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. R. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 14. 1878.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XII, NO. 23
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLII, NO. 41

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	15.00
Three inches	4.00	5.50	7.00	12.00	18.00
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Half column	10.00	13.00	15.00	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.

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Associate Judges—I. K. Frickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—B. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr. H. W. McReynolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Frickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—H. Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott. Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—D. Lowenberg.
Clerk—W. Witt.
Chief of Police—M. C. Woodward
President Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Bloomsburg Building and Loan Company—John A. Funston, President, H. L. Girton, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, president J. P. Austin, 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. H. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Austin, (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.
Ministers—Rev. G. D. S. Marshall.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7½ 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. Snyser.
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Bible Class—Ever 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 is welcome.

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Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
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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.

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

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

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

J. B. McELVY, 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.

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Increase of Pensions obtained, Collections made.
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 11, 1878

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

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

N. U. FUNK,
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R. F. & J. M. CLARK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ext's Building.

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—In Harman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. E. LITTLE
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Member of Commercial Law and Bank Collection Association. Oct. 14, '77-tf

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

W. H. ABBOTT. W. H. RHAWN.
ABBOTT & RHAWN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
CATAWISSA, PA.
Pensions obtained. dec 21, '77-1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
over MAIZE'S STORE, Bloomsburg, Pa.
april 19, 1878.

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Moderate lines on the best risks are alone accepted.
LOSSES PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, special Agent and Adjuster, Bloomsburg, Penn'a.
The citizens of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses, if any, are adjusted and paid by one of their own citizens. nov. 16, '77-1y

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Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$80,675,000

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March 26, '77—y

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Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-48

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Constantly on hand Original and Assorted Packages
June 29, '77-1y

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aug 3, '77-4m

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
PLATFORM WAGONS, &c.
First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.
Jan. 8, 1877-tf

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
ROWELL & CHESMAN
Advertising Agents,
TRIBUNE & CHESTNUT STS., ST. LOUIS, MO.

VEGETINE.

An Excellent Medicine.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Oct. 12, 1876.

This is to certify that I have used Vegetine, manufactured by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous system, with good success. I recommend Vegetine as an excellent medicine for such complaints.

Yours very truly,
C. W. VANDEGRIFT.

Mr. Vandegrift, of the firm of Vandegrift & Huffman, is a well-known business man in this place, having one of the largest stores in Springfield, O.

Our Minister's Wife.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 16, 1877.

Mr. H. R. Stevens,
Dear Sir,—Three years ago I was suffering terribly with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Our minister's wife advised me to take Vegetine. After taking one bottle I was entirely relieved. This year, feeling a return of the disease, I again commenced taking it, and am being benefitted greatly. It also greatly improves my digestion.

Respectfully, MRS. A. BALLARD.
1011 West Jefferson street.

Safe and Sure.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, sup-induced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified indorsement, as being a safe, sure, and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly, W. H. CLARK,
199 Montgomery street, Allegheny, Penn.

VEGETINE.

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads his letter, of the wonderful curative qualities of Vegetine as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens
Dear Sir,—About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back, and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations by the best skill in the state, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times.

Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office, and talk with you of the virtue of Vegetine. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients, &c., by which your remedy is produced.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine.

I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefitting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured; and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body.

I took Vegetine faithfully, and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects.

Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases; and if they will patiently take Vegetine, it will in my judgment cure them.

With great obligations I am
Yours very truly,
G. W. MANSFIELD,
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

VEGETINE
Is Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston,
Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

The Great New Medicine!

A Health-Giving Power!
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
INVIGORATES THE LIVER,
PROMOTES DIGESTION, and
STRENGTHENS THE NERVES,
Thus effectually curing disease of whatever name or nature. It is worthy of a trial. RELIEF guaranteed.

