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 $3.00 if payment be delayed beyond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is ever 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, AUGUST 10, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 31
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 29.

Rates of Advertising.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.00	12.00
Three inches	4.00	5.50	7.00	10.00	15.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	15.00	20.00	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. E. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. 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—G. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott. O. P. Ent, 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 2½ 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.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

WHEN YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE or anything in the TONSORIAL LINE go to

JAMES REILLY'S BARBER SHOP,

THE BEST IN TOWN,

Under Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 13, '75.—

CATAWISSA.

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney-at-Law, Main street.

WM. L. EYERLY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Catawissa, Pa.

Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

AGENTS WANTED. $50 to $200 Per Month

—A NEW, CLEAR AND CONCISE—

Universal History

Commencing with the earliest periods, closing March, 1877. 3 volumes of the World's great, Grand History in one. ANCIENT, MIDDLE AGES, and MODERN, including history of Centennial Exhibition, Inauguration of President Hayes and Turkish difficulties. A book of thrilling interest and universal need. Sells faster than any other. Beautiful illustrations, low prices, quick sales, extra terms, circulars free. Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, O.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. June 29, '77-13w

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.

HELPHENSTINE & 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 D & W

BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
ORDERS, &C., &C.,

Neatly and cheaply printed at the COLUMBIAN Office.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

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

SAMUEL KNORR.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets Oct. 8, '75

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. July 1, '75

N. G. 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. 5, '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. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. —38

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. HOWELL,
DENTIST.
Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner Main and Market Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
May 26—1y,

BROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., B. Stohner, Proprietor. Accommodations first-class. $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Restaurant attached.
October 8, '75-1f

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

E. J. THORNTON would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity that he has just received a full and complete assortment of

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,

and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment, Main street, below Market. oct. 8, '75

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	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,925,000

March 26, '77—y

J. H. MAIZE'S

MAMMOTH

GROCERY

contains the largest stock of

TEAS, GROCERIES

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware,

Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits,

CONFECTIONERIES, &c.

to be found in Columbia county.

A Complete Assortment

always on hand. Call and examine.
Jan 1, 1877.

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

AUG. L. KAUB. JNO. K. FRYMIER. 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,
923 Market Street, Philadelphia
Constantly on hand Original and Assorted Packages
June 29, '77-1y

WE WILL mail one and one-half dozen the most beautiful new Chromos, in French oil colors, over scene, $1.00. They are mounted in 8 x 10 black enamel and gold mats, oval opening and outsell anything now before the public. Two samples for 25 cents, or six samples for 50 cents. Send 10 cents for grand illustrated catalogue with Chromo of Moonlight on the Rhine, or 20 cents for two Landscapes and Calla Lilies on black ground. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington street Boston, Mass. Headquarters for Chromos, Engravings and Art Works. **A FORTUNE.**
June 8, '77 June September and October J w & Co

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified against purchasing or negotiating for a note now held by Margaret Scott given by J. S. Scott and E. L. Scott in favor of Andrew Scott, dated March 26th, 1876, for $50.00, as there was no consideration for the same.

J. S. SCOTT.
July 27, '77-3w*

Dyspepsia and Debility
Dyspepsia and Debility
Dyspepsia and Debility
Dyspepsia and Debility
Almost invariably yield to the
TONIC & INVIGORATING EFFECTS
—OF THE—
PERUVIAN SYRUP
PERUVIAN SYRUP
—OR—
Protected Solution of Protoxide of Iron.

Read the Following:

WEST FAIRLEE, VT., Jan. 11, 1871.

Dear Sir—For seven or eight years past I have been in poor health, and for the past year or more very feeble. My health continued to decline, and my flesh and strength wasted away until I was unable to work, or even go up stairs without great exhaustion. I suffered from frequent and distressing attacks of palpitation of the heart, my food distressed me, causing acidity and pain in the stomach; and I suffered from extreme nervousness, constipation, and debility of the system generally, my blood being thin and poor and sluggish in circulation, and I was for years suffering all the torture of a confirmed dyspeptic. About SIX months since I concluded I would try a bottle of PERUVIAN SYRUP, and received so much benefit from it that I purchased five bottles more, and have continued the use of the syrup until quite recently. It has restored my health to such an extent that I feel myself as good as new. My digestion is good and my weight has increased in the past four months from 120 to 138 pounds; my strength has returned, and my general health is thus wonderfully improved, and I can truly say I owe it all to the use of your PERUVIAN SYRUP. I earnestly recommend all sufferers from dyspepsia and debility to give it a trial, hoping it will do them as much good as it has me.

