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Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Howell. Associate Judge—J. B. Herring.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—G. A. Herring. Clerk—Paul W. Wirt.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Rev. J. P. Tustin, Pastor. Sunday School—9 a. m. and 6 p. m.

LAWYERS.

L. E. WALLER, Attorney-at-Law. Increase of Pensions obtained, Collections made.

N. U. FUNK, Attorney-at-Law. Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.

BROCKWAY & ELWELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

F. J. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

R. F. J. M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

F. P. BILLMEYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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W. M. L. EYERLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

W. H. ABBOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

W. H. HERRING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Select Story.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Hearts and Home.]

It was over. But all that lay folded down and covered up in the heart of Mrs. Fleetwood, none knew or could know but herself alone.

'You are a happy mother,' one had said to her at the close of the ceremony, when the sweet young face of the bride was unveiled.

'Happy in her union with one so worthy to possess her hand.' How almost strangely the words had sounded in her ears. Happy!

It was over. The windows had been thrown open, the lights turned out and the refreshments served. Then came a hurried change of attire: orange blossoms, and filmy veil, and spotless robes were laid aside for the plain traveling dress. How swiftly it all passed! Swiftly as the changes in a troubled dream. One strong clasp to the mother's bosom; one clinging embrace of the daughter's arm; a moment's resting of the bride's cheek on the breast where it might never lie as of old again, and then—

'It's the way with them all,' said one of the guests, speaking with light indifference, as he remarked on the mother's pale face and wet eyes, out of which she had striven, and so hard, to keep the grief and the tears.

'It's the way with them all. Crying is a part of the programme.'

'I couldn't have worn a face like that if the bride had been my daughter,' said another of the guests. 'Men like George Cleveland are not picked up every day. But we mothers are selfish, and it's a great trial to have somebody else come in between us and our children, whom we have loved and cared for from babyhood—and who are none of our bone and flesh of our flesh—and to be set aside as having no longer any property in them, or right to claim the smallest service. To be second where we have always been first. To have the love, which had, once been all our own, divided, and the larger share given to another. Ah me! I don't know enough when you come to look it right in the face. But, then, it's the old lesson. The one our mothers and our grandmothers learned in the years gone by, and the one we shall have to learn when our time comes.'

'He is a handsome young fellow,' remarked a third, speaking to his companion as he walked away. 'But I can't say that I like, altogether, the expression of his mouth. It's a little too closely set, and has nothing of that womanly softness which is the sign of a kindly nature, and which you so often see in men of nobleness and great strength of character. Everybody speaks well of him as a young man of good principles, and as one who is bound to make his way in the world. But if I read his face aright, he lacks a generous and tender spirit. He will love his own, but he will be apt to love it very selfishly. Poor Mrs. Fleetwood! Her face, as I saw it after she had kissed Marie for the last time, and her child had turned away from her to go with her husband, haunted me as faces I have sometimes seen in pictures.'

Yes, it was over. The day and the hour to which Mrs. Fleetwood had looked forward for so many months with a falling heart had come, and had wrought its change in the whole order of her own and her daughter's life. It had been happiness to give the best that was in her—love, care, devotion—everything for the sake of her beloved child. And now, she was left with nothing of that beautiful unfolding and generous human flower, its exquisite grace and perfection of its love had been all for her. But now, when beauty, grace and sweetness had gained their full perfection, another hand had plucked her flower and carried it away.

'Poor mother! She couldn't help herself. And she had tried and was still trying to get comfort out of the thought that Marie was going to be very happy; happy, as she had been in the days of her own early wedded life, the joy of which still lived in her heart as one of its most precious memories.'

Her hands are not skilled enough to fold back the drape and uncover her heart; we can only let you see it beating against the close investiture under which she is trying, but in vain, to conceal its throbbing pulse.

'Dearest Mother,' so the brief epistle read. 'It was two days after Marie had gone away. "Dearest mother! I snatch a moment to write you. I'm well and happy, so happy! George is hurrying me to go out with him, and I can only give you a line or so. Good-bye! and a thousand kisses from your loving daughter.'

MARIE.

Trembling hands and tear-filled eyes made the letter hard to read. Was the mother happier after its receipt? Did it comfort her? Was anything supplied to the aching void in her heart? We fear not. There was no sweetness of honey in the hastily scrawled letter; and the bitterness of absence as well. 'George is hurrying me to go out with him, and I can only give you a line or so.' Ah, more was hidden in that brief sentence than Marie had thought, or she would never have let it drift from her pen; for it was forgotten by herself almost as soon as written. It came to the mother as the first sad confirmation of her fears. The young husband meant that his possession should be complete. That brief wedding ceremony had severed the old bond, and made obsolete the old relations. The daughter must now be lost in the wife. So she read the sentence, and it lay upon her heart like a great stone.

Two weeks, and the wedding journey was over. The brief letters which had come from Marie were full of loving words hastily written; but in each expression of endearment the mother's eyes saw something which gave a dash of bitterness to the cup she was holding to her lips; something which told her that the new way into which Marie's feet had turned was already losing its parallel with her.

