THE COLUMBIAN.
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)
Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
At TWO DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. 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.
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.
POST-PAGE 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, MARCH 7. 1879.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 2

RATES OF ADVERTISING

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
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Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

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

SAMUEL KNORR. Attorney-at-Law, Office in Hartman's Building, Main street.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office Market street. Above 5th East side.

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

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

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

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Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted without pain.
aug 24, '77-1y.

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May 26—1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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W. Y. KESTER,
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Room No. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
april19.'78.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO
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The assets of these old corporations are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of Fire only.
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, Pen'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

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,00
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$80,675,000

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg.
March 26, '77—y

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa
Franklin, of " "
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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, '77-1y.

LAWYERS.

L. E. WALLER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Increase of Pensions obtained, Collections made.
Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 11, 1878

N. U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law,
Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ent's BUILDING.

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

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

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

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

H. LITTLE. ROBT. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

HERVEY E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in A. J. EVAN'S NEW BUILDING,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Member of Commercial Law and Bank Collection Association. Oct. 14, '77-tf

B. FRANK ZARR,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in UMANSET'S BUILDING, on Main street second door above Centre.
Can be consulted in German.
Jan. 10, 79-tf

CATAWISSA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

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

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 Espy 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, 1878.

54 Ninth Street Pittsburg, Dec. 10, 1874.
Messrs. DREHER, REAY & Co
Gentlemen:—Your paints have given entire satisfaction. I have used them on a good many different kinds of work, such as Iron, Tin, Wood, Brick, &c., and never heard any complaints, on the contrary, the work stands well and for wear, will in my opinion, stand with any lead in the market. When in want of reference in this city or vicinity you are at liberty to use my name with pleasure, also to use this as you think best.
Respectfully Yours,
JOHN T. GRAY.
Painter and Dealer in Paints, Oils, &c.

STRICTLY PURE WHITE LEAD, AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

MONTOUR SLATE PAIN TS, 8 CENTS.

MONTOUR METALLIC WHITE. 8 CENTS.

MONTOUR METALLIC BROWN, 6 CENTS. OFF COLORS AT THIS PRICE.

PURE LINSEED OIL
at lowest market rates.

Sample cards and price list furnished without charge.

Orders and inquiries by mail will receive prompt attention.

HENRY S. REAY,
MANUFACTURER,
RUPERT, PA.

MOYER BROS.
WHOLESALE AGENTS,
BLOOMSBURG, PA
May 3, '76.-1y.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY!
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK. Is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for seminal weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases, such as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases.

TRADE MARK.
Before Taking. After Taking.

Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.
The specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
No. 10, Mechanic's Block, Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Bloomsburg by C. A. Kleim, and by all Druggists everywhere.
Harris & Ewing, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg.
sept. 6, '78-tf

Poetical.

PAPA'S LETTER.

From Burlington Hawkeye.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma, musn't be 'isturbed.

"But I's tired of the kitty;
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Writing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me write letters—
Then if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait,
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee;
"Mamma's writing lots of letters—
I'n a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door:
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman:
Is there room for any more?"

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou find 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered:
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office;
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

"Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there;
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where the foot had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter was with God.

Select Story.

IN THE GLOAMING.

'You are the best judge of your own heart, but I do not think your future promises much happiness as the wife of Godfrey Hill. Remember who and what he is."

These were the words over which Alice Hill pondered as she walked slowly through the grove at Bellows Falls. It was her favorite walk, when she wished for solitude, though it lay at some distance from her home, the stately house that crowned an incline stretch of ground overlooking the village.

Remember who and what he is!

Mrs. Hill had said these words very slowly, and with due emphasis only a few hours before, when Alice had road to her a letter, in which Godfrey Hill had asked her to be his wife.

Who was he, then? He was the second cousin of Alice, a man of about twenty-seven, who had been brought up by his grandfather in the house upon Bellows Height, and had supposed his inheritance of house and fortune assured.

Alice and her widowed mother had never entered the stately house while old Mr. Hill lived, but had supported themselves by keeping a school for young children, after Godfrey's cousin, Alice's father, had died.

It had never crossed their wildest imagination that the old gentleman at Bellows Falls would remember them by even a trifling legacy, and they were inclined to think they were the victim of a practical joke, when they received the lawyer's letter informing them that Alice was the heiress of the entire estate of John Hill, of Bellows Falls.

It was like a dream, to come to the splendid home, to know there was to be no more weary struggles for daily bread, to wander through magnificent rooms and extensive grounds with the deliciously novel sensation of ownership.

And it must be confessed that Alice at first thought but little of the dispossessed heir.