Yours very truly, MRS. S. B. BEMIS.

PERUVIAN SYRUP
PERUVIAN SYRUP
From a Merchant.

NORTH SEARSMONT, ME., Sept. 9, 1870.

Dear Sir—It gives me very great pleasure to inform you of the benefit received from the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP in my own family. My wife for the past ten years has been in feeble health—very much debilitated generally. Last spring she concluded to try a bottle of PERUVIAN SYRUP, and was so well pleased with the result, continued its use until three or bottles had been used, and she is now in better health than any time for ten years, and has increased in weight from 110 pounds to 136½. I have employed physicians and used a great many varieties of patent medicines, to the extent of hundreds of dollars, and I know she received more benefit from the PERUVIAN SYRUP than all the rest together.

My sales of the syrup are very large and constantly increasing, and I do not hesitate to recommend so good an article to suffering humanity.

Yours truly, UTHIEL PEASE.

PERUVIAN SYRUP
PERUVIAN SYRUP
Restored to Complete Health.

BROOKS, ME., Sept. 7, 1870.

Dear Sir—From early youth I was in feeble health, troubled with humor in my blood, weakness and debility of the system generally; was unable to labor much and only at some light business, and then only with great caution.

Seven years ago the past spring I had a severe attack of diptheria, which left my limbs paralyzed and useless, so I was unable to walk or even sit up. Noticing the advertisement of PERUVIAN SYRUP I concluded to give it a trial, and to my great joy soon found my health improving. I continued the use of the SYRUP until three bottles had been used, and was restored to complete health and have remained so to this day.

I attribute my present health entirely to the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP, and hold it in high estimation. I cannot speak too highly in its praise. I have in several cases recommended it in cases very similar to my own with the same good results.

Yours truly, CHAS. E. PEARCY,

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, 86 Harrison Ave., Boston. Sold by all Druggists. Pamphlets free. aug.

PUBLIC SALE OF

Valuable Real Estate!

The subscriber will offer for sale at his residence in Mifflin township on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following real estate to-wit:

All that piece or parcel of ground situate in Mifflin township, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of land of Christian Lutz, thence along line of said land north 76 7-8 degrees east 147 perches to stone, thence by land of Peter Hetler north 12 5-8 degrees west 36 6-10 perches to a stone thence by land of same south 77 degrees west 66 and 8-10 perches to a stone, thence north 17 degrees west 1 4-10 perches to a stone, thence north 87½ degrees west 64 8-10 perches to a stone, thence by land of Samuel Schmoyer 12¾ degrees east 54 8-10 perches to a stone, the place of beginning, containing 29 ACRES and 54 perches strict measure, on which is erected a New Plank House. There two are good springs of water on the premises.

Also, one other tract in same township bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone corner of land of John Wolf thence north 50 5-8 degrees east 14 4-10 perches to a chestnut oak, thence north 83 degrees east 57 8-10 degrees to a stone, thence by land of Philip Hetler and Stephen Hetler south 14¼ degrees east 174 perches to a stone, thence by land of George Swank, south 76 degrees west 22 9-10 perches to a stone, thence north 18¾ degrees west 30 perches to a stone, thence south 76 degrees west 20 perches to a stone, thence by land of John Mower north 13½ degrees west 41 perches to a stone, thence south 76 degrees west 30 7-10 perches to a stone, thence by land of Peter Hetler north 13 degrees west 114 8-10 perches to a stone, the place of beginning, containing 65 ACRES and 100 perches strict measure, on which are erected a Frame House, bank barn and out-buildings. There is a good well of water at the door. Possession given in the Fall or next Spring as may be agreed upon.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of the amount to be paid at the striking down of the property; one-half less the ten per cent. when possession is given, and the balance in one year from April 1, 1878.