VIGORENE

Is AGREEABLE to the taste, GRATEFUL to the stomach, and acts efficiently as a CATHARTIC, ALTERATIVE and DIURETIC. Its action is not attended with any unpleasant feeling, neither is languor nor debility experienced, but on the contrary, refreshment and invigoration.

Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an engorged condition of the liver, or Biliousness, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, VIGORENE proves most valuable.

Its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy, a turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it.

Infl'mmatory and Chronic RHEUMATISM will soon disappear by a persistent use of VIGORENE.

For the cure of Skin Diseases and Eruptions of all kinds, VIGORENE is most certain.

VIGORENE is composed of the active properties of HERBS, ROOTS, GUM and BARKS, that Nature alone furnishes, great care being taken by us that they are gathered at the right season of the year, and that they possess their native virtues.

That VIGORENE has the power to PURIFY THE BLOOD, INVIGORATE the LIVER, and STIMULATE the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, is indeputably proven by those who have given it a trial and have been permanently cured.

We do not ask you to try a dozen bottles to experience relief, for we GUARANTEE you will feel better from the first few doses.

VIGORENE is establishing the world with its cures, and is throwing all other TONICS, ALTERATIVES and INVIGORANTS, into the shade. Put up in large bottles, double strength. Requires small dose, and is pleasant to take.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

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89 John St., New York, and Jersey City, N. J.

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DRUG STORE.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Jan. 18, '78.—1y.

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Health and Happiness are priceless. Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS,

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 76 N. 4th st., Phila. jan. 4, '78-1y nr

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.

G. A. HERRING

RESPECTFULLY announces to the public that he has reopened

SNYDER'S TANNERY,
(old stand) Bloomsburg, Pa., at the Forks of the East and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the times. The highest price in cash will at all times be paid for

GREEN HIDES

of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
BLOOMSBURG, Oct. 1, 1875.

Select Story.

PRUDENCE GRAY.

From Cassell's Magazine.

That's my name. For my father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the Prudence, and if I was called the same he was sure there would never be a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and my earliest remembrances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great cinnamon-red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river toward the big city, where the ships lay close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was a very small billy-boy, if you know what that is—if you don't I must tell you that it's a barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, and built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge I say, a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to compare it with those that passed us going up or down the river, and it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away—far away—across the ocean, instead of just coasting along to Sheerness and up the Medway as we used to go year after year, loaded deep down in the water with pottery or hops, or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that I was very happy and that I never hardly went ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left us very suddenly, and we had been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral and were sitting on the cabin hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not wake and find that she was alive once more, as blithe and cheery as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the same as I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that, and as a couple of years slipped by the work on the barge fell more into my hands, and I used to smile to myself as I saw how big and red and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled whenever he went ashore and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him to come and help with the sail.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river mouth, I could always lock the tiller by the rope that hung on to the belaying pin, and give it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the other tack.

I must have passed half of my life in those days leaning back against that tiller, with its end carved to look like a great acorn, and the name of the old barge, Prudence, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea' passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange squealing noise of the gulls as they wheeled and hovered and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, the men on the different boats we passed had always a kind hail or wave of the hand for us, as we glided by, if we were too far off for the friendly shout to reach us.

Sometimes I'd run the barge pretty close to the great ships and steamers, inward or outward bound, so as to look at the ladies I saw on board; not that I cared to do so very often, because it seemed to be so different from mine that I felt as if I was another kind of being, and it used to set me wondering and make me think; and at such times I've leaned against the tiller and dreamed in a waking fashion of how I would like to read and write and work, as I had seen ladies sitting and reading and working on the decks of the big ships, under the awning; and then I had to set my dreams aside and have a pull at the sheet or take a reef in the sail, because the wind freshened and my dreams all passed away.

I don't think poor father meant it unkindly, but he seemed to grow more and more broken and helpless every day; and this frightened me, and made me work to keep the barge clean and ship-shape, lest the owners should come on board and see things slovenly, and find fault with father and dismiss him, and that I knew would break his heart. So I worked on, and in a dull heavy way father used to thank me; and the time glided on, till one day, as we were lying off Southend, with the sea glassy and not wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back against the tiller and would not turn my head, because I could hear a boat being sculled along towards us, and I knew it was coming from the great ice-board barge lying astern.

