THE COLUMBIAN.
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)
Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
TWO DOLLARS per year, 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 extensive, 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. D. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1879.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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Sheriff's Clerk—Samuel Neyhard.
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County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—H. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott.

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Clerk—Paul E. Wirt.
Chief of Police—D. Laycock.
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Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

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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,
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april19, 1878.

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March 26, '77—y

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Jan. 11, 1878

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Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

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OFFICE—In Harman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in UNGER'S BUILDING, on Main street second door above Centre.
Can be consulted in German.
Jan. 10, '79-tf

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July 11, '79-tf

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May 16, '79-3m

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The Old Reliable
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For Wells 10 to 75 feet Deep
New Price List Jan. 1, 1879.
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sept. 6, '78-tf

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April 18, 1879-tf

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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

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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. B. Brockway, of Bloomsburg, or T. J. Swisher, of Jerseytown.
May 23, '79

Poetical.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly-falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play.
I was brooding o'er some trouble,
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin, up the stairs."

Ah! it touched the tenderest heart-string
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As words can never define;
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees,
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
She, delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With noble, earnest strife;
Onward, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps my be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail,
Hands and knees may often pain us
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

THE LITTLE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where, in summer, the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is laid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in spring time, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild.
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
While her melody sweet, by the rose, she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled,
Perhaps—who knows?—'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hope lies buried there,
Some parent is weeping in vain,
For though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled:
Some road to heaven, perchance, runs through
That grave of a little child.

Miscellaneous.

PLEASANT PICTURES.

THE HUNCHBACK'S WILL.

An old man lay dying in a room in Bordeaux. She surroundings of the small apartment would lead one to suppose that its dying occupant was one of the poorest of the poor classes; the furniture was mean in the extreme. A coarse and untidy bed, on which he lay in his last gasps, a few chairs, a table and an old desk was all the furniture the room contained, all of the cheapest kind and even the old house had an intensely uninviting appearance both outside and in.

The only pleasing feature of the wretched abode was a very pretty young girl of about twenty, who sat beside the bed, with her hand clasped in that of the dying man. She looked at the pinched features of the man with a pitying gaze, and the traces of recent tears were still visible on her pale cheeks.

It was her uncle that lay there, the only relative she owned, save a brother who had left them about four years before, and of whom she had heard nothing since, for he never wrote, and she had long mourned him as dead.

She had placed all her remaining affections on this, her only relative, and deep was her grief at the prospect of losing him and being left alone to battle with an uncharitable, selfish world.

The dying man had lain with closed eyes for sometime, and she supposed he was sleeping. But presently he opened his eyes and fixed them on hers. Then his lips moved and he spoke.

'Adele.'

'What do you wish uncle,' said she, in a gentle voice.

'Nothing,' replied he, relapsing into silence again, but keeping his eyes still fixed upon her face as though he would read her very thoughts.

'Adele, my child,' spoke he again. 'I shall soon be no more. You know I have summoned my notary hither. Do you know for what purpose?

The young girl had begun to weep when he spoke of leaving her; she gazed at him with tearful eyes and answered:

'No uncle, I do not know why you sent for M. Rabois, but it may be to attend to the closing of your affairs in a proper manner.'

'Just so, to draw up my will,' was the rejoiner, 'and as you are somewhat interested in the matter I shall have to make to you some explanations in regard to it. You have always considered me a poor man, have you not, Adele?'

'Yes, Uncle Jerome; but to me you have ever been as dear as though you possessed thousands!'

A triumphant smile lit up his cadaverous countenance; then after another pause he said:

'Then you love your poor old uncle?'

A fresh flow of tears and a sobbing response rewarded him.

'And you would not refuse my dying request, Adele?' continued he, eagerly.

'No, uncle,' was her reply. 'Any reasonable request of yours would under any circumstances be held sacred by me.'

At the word 'reasonable' he winced a little, but resumed the conversation.

'The notary will probably be here soon, therefore, I must be brief,' said he. Then pausing again for a moment, he resumed: 'Adele, I am not the poor wretch you think, although I have lived in so wretched a place and fared so miserably. I have avoided all companionship owing to my deformity. I am sensitive, my child, and could not endure with equanimity, the glances of pity or abhorrence folks usually favored me with; I became a recluse, and in my dreary loneliness the germs of parsimony matured within my bosom. I became a miser. Years passed and I saved every sou that was not required for my sustenance. I became wealthy by degrees, and now, after forty years of privation, I am a rich man—rich beyond your wildest imagination!'