ISAAC ANDREAS.
July 13, '77-5w

A Still Further Reduction in the

PRICE OF PAINTS,
OILS,
BRUSHES,
JAPAN DRYER &
PUTTY

If you want to save from 10 to 25 per cent

in the cost of PAINTING, send for our prices of the following:
Strictly PURE WHITE LEAD,

MONTOUR WHITE LEAD

SLATE PAINTS, ALL COLORS,

IRON PAINTS, THREE COLORS,

PURE LINSEED OIL

BEST JAPAN DRYER.

LINSEED OIL & CHALK PUTTY.

Best Paint Brushes,

COACH VARNISH,

HOUSE VARNISH,

Furniture Varnish,

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE,

Orders and inquiries by mail will receive prompt attention. Sample cards and price list furnished without charge.

HENRY S. REAY,
RUPERT, PA.
ays. '76.-1y.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS Adopted by all the queens of fashion. Send for Circular. E. IVINS, No. 916 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Dec. 8, '76-6m J W.

Poetical.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

BY LUELLA CLARK

If you love me tell me not,
Let me read it in your thought;
Let me feel it in the way
That you say me yea and nay.

Let me see it in your eye
When you greet or pass me by;
Let me hear it in the tone
Meant for me, and me alone.

If you love me there will be
Something I alone shall see;
Meet or miss me, stay or go,
If you love me I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,
"Dear, I love you, love you well;"
Something in your eyes will shine,
Fairer that they look in mine.

In your mein some touch of grace,
Some swift smile upon your face,
While you speak not will betray
What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,
Tuning into sweet accord
All your bluntness, will reveal,
Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,
Tell me not, but, day by day,
Let love silent on me rise,
Like the sun in summer skies.

—In September Atlantic.

THE WAVING OF THE CORN.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

Ploughman, whose gnarly hand yet kindly wheeled
Thy plough to ring this solitary tree
With clover, whose round plat, reserved afield,
In cool green radius twice my length may be—
Scantling the corn thy furrows else might yield,
To pleasure August, bees, fair thoughts, and me,
That here come oft together—daily I,
Stretched prone in summer's mortal ecstasy,
Do stir with thanks to thee, as stirs this morn
With waving of the corn.

Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill
Whistles a snatch that seeks his soul unsought,
And fills some time with tune, howbeit shrill;
The cricket tells straight on his simple thought—
Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still;
The peddler bee drones in, and gossips naught;
Far down the wood, a one-desiring dove
Times me the beating of the heart of love:
And these be all the sounds that mix, each morn,
With waving of the corn.

From here to where the louder passions dwell,
Green leagues of hilly separation roll:
Trade ends where you far clover ridges swell.
Yet terrible Towns, ne'er claim the trembling soul
That, craftless all to buy or hoard or sell,
From out your deadly complex quarrel stole
To company with large amiable trees,
Suck honey summer with unjealous bees,
And take Time's strokes as softly as this morn
Takes waving of the corn.

—In Harper's Magazine for August.

Miscellaneous.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

BY LESLIE CHUMPA.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, Margaret, be reasonable. You know I would not willingly stay away if I could possibly help it. You know that the dearest spot to me, in all the world, is this little home, and, need I say, the dearest object of my heart, the sweet little mistress, who reigns over both."

She turned from the window with curling lip and flashing eye. "Quite a gallant speech for a man who has been accustomed to the matrimonial yoke already six months," she retorted, scornfully. "But you may as well spare yourself the trouble, since I do not believe a word you say."

The young man, sitting at the table leisurely finishing his breakfast, colored and bit his lip, as if to restrain his rising anger.

"I can't help it," he answered, shrugging his shoulders; "as much of my time as I can conscientiously spare from my business affairs I give to you."

"And you mean to tell me that business affairs' detain you night after night in the city till ten o'clock?"

"Precisely so, my dear child. That, and nothing else. Why, what in the world do you imagine would otherwise keep me so long?"

"I will tell you!" she burst out, all in a white heat of anger at his provoking coolness. "Your dearly-prized bachelor friends, your long-missed club. *They* are the business affairs"—with scornful emphasis—"that evidently possess a greater charm for you than this 'little home'"—with intensified bitterness—"or 'the dearest object of your heart, the sweet little mistress who reigns over both!'"

