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.

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, JUNE 20, 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 26
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 17

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y.
one inch	$2.00	$3.50	$5.00	$8.00	$8.00
two inches	3.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	12.00
three inches	4.00	6.50	7.00	12.00	15.00
four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20.00
quarter column	8.00	9.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
half column	10.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00
one column	15.00	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.

Executors, Administrators 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, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Krickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert R. Little.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Treasurer—Samuel Northrod.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. B. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—J. B. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seesholtz.
Jury Commissioners—Gil Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Board Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—G. A. Herring.
Clerk—Paul E. Wirt.
Chief of Police—Jas. C. Sterner.
President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Grotz, Cashier, John Peacock, Teller.
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. B. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, P. E. Wirt, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Austin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. O. D. S. Marchey.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7¾ 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 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. W. Evans.
Minister—Rev. M. L. Smyser.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible class—Every Monday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron Streets.
Pastor—Rev. W. R. Krebs.
Residence—Corner 4th and Catharine streets.
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. Reese
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
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

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

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.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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. RERER, 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.7 '74— Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted without pain.
aug 24, '77-1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

AUGUSTUS FREUND, Practical homeopathic Horse and Cow Doctor, Bloomsburg, Pa. feb. 14, '79-tf

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Room No. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
april19,1878.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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. ENAFF, special Agent and Adjuster, Bloomsburg, Pa.
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
Lancanshire	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
	$80,631,000

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 " "
Pennsylvania of " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of "
Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, '77-1y.

AT THE
ORANGEVILLE ACADEMY
You can get a Thorough Education with the
LEAST OUTLAY OF MONEY.
For Catalogue, address the Principal,
April 18, 1879-tf REV. C. K. CANFIELD.

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.
Office in Ent's BUILDING. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,
ATTORNEYS-A-T-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe

C. B. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

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.

B. FRANK ZARR.
Attorney-at-Law
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in UNANGST'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

CLARK F. HARDER,
BUILDER AND MANUFACTURER OF
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets,
and dealer in LUMBER and all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL. HARDWARE, &c.,
THIRD STREET, CATAWISSA, PA.
May 16, '79-3m

BLATCHLEY'S PUMPS!

The Old Reliable
STANDARD PUMP
For Wells 10 to 75 feet Deep
New Price List Jan. 1, 1879.
ADDRESS
C. G. BLATCHLEY,
440 MARKET ST., PHILAD'A,
April 11, 1879-6m

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 Esty 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.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY!
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK. Is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for seminal weakness, Spermatorrhea, 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. Klein, and by all Druggists everywhere.
Harris & Ewing, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg.
sept. 6, '78-tf

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
PLATFORM WAGONS, &c.
First-class workmen always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.
Jan. 5, 1877-tf.

