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 very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1877.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XI, NO. 33
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 22

Rates of Advertising.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	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	4.50	7.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
Half column	10.00	12.00	12.00	25.00	50.00
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, P. 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—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—D. Lowenberg.
Clerk—W. Wirt.
Chief of Police—M. C. Woodward.
President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
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 o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Minister—Rev. J. McCron.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. 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. M. L. Smyser.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gurley.
Residence—Central Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited. There is always room.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Rector—Rev L. Zahner.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill,"—known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on Rock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb. 19, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these necessary articles.

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

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. B & W

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JESSE ZANER, DECEASED.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to take proof of facts, and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of Abraham Waltman, Executor of the estate of Jesse Zaner, late of Briarcreek township, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Town of Bloomsburg in A. J. Evan's building, corner of Main and Iron streets, on Friday the 31st day of August, 1877, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

HERVEY E. SMITH,
Auditor.

July 20, '77-4w.

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

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

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

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

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. 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.
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
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	500,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,958,000

March 26,'77—y

The Columbian Law Docket.

A complete record for the use of attorneys. Conveniently arranged for the docketing of all cases containing 500 pages, with double Index. This is the most complete book for lawyers that is published.

PRICE, $3.50.

Published by Brockway & Elwell

Editors and Proprietors of the COLUMBIAN,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Dec1-tf

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, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention.

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

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs to me directed will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg, at one o'clock p. m. on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1877,

the following real estate to-wit:

All that certain tract of unseated land situate in Mifflin township, Columbia county, bounded by land of Daniel Nungesser, Abram Schweppenheiser and others containing two hundred acres more or less.

ALSO,

One lot of ground situate in the Town of Mifflinville, Columbia county, bounded and described as follows: On the north by 2d street, east by lot of Joseph Mastellier, south by 3d or Main street, west by lot of A. J. Buckalew, whereon are erected a frame house, barn and out-buildings.

ALSO,

One lot of ground situate in Mifflinville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by 2d street, east by —— street south by 3d or Main street, west by lot John of Keller, being 66 feet front and 230 feet deep.

ALSO,

All the defendant's title in one lot of ground situate in Mifflinville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by 2d street, east by lot of John Keller, south by 3d or Main street and west by lot of Theodore Fedder.

ALSO,

All the defendant's title in four lots of ground situate in the town of Mifflinville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by 3d or Main street, east by —— street, south by 4th street, and west by lot of Michael Knittle, containing one and-a-half acres more or less:

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of John Keller.

ALSO,

On all that certain lot of land situate in Briarcreek township Columbia county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by land of Jesse Hicks, east by lands of Daniel Purcel, south by Susquehanna River, and west by land of D. A. Bowman, containing one hundred and six acres and 17 perches; on which is erected a Two Story Brick Dwelling House, Frame Barn and other buildings, all improved.

ALSO,

An Island in the Susquehanna River opposite the above and to be sold in connection therewith containing about 14 acres.

ALSO,

One other piece of land adjoining the above containing 43 acres and 8 perches described in two pieces as follows: one bounded on the east by land of late Stephen Thomas, south by Susquehanna River, west by Wm. L. Freas and north by the Canal, containing 39 acres and 27 perches. The other bounded by land of Mrs. Sponenberger, Daniel Purcell, Public Road, and the Canal containing 4 acres and 81 perches.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. L. Freas.

ALSO,

On the following described lot or piece of ground situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by an alley, east by Iron street, south by lot of Thomas Vannatta and west by lot of Jane McBride, being about one hundred feet front on Iron street and sixty-six feet deep on alley, whereon is erected a Frame Dwelling House, a Frame wagon-maker shop and blacksmith shop. Said lot will be sold to suit purchasers, either in the whole or in two parcels. One lot of about 50 feet front on Iron street contaig the wagon maker shop and smith shop, and the balance about 50 feet on same street, containing the dwelling house.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of A. S. Crossley.

ALSO,

All that certain real estate situate in Main township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by land of John Gearhart, on the east by land of Joseph Geiger, on the west by land of ——, on the south by public road, containing fifty-six acres more or less.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Isaac Yetter.