The young husband rose from his seat with compressed eyes and frowning brow. Evidently he was weary of the contest, which seemed to have been raging some time. He quietly took up his hat and gloves from a small stand near him, and so, without a word prepared to depart. At the door he stopped and turned round.

"I would ask you," he said, coldly and distinctly, "where are the vows you rendered on your wedding day? It is not so very long since; neither, surely, can your memory be so treacherous that you already have forgotten?"

"And, pray, where are the vows and promises that *you* rendered on the same day? What are words but empty sounds, if not verified in deeds? You have made a mistake this time, my friend. With the usual generosity of your sex, you consider all obligation to rest on the weaker side. But don't think I will bear this any longer," she continued bringing her two hands together in passionate agitation. "Before you presume to call me to account, how does it stand with yours? What, I repeat, have become of your vows?"

"If I were to die this moment," he cried, earnestly, "I could lay my hand upon my heart and declare most truthfully that they had been kept in the very spirit of the letter."

Startled, in spite of herself, by his vehemence, she was silent for a moment. Then she shook back the rebellious ringlets from her forehead, as she answered, bitterly:—

"Ay, by keeping me up night after night, without a single omission, for the last fortnight, watching and waiting, till my eyes grow blind with weeping and my limbs numb with fear."

His features worked and twitched curiously.

"I am sorry," he said gently, while trying to avoid her tearful glance. "I told you once before you need not be under the slightest apprehension in regard to my safety. My coming home so late is an unavoidable necessity. But I hope to get through with the troublesome business soon."

"When?"

He shook his head. "That is difficult to say. And now, won't you kiss me good-by?"

For all answer, she stamped her foot violently. "You are a traitor. You don't tell me the truth. Oh, don't try to look so indignant! You know I am right, else why do you so persistently avoid looking at me?"

"You will be sorry for this one day Margaret," he answered, in low, pained tones, "sorry you possessed so little tact to appreciate my love and forbearance."

"I won't bear this any longer!" she cried, bursting into angry tears. "I'll—yes—I'll go home to mother!"

If she expected to see him surrender at this terrible threat, she was mistaken.

"Don't," was all he said, in tones of quiet significance. And then he was gone.

Gone! without his accustomed caress and fondling. And, horror of horrors, without the vision of the dread mother-in-law having had any other effect upon him than the uttering of that quiet, significant, monosyllabic "don't." She saw the man bring up the horse, saw him mount with his accustomed ease and agility, saw him slowly take up the bridle and ride off without vouchsafing a single glance towards the window behind which he knew she invariably stood to catch the last wave of his hand! Like all high spirited natures, Margaret's anger was of short duration. Now it was fast melting in a feeling of remorse and tenderness. It was the first time they had ever parted so—would he turn back? He had already reached the gate; in another moment he would be out of sight—yes, he turned round at last! Slowly he raised himself in his stirrups and gazed wistfully towards the casement. But he saw no one. With a woman's inconsistency, Margaret had drawn back behind the curtains. She saw the look of disappointment that crossed his face. Her feet itched to run down the stairs after him, clap her hands round his neck, and so "make it up" before he went. But pride restrained her. The gate closed behind him, and the bends of the road hid him from view. *Now* she sped up the lawn to the gateway. She had some vague idea of being yet in time to tell him how sorry she was, and that she could not bear to part so. But he was gone; she was too late; all that she perceived was a horseman rapidly disappearing in the distance. With slow gait and drooping head she returned to the house. It was in vain she tried to brave it out with herself.

"I was perfectly justified in saying what I did," she argued. "Good heavens! If I let him go on like this, unchecked by word of mine, where will it end? Was there such a monstrous thing heard of before as leaving me alone night after night, without any other plea or excuse than that odious business? I don't believe it. Ma always used to say that it was 'business' that kept a man from home, till he got found out. Business!"—with a toss of the head expressive of the most tremendous contempt—"pretty kind of 'business' I dare say it is, if only truth were known."

A pretty kind of "business," indeed, you foolish little wife, as you only too soon were to find out to your cost.

