Manchester mechanic has invented a horseshoe composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a