EVERY DIRECTOR, TEACHER AND STUDENT
Should subscribe for
THE EDUCATOR,
A Live Educational Monthly, published at
ORANGEVILLE, PA.,
for 50 cents per year. Send six cents for specimen copy.
April 18, 1879-tf C. K. CANFIELD, Editor.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE
For CATARRH
A purely vegetable distillation entirely unlike all other remedies.
IN the preparation of this remarkable remedy every herb, plant, and bark is subjected to distillation, whereby the essential medical principle is obtained in vapor, condensed and bottled. What remains in the still is inert, valueless, and totally unfit for use in an organism so delicate as the nasal passages. Yet all saults are inexhaustible compounds or woody curd; all tinctures, saturated solutions.
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE
Is a local and constitutional remedy, and is applied to the nasal passages by insufflation, thus allaying inflammation and pain at the same time correcting, cleansing, and purifying the ulcerous surfaces. Introduced, as it is, upon the organs of circulation, keeps the skin moist, and neutralizes the acid poison that has found its way into the stomach and thence into the blood. Thus a cure progresses in both directions, and it does not seem possible for human ingenuity to devise a more rational treatment.
SURPRISING CURE.
Gentlemen.—About twelve years ago, while travelling with Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Troupe as a tenor singer, I took a severe cold and was laid up at Newark, N. J. This cold brought on a severe attack of Catarrh, which I treated with every known remedy for four weeks without avail, and was finally obliged to give up a most desirable position and return home, unable to sing a note. For three years afterwards I was unable to sing at all. The first attack of Catarrh had left my nasal organs and throat in such a state that the slightest cold would bring on a fresh attack, leaving me prostrated. In this way I continued to suffer. The last attack, the severest I ever had, was terrible. It confined me almost to my room for six weeks. I suffered the most excruciating pain in my head, was so hoarse as to be scarcely able to speak, and coughed incessantly. I thought I was going into quick consumption, and I really believe that these symptoms continued without relief long, would have rendered me an easy victim. When I in this distressing condition, I commenced the use of Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh, and, to my surprise and joy, I soon felt that I had tried all the advertised remedies without benefit. The first dose of this wonderful medicine gave me the greatest relief. It is hard to decide for which most, head aches, eyes ache, which an scarcely articulate distinctly on account of the choking sensation in my throat, to realize how much relief I obtained from the first application of Sanford's Radical Cure. Under its influence, both internal and external, I rapidly recovered, and by an occasional use of the remedy since, have been entirely free from Catarrh, for the first time in twelve years.
Respectfully yours,
WALTHAM, MASS., Jan. 8, 1878. OLIV. W. HOLBROOK.
P. S.—I purchased the RADICAL CURE of GEO. H. ROGERS, Druggist, Hundred Drawing.
Each package contains Dr Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1.00. For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS'
VOLTAIC PLASTER
An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly Medicated Plaster containing the choicest medicinal Gums and Balsams known to modern Pharmacy.
These Plasters have now been before the public for two years, and, notwithstanding the immense number of remedies in the form of medicated plasters, and ordinary plasters, they have steadily increased in sale and had with universal approval, as evidenced by over a million and a half of testimonials in our possession. Many remarkable cures have been certified to by the Mayors of towns, Members of the United States Congress, clergymen, without charge for advertisement, &c. Improvements, in many ways, have been made in this, the 12th year of its existence, and we think we can now say it is perfect in every respect, and the best plaster in the world of medicine. It is a well known fact that by far the most in demand, and largest sales, are in the land as a family medicine. The proprietors, although the cost is doubled, still continue to use the best material, notwithstanding the efforts of the proprietors to make the best plaster in the world for the least money, any similar remedy can be bought for, which, unprincipled dealers will be found ready to recommend to them for sight, knowing it will enable them to deceive others. Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon. Ask for
COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER
And insist upon having what you are willing to pay for.
Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.
June 13 '79-tf.

SHERIFF'S SALE

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

Saturday, June 21st, 1879.

All that certain messuage piece and parcel of land situate in Madison township, Columbia county aforesaid and described as follows: Beginning at a post in line of land formerly of Ephraim McCollum, thence by the same north thirty-eight degrees east one hundred and twenty-two perches to a fallen oak, thence by land formerly of Isaac Hendershott north fifty-one degrees west forty-two perches and eight-tenths to a post, thence by land formerly of Mary McBride south thirty-seven and one-half degrees west one hundred and fourteen perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Harman Diddine south forty degrees east forty three perches to the place of beginning, containing thirty acres of land and allowances. On which are erected a dwelling house, barn and outbuildings also on the premises an apple orchard and other fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution at the suit of William McBride against Isaac N. Runyan Executor of Priscilla Runyan deceased, with notice to Clarence Carey tenant in possession, and to be sold as the property of Isaac N. Runyan Executor of Priscilla Runyan.

BARKLEY, Attorney. Levari Factas.

ALSO,

All that certain lot or piece of land situate in Jackson township Columbia county and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by land of John H. Fritz, on the east by other lands of John H. Fritz and lands of Kelchner & Co., on the south by land of Samuel Knouse and on the west by Washington Knouse, containing seventeen acres more or less, on which are erected a plank house, barn and out-buildings, also on the premises an apple orchard.

Seized, taken in execution at the suit of P. D. Black against Abraham Manning and to be sold as the property of Abraham Manning.

MILLER, Attorney. Fieri Factas.

ALSO,

All that certain lot or piece of land situate in Fishingcreek township, Columbia county, and state of Pennsylvania, containing twenty-six acres more or less, bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of Joseph Crawford, on the east by lands of John Henry, on the south by lands of Harman Bright and on the west by lands of William Long, on which are erected a frame house, barn and out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution at the suit of Charles W. Miller for use of Sarah A. Petrikin against Richard B. Bright and to be sold as the property of Richard B. Bright.

MILLER, Attorney. Vend. Ex.

ALSO,

The undivided one-eighth interest of Wm. Longenberger in a certain tract of land in Beaver township Columbia county and state of Pennsylvania containing three hundred and sixty four acres more or less and allowances, surveyed in pursuance of a warrant granted to Catharine Longenberger, adjoining a tract surveyed in the name of George Longenberger on the north, John Reese on the east, Jesse Brooke and Deborah Stewart on the south, and Andrew Clark on the west, whereon are erected a coal breaker and Machinery and several dwelling houses tavern, store house and other buildings with opened coal mines, thereon.

