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Poetical.

Down through the park we rode at even

Stretching away by the wave-kissed shor Sat like wanderers wan and weary,

Out where the misty horizon's curtain Out where the misty horizon's curtain Dipped its edge in the purple sea, Salled with a motion slow, uncertain, A white-winged bark like a sea-bird free; Far in the west a snowy cloud-bank, Fretted with gold and crimson bars,

On the sands where the great white surges Dashed their foaming heads in glee, Or mournfully chanted dreary dirges, A youthful pair rode merrily She, with her hair like a golden glory,

Of emerald waves on a rocky shore? Dearer by far was the thought of life's ocean Which they'd sail together forever

I sing the sweet, warm Summer Time, The long, green utiles of swaying grass, the stray ing kine of Summer Time.

e singing birds, the butterflies, the honey bees Summer Time.

The thick, cool woods of summer Tim he blowing rushes, tily pools, and woodland hymn-

The fervent, eager Summer Time. The strong, deep scents of bleaching grass, growing corn of Summer Time The dewy dawns of Summer Time.

The languid noons of Summer Time. The quiet nights of Summer Time

rimson hills, the purple dawns, the few stars of Summer Time. The fruitful mother, Summer Time hat travels with the trees and grains and fills wi

Miscellaneous.

THE YOSEMITE HERMIT.

The shadows were lying tolerably long or the green hillsides when the lumbering yellow stage, somewhat the worse for wear,

It was a long, low building, with a broad siazza in front and along one side; the facade was painted a dingy yellow to match the stage apparently, but the rest of the edifice had been neglected, and the superabundan rain and superabundant sunshine of Mariposa had left marks of their handiwork on

The loungers rushed out of the bar room s soon as the wheels were heard, and stood and other way places.

Meanwhile the "Doctor," a stout, ruddy complexioned man, whose appearance spoke Chesterfield. The loungers on the piazza started and drew back. All ceased their gibes

pretty woman-she was even beautiful. She thanked the doctor with a pretty grace and turned her clear, hazel eyes upon the admiring group, scanning each face eagerly and wistfully. The doctor said, "Allow me, and was about to escort her into the small den at one side known as the "ladies' par lor," but she swept past him and walked straight into the bar-room, the doctor, the loafers and Scotty, crowding in after her and regarding her movements with an un- his'n at poker; so that they go.' disguised admiration, and as much reverential curiosity as though she had been a visitant from another sphere.

zy man, with an aggressively bald head and scaly eyes like an alligator's-though for that matter I may be libeling the alligator His name was Sharpe, commonly corrupted nto "Cutey" by some mysterious process.

He was pouring whisky from a bottle into a glass preparatory to serving himself, when the new comer walked-she walked like an angel-straight up to him and said, "Is this Cutey was so astonished by the apparition

that he dropped his glass; it was in reality a stone china cup about half an inch thick nd wasted the whisky; it was only by the greatest presence of mind that he succeeded saving the bottle.

rowd by the doorway; headed by the doctor trained their ears to listen: She had a low voice, tolerably sweet. Such music had never before been heard within those low walls, perhaps. They wished she would say nore. Old 'Punks" muttered that she minded him of his Lyddy-"jest such a voice " which remark brought down upon him much ontumely afterward, and a threat from the helpless look around him, Cutey admitted

"I do not know," was the reply, with a rest in its grave; that there was no room ongrestion of tears in the voice, at which left for doubt, which is sometimes blessed, ed but "fail" He further inquired "what every heart in the crowd by the door was and he had fled without a word; disappear- they wanted to hev sech a doggoned mis'a-

Punks nudged Scotty with his elbow

"Punks," he whispered "I allers counte you a fool, but you ain't, you are a shinin light. His name was Jim Wilmer." Then, coloring up to the roots of his hair,

whole battery of eyes without any seeming consciousness of it, "There was a feller named Jim Wilto

ma'am." The woman's face-her beautiful faceturned as white as the collar at his throat; she leaned against the bar and tried to speak but the words died on her lips.