"He's coming to see father." I said to myself at last in a choking voice; and as a hail came I was obliged to turn, and there stood up in a little boat he was sculling with an oar over the stern John Grove, in his dark trousers, blue jersey and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sunburnt face and brown arms and hands I felt my heart beating fast, and knew he was not coming to see father, but to see me.

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had known John Grove for years now, and we had nodded and waved hands to one another often and often as we had passed up and down the river.

"Heave us a rope, my lass," he said, as he came close in; and I did dreamily, and as soon as I did so I began to pull it back, but it was too late; he had hitched it round the thwart of his boat, and was up and over the side before I could stir; and then he stood looking down upon me, while I felt sometimes hot and sometimes cold, and as if I could not speak.

"Do you want to see father?" I said at last.

"No, my lass," he said quietly, "I want to see you."

"Me!" I faltered, with my face burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said; and his handsome brown face lit up, and he looked up so manly as he laid his hand on my arm.

"Prudence, my gal," he said, "we're both young yet, for I'm not six-and-twenty, but I thought it was time I spoke to you."

"Spoke to me?" I said, with my face burning still.

"Yes, my lass, spoke to you, for we've been courting now a matter of four years."

"Oh, John," I cried, bursting out laughing and feeling more at my ease, "why, we've never hardly spoken to one another."

"That's nice," he said, drawing a long breath. "Over again."

"Over again? What?" I said.

"Call me John," he replied.

"Well then, John," I cried hastily.

"That's right, Prudence; but as I was going to say, not spoken to one another! Well, how could we, always taking our turns at the tiller as we were? But all the same, my lass, I've been always courting of you; night and day, these four years, and looking out and longing for the time when the Prudence would come in sight and I could give you a hail and get a wave of the hand back."

I could feel the color coming into my cheeks again as I heard him speak, and knew how anxiously I had looked out for his barge coming up or down the river; and then I began wondering what it all meant, and soon knew.

"Prudence, my lass," he said, "I've saved up £10, all my own, and our owner has just given me the command of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin in as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass, I thought I'd ask you if so be as now we've bee courting four years, you would't come to me and be my wife."

"No," I said, "no," and shook my head. "I belong to father, and I could never leave him—never."

"But you'll have to some day Prudence," he said, looking dreadfully down-hearted and miserable.

"No," I said, "I shall never leave him; he wants me more and more, every day, and I must stay."

"Prudence," he said sharply, "you ain't playing with me, are you?"

"Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take up with any one else, and aboard any other barge—no, no," he cried. "I won't be so mean as to ask you that. But, Prudence, dear some day you may have to leave him, and when you do, will you please recollect as John Grove loves you better than aught else in the wide world, and is waiting for you to come?"

"Yes, John," I said simply.

"You mean it, Prudence," he cried in delight, as he caught my hand.

"Yes, John; I don't know anybody else, and there's no one as cares for me."

"Hundreds on the river," he said sharply.

"Then I don't care for them, John, I said simply, and if you like me, and I ever do—do—leave—oh, dear! what am I saying!"

I sat down on a fender, and covered my face with my coarse, red hands, and began to cry; but he took my hands down, and looked long and lovingly in my face with his great, honest brown eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but seemed to choke. At last he grasped out:

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm going away now to wait, for you'll come to see me some day, I know."

I didn't answer him.

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the Betsy Ann, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master's awaiting too."

He went and cast off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in a calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, sometimes feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at night, when I was forward seeing to the light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stumbling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

'Prue,' he cried, 'Prue!'

'Yes, father, coming,' I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek, and rushed toward where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from, but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down worn out to utter a moan of horror and sob, 'Oh, father! father! what shall I do?'