ALSO,

The following real estate situate in Madison township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, described as follows: Bounded on the north by James Kinlen and Funston, east by Kinney Shultz, south by heirs of J. W. Girton and west by Wm. McNinch et. al., containing eighty acres more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling house, frame barn and out-buildings.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Frank Graham and William Graham.

ALSO,

All that certain piece of land situate in Scott township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and desribed as follows: On the north and west by land of Mary L. Hopper, on the south and east by public road, containing one-half acre more or less, whereon are erected a frame dwelling house with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of William Hopper.

ALSO,

The following tract of land situate in Montour township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, described as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of Gideon Eist, east by land of Jacob Girton, south by land of widow Gigger, west by land of Elias Gigger, containing twenty-six acres more or less, whereon are erected a dwelling house, barn and out-buildings.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Christian Heist.

CONDITIONS OF SALE—Purchasers must pay ten per cent. of the purchase money, or at least enough to cover all costs at striking down of sale otherwise property to be resold at once.

JOHN W. HOFFMAN,
Sheriff.

aug. 10, '77-ts

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of sundry writs of issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia co., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg at two o'clock p. m. on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1877,

The following real estate situate in the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by D. L. & W. Railroads, east by lot of Peter Billmeyer, south by seventh street, and west by lot of Bloomsburg Gas Company, containing three-fourths of an acre more or less, whereon are erected a large two-story brick foundry and machine shop, a frame ware house, frame blacksmith shop, frame car shop, together with engine, and boilers, lathes, fans, drill press, belts, pulleys, grindstones, boring machines, flasks, patterns, and all fixtures, tools and machinery belonging thereto.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Samuel Turnbach and Silas M. Hess.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.—Purchasers must pay ten per cent of the purchase money, or at least enough to cover all costs at striking down of sale otherwise property to be resold at once.

ALSO,

On all that certain real estate situate in Greenwood township, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by land of Marvin Kline, east by land of Joseph Keller, south by land of H. Kitchen and others, and west by land of Marvin Kline, containing 40 acres more or less, on which are erected a frame dwelling house and barn with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Leonard Kline.

JOHN W. HOFFMAN,
Sheriff,

Aug. 3, '77-ts

PROTHONOTARY'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Henry Dr[illegible]orr, Committee of Levi Miller, a lunatic, has filed an account in the office of the Prothonotary of Columbia county, which will be presented to the Court for confirmation on the fourth day of September next and if no exceptions be filed within four days thereafter, the same will be confirmed.

Also the account of C. W. Miller, Trustee to receive and pay out moneys due on mortgages from Anna Miller and Levi A. Hidlay and J. E. Aikman to Levi A. Hidlay which will be presented to the Court at the same time and subject to the same conditions for confirmation as the above account.

Also, the account of E. J. McHenry, Committee of Wellliver A. Kline, a lunatic, which will be presented to the Court at the same time, and subject to the same conditions for confirmation as the above accounts.

B. FRANK ZARR, Proth'y.

July 20, 1877—aug. 3-4w

WE WILL mail one and one-half dozen of the most beautiful new Chromos, in French oil color, ever seen for $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. June 8, '77

A FORTUNE. June September and October Jw & Co

Select Story.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it with a shiver. 'What a night!' I say.

"Is it still snowing?" asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

"Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you."

"Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night," says she.

"Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being benighted on the moor in a snow storm."

"Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now."

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Uighlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally I decide that in future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing, and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife, and also inform her that it is past 11. As she lights her candle at a side table I hear a whining and scratching at the front door.

"There is Laddie loose again," says she. "Would you let him in, dear?"

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let in the poor animal. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him he woudn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, looking around to see if I am following; and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out.

"Laddie won't come in," I call out to my wife. "On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snowball with him."

She throws a shawl round her and comes to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

"Laddie, Laddie!" she calls; "come in, sir." He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

"I shall shut him out, Jessie," I say. "A night in the snow won't hurt him," and I prepared to close the door.

"You will do nothing of the kind!" she replies with an anxious look; "but you will rouse the servants at once and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it."

I laugh. "Really, Jesse, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether anyone is lost in the snow or not?"

"Because he has found them and come back to us for help. Look at him now."

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavoring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. "Why, won't you believe me?" he seems to ask.