"Do you know where he is now?" Then, as the men looked at each other, she

cried in a clearer tone, "Is he dead?" him and Jim was real good friends.'

voice which smote Scotty's heart exceeding-The doctor meanwhile had gone for Mrs

She was a small, fair woman, with washed-out look, and a mouth not innocent of dipping, but she looked and spoke kindly and the stranger was glad enough to answer "yes," and follow her into the dining room. The crowd fell back as she approached but She mentioned this at length, and asked only enough to give her room to pass. Some stealthily touched her dress as she swept by them, and when she had disappeared, and the door had closed, forty tongues were loosed at once, and a scene of excitement en sued only equaled by the one which followed the shooting of "the Judge" by "little Jack," over a game of poker, in that very bar-room of the Grand hotel.

quired Mrs. Sharpe. "Marian Kingsley," was the faint reply. "Miss or Mrs., ma'am?" pursued Mrs. Sharpe, glancing at the shapely, white, ring-

"Mought I ax your name, ma'am?"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Call me Marian. That will do as well as anything."

Mrs. Sharpe was a washed out woman. Many of the natural and laudable instincts remained, perhaps being fast colors; but a horror of the class to which she now supposed Marian to belong was one which faded out of her nature. She gave a slightly supercilious look, which fell upon the wo-

"Came from 'Frisco ?" "I came through there. I didn't see anything of the place."

"Whar did you come from ?" "Philadelphia." The tone was changed She evidently felt the impalpable rudeness of the faded woman, and knew how to resent it in the same way. conversation ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Sharpe discovered that Marian had a grouped about the broad piazza exchanging little money—enough to pay her board for a few months-and thatshe had come there to

Mrs. Sharpe had information to give: well as to take, for she knew something of

"We called him Jim," she said, a little scornfully. "He didn't get no 'courtin'

Poor Marian gave a faint smile. "There might be other James Wilmers she said, "I wanted to be sure."

"He's a rough, ragged creetur," she said and's had the snakes for a week at a time. pitiful look of pain on her beautiful face. "Hed money left him?" asked Mrs

Marian nodded "Twon't do him no good. Soon as he hears of it, he'll drink himself into snakes. Allers did when they struck a good lead on the Banderita. Circus Jack he loses all

comrades, appeared, escorted by Scotty, also prepared by a choice toilet to enter the presence of "the ladies." "'Scuse my not comin' afore," said Scotty

"Hosses must be 'tended to, and them of ine was about dead beat. Marian smiled graciousty, if absently, and urned her clear, hazle eyes to Circus Jack, who with many excuses, circumlocution and profane epithets, most of which he apol ogized for instantly, and some of which he

the man she had come to find, No one in Mariposa knew him better As "Jim" he was almost an integral part of the city of "Butterflies." The butterflies "Ma-a-a'm ?" he stammered, clutching at by the by, for which the town is named, are not those which soar in the air, but "Mariposas," fastened by long, tough filaments to

the ground. Many a night had Jim Wilmer crushed his swollen face into them, and slept a drunken sleep with their soft wings folded sorrowfully above him.

There was something of a mystery hung about him, which the "boys" had never been able to fathom. Some said that he be longed to a wealthy and aristocratic family toctor to "put daylight through him." After and he had lets home and become a wanderer and outcast, because some beautiful woman had jilted him: others said that he had a wife and children, that he had bro-

ed, and left to her own wretched heart the ble word as that on a ring for?"

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1877.

Circus Jack did not tell Marian these stories, though he had heard them all; indeed, they had all been retold and discussed in the bar-room, not a half an hour since. hand, and ran his fingers into his bushy, An average woman would have repeated the truth; but a chivalrous heart beat under Jack's flannel shirt, and he could no rushed a little bird to death with his hand, If any of the stories were true, and she yet loved poor Jim, he told her enough to

wring her heart and haunt her dreams for-The winter that he spent in the hollow o great pine tree, on the rim of Yosemite Valley, was perhaps his happiest and most peaceful. Every Yosemite tourist stops to eep inside this tree, and to wonder if a man and really lived there. "It was comfortable enough," says the hale old pioneer of the valley below. "He had plenty of room. We both slept in it one night."