'Is that you Prudence?' said a voice.

'Yes' John, yes,' I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was alongside, when John stretched out his hand and took mine.

'Quick! I gasped, 'save him, John—father—gone overboard!'

'When you shrieked out, Prue?'

'Yes, yes,' I wailed; oh, save him! save him!'

'My poor lass,' he said, 'that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong; I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge and you were gone.'

'But father,' I wailed, 'father—save him!'

'My poor lass,' he said tenderly, 'I'd jump into the water now if you bid me, but what can I do, you know, Prudence what can I do?'

I did not answer, for I did know that he must have been swept far away before then; and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone—in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had brought me there, without seeing him to speak to only to wave my hand to him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me and said but little, and at last his time was up and he rose to go.

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to alter the name of his barge, and it was called the Prudence too; and then, without a word about the past, he was saying good-bye, when I put my hand in his and said quietly:

'John dear, I haven't forgot my promise.'

'And you are alone now, Prudence, my lass,' he cried eagerly.

'No, John, no, I said softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks;' 'I never shall be while you live.'

'Never, my lass, never,' he cried. And you'll be my little wife?'

'Yes, John, yes; I promise you.'

'When I come back from this voyage?'

'Yes, John, when you will,' I said, and with one long hand pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I was once more on the river, or out at sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing straight before me, with the gulls wailing as they wheeled and dipped and skimmed or settled upon the water; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was tightly tied over my wind ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's young wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with the captains in their gold-laced caps, and as he does so he whispers—

'Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't even change places with a king.'

And if he is as happy as I, dear John is right.

Innocently Shot.

A CONFESSION WHICH CAME TO LATE.

It was shortly before day break, on the 18th of February, 1829, that the governor of the military castle of Vincennes, Lieutenant Colonel du Guernoy, entered the small, dimly-lighted casemate, in which Armand Vaterigny, a sergeant of the Fourteenth Regiment of the line, belonging to the garrison of Paris, was confined.

The prisoner, a handsome young man, was heavily ironed.

Upon hearing the door of his dungeon unlocked, he rose from his mattress, causing his chains to clink noisily.

"Vaterigny," said the governor to him, gloomily, "your last hour has come!"

"My God! My God!" moaned the prisoner, turning livid.

"Your fate is a just one, Vaterigny. But His Majesty the King has ordered that you be shot, and not be guillotined."

The young sergeant tried to speak, but he was utterly unable to pronounce a few coherent words. He was evidently a prey to the most intense terror.

At last, sinking back on his mattress, he whispered, almost inaudibly:

"I cannot, cannot die. Is there no mercy for me?"

"Only on one condition, Vaterigny, will your life be spared. Confess your crime, name your accomplices, and you will get off with the galleys for life."

Suddenly the roll of a drum was heard. The sergeant gave a start.

"It is the platoon of riflemen that is forming for your execution," said the Governor. Will you confess?"

"No, no!" cried Vaterigny, in a tone of despair. "I did not murder Marion Krantz—I am innocent! I have no accomplice. Oh, God, have mercy upon me!"

The wretched man threw himself upon the stone floor, writhing in an agony of grief and terror.

The Governor averted his eyes from him and clapped his hands. Two soldiers entered.

They dragged the prisoner from the casement and hustled him to the court yard of the castle, where he was tied to a stake and fired at by nine soldiers. He uttered a roar of pain upon receiving the first volley, and died only after receiving another.

Then the corpse was thrown into a ditch filled with quicklime.

The charge upon which the unfortunate man had been sentenced to death was a very singular one.

He was the lover of Marion Krantz, a fine-looking young washerwoman, who had amassed a few thousand francs in her laborious occupation. Her lover was somewhat too fond of strong drink, and frequently asked her for money. On one occasion she had refused to give him any, and being intoxicated, he had abused her violently, and the other people in the same house had heard him exclaimed again and again:

"I shall kill you for this."

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