"Come," she continues; "you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow-creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us."

What is a poor hen-pecked man to do? I grumble and resist and yield; as I have often grumbled and resisted and yielded before, and as I doubtless shall do again.

"Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead," Jessie says, as she hurried off to fill a flask with brandy, and to get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I roused the servants. They are all English, with the exception of Donald, the gardener, and I can see they are scoffingly skeptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's night.

"Dinna trouble yourself," I hear old Donald say. "The mistress is right enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snow this night."

"Don't sit up, Jessie," I say as we start; "we may be out half the night on this wild goose chase."

"Follow Laddie closely," is the only answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on to the moor, the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds, and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us. "It's like hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay sir," says John, the coachman, confidentially "to think as we should find anybody on such a night as this! Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple of feet thick, and it goes again' reason to think that a dumb animal would have the sense to come home and fetch help."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," says old Donald. "I dinna ken what your English dugs can do; but a collie, though it hasna been pleasing to Providence to give the creatur the gift o' speech, can do mony mair things than them that wad deride it."

"I ain't a deridin' of 'em," says John. "I only say as how if they be so clever I've never seen it."

"Ye wull, though, ye wull," says old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor. The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirls the snow into our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger-tips are becoming numbed, icicles hang from my moustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. I begin to wish I had stayed at home. "*L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose*," I sigh to myself; and I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie,) when suddenly I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what we suppose to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shoveled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it—or alas! was it a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought had provided us. "Bring the lantern," I say huskily; and John holds it over the prostrate form of, not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor, shriveled, wrinkled, ragged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

"Best get her home as quickly as may be, sir; the mistress will know better what to do for her nor we do, if so be the poor creature is not past help," says John, turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble to woman's aid.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor, helpless burden over the snow.

"I am afraid your mistress will be in bed," I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

"Never fear, sir," said Donald, with a triumphant glance at John; "the mistress will be up and waitin' for us. She kens Laddie didna bring us out in the snaw for naething."

"I'll never say nought about believing a dawg again," says John, gracefully striking his colors. "You were right and I was wrong, and that's all about it; but to think there should be such sense in a animal passes me!"

As we reach the avenue gate I dispatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me. "Well," she asks, eagerly.

"We have found a poor old woman," I say; "but I do not know whether she is alive or dead."

My wife throws her arms round me and gives me a great hug.

"You will find dry things and a jug of hot toddy in your dressing room, dear," she says; and this is all the revenge she takes on me for my skepticism. The poor old woman is carried up stairs and placed in a warm bath, under my wife's directions; and before the doctor arrives she has shown some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr. Bruce shakes his head when he sees her. "Poor old soul," he says; "how came she out on the moor on such a fearful night? I doubt she has received a shock which, at her age, she will not easily get over."

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water down her throat; and presently a faint color flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and then lays her head back among the soft, warm pillows. "I think she will rally now," said Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes more audible and regular. "Nourishment and warmth will do the rest; but she has received a shock from which, I fear, she will never recover;" and so saying he takes his leave.

By and by I go up to the room and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks up at me with tears in her eyes. "Poor old soul," she says, "I am afraid she will not rally from the cold and exposure."

I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She is a very little woman, as far as I can judge of her in her recumbent position, and I should think must have reached her allotted three score years and ten. "Who can she be?" I repeated wonderingly. "She does not belong to any of the villages hereabouts, or we should know her face, and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the moor on such a night."

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her head and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says, soothingly: "Dont try to speak. You are among friends, and when you are better you shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep."

The gray head drops back wearily upon the pillow, and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration that our patient is asleep.

"You must come to bed now, Jessie," I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up the remainder of the night." But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post; so I retire to my solitary chamber.

When we meet in the morning I find that the little old woman has spoken a few words and seems stronger. "Come in with me now," says my wife, "and let us try to find out who she is." We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.

"How are you now?" asks Jessie, bending over her.

"Better, much better, thank you, good lady," she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. "And very grateful to you for your goodness."

I hear at once by the accent that she is English. "Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from and where you were going?" continues my wife.

"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I shall never see him more," says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness.

"Where is your lad, and how far have you come?"