At wich the tourist peeps in again, and wonders if the long limbed Texan was not a bit cramped by the foot board. When Circus Jack told Marian the

'Was there no danger of his freezing to death?"
"I never heard much about it, anyhow," said Cfreus Jack, "cept that he lived thar alone cuttin' shingles. I 'cept the snow

One comforting doubt beat at the wom an's heart all the while that Jack was talking. "Perhaps this man was not the one!" Jack what his quondam "partner" was like. implected," was the reply. "An'handsome. I called him handsome, didn't you, Scotty? Scotty, thus appealed to, gave a profan-He had scarcely moved a muscle assent. since he sat down, with his eyes fixed or

ing no relish for being one of a quartet where two did all the talking. "Was be-an-educated man?" inquired Marian besitatingly, feeling in a vague way that the question might offend Jack.

ntemplative tone. "When he war drunk I hev often hearn him talkin' a lot of stuff like po'try. Thar's to read considably. I cen't make head nor tail of them. P'r'aps you might."

"Yes, he war," replied that worthy in

length Scotty remarked that the "old man," up," at which Jack arose and bade the stran- her; perhaps even nurse him back to rea-

will be good friends I hope." Circus Jack took it by the finger tips cau iously, careful not to hurt it with his horny "I'll do ary in the world for yer, madam,

said, "though it may be a foolish question. Did you ever notice any ring-that he wore tell what kind. Once when Jim was turrible sick, and his hand swelled up, I wanted

said when he got well that it had never been off, nor never shouldn't be while he had life

"Prezactly!" exclaimed Circus Jack with She opened her purse to put it back, but it fell from her hand, scattering her little stock of money over the floor, and a moment after, when Mrs. Sharpe came in, in response to frantic halloes from Scotty, she found Marian in a dead faint upon the floor, with Scotty and Circus Jack, with hands clasped behind them, kneeling on either side her like uncouth angels, while scattered coins

She was ashamed of and provoked at her veakness afterward; said she was fatigued with her long and wearisome ride, and that she never fainted before; but if she had been an accomplished diplomatist she could have planned nothing better for her popularity. As for the faded-out woman, her opinion, which had been tottering under a severe reproof from Cutey, now underwent a comlete revolution.

erself dogmatically, as she had assisted Marian to her room and begged her to "take things easy like." She patiently answered one hundred and seven inquiries that evening, varying from "How's the sick lady? "Jim Wilmer's gal perking up a little arter her faint?" and for the rest of Marian's of heart had been one of the "fast colors."

the disk, but no one ever had the hardiness to ask what they were, Punks, whose eyes were keen, and whose surjosity was keener, declared that they were are stiff, and I can't go; but I'll treat the

with a "little quirl like" between."

Punks desired to know what "Fail" spell-

"T'orter be 'love' or 'sunthin'," he added ritically. It was only after much questioning in diers places, and the exercise of a deal of patience and some finesse that Marian learned the present whereabouts of the half crazed tow colored hair, with a clutch of desperation to her, and thus tempted her to reveal hermit "all unblessed." When last seen alone. something less than a week before her arrival, he had been wandering through the said that he would never come back until he ore bear to hurt her than he could have neighboring mountains, half clothed in wretched rags, living on berries and roots,

> garies of his unhinged mind. They were loth to tell her, even those who knew it. Their rude externals seemed to heels. have made their hearts softer. It burt them to see the pink color fade from her cheeks, and the shadow of sharp pain creep over her beautiful face; so that she had to learn the esson of smiling when her heart ached worst. The two Mexicans, cattle herders who had seen him, were eagerly questioned but they could tell nothing that she did not know, save that they were quite sure that it was Jim, and not some fother unfortunate,

whom they had seen. They gave a stupid assent when asked by Marian to secure him and bring him into town next time that they saw him : and a 'Si, Senor," considerably less stupid in a subsequent private interview with Jack, who

Marian had the books which Jim had left n the cabin; commonplace Greek and Lat in books, which might have belonged to any was 'bout four or five feet deep up thar whar body, save that on one fly leaf was writ he lived. He's a close mouthed one, I tell ten in a scrawling hand, "J. C. Wilmer." yer. Never git nothin' outer him, an' when and this yellow page, and this fided ink, she covered with her kisses and baptized with her tears. And another weary week crept by

strongly expressed how pale and worn look ing the pretty woman grew. Not profes sionally; indeed, his title was merely hone "He was a slight built feller, rather light | ed to bereft Mariposa society an efficient and valuable member. The Doctor's interest afforded considerable

amusement to the habitues of the grand bar room, and they fairly roared with sympathy when he profanely expressed his sorrow to see her wasting her beauty in tears over another feller." One Saturday night, two weeks and a day nce Marian's arrival, the whole population

swearing vigorously and unceasingly. even the first week of uncertainty, had been easier to bear than this anxious waiting. The Mexicans had not hesitated to say that he must be dead by this time; but that she did not believe; he might be starving, crazed, nearly dead, but surely she might see him once more and hear him say that he forgave

Marian put out her hand, saying, "We she whispered fiercely clenching her little hands. "Can I do nothing but sit here and

wait! Oh, God, be merciful!" she cried. Then suddenly a thought flashed into her nind. She did not stop to think of it; she acted upon it.