But he introduced himself soon as a cousin, and visited the house as a welcome guest.

For, in answer to the second clause of Mrs. Hill's question, what was he? Alice could have answered truly that he was the most fascinating man she had ever seen.

And Alice Hill, though a bread winner in the busy world, had moved in good society, having aristocratic family connections both on her father's and mother's side.

She was no novice to be won by a merely courtly manner, but she had never met a man whose intellect was so broad, whose courtesy was so winning, whose face was so handsome as were those of Godfrey Hill.

And yet there was a letter in her writing-desk, written by the dead man whose heiress she was, warning her that 'because he is unworthy, because he has betrayed the trust I put in him, I have disinherited Godfrey Hill.'

There was no specific charge, no direct accusation, but the young heiress was warned against her cousin.

Yet, in the many long conversations the two had held together, Godfrey Hill had endeavored to convince his fair cousin that his grandfather had been influenced by false friends to believe statements to his discredit utterly untrue.

He had almost convinced her that he was an innocent victim to unfortunate circumstances, a victim to a mistaken sense of honor.

She was young, naturally trustful, and her heart was free; so it is not wonderful that Alice Hill was inclined to restore the disinherited man to his estate by accepting the offer of his heart and hand. Absorbed in her reflections, Alice did not notice that clouds were gathering, till a sudden summer shower broke with violence above the tree tops.

The rain came through the branches suddenly, drenching through her thin black dress, and she ran quickly to the nearest house for shelter.

The nearest refuge proved to be the cottage where Mrs. Mason, who did the washing for the great house, lived with her daughter, Lizzie, one of the village beauties.

There was great bustling about when Alice presented herself at the door.

'Mercy sakes! You're half drowned,' the old woman cried, hurrying her unexpected guest to the kitchen fire. 'You're wet to the skin, dearie. Now ain't it a blessing there's a whole washing in the basket to go home? You can go into Lizzie's room and change your clothes, and I'll do up them you've got on. Dear, dear! Your hat is just ruined—crape won't bear wetting—and you've no shawl. You must just put on a dress of Lizzie's, to go home in. It's nearly dark, anyway.'

'Where is Lizzie?' Alice asked.

'Sewing at Mrs. Gorham's dearie. She'll be coming home, soon. I allers make that a part of the bargain that she's to be let home afore dark, and it gets dark now by six—fall days are shorter than summer ones. So she'll be here soon. Its clearing up.'

It was clearing up, and it was also growing dark, so promising to send home the borrowed dress in the morning, Alice started for home.

She smiled at herself as she stood before the cottage mirror, for she had not worn a gay color since her father's death five years before.

Lizzie's blue dress, scarlet shawl and gay Sunday hat were oddly out of place upon the slender figure, and setting off the pale, refined face of Alice Hill.

'Dear me,' said the old woman. 'I hope you'll soon chirk up a bit, Miss Alice, and take off your black. The old gentleman has been dead a year, now. Them roses do suit you beautiful.'

Alice glanced at the staring red flowers reflected in the mirror, and smiled as she said:

'I will take great care of Lizzie's hat, Mrs. Mason. Good-bye, and thank you.'

It was nearly dusk, and there was a quarter of a mile to walk before home was reached, so Alice hurried through the grove, where the trees had already shut out the lingering day-light.

She had tied a small veil of gay tissue over the gaudy hat, as she left the cottage, and she hoped, if she met any acquaintances, she would escape recognition.

When she was half way through the grove she heard quick footsteps coming from the village, and a moment later a voice said, "You are punctual,' and she was caught for a moment in Godfrey Hill's arms.

She knew his voice, and struggled to free herself, before realizing that he had mistaken her for the village beauty.

'Poob!' he said, releasing her. 'Don't put on airs, Liz. Were you going to the house?'

'Yes,' she answered, faintly, indignant and yet curious, her woman's wits quickly seeing his error.

'I must go, too before long, though I had far rather stay here in the woods with you sweetheart.'

'Your sweetheart is at the house,' Alice said, trying to assume the jealous tone of an uneducated girl.

'What! That chalky-faced girl in black? Not a bit of it. Didn't I love you long before she came to take what is mine?'

And a curse followed, coupled with her own name, that thrilled Alice Hill with horror.

'But they say you will marry her,' she persisted, calming her voice as well as she could.

'They say right! I will marry her, and have my own! Then, when she is dead, you shall have your old beau again, Lizzie, and come to the great house, my wife. It is only waiting a year or two.'

'But as she may not die!' gasped the horror-stricken girl.