Argue as Margaret Dreswell would, she could not brazen it out with her own conscience. She recollected her husband's unfailing goodness and kindness, his upright, honorable character, that despised all shiftings and subterfuge, his predilection for study and home comforts, that made him rather shun than seek society, his strict and unvarying principles as to right and wrong, and above all, his calm, temperate disposition. No, this was not the man to flee home and the woman he loved for empty, riotous pleasure. A man indulging in such came not home night after night, weary and fagged to death, as he invariably did. And now she suddenly thought of his altered and haggard appearance—of the strange, careworn look his face had assumed of late. And how kindly he had always treated her frivolous-minded, widowed mother, and the handsome scapegrace brother, whom, in spite of all past faults, he had taken into his business and confidence. True, despite her knowledge of his worthlessness, she had had faith in his reform, and had pleaded for him accordingly when her husband shook his head incredulously. But her entreaties had prevailed, and many a time since had she congratulated herself upon the beneficial effect her husband's renewed confidence seemed to have upon the former scapegrace.

She returned to the breakfast table miserable and unhappy. A heavy load, a kind of presciance of something about to happen took possession of her. If she had only "made it up" with Bertie before he had gone! She sat down to the deserted table, and tried to eat, but spat out the food in disgust; it only seemed to choke her. What should she do the whole livelong day till Bertie came home? She could not occupy herself to-day with the usual humdrum round of duties, which she had till now found so delightful; she felt too restless for that. What should she do? A bright thought struck her: she would go upstairs and look over her things, in the admiration and disposal of which she might perhaps find solace. But, arriving in her room she forgot all about the things in tearful contemplation of Bertie's picture, which greeted her from the opposite wall as she opened the door. From the picture her look wandered to the escritoire beneath, and stopped there spell-bound. The key was in the lock! How perturbed her husband's mind must have been to have neglected withdrawing it! For a moment she hesitated. But what woman is there sufficiently well-principled to resist the bountiful share of the quality which occasioned her First Mother's Fall? In another moment Margaret had lifted the lid while the contents of the little drawers were satisfactory displayed to her view. She had the grace to feel a slight tremor pass over her as she surveyed the tidy arrangement of everything. With somewhat of a guilty feeling she was about to close the lid again, when her eyes alighted on a piece of crumpled paper, flung, as if in haste, on top of one of the neatly-docketed packages. She took it up mechanically to smooth it out and found it was a letter—a letter written in a woman's hand, a woman's hand small and delicate. All the blood in her body rushed to her head, a film passed over her eyes. She now recollected having seen him take a letter from his pocket the night before and hastily thrust it into the escritoire. Gone now was her recent repentance, good resolutions, and revived trust. She would read that letter, yes she would, cost what it might. Her hypocrite! She was going to catch him now. Of course that's where his evenings were spent, at that woman's and nowhere else She shut her teeth hard as she inly vowed to obtain a divorce from him, the false, wicked, cruel, cruel wretch! There was the proof of his perfidy, there in her hands! But first she would read read it—and then—ah, then!

She stopped in her wrathful tirade as she read:—

"MY DEAR BERTIE:—I cannot—no, I never can tell you of the horror and anguish that seized me at receipt of your news. My son to have been guilty of such an action! My son! my once prized darling child! But you have yourself to blame for it, yes, yourself and Margaret. You were both infatuated with him. It was no use my speaking to you. I told you not to trust him; and now I hope you'll believe next time I say anything. And so all that pile of money is gone! Ten thousand dollars! Its awful! How will you ever meet the blow? You say you alone will have to bear the loss; you could not think of making your partner suffer for what you consider to have been your fault—introducing your brother-in-law into the business. My dear Bertie, that's very foolish, allow me to tell you. I don't see why your partner shouldn't go shares in your losses as well as your profits. You might just as well have lost the money in some other way. My son, my son! It's awful to think he is no better than a common thief. You say he cashed the bills and then absconded; that the books are all at sixes and seven, and you have to stay in the office till near midnight to arrange all in proper order again. Dear me, it's shocking! But there's one consolation—I always told you how it would be. It's all your own fault; and now, of course, you must bear the consequences.

"About your strict prohibition not to breathe a word about it to Margaret I can't say I approve. No husband should have a secret from his wife. But of course you know best. I'm so upset by the shameful news I scarcely know what I am doing. My nerves are all in a perfect tremble.