She might have known how it would be. And, in truth, did know, for Mrs. Fleetwood was neither weak nor blind. But mother-love was the intense passion which had ruled her life, and absorbed all her interest. That sometimes in the future a stronger than filial love would take possession of her daughter's heart, and that sometimes in the

future Marie would turn from her and give the best that was in her to another, were possibilities dimly seen and invested with a dreamy kind of romance. For her beautiful child, fancy, when it turned that way, had pictured an ideal man as true and noble as she was pure and lovely; a man, who, grateful for the gift of so precious a thing, would cherish for the tenderest regard and give her the added blessing of a considerate and devoted son. There has been times when another picture, truer to her weak and selfish human nature, had suddenly spread itself before her eyes; and the sight of it had made her heart sick, and cast a shadow around her from which she could never wholly emerge.

That George Cleveland was not her ideal man, it did not take Mrs. Fleetwood long to discover. It had had entertained any serious doubts on the subject before she gave her reluctant consent to the marriage, no long time passed after an engagement ring had been placed on Marie's finger, before they were dispelled. Another might have seen any change in the young man's bearing toward her; but to her more subtle and jealous observation, the signs of indifference too surely became visible. The little coyness and attentions which the young man had been so quick to offer, began to have less warmth and freedom in them; and were sometimes omitted altogether. He was not so ready to defer to her tastes and opinions; and did not listen when she talked with the old apparent interest. So it went on, month after month, each day giving its new revelation of the truth, and making it plainer and plainer to Mrs. Fleetwood that, while loving the daughter, he was indifferent to the mother, and that there never would exist between them any true relation of confidence or affection.

But Marie had come back to the old home again? Not so! The old home was large enough; but many unlit chambers; but the young husband wanted his beloved all to himself. So he made for her a home in which they might dwell together, and be happy in themselves.

To share any of his blessings with another and so increase his capacity for still higher enjoyment, was something out of the range of Cleveland's philosophy. What he had held his own, so to speak, was his own, to hold and to enjoy for himself alone. Marie was his wife, and in becoming his wife, her old duties and relations as a daughter had come to an end. In marrying the daughter there had been an intention on his part to assume any obligations in regard to the mother. The question did not even come up in his mind for debate. Indeed, it was not his habit to discuss questions involving duty. Others must take care of themselves as he was taking care of himself. He had gained for his wife one of the purest, truest and sweetest of women, and he was happy in the possession of so rich a blessing. But he had never thought of putting himself in the mother's place and trying to imagine what would be her part to assume and obligations to perform of spirit, when the light of her helplessness and infancy and childhood. From her mother, who watched over her with a loving solicitude and a tireless devotion all along her path of life, guarding her from evil, drawing towards her all the ministries of good with their own hearts, and molding and fashioning her with a willow hand, of a love which no man's heart can measure or comprehend, to a being of such loveliness that your heart bowed down before her as if she had been an angel. From this mother she went to you! Was anything but in the transition? Were no chords torn? No hearts stricken? No life made desolate? Think of her going from you?

George Cleveland sat as one who had been stunned by a sudden shock.

'And think,' continued the lady, 'of a man accepting this transfer with just a cold "Thank you" and then turning away from the giver (without a touch of gratitude, or the feeblest sense of obligation in his heart).'

'When did you see mother, Marie?' asked Cleveland, as he looked across the table at his wife that evening. There was a new quality in his voice. A something that caused her to look at him intently.

'She was here yesterday,' Marie answered.

'How is she?' The interest expressed in her husband's voice sent a quicker throbb to Marie's heart.

'About as usual.'

'Some one said she was not looking very well.'

'The young man saw a change in Marie's countenance. It was half surprise, and half alarm. Swift as the movement of a thought had the answer come to his mind. The daughter passed to the mother's place. The face into which she had looked with her natural eyes on the day before. How much more she saw in it now than then! No, she was not feeling well. A feeling of anxiety crept into her heart, and began to shadow her face.

'Her life must be very lonely now that I'm away from her,' said Marie, a slight quaver in her voice, 'I wonder sometimes that she is as cheerful as she is.'

'Yes, it must be a great change for her, but, perhaps, she has realized that, through her husband, speaking in repressed tones, as one trying to hide some feeling.

'Little more was said during the meal. Both were absorbed in their own thoughts; thoughts which neither was ready to unveil to the other.

'Suppose we call round and see your mother this evening,' said the young husband, as they arose from the table. 'We haven't been for I can't say how long.'

'Oh, shall we?' 'I've been wanting to see her all day. But when I think of the time that her life must be. She was yesterday, or that usual when she was here yesterday, and didn't take as much interest in things as she has been in the habit of doing. And now I remember, that it struck me once or twice that she had an expression in her face which I had never seen there before, and which I did not understand.'

No, Marie had not understood the meaning of what she saw in her mother's face at her last meeting. The influence of her mother's life. Feeding herself upon the manna of love, with its rich juices conveyed through her veins, how could she know that her mother was suffering from starvation because the food had been withdrawn and denied—the food of her heart?