'She will die! I'll have no fine lady taking what is mine—mine, I tell you! But what ails you? You are shaking as if you had an ague fit. I've talked it all over often enough before, and you never went off into such shakes! It is nothing new I'm telling you.'

'But—you—would—not—murder—her?' the poor girl gasped, drawing her veil closer.

'Come now, none of that,' was the rough answer; 'you're not going back on me, now, after all you've heard of my plans. You've sworn to keep my secrets, or I'd never have told you them. But what is the matter?'

And here Alice found herself shaken with no gentle hand, to her great indignation. But her fears overmastered her anger. Godfrey was heir at law to her newly-acquired fortune, and he suspected her identity, in those dark woods, she did not doubt, after what he had already said, that he would take her life.

'I am not well,' she said, freeing herself from the rough grasp on her arm, 'and I must hurry on. Wait for me, here, until I do my errand at the house and come back.'

'Be quick, then,' was the gruff reply.

And if he was in haste, the scoundrel might well be satisfied at the rapidity with which his companion left him.

She scarcely knew how she reached her home, tore off her borrowed finery and wrote to Godfrey Hill declining the honor he had proposed to her, but giving no other reason for her refusal than the statement that she did not love him sufficiently to be his wife.

'Mamma,' she said, coming into the drawing-room. 'I have written to Godfrey, refusing his offer, and sent the letter to him by James. I have remembered who and what he is.'

Mr. Godfrey Hill's amazement was unbounded, when returning to his home, in the village hotel, to dress for his promised call upon Alice Hill, he found her note awaiting him.

But he did not renounce his hope of shaking her resolution until the next day, when he met the true Lizzie Mason in the shaded grove, and, in the course of their lover-like conversation, that damsel told him who had worn her gay hat and red shawl on the previous evening.

'An' she sent a five dollar bill with the dress, because it got wet,' said the girl. 'An' that I call real handsome of her. Why, what ails you—you're white as chalk?'

'Nothing—nothing. You were not in the grove at all, then, yesterday?'

'No; I couldn't get off till long after dark and so I stayed all night, I knowed you'd be mad, waiting for me, but I couldn't help it, this time. Why?'

For her lover had started for the village without even the ceremony of a good-bye.

He lost no time, on his way, till he stood in the office of Jermyn & Jermyn, his grandfather's lawyers.

White as death, with his voice hoarse and thick, he said to the older partner:

'You told me my grandfather left me ten thousand dollars, upon certain conditions.'

'Quite correct. The conditions are that you leave Bellows Falls and never return to it, and that you sign a deed relinquishing all claims as heir at law, in case Miss Hill dies before she is of age. Mr. Hill did not draw up his paper until his will was signed and sealed, and he was reminded that he had made no stipulation for the reversion of his estate.'

'Reminded by you,' was the bitter rejoinder.

'Reminded by me! He was shown the danger that you might become a suitor to the young heiress.'

'Well, that danger is over. I have been a sincere suitor to the heiress, and she has refused the honor of an alliance.'

'Hum!'

'So, having lost that stake, I am prepared to accept the conditions, take the ten thousand dollars and turn my back on Bellows Falls for life.'

It was with a sense of great relief from a very urgent fear, that Alice Hill heard from her lawyer of the demand upon the estate, that made her pooger by ten thousand dollars, and removed Godfrey Hill from her path for life.

She told no one of the walk in the gloaming that had revealed to her the black treachery of the man who had woed her so gently and had so nearly won the treasure of her young heart.

It made her shy of suitors for a long time fearing her money was the magnet that drew them to her side; but there came a true lover, at last—one she trusted and loved—and who won her for his gender, faithful wife.

And Godfrey Hill left his old home never to return.

There was no thought of revenge in Alice Hill's heart, when she heard of the death of her cousin, nearly three years after his departure from Bellows Falls; but she could not restrain a fervent thought of thanksgiving, when she realized that there was no murderous thought hanging upon her possible death.

And her relief she told her husband, for the first time, of that involuntary masquerade that saved her from the power of a villain.

'I was at this hour, Will,' she whispered, 'and this is the first time since that day that I have been able to sit, without a shudder, in the gloaming.'

UNNATURAL SHOWERS.

Tradition tells many stories of showers which were not showers of rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and in Finland, about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky; and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about one inch in length, descended in a snow storm in Pakroff, Russia in 1827. On one occasion in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelting down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been numerous. At Sanstead, in Kent, in 1866, a pasture field was found one morning plentifully covered with fish, although there is neither sea, nor river, lake nor fish pond near. In several other places these showers of fish have occurred and can generally be explained by well understood causes. Strong wind blown from sea or river; a water spout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirlwind sending them hither and thither; all these are intelligible.