"You want to know whether I have seen anything of that bad, wicked boy. My dear Bertie, that's just like you. Don't you think if I had I would soon have marched him back again? You think he's still in this vicinity, do you? Then all I can say is I'm sorry for your belief. My conviction is that if not already in California, he is on his way there. I can't say I approve of your wanting to manage the affair quite by yourself. You might meet him some night, you know, and he always carries firearms. At all events, be on your guard. I know what a high temper you have, and that bad, bad boy is easily provoked. Dear me! I wish I were dead. I only hope he is in California so that your superstitions about encountering him may yet not be verified.

"Pray let me know whether you have discovered any trace yet, and how poor Margaret bears it. Oh! I forgot she didn't know.

"Good-by, my dear Bertie. Believe me it's a great comfort to me that it's all your own fault and Margaret's, and that I had nothing whatever to do with it. I always told you how it would end. My best love to your wife, and accept same for yourself from your broken-hearted mother-in-law.

ANNA MARIA YERSOP.

"P. S.—You say for Margaret's sake you wish to keep the whole affair quiet, that's the reason you assign for having no search made for the reprobate. Allow me to tell you that you are decidedly in the wrong, as the greater part of the money might have been recovered. However, of course you know best, and I've no doubt the wretched boy will make restitution some day when he's made a pile of money, as he was always of a generous disposition, and very fond of you. Of course his behaving so was shameful. I shouldn't wonder but what there were some woman at the bottom of it all.

A. M. Y."

How long Margaret sat after perusing this unique specimen of incoherency she never knew. All her faculties were stunned Her very powers of reasoning seemed gone. Her brother a common thief!—had embezzled a large sum of money and absconded She passed her hand over her throbbing temples in mute agony. Her husband—her good, kind, noble husband—how she had maligned him. How worse and shameful appeared now not merely her own conduct, but also her mother's in contrast to his high souled forbearance, for, with a smile of bitter derision, Margaret called to mind her mother's incessant importunities in giving the scapegrace another trial. How she had pleaded for him, and so got her to intercede with her husband, in spite of the obscure past. True, there had been no actual crime—but now, now—oh, how would her mother, how could she—how dared she, in that mean, false fashion exonerate herself from all all blame? Apart from shameful fact having occurred, where was the money to come from to cover the deficiency? She knew her husband to be prosperous, but she doubted his ability in meeting such a heavy stroke all at once—perhaps quite unprepared. Poor dear fellow! All was explained now. His altered and troubled appearance, his late coming home, his patient, dignified bearing under all her cruel taunts and reproaches. How she could explain the significance of the monosyllable "don't," spoken so gently in answer to her threat of going back to her mother. One idea only possessed her. She would go to him, she would beg his forgiveness on her bended knees, she would work her fingers to the bones, if need be, only to wipe out that stain—that shameful stain of which she felt herself partly guilty. With nervous, trembling haste she started up to go; then suddenly recollected that it would not do to make a scene at the office. No; she must wait till he came home. Oh! if the day would only hurry along. How long and wearisome it seemed to wait all that terrible long time. And then, in sudden fear and trembling, she recollected her mother's caution about her brother carrying fireaams. Good and merciful Father in heaven! Suppose those two were to be encounter each other? She dared not think what could ensue. She well knew her brother's passionate and undisciplined nature—oh, what was the great fear that shook her? What was that dull presentiment numbing her limbs—weighing her down? Oh, the day, the terrible long day! Would it never draw to a close?

She sat by the window and staring out at the whirling snowflakes in numb and mute despair. A fierce wind was wailing and moaning round the house. There was every appearance of an impending storm. How long, how dreadfully long the day seemed in dragging the weary hours along. Would it never, never reach its close?

Darkness set in sooner to-day than usual. Thank heaven for that! The weather prediction has been verified. A severe storm, increasing momentarily in fury, raged and shrieked abroad. The snow had changed into rain, which the howling blast drove in fierce gusts against the casement. Margaret sat by the sitting room fire trying to sip her five o'clock tea. She had not tasted anything the whole day long, and had only yielded to the importunities of the kindhearted cook to eat something at last. At any other time she would have hugged herself with delight in comparing the snug, luxurious picture within to the wretchedness and discomfort without. The leaping firelight reflected itself in the polished brass fender