"My lad is a soldier at Fort George; and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies." And then, brokenly, with long pauses of weariness and weakness, the little old woman tells her pitiful story.

Her lad, she tells us is her only remaining child. She had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew up a fine likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a "strike" threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he "listed." His regiment was quartered at Fort George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day; until suddenly he wrote to say that his regiment was ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged mother, widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she must look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose kindness had kept her from the work house, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow; and from thence she had made her way, now on foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon to within a few miles of Fort George, when she was caught in the snow storm, and wandering from the road would have perished in the snow—but for Laddie.

My wife is in tears and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her simple and touching story, and I walk to the window and look out for a moment before I am able to ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her that we are but a few miles from Fort George, and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illuminates the withered face. "His name is John Salter," she says. He is a tall, handsome lad; they will know him by that."

I hasten down stairs and write a short note to Col. Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstance, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once, and I dispatch my groom in the dog cart, that he may bring him back without loss of time. As I return to the house after seeing him start I meet Dr. Bruce leaving the house."

"Poor old soul," he says, "her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live till her son comes."

"How she could have accomplished such a journey at her age, I cannot understand," I observe.

"Nothing is impossible to a mother," responds Dr. Bruce; "but it has killed her."

I go in; but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heroine who is dying up stairs, and presently I yield to the fascination which draws me back to her presence.

As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in her's, but her eyes are wide open, and have an expectant look in them.

"At what time may we expect them?" whispers my wife to me.

"Not before 4," I answered in the same tone.

"He will be too late, I fear," she says; "she is getting rapidly weaker."

But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes. All through the long winter's day she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given to her; but never speaking except to say: "My lad, my lad! God is good; he will not let me die till he comes."

And at last I hear the dog cart. I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with a last effort of her remaining strength, she raises herself and stretches out her arms. "My lad, my lad!" she gasps, as with a great sob he springs forward, and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more. For a moment they are so. Then the little old woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew tree, and on the stone which marks her resting place are inscribed the words, "Faithful unto Death." Our Laddie has gained far-spread renown for his good works, and as I sit finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.—[*Chamber's Journal.*

The Redwood Forests of California.

The redwood trees of California are marvelous to behold. Our lumbermen would almost grow crazy over the immensity of their size and grandeur. They are the giant trees of the world. The cedars of Lebanon dwarf into insignificance as compared with them, and even the big trees of Mariposa, Calaveras and Tuolumce counties in this State, which belong to the redwood family, and which attract the eyes of the tourists on account of their wonderful size, are not as tall or as grand. In Fresno county, has been recently discovered a new grove of these colossal trees, one of which eclipses in circumference any of the big trees of the Yosemite, it being a few inches less than 140 feet in circumference. In height it is 160 feet, while a large portion of its top, lying on the ground, is over 160 feet in length. The tallest redwood trees are to be found in San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties, where they attain a height of 400 feet, with a circumference of some 50 feet. They embrace a vast and dense forest, forming an unbroken belt from thirty to forty miles in length, running north and south, and from ten to twenty miles in width, east and west. They crown the mountains of the coast range and grow along the alluvial river bottoms. Under their shade are to be found the tea oak, poison oak, madrono, manzanita, buckeye, laurel, and other trees and shrubs.

Living amid the stalwart limbs are to be found the eagle and numerous other birds, while they provide a safe retreat for the California lion, grizzly, wolf, wildcat, lynx, deer and other animals. Immense quantities of these trees have been felled, yet the lumberman's ax has scarcely made an impression, and it will take years before they are exhausted. The redwood constitutes the principal lumber in the market, being extensively used for building purposes. It contains no resinous matter, but iron is found in it to a considerable extent. It is very brittle, splits easy and true, and scarcely ever shows decay after it is manufactured. Veneers are made from the stump, which are susceptible of an elegant polish. These are of a rich red and more variegated than bird's eye maple. The color of the redwood runs from a dark to a light red, and the average weight, I am told, is about four and a half pounds to the foot. The light red is the lightest in weight.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

While a compositor on the Montreal *Witness* was setting up an advertisement of a lost canary a few days ago, the bird flew in at the office window. This shows the value of advertising.