The rat shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their annual excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind took them up and deposited them in a field at some distance; doubtless much to the astonishment of such of the rats as came down alive. Naturalists have proved that the showers of blood are connected with some phenomena of insect life.

Jennie Smith has been telling the Green street Methodist congregation of Philadelphia, that she was cured of a chronic spinal disease by a miracle. She was bedridden for sixteen years. A few months ago, when she was in the Homœpathic Hospital, she asked Dr. John C. Morgan to pray with her, as she felt that she was going to sit up. He did so, and in a few minutes afterward she sat up in her chair. This was after all trials to bolster her up by means of pillows and hands had failed. From this time she began to have a strong belief that she would be able to walk again, and at length she appointed a certain time for a miraculous cure. Some of her friends were invited. To others she wrote asking them to offer up specific prayer on her behalf on that day. After waiting until nearly midnight, she asked two persons present to take her by the arms, as she felt that the time had come. They complied, and with barely any effort on their part, she rose to her feet and walked. Since that time she has had complete use of her legs. Dr. Morgan declares the truth of her story.

The man who is not afraid of war or yellow fever is generally afraid to take out a paper of tobacco in the presence of a crowd.

IRISH HUMOR.

The first Viscount of Guilamore, when Chief Baron O'Grady, was remarkable for his dry humor and biting wit. The latter was so fine that its sarcasm was often unperceived by the object against whom the shaft was directed.

A legal friend, extremely studious, but in conversation notoriously dull, was showing off to him his newly built house. The book worm prided himself especially on a sanctum he had contrived for his own use, so secluded from the rest of the building that he could pour over his books in private quite secure from disturbance.

'Capital!' exclaimed the Chief Baron. 'You surely could study here from morning till night, and no human being be one whit the wiser.'

A young and somewhat dull tyro at the bar pleading before him commenced; 'My lord, my unfortunate client—' then stopped, hemmed, hawed, hesitating. Again he began: 'My lord, my most unfortunate cli—' another stop, more hemming and confusion.

'Pray, go on sir,' said the Chief Baron. 'So far the court is with you.'

In those days, before competitive examinations were known; men with more interest than brains got appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of these was the Hon. Q——. He was telling Lord Guillamore of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his Court.

'I say to the fellers who are bothering me with foolish argument, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath, for that all their talk just goes in at one ear and out at the other.'

'No great wonder in that,' said O'Grady, 'seeing that there's so little between to stop it.'

It was this worthy who, being at a public dinner shortly after he got his place, had his health proposed by a swaggish guest.

'I will give you a toast,' he said: 'The Hon. Q——, and long may he continue indifferently to administer justice.'

At the dinner table, over the wine, Lord Guillamore was a force, and this is one of the stories he used to tell with great applause. It was a dialogue which he asserted he had heard in the old coaching days between the guard of the mail and a mincing old lady, when traveling from Cork to Dublin:

The coach had stopped to change horses, and the guard, a big, red faced jolly man, beaming with good humor and civility, came bustling up to the window to see if the 'insides' wanted anything.

'Guard,' whispered the old lady.

'Well, madam, what can I do for you?

'Could you'—in a faint voice—could you get me a glass of water?

'To be sure, ma'am; with all the pleasure in life.'

'And, guard,'—still fainter—'I'd—hem—I'd—a like it hot.

'Hot water! Oh alright, ma'am. Why not, if it's plazing to you?'

'With a lump of sugar, guard, if you please.'

'By all manner of means, ma'am,'

'And—and—guard, dear'—as the man was turning to go away—'a small squeeze of lemon, and a little, just a thimbleful—of spirits through it?'

'Och, isn't that punch?' shouted the guard. 'Where's the use of beating about the bush?' shouted the guard. Couldn't you have asked out for a tumbler of punch at once, ma'am like a man?'

A story somewhat like the following has been told before, but in its new shape it will bear repetition. It was told by Mr. F——, Clerk of the Crown for Limerick, who was over six feet high and stout in proportion:

One day, when driving in the outskirts of Dublin, they came to a long and steep hill. Cabby came down, and walked aside the cab, looking significant glances in at the window. His Honor knew what he meant, but the day was hot and he was lazy and fat, and had no notion of taking the hint and getting out to ease the horse while larding the lean earth himself. At last Paddy changed his tactics. Making a rush at the cab he suddenly opened the door and then slammed it to with a tremendous bang. 'What's that for?' roared Mr. F, startled at the man's violence and the loud report.

'Whist, yer Honor! Don't say a word!' whispered Paddy, putting his finger to his lips.

'But what do you mean, sirrah?' cried the fare.