Seized taken in execution at the suit of Urias Seybert, against William Longenberger and E. E. Longenberger, and to be sold as the property of William Longenberger.

BUCKALEWS, Attorneys. Vend Ex.

JOHN W. HOFFMAN, Sheriff.

Private Sale!

The following valuable property, the Estate of the late John Swisher, deceased, will be offered at private sale up to

SEPTEMBER 1st 1879.

The property is situate in the village of Jerseytown, Columbia county Pa., and contains about

FIFTY ACRES

of excellent farming land upon which are TWO HOUSES, BARN, and other out buildings, and is one of the finest localities in the county. There are

TWO GOOD ORCHARDS

on the premises.

☞ For information concerning the property apply to C. H. Brockway, of Bloomsburg, or T. J. Swisher, of Jerseytown.

May 23,-ts

JOB PRINTING
Neatly and cheaply executed at the COLUMBIAN Office.

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

Poetical.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the woman love,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What we lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, who e lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That there is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all things centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Select Story.

MERCHANT CARL.

It was Carl's first business venture, that is, in a mercantile way. To be sure, he had swapped jack-knives, invariably getting the worst of the bargain; had bartered marbles, tops and whips, ever since he became so far advanced as d-o-g, c-o-w. I remember, on one occasion he traded his new Sunday suit, sent home from the city the day before, hat boots and all, for a small music-box, of the hand-organ stripe. For days thereafter the neighbors were entertained with the inspiring strains of "Old Dan Tucker," the sole tune played by that music-box, which, after incessant grinding, probably got disgusted, for it refused even to squeak out its only air, doubtless much to the delight of the same neighbors. So the box was consigned to the attic where to this day the dust falls quietly upon, and the spiders weave their filmy webs peacefully about it; just as the dust and cobwebs of oblivion have covered the whole transaction so far as Carl's remembrance of it is concerned. You see he tries to believe he has entirely forgotten it, yet we notice he does not like to hear it mentioned.

I began to tell you about Carl's first experience as a merchant, but first let me tell you about Carl himself.

He is really, truly a live boy, short and stubby, with elbows and toes that have the greatest faculty for poking themselves through the cloth and leather. He has the blackest eyes and hair, curling in little rings all over his merry head, the roundest, reddest cheeks, and freckles—who ever saw a boy without freckles? Carl has a temper too and very often in years past, occasionally now, I grieve to say, his black eyes snap and flash, his red cheeks grow redder yet, his fists clench, and his feet fly against anything that is within reach of them. Still we are not sorry that he has a temper if he but learns to control it. Then he teazes the little girl across the way. Carl has no sister or brother, and he eats candy and green apples just like any other live boy.

However, during this particular summer Carl had not eaten much candy, simply because in the first place he had none to eat, and in the next had no money to buy any with; that is, no money where he could get at it. There was a little red bank in one corner of the mantle, with a most natural looking frog crouching on its roof; it was such fun to see the greedy fellow take a five cent piece into that wide-open mouth of his and gulp it down as if it was the most delicious of real flies and he the most hungry of real frogs, that Carl quite forgot candy until too late, for the frog never gave back anything he once had swallowed and the bank was not to be opened until the fourth of July, Carl's birthday, when he would be ten years old.

So the bank got richer and heavier day by day. Carl had lots of aunts and uncles who were always pinching his red cheeks, tweaking his hair, pulling his black curls, and then giving him five cents to buy candy with. Carl rushing through the sitting room on his way to the store could not help seeing the frog perched disconsolately on the bank, with wide open, hungry mouth. It drew the five cents like a magnet, even though a chubby and very often I am sorry to say, a dirty little hand was clasping it closely. Carl couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how far down the iron throat the five cents might get without leaving his fingers. In a moment he would pull them out, the mouth would fly open again, Carl's face would wear a much aggrieved expression for ten minutes, and then the performance was all ready to begone through with again whenever Carl's fist was closed over another bit of silver. Still I think if temptation must needs be, that was a very good way to be tempted, and if I could have my will, I would give every little boy a money box with a frog to swallow the pennies. An iron frog you know, that would give the pennies back again "in good order and condition."

So the bank grew heavier, and the Fourth of July was coming, and Carl had an idea, not an original one, perhaps—he wanted to make some money. Surely that's not original. So he thought and thought and at last—

"Father, I wish you'd say yes."

"To what, my boy?"

"To—can I have a store just like you do, day after to-morrow and sell candy and apples, an' things. And have a big ledger-book to keep 'count in. Take the money 'at's in my frog bank; you know you always said I'll have to be a merchantman. Can't I begin, p-l-e-a-s-e, father?"