The Doctor's partner [profoundly study ing his cards, was somewhat disconcerned to ee the table kicked over, and the Doctor's 'hand" on the floor. Without a question, he put his hand back for his pistol, when the sudden stillness in the room caught his atto file it off, but he fought so I couldn't. He tention and all that followed caused him to forget the affront.

In the centre of the room, her disordered hair flying about her face, her clear eyes flashing with excitement, her cheeks flaming with color, more beautiful than they had ever seen her look before, Marian stood waiting for silence. Men crowded up to the doorways and filled the windows, certain from the sudden quiet, that "something was

"Won't you help me?" she cried ou What am I to do to find him? He may be starving! You"-she gasped and drew her breath hard-"you whom he was good toyou remember -- a hundred things, but you forgot him! and let him-rave his life away -and starve to death-alone." She choked she could not speak another word! but she tood with her lips parted, her eyes flashing, but I wouldn't let them in. I don't care looking eagerly, almost angrily from one face to another.

rickety and reeled with its weight; but Punks and Bob Jinks steadied it, they were friends of Jack's besides, they had just won from him at poker, and felt very friendly "Fellers!" said Jack, "to-morrow's Sunday I'm going ter hunt fer poor Jim, and ain't comin' back till I find him. Them as wants ter 'comp'ny me kin call at my cabin to-

pressively. "Me too, you bet," cried Scotty. "Count me in," cried a bass voice from th "Them kind never faints!" she said to

"I will go with you," said the doctor i

sleep in the distant trees. Nay! some faint echo of it may have be neard at the very gates of heaven itself. The tears rolled down Marian's cheeks. She tried to say, "God bless you!" but the tears had out his last cigar, "We believe you, or the right of way, and the words broke into

something unintelligible. A sudden shame came over them that they had not thought of this before. Memories of homes, of mothers, of wives came knocking at their hearts, and would not be denied. The sleeves of rough and not over smooth shirts were drawn across eyes that had scorned tears, through sickness, discomfort and disappointment.

crowd. Free drinks, gentlemen!" And leaving his bar to the tender merci

of his thirsty friends, Cutey offered his arm to Marian, and escorted her to her own door

Then he went down stairs four steps at a time, lest his choice liquors should be annilated in his absence.

the house afforded, sickening with fever. She watched them coming into town with a topics, the emperor asked permission of the

She buried her face in her hands. He has found him. Had they become discouraged,

She could not believe that they had found him. Her heart seemed to cry out, "no, no!" Jack came up, with Mrs. Sharp at his replied the visitor. As yet there was nobody

"Be keerful?" said the faded woman, she's mighty poorly." Jack came in as lightly as his heavy boots

ould allow. "The boys said fur me ter tell yer they wu all dredful sorry fur yer. We buried him

and I'll guide you and Mrs. Sharpe there any Then lowering his voice to a whisper added tenderly, "and I tuk the ring offen his said Dom Pedro. "Because," replied Vic-

thought as mebby you'd like it." He took it from the corner of his handkerhief; she held up her finger for it, and he slipped it on. Then he saw that the letters spelled "faith." "Thet Punks" he thought to himself contemptuously.

She looked up into his face with a stony mile-no tears now. "Thank you." she said. Four weeks after the doctor lifted Marian nto the stage. She was strong enough for her journey now, she said. Two days before she had visited the lonely cairn. It was a tiresome horseback ride too. She seemed to

e getting well very fast. The doctor told "People never die when they wish to," she nswered sadly. Circus Jack came to the stage door to bid

er "goodbye."

mind !"

went by.