'Arrah, can't ye heush, sir? Spake low—now do. Shure, 'tis lettin' on I am to the little mare that yer Honor's got out to walk. Don't let her hear you and the crather'll have more heart to face the hill if she thinks your'e not inside, and that 'tis only the cab that's throubling her.'

Baron R., was one of the most decorous of Judges, but was cursed with a scapegrace of a brother who was a perpetual thorn in his side. When at school he was set a sum to do by his teacher. After an undue delay he presented himself before the desk and held up the slate upon the corner of which was a pile of coppers.

'What is the meaning of all this, sir,' said the master.

'Oh!' cried the youth, 'I'm very sorry sir, but really I can't help it. All the morning I've been working at the sum. Over and over again I've tried, but in spite of all I can do it won't come right. So I have made up the difference in half pence, and there it is on the slate.

The originality of the device disarmed the wrath of the pedagogue, and young R. was dismissed with his coppers to his place.

Here, however, is one of the best kind told of Mr. Plunket, taking an early walk was overtaken by two respectable looking men, carpenters by trade, each carrying the implements of his craft.

'Good morning, my friends,' said the old gentleman; 'you're early afoot. Going on a job, eh?'

'Good morrow, kindly sir; yes we are; and a quare one, too. The quarest and most out of the way you ever heard of, I'll be bound, though you have lived long in the world and heard and read of many a thing. Oh, you'll never guess it, your Honor, so I may as well tell you at once. We're going to cut the legs of a dead man.'

'What!' cried his hearer, aghast; 'you don't mean—'

'Yes indeed 'tis true for me; and here's how it came about: Poor Mary Neil's husband—a carpenter like ourselves and an old comrade—has been sick all winter, and departed this life last Tuesday. What with the grief and being left on the wide world with her five orphans, and no one to earn a bit of soup for them, the crayther is fairly out of her mind—stupid from the crying and the fret, for what does she do poor woman, but send the wrong measure for the coffin, and when it came home it was ever so much too short. Barney Neil was a tall man, nigh six feet we reckoned him. He couldn't be got into it do what they would, and the poor crather hadn't what would buy another. Where would she get it after the long sickness himself had, and with five childher to feed and clothe? So, your honor, all that's in it is to cut the legs off him. Me and my comrade here is going to do it for the desolate woman. We'll just take 'em off at the knee joints and lay'em alongside him in the coffin. I think, sir, now that I've told you our job, you'll say it's the quarest you ever heard of.

'Oh!' cried the gentleman, 'such a thing must not be done. It's impossible. How much would a new coffin cost?'

The carpenter named the sum which was immediately produced and bestowed on him with injunctions to invest forthwith in the necessary purchase.

The business, however, took an unexpected turn. Mr. Plunket, on his return home, related his matutinal adventure to his family at breakfast, the future Chancellor, then a young barrister, being at the table. Before the meal was ended the carpenters made their appearance, and with many apologies, tendered back the coin they had received. He who had been spokesman in the morning explained that on seeing the gentleman in advance of them on the road, he had, for a lark made a bet with his companion he would obtain the money, which having won his wager he now refunded.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

There is a thing that we call high breeding or courtesy; its name proclaims that it is the manners of the court and it is supposed to belong exclusively to persons highly born. There is another thing we call Christian courtesy; the difference between the two is that high breeding gracefully insists upon its own rights; Christian courtesy gracefully remembers the rights of others in the narrow limiten sense of the word 'gentleman can only be applicable to persons born in a certain class and 'gentle' is only the old English word 'genteel,' but in the larger higher meaning it belongs to those who are gentle in character not in blood and just as 'gentle' has been corrupted into 'genteel' so the words 'gentleman' 'courtesy' 'politeness' have come to be considered the exclusive property of one class.

The spirit of Christ does really what high breeding only does outwardly. A high bred man never forgets himself, controls his temper, does nothing in excess, is urbane, dignified, and that even to persons whom he is inwardly cursing in his heart, or wishing far away. But a Christian *is* what the world seems to be. Love gives him a delicate tact which never offends, because it is full of sympathy. It discerns afar off what would hurt fastidious feelings, feels with others, and is ever on the watch to anticipate their thoughts. And hence the only true refinement—that which lies not on the surface, but goes down into the character—comes from Christian love.

The plague now ravaging parts of Russia is not new to that country, and the epipemic of this year recalls to the people the horrors from which Russia suffered a century ago (1770). Those were days of trial for Russia; from the south were pressing the formidable masses of Cossacs and peasants under Pugatcheff, who shook the Czardom and terrified the serfholders; while inside the empire was an enemy even more formid