The young girl gazed at him in terror; she believed him to be mad. Casting her eyes about the room and seeing the wretchedness of its appointments, then remembering their manner of living, the frugal meals, insufficient shelter and raiment, she could not consistently reconcile it with the riches he raved about.

There was but this conclusion she could arrive at: Her dying uncle was mad!

'Oh! uncle,' cried she, as she buried her weeping face in the bedclothes, 'do not speak thus, you pain me. Compose yourself and endeavor to direct your thoughts to heaven.'

A sickly smile rested for a brief moment on his lips then he said:

'You think I am raving, my poor, innocent child. I speak only the truth, as you will find when the notary arrives. But time flies, and I have not yet done. In the will I shall make I leave all to my niece Adele Desmoine, on one condition.'

Here he regarded her fixedly.

'Speak,' said she, an undefined fear taking possession of her.

'You must marry a man deformed like myself!' said he in a cold, hard tone.

The girl shuddered involuntarily, and well she might—her uncle was a hideous hunchback!

A painful pause followed. The miser had noticed her gesture of abhorrence and he became if possible more firm in his resolution.

'You hear me, child?' asked, he.

'Yes, uncle,' was the faint response.

'You love me?' queried he.

'You know I do,' replied she, lifting her tearful face to his. 'You never doubted it, did you?'

'No,' replied he, absently. 'You gave me every proof of your affection when you deemed me poor, so do not deny me now. I ask this for your own benefit. If you married a young spendthrift he would soon waste the wealth I so carefully hoarded, and when that was gone he would probably desert you. But one who lacked the personal charms of manhood like myself would have no inducement held out to him to enter a career of frivolity and dissipation; but would cherish you and your inheritance.'

'Am I at liberty to choose for myself, or have you already selected a husband?' asked Adele as a ray of hope dawned in the horizon of her future.

'I shall leave you free to choose for yourself,' replied he; 'but remember he must be deformed as I am and of respectable connections; otherwise, I shall not dictate to you, but leave you free to your choice in every other respect.'

'I promise,' said she quietly.

'Tis well,' was his rejoiner. 'Now I shall leave this world in peace and leave you my wealth and my blessing.'

The notary arrived, the will was drawn up and witnessed by a neighbor and a clerk who had accompanied the notary. Rabois was appointed her guardian until she became of age and married. She had the choice left her to marry before her majority were she so inclined, for she was then of a suitable age. But Rabois was enjoined to see that she married only a hunchback, and one of respectable parentage.

The document was signed by the witnesses, the clerk being the last to affix his signature. As he took up the pen he glanced furtively at Adele; their eyes met, she blushed and averted her gaze. He placed his signature beneath that of the other witnesses and took a seat away from the table.

Rabois folded the parchment, placed it in an inner pocket, then advancing to the bedside, asked:

'Can I do anything else for you Jerome?'

'No, Jean,' was the reply; 'but when I am at rest you will see to everything as I have instructed you.'

'You may depend on me,' was the rejoinder.

When the dying man was alone with the girl he bade her call the woman whom he had hired as housekeeper since his illness.

The woman, a pleasant-faced one, took her seat beside Adele, near the bed, and the dying man closed his eyes as if weary.

He slept an hour or more, when suddenly the young girl felt his clasp tighten over her hand.

Quickly looking at his face she saw that a great change had taken place.

The miser was dying. He stared at her for a moment, then in a loud whisper said.

'Remember your promise!'

The next moment his hand dropped from the clasp of his niece, and he was dead.

The grief of Adele was sincere, and Madame Poyntin, the housekeeper, pressed her to her motherly bosom, and soothed her as a mother might a grieved child.

After she was more composed, she wrote a note to the notary and posted it, then awaited his arrival

Rabois arrived and tendered his sympathies to the now friendless girl, and informed her that she was to take up her residence with him immediately after the funeral rites were over.

He then set about making all the necessary arrangements for the last sad offices for his late friend.

He bade Madame Poyntin prepare the body for the shroud, saying his clerk would soon be there with the undertaker, who, in fact, arrived soon after.

Then with the assistance of the clerk he sealed all the effects of the dead man, after which he sat down and copied some notes from a book he took from his pocket.

This done, he bade Adele good day, saying he would return in the course of the day and perform such offices as she might require.

* * * * *

The funeral obsequies were over, and Adele was one of M. Rabois' household which consisted of the notary, one daughter twelve years