Fractional Currency.

It would not be easy to enumerate the number of those who think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend doing, and are thus only virtuous in prospective.

"The way of it is," said little Johnny, describing a raffle at a church fair, "you see somethin' and you give half a dollar for a chance to win it, another fellow always gets it, and they never offer you your money back."

Deacon Jones, just deceased, had a very red nose. His widow thought it rather personal in the minister to begin his funeral discourse, "Another shining light has been taken from our congregation."

The Spaniards have a proverb which says: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." An ounce of conduct is worth a ton of reading. An ounce of self surrender to truth already possessed is worth a planet's weight of truth not transmuted into deeds.

How good an idea did the average child get of the real gist of that lesson on "The Seven Chosen?" The Texas *Christian Advocate* says that during the review of that lesson, in response to the inquiry: "What, then, is the special duty of deacons?" a gentleman got from a boy the unexpected reply: "To take care of the widows."

A merchant in a provincial town in Scotland had a habit of saying "It might hae been waur" to everything that was told him, however sad the story might be. A neighbor, thinking that he would knock the wind out of him, one morning said, "Man, I had an awful dream last night." "Ay, what did ye dream?" "I dreamed that I was in hell." "It might hae been waur." "How could it hae been waur?" "If it had been a reality."

Bishop Potter, of New York, in excusing himself from making a speech at the luncheon after a church dedication at Boston the other day, told the story of the man who was always bragging of any speech he made, and accordingly once told a friend that he had just been down to Boston, where he made a speech. "Oh! did you?" said the friend, "I am glad to hear it. I always did hate those Bostonians."

A gentleman took his little boy to a model farm, to see the wonders of the place. After they had been there a short time the little fellow ran crying to his father, being at the same time pursued by a big turkeycock, which was trying to get a piece of bread out of his hand. "What, my boy," said the father, "are you afraid of a turkey? Why, you ate part of one yesterday." "Yes, papa," responded the little fellow, wiping his eyes; "but this one isn't cooked."

A young Danbury boy proposed to his father that he go a fishing, but his father had other business for him that day. "Father," said the young man, "do you know what Solomon said about boys going fishing?" "Solomon didn't say anything about it," replied the parent. "Yes he did. He said if you spare the rod you spoil the child." "I won't spare it," said the old gentleman, promptly. And he didn't, but the son thinks he got hold of the wrong rod.

Rev. (Lecturer) Joseph P. Cook speaks of certain churches "where the aristocratic members must be fanned with eloquent sermons, sprinkled with the lavender of ease, and swung in a hammock, one end of which is fastened to the Cross while the other is held by the fingers of Mammon." If the Professor does not take care, he will have to receive a lively delegation from this city who will protest and not without reason—that this description is not sufficiently impersonal.

A missionary of the American Sunday School Union suggested to the superintendent of a colored Sunday school down South the advisability of offering some attractions to the scholars in the way of Sunday school papers or reward-cards. The superintendent took the suggestion, and even improved upon it. The next time the missionary visited the school, he found each urchin had a lump of "'lasses candy" on a small piece of white muslin, devouring the same with most intense satisfaction. The session was sweet and harmonious. No trouble about getting those children to stick to that school. After it was through, they would have stuck to anything.

At a trial in Salem, Webster said about the argument of his opponent: "Gentlemen of the jury, this man neither alights nor flies forward. He hovers. Why does he not meet the case?" Our age is full of readers and students who are mere hoverers, who neither fly forward nor alight, and who think the highest philosophical glory is in never coming to a conclusion. Have you seen these winged, unresting spiritual creatures? Reading is of small account in comparison with that style of action which makes obedience to truth an organ of spiritual knowledge.

A Tragic Test.