Carl wasn't too much of a man despite his "ten-year-old next Fo'th o' July, sir," to put his arms right round his father's neck and give him a good, sound smack.

His father laughed and said:—

"Yes, I guess so; how much money has your frog swallowed?"

Carl didn't know; so the bank was brought and the little boy sent out of the room while the frog was made to disgorge. Carl wasn't allowed to see the process, lest he might try it for himself some time. When he came in again a glittering little heap of silver lay on the table; the bank was empty—the frog perched innocently upon it with mouth wide open as ever. When the money was counted, Carl looked over his father's shoulder and croaking (he can't sing a note:)—

"The King was in the parlor, counting out his money,
The Queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey."

all through the operation of putting the five cent pieces into little piles of twenty, and the quarters into little piles of four. When all was done, there were just ten piles of quarters and one over, three half-dollars and eight great big coppers. How much money was there?"

Fifteen dollars and ninety-eight cents! seemed quite a fortune to Carl, and the chance of, perhaps, doubling it by investing it in "candy an' aples an' pies an' things?" No wonder Carl's snapping black eyes shone big and bright with joyous anticipation.

'And you'll have Aunt Pattie Fields to make 'em for me,—cakes, you know, an' pies," he said, throwing his arms around his mother's neck, nearly choking her in his earnestness.

Aunt Patty Fields, so-called by all the village people, though she had neither kith nor kin among them, had in her younger days been a pastry-cook in a famous city of New York; so, since she had at one time kept house three weeks for Carl's mother and Carl had, with her permission, stuffed himself sick with delicious tarts and cake and pie, he had come to be her fast friend and to believe devoutly in her ability to concoct anything in the cooking line.

"Mayn't she, mother, please?"

And his mother smiled and said "yes," too. People say they spoiled the boy, but—I don't believe that!

So the next morning Aunt Patty came; and of all the sifting of flour and of stoning of raisins and picking over of currants and measuring of sugar and spices and beating eggs! Carl had a finger—and sometimes two or three of them—in each and every pie. At night there were rows on rows of cakes and tarts and pies on the pantry shelves. Perhaps that fact may account for Carl's sudden and irresistible thirstiness and his consequent frequent visits to the kitchen for water.

The morning of the Fourth came at last as all mornings, however anxiously looked for, do come. Carl was up earlier than he had ever been before in all his ten-year-life, carrying his wares from the pantry shelves to his little "booth"—he wanted a store by himself, you know,—which had been erected for him. He looked rather disdainfully, I am afraid, on other ten year-old boys, whose chief enjoyment seemed to be in snapping torpedoes and crackers.

Everything was so fresh and neat in Carl's store that I wish you could have seen it; the narrow counter, made of rough boards, had nevertheless, a piney smell that quite made up for its lack of elegance,—so Carl thought, and so I think.

Well, he arranged his cakes and confections along the shelves, opened his ledger took his pen and wrote on the clean white pages in his scrawling, school-boy hand:—

"Account with Mister—"

Presently people began to flock into the village, and Carl was in a fever of excitement lest one should not notice the sign in black letters:—"Nuts, Cakes, Candys, Apples, And Every-Thing Nice For Sale Hear." The last two or three words dangled down ignominiously. There was not room on the board.

But people did notice him and his little store was filled with customers. One thing troub'ed Carl; they all paid down, and he could see no use for his ledger.

At last however, there came a golden opportunity and he snatched it. A red-headed freckled-face, bare-footed stub of a boy, after buying "five cents' worth of checkerberry pipe, if you please," suddenly discovered that he had no money.

"I'll trust you," cried Carl, eagerly, going to his ledger, "rather'n not!" Then thinking of something he had forgotten, he said, "What's your name, did you say sir?"

"No, I didn't say, sir!" returned red-head who, it seemed, was "up," in slang parlance to a great many things, snuff included. He looked at our little merchant, steadily for a moment, "taking his measure," he would have said. A quiet snicker puffed itself through the thin lips, and then: "Robin Hood, sir, is my name."

Straightway was entered in that ledger:—"Mr. Robin Hood, in account with Mr. Carl Bonney. Dr. to five sticks of checkerberry pipe."

Alas! and alas for the sacredness of historical personages! Red-Head, *alias* Robin Hood, went out and told the story to his mates. Carl soon had need of his ledger. There was not much more ready pay.