"What can I do for you to thank you?" she asked earnestly. Jack hesitated. "Ef you wouldn't mind, ma'am," he said, I'd like-to-kiss your hand. I've got a

Without a blush or change of countenance she put her arms around his neck and kissed his lips. "Goodbye, dear old fellow," she said... Then Scotty cracked his whip, the crowon the piazza waved their hats-even the poor, chagrined doctor-a subdued cheer was given, and the lumbering stage disappeared in a cloud of dust, the nodding Mar

posas on the hillside looking curiously as it CLARA G. DOLLIVER,

That Big Frog. It was remembered afterward that he had were sorrow that they didn't arrest him as the Nathan murderer. He called at the Ninth avenue station and asked if they had an aquarium there, and if they didn't want

a Lake St. Clair frog to put in it, and he "Gentlemen, it is a frog I caught myself, and he really ought to be on exhibition. never saw a frog of his size before."

"How large is it?" inquired a sergeant nstinctively glancing toward the top of the "Gentlemen, I hate to give you the figares, because I'm a stranger," replied the

lake," put in one of the relief squad, "I've seen 'em as big as a stove cover, and even bigger. "Well, some one ought to have this frog who can feed him up well," said the stranger." "I ain't much on natural science and I'ue seen about all there is to see; but this frog-great heavens! Some man ought to

Captain. Run him down with a tug and threw fish net over him." 'And he's a monster, eh?' "A monster! Well, I don't want to give

take him round the country."

for the glory of the capture, but simply desire the advancement of the general interests of the State.' "I'ue heard sailors tell of seeing frogs up bere as large as nail kegs, but I thought

"Nail kegs! Why, d'ye suppose I come around here with a frog which you could put into a nail keg ?" "I suppose he'd go into a barrel?" trem-

they were lying," observed the sergeant.

blingly remarked the sergeant. "Gentlemen, you may have sailed across Lake St. Clair," coldly replied the stranger, "but it's plain to me that you never shove a boat through the marshes. Would I fool away time on a frog no larger than a barrel? Would a tugboat chase such a frog?"

was as large as a hogshead," said the Captain, "I've seen 'em up there even larger "A hogshead! Gentlemen, I see that you don't care for this frog; you are willing that I should ship it away to some other town.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if this frog

Good-bye, gentlemen." "Hold on!" cried the Captain, holding course. If you said this frog was as long as a wagon-box, I should believe you, for I've seen 'em up there fully as large as that. Please give us the dimensions of this frog." The man lit his cigar, took a pill box from his vest pocket, and, shaking out a the river Neva. When they had reached an frog not over three days transformed from a pollywog, he quietly observed:

"Gentlemen, get out your tape lines When they rose up he had vanished.

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, who married his second wife soon after the funeral of the first, was visited with a two hours screnade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically, thus: "I say, poys, you ought to pe ashamed of yourselfs to be making all nearest police station. The alarm was giv-

Dom Pedra and Victor Haco. The following is a new anecdote about

the emperor of Brazil: He recently paid a visit to Victor Hugo, the two celebrities conversed upon divers poet to repeat his visit, requesting him to

at eight o'clock." After the lapse of some days, one evening at about half-past seven o'clock the door bell of the poet's house was rung, and a gentleman in dress coat and white cravat presented himself. "Whom shall I announce? said the servant. "Dom Pedro de Braganza." in the parlor. The host was informed of the

"I have come to dine with you," said the

finger. He couldn't fight for it now; an I tor Hugo, "both myself and my friends would be very much puzzled to find any-

Dom Pedro burst out laughing, and took leave of his friend like a good-natured and sensible man.

THE COLD FACTS .- A grocer doing business on Michigan Grand avenue was yesterday asked to trust a colored man one day for "Can't do it --you'd never pay," he re

"I'll pay de money afore eight o'clock in de mawning," earnestly continued the colored man. "Perhaps you might, but I don't believe it. If you have no money now how will

suah. Ize just perspiring to death for de want of strawberries. "Does any one owe you?" asked the gro-

"Then how do you expect to get any money ?" dear old mother home-ef you wouldn't

> strawberries, an' dey hez got to come, an' derefor, let me say dat I wasn't going out to-

night to steal chickens an' sell 'em to get "Ah! you wasn't?" "No, sah, 'cause I dun pulled 'em in last light, an' dey'll be sold to a butcher dis evening. Dat's de cold fact, mister, an' now wrap up dem strawberries an' doan