A singular murder case, awaiting trial in Indiana, has given rise to much legal discussion as to whether the circumstances justified the charge. A juggler, who alleged that he possessed some power which rendered him "bullet proof," invited the prisoners in the case to aim at him with a loaded musket assuring him that he might do so without the slightest fear of producing any painful results. The prisoner accepted the kind invitation, and with a loaded musket presented to him by the juggler, immediately sent a bullet through his head. It is urged that, as there was no intention on the part of the prisoner to kill the deceased, the charge of murder cannot be maintained. The juggler was thoroughly confident of his own invulnerability, and several of his relations who were to be called as witnesses for the defence were prepared to prove that although several times shot at before, he was never hurt. A similar case occurred in England a few years ago. A wizard at one of the theatres begged one of the audience as a favor to fire a gun at him. The spectator, thus invited, loaded the gun with a charge of shot he had brought with him for the express purpose of testing crucially the alleged invulnerability of the wizard. The result was painful in the extreme—the wizard's face was peppered with the shot, and the spectator who fired the gun was given into the custody of the police. Both narrowly escaped death—one by the gun, and the other by the gallows.

Poetical.

SAINT JOHN, THE AGED.

[The following anonymous poem was found about eight years ago, in a magazine published at Philadelphia. Its beauty of language, fervor of feeling, exalted religious sentiment claim for it a wider circulation than it has yet attained:]

I'm growing very old. This weary hand
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past, that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him—my Master—oft,
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the Cross and trembled with His groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.

My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch,
My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears,
God lays His hand upon me, yea, His hand,
And not His rod—the gentle hand that I
Felt those three years, so often pressed in mine
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word He spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than the living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles. How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the purple fields.
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,

From out of which, as from a window, shone.
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then His words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me and claimed me for His own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had
Thro' the harvest fields and desolate dreary wastes
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore Him. Lord, now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on Thee!
So, put Thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace.

Come, let us leave the noisy streets, and take
The path of Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James; the Master waits; and, Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to His kingdom? Aye, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
The touching of His garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.

Up! bear me once more to my church—once more,
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love,
For, by the sweetness at my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the vail, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head!
How dark it is! I do not seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children! God so loved the world
He gave His Son; so love ye one another;
Love God and man. Amen! Now, bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this;
I feel my work is finished. And the streets so full.
What, call the folk my name? The Holy John?
Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The Eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When in the dreary Isle of Patmos Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!

And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are those who crowd
The shining way? Say! joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!

I am the last. Once more we are complete,
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Maker. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
How bright Thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

Something About Torpedo Boats.

The torpedo boat is a particularly American idea. It was in 1776 and in New York harbor that the first torpedo boat was launched. David Bushnell, an American Captain of Engineers, undertook to plant a torpedo under a British man-of-war, but did not succeed. The torpedo was to be attached to the bottom of the vessel by means of a wooden screw, and then fired by a clock-fuse. During the following year a drifting percussion torpedo was directed against a frigate lying off New London, and a schooner that was moored alongside was destroyed. Thirty years afterward Robert Fulton experimented in New York harbor with four classes of torpedoes of his own invention, and in 1843 Col. Samuel applied electricity to ignition of submarine batteries. During the civil war torpedoes of an American invention were used in the Southern waters, and nine iron clads, eleven wooden war vessels and nine transports and steamboats were destroyed. The only weapon of this kind which has yet been used by the Russians on the Danube are spar torpedoes, like the one which Lieut. Cushman put under the bottom of the ram Albemarle, in Roanoke inlet. The man who made that torpedo is the inventor of the improved engine of war which was exhibited recently at Cleveland, Ohio. The Whitehead torpedo, which is regarded abroad as a marvel of ingenuity, is propelled by compressed air, and cannot be controlled after it starts on its course. The Lay torpedo boat carries in hold its own engine and boiler, besides its freight of 100 pounds of dynamite. The engine, the rudder and the exploding fuse are under the control of the operator on shore. There are three keys playing on the battery on shore, and these keys start and stop the engine or turn it to port or larboard. The torpedo may be so arranged as to explode by the operation of the keys or by concussion upon striking any hard object. When the torpedo strikes the vessel or any other solid substance, a bell is rung in the office on shore, and the dynamite may be exploded or not. The velocity which is claimed for this torpedo seems marvelous—twelve miles an hour.

A near-sighted and modest resident of Cazenova entered a dry goods store in that village, and, thinking to perpetrate a joke, stepped up to the dummy on which new patterns of dresses and mantles are displayed, and struck it on the shoulder, saying, "Well old woman, how are you?" The old woman at once turned and not only answered his question, but volunteered a great deal of information besides.