"Those "Accounts with Misters!" I keep that ledger now, and whenever I have an attack of the indigoes I get it out and laugh over it. A tall boy with flashing eyes, bore himself proudly as Alexander Selkirk; a meek-looking, white eyed boy rejoiced in the name of Jefferson Davis; then there was George Washington, not at all, as I should think, resembling the "father of his country," and a counterfeit Robinson Crusoe. That name struck Carl as being a little familiar, but in the rush of customers he soon forgot it. Walter Raleigh, William Shakespeare, Oliver Cromwell, (another familiar name,) Ben. Franklin, Isaac Newton, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry—Ah, if Carl had only paid more attention to his history and less to cooking pins—and a host of others. A big black-haired boy, and a little red-haired boy took the same name, William Tweed. Carl was puzzled at the coincidence, and asked the the black-haired William what it meant. He looked blank, but W. T. number two came to the rescue with a lying audacity which would have delighted his namesake.

"Me and him is cousins, was named after the same chap, nice man he was; come to think, shouldn't wonder a bit if 'twas your father," evidently wishing to conciliate the little trader.

Carl looked the red-haired William Tweed square in the face, his fists clenching and his black eyes snapping ominously. W. T. stepped back from the counter grinning.

"I believe you're telling fibs," Carl cried, "my father's name ain't William, and your name ain't William either, Joe Brown. You don't remember the time you stole my ball and then kicked me because I asked you to give it back? You stole twenty five cents once, too, and said you didn't have it when you did, 'cause Uncle Tom searched you and found it way down in your boot. Now you just get out—no, you shan't have it."

This last remark was addressed to Henry Clay, who was meekly asking for "five cent's worth of peanuts, and would Mr. Bonny be so kind as to trust him?"

Before that "Mr. Bonney" uttered so reverently would have tickled Carl's vanity amazingly, but he didn't take the bait this time, and made answer as before stated, adding, "Nor none of you shan't have any more. I ain't going to trust another cent!"

It was the signal for a general scramble. Such an uproar was never heard before nor since in that civilized community. Oliver Cromwell, William Tell and the two Tweeds Jef. Davis, and all, vied with each other in who should obtain the greatest lot of confections. The Tweeds seemed to be adepts at stealing. Poor Carl was powerless to prevent the robbery, even if he had known what it all meant. He was screaming "father!" at the very tip top of his lungs, and consumption is not hereditary in his family.

When the row subsided so that he could make himself heard, his father came, though quite too late to mete out justice, for Oliver Cromwell's heels were just flying around the corner, and Oliver being short and fat, was behind them all.

Carl told his story, and his father nearly choked in trying not to laugh. He did not try when it came to reading the ledger "Accounts with Mister Thomas Jefferson, with Mister Isaac Nuton, etc.," he just let his pent-up laughter go off in one loud, long roar. Then he took the little pile of money from the box—just one dollar and ninety seven cents—looked over the ledger casting up accounts, put on Carl's cap and went home to dinner.

"Well Carl, if you had sold your wares for money, you would have made two dollars and fifteen cents, besides what was stolen, now you have lost fourteen dollars and one cent.

"Shan't never trust anybody again," said Carl, shaking his head decidedly.

His father laughed.

"Experience is cheap at fourteen dollars," he said. "People have paid many thousand and even millions, for it."

Very often now, as Carl sits at breakfast he sees Robin Hood in the street, up he jumps, nearly knocking the table over in his efforts to reach the door. When he does Robin Hood is never to be seen.

Carl will sell those ledger accounts for five cents on a dollar.

[This story is intended as a moral for everybody but newspaper men.—EDS.]

IS IT A RESORT FOR GHOSTS?

On the left of the road leading to Graniteville Corners, in the quiet little village of Graniteville, Staten Island, is a fine-looking three-story mansion. It is but a short distance from the site of the residence of one Polly Roydne, who, thirty years ago, was tried on the double charge of murder and arson. The house has now been standing many years, and recently the village has been aroused by the story that the structure is haunted. The particular portion of the premises which are said to be disturbed by ghostly visits is a bed-chamber over the rear kitchen extension. The house was last occupied by Mr. David Decker, whose daughters slept in the chamber in question. The family lived there but a short time, however, when the young ladies complained of queer noises and mysterious movements of the furniture in the apartments between midnight and 2 o'clock A. M. Their father laughed at their story, and attributed the strange manifestations to their excited imaginations. As they subsequently refused to sleep in the room, however, pleading a constant repetition of the noises, Mr. Decker, with Captain George Wood and several members of the village Baptist Church, devoted a night in investigating the mystery, and discovered, it is said, sufficient supernatural performances on the part of the furniture to bear out the stories of the young girls. Captain