'Mother! The heavy eyelids unrolled and lifted themselves slowly. Had she been asleep in the great arm-chair? Or only lost in a waking dream of her old delight.

'Oh mother! My dear, dear mother! What joyful passion of love expressed itself in Marie's voice as she drew her arm through her mother's neck and held her face closely to her bosom.

'Yes, so far as I know. Alone, except for her servants.'

'So far as you know! Am I talking to George Cleveland?'

'That's my name. I am not aware of having changed my identity.'

The young man showed a slight degree of annoyance.

'I could hardly have believed that, for I had thought so much better of my young friend.'

'Really, Mrs. Ray, this is all a riddle. One would think from the way you are talking, that I'd been actually abusing my mother-in-law.'

'There are many ways of abusing others, besides that of cruel speech or personal violence. Abuse of the heart goes deeper and is far more cruel in the suffering it inflicts. The eyes of the young man opened widely and with a half-started expression.

'Abuse of the heart.' He shook his head slowly. 'I do not get at your meaning.'

'It pains me deeply, George, to hear you speak so lightly and so indifferently of Mrs. Fleetwood, Marie's mother; said the lady, the gravity of her manner increasing. 'I had expected from the tender consideration for one to whom you are so largely indebted. For one who has brought you the most precious gift of your life—robbed her own heart, and making it desolate that you might risk with blessings. Dying, so to speak, that you might live.'

A look of almost blank surprise came into Cleveland's face, but he said:

'That's sentiment.'

'If I give a shock to your heart and partially paralyze it, so that it beats with pain and sends only a feeble current of life through your body, will you call that more sentiment, George Cleveland? And is the sentiment within the heart, and from which it has organized and life, and power, a less vital thing and less susceptible of hurt or paralysis? Your thought and consciousness are on a higher plane than I had imagined.'

'Perhaps they are, and perhaps you can enlighten me; was the answer made with some constraint and with a slight restlessness of tone.

The lady sat silent for a few moments; then, said, speaking in a changed and more pleasant voice:

'Marie seems to grow lovelier day by day; every time I meet her I see some new grace of mind or charm of manner. I call you one of the most fortunate of men.'

'And so I am,' was the warm response. I look at her, sometimes half in wonder and half in gladness, and then think, with a new joy, she is mine, all mine, mine forever.'

'No time coming when will you turn from you and go to another.' 'Go to another.' There came a flash out of the cloud which had swept into the young man's face.

'As she went from her mother to you?'

'For a little while a silence fell between them. Swift changes were passing in Cleveland's face.

'From the mother,' resumed Mrs. Ray, 'who bore her in pain, and cared for and nurtured her through all the years of her helpless infancy and childhood. From her mother, who watched over her with a loving solicitude and a tireless devotion all along her path of life, guarding her from evil, drawing towards her all the ministries of good with their own hearts, and molding and fashioning her with a willow hand, of a love which no man's heart can measure or comprehend, to a being of such loveliness that your heart bowed down before her as if she had been an angel. From this mother she went to you! Was anything but in the transition? Were no chords torn? No hearts stricken? No life made desolate? Think of her going from you?'

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When strong feelings had died away, and the mother sat quiet in her chair, and Marie's eyes looked steadily into her face, its paleness smote her with sudden fear. And how wasted it seemed; how transparent the skin; how strange and hungry the eyes that never turned from their intent gaze into hers for a moment.

'Mother! It was George Cleveland who had uttered the word. It never called her mother before. No son could have spoken it so tenderly. He bent down and laid a kiss upon her forehead. How swiftly her eye turned from Marie's face to his. What the young man saw in them was a parable, only the closer and lower meanings of which were then understood. They held his gaze intently for a while, looking through his eyes into his very soul; then the lids shut softly down, and some in the colorless and restful quiet gathered in the colorless face and about the tranquil mouth. As she sat thus, George Cleveland went noiselessly from the room. Ten minutes later there came the sound of wheels at the door.

'Mother! The young man was standing over Mrs. Fleetwood again. "Mother," you are going home. The carriage is at the door. There was no hidden meaning in the parable of his voice.

Mrs. Fleetwood half raised herself from the chair, her face startled and quivering; looking from Marie to her husband in a wild, surprised manner, and then fell back, shrinking among the soft cushions and lying so still that life seemed as though it was ebbing away.

There was no strength left for anything. Thought and will were suspended for a time, and she could only feel and submit. In the strong arms that took her up and bore her away to the carriage, she felt a tender pressure; in the voice whose tones had been so cold to her—sometimes striking her with the pain of any blow—the recognized something that spoke peace to her broken heart.

'Mother,' said the young man, as he sat alone with Mrs. Fleetwood a few days after—when the light and warmth were beginning to come back from her heart to her face. 'Mother, I have never thanked you for the greatest blessing of my life; for the gain which has been your loss. Let me do so now. If, in my selfishness, I have forgotten to be grateful, it shall never be again. I owe more to you than to any one living. God bless you and reward you. There is no room enough in Marie's heart for both of us.'

THE GAMBETTA BUEL.

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