> dressed it: "To His Majesty the Mayor of Naples. This is vouched for by the Boston Traveller as being as true as most of the late

The bands in the Ville Reale of Naples

nave been accustomed to play the Royal

March whenever the Mayor was known to

have entered that public garden. The

ously commented on by the city officials,

reached the court circles, and finally came

to the King's ears. Some time later when

Victor Emanuel was requested to recommend

a petition to the Council of Naples, he ad-

Mayor thought it a good joke, it was humor-

driver of the sledge, hired by her at nightfall to drive her home, drove over the ice of was out of the question; no one was near she threw the cleak on the ice some yard distant, and while the robber hastened to

ON THE BEACH.

BY DORA DARROORE.

The blue of the sea and the blue of heaven

Soothed to rest by the ocean's roar

Reared its castled turrets proudly Upward toward the evening stars.

And blushing cheek like a ripened peach, Listened with smiles to the old, old story, Her lover whispered that night on the beach. What cared they for the radiant splendor Of tinted clouds, or of sunset skies? The sea's soft music was not so tender As his voice or the light or her sparkling eyes What to them was the bright commotion.

SUMMER TIME.

BY MARY BARB.

The peonies and marigoids and popples drunk with Summer Time.

the piping birds in leafy nests that greet the day

'wine the glowing cup That shall be drunk in Autumn Time,

drawn by four lean, dusty horses, also somewhat the worse for wear, drew up with a grand flourish in front of the Grand hotel, man like moonlight on ice, and pursued her meaning Cutey, was "reyther late in lightin'

okes with the driver, who was known as Scotty, and asking the news from Hornitos well of his profession, descended from his seat on the box, and, opening the stage door with an air of pride and satisfaction, he assisted the one lady passenger to alight with a grace which would have done credit to

with Scotty, and two or three removed their hats. She was not only a woman, but a very

The proprietor of the "Grand" was a pod-

is bald head to see if there was a hat

that he was landlord, with the air of a corpered scoundrel confessing a crime,

touched and unhappy. "What's that fellow's name that was part ner with Circus Jack in the Banderita?" he

whispered. Scotty rapped his forehead with his horny

he advanced and said. "If you please, ma'am." The woman turned at this, meeting

here-was partner in the Banderita, with a feller named Circ-leastways, I don't know his name, but we called him Circus Jack,

Finally, with an effort, she half whisper-

"No, no, ma'am. He was here, 'taint a month," said Scotty. "I think he's off huntin' in the hills. I'll find Circus Jack, and bring him up here. He'll be likely to know; "Thank you," said the stranger softly in a

Sharpe, who presently entered, and invited the stranger to "hev a little tea,"

The stranger gave a slight impatient twitch.

find "James Courtney Wilmer."

Mrs. Sharpe didn't think this could be Marian shrank and cowered at this, with

In the course of an hour Circus Jack scrubbed and "fixed up" to a degree which made him almost unrecognizable by his

was evidently unconscious of, gave her all the information in his power in regard to

task of telling her the reason why.

was fresher and less wonderful than ow, "Was the snow very deep?" she said.

he's drunk he don't tell nothing what-somd-This, with a glance half pitying, half assuring, as though he would promise her that the secret, whatever it might be, was

Marian's fair, ever changing face. Mrs. Shape, after a vain attempt to edge in the conversation, had quietly withdrawn, hav

a pile of books in my cabin now that he used "I would like to see them," said Marian eagerly, Jack nodded and a pause ensued. At

e replied earnestly and ingenuously. "There was one thing I wish to ask," she

"I ain't no hand," said Circus Jack rubbing his head. "I'd know it of I seed it, "Was it like this?" She drew a dainty purse from her pocket, and took from its safest corner a plain, flat band of gold, with a small disk on it, shaped like the half of a

heart placed horizontally

and escaping masses of golden brown hair formed a halo about her head.

stay in Mariposa she proved that kindliness It was but natural that Cutey should fee a friendly interest, since he dealt out at leas two hundred extra drinks at highly remuner ative prices on her account that evening and moreover the doctor "tipped" him handsomely for extra care and attention. In a week after her arrival, Marian had learned all that anybody in Mariposa knew regarding "Jim." She wore that curious ring upon her finger now. There were letters upon

alternately muttering and shricking the va-

promised them "heap money" for their

The doctor noticed with disapprobation rary, bestowed in recognition of his services in prescribing the "Golden Anti-Bilious Pills," for Bob Jinks, which, or nature in spite of them had effected a cure, and restor-

of the town were at the Grand either drinking, gambling, or purchasing provisions of Cutey's deputy, who presided over the tin can department with activity and grace; and all, whatever their occupation, were Marian sat up stairs in her tiny room burning with feverish anxiety. Her long years home waiting, the comfortless journey,

The brawling and laughter down stairs made her shudder. "If I was only a man!"

"Me too," squeaked Punks. All as'll go my 'Ay !" And an "Ay!" came from those rough sices with such a ringing burst of good than that." will as must have startled the very birds

"Gentlemen!" he said, waving his hand

over the bar, "help yourselves. My j'ints

It was Monday noon when they returned Marian sat at the window in the easiest chair in France. After a long interview, in which

restless, and quite hopeless anxiety. She watched them scattering to their cabins, and fix a day. "I receive my friends every day," saw Circus Jack coming on toward the hotel said Hugo, politely, "and we have dinner

arrival.

emperor, in democratic style. Soon the guests sat down to table. The repast was charming. Dom Pedro gave ome very curious traveling impressions. ist whar we found him. He'd a ben dead Victor Hugo, for his part, spoke with that nigh on to a couple of weeks, I reckon. simplicity so full of warmth of which those Don't yer look so, lady. Poor Jim! he who have not the honor of being intimate warn't never happy, even when he was with him have no idea. When the emperor drunk. He's better off up thar. We flung took leave of his host-it was rather latefew stones together to mark the place, the latter said to him, smiling with his fine and arch smile: "Sire, I could not possibly tell you how happy I am that we have no sovereigns like you in Europe." And why?"

thing bad to say of them."

a quart of strrawberries.

plied.

you have any then?" "Don't ax me, boss-I'll have de cash

"Oh, de pay will be all right." "I guess not. You'll have to try some ne else." "Boss, you hez pinned me right down to old facts," said the customer. "I wants

abuse my confidence."-Detroit Free Press. No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression, and so copious a language, as common poultry. a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by joyous and easy soft note; of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rusher forth with a clamorous kind of joy which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an upror. As soon as a hen becomes a mother her new relation demands a new anguage. She then runs clucking and scud ding about, and seems agitated, as if possess ed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favorite concubine to partake; and if "How did you catch him?" asked the a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished you dimensions, Three reporters were at in all ages as the countryman's clock or my house last night to get his length over larum-as the watchman that proclaims all, breadth of beam, and carrying capacity the divisions of the night .- White's Sel-

> dog stories: A mastiff in that city, unmuzzled by his master, resolved to comply with the law on his own account. He knew that to preserve his life he must have a muzzle. Early one morning he stole twenty newspapers from doorsteps, stood on a cor ner and sold them, went with the money to store where muzzles were sold, made a clerk understand that he wanetd to buy one, and before noon went home muzzled according to law. A young lady in St. Petersburg showed considerable presence of mind in an adven-ture with a robber, early this spring. The

airhole about the middle of the stream, he demanded of her a costly fur cloak she wore, threatening in default of her compliance to throw her headlong under the ice. Help she and the robber were alone on the broad stream. Suddenly deciding on her course grasp it, seized the reins and escaped to the dis noise ven dar vas a funeral here so en, and in a short time the robber with the soon."

CHINA, GLATS AND QUEENSWARE, ken his wedded faith and his wife's heart a "Then perhaps you can tell me what I onstantly on hand Original and Assorted Fackage wish to know," said the woman, fixing her the same time and that agrim phantom followclear, sweet eyes upon him. "I want to find ed him wherever he went, and gave him no peace. Others told yet another story; that BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS man named Wilmer - James Courtney he had been engaged to a beautiful girl and Cutey shook his head sorrowfully loved her and trusted her above all telling Punks also knew-a fact which did credi "Thar be so many names," said he; "skus that his wedding day was near, when he to his powers and habits of conversationany man goes by his own name. Be he had stumbled upon some miserable secret, that on the disk of the ring which Jim wore livin' in Mariposa, ma'am?" which was dead and buried, but could not on his little finger were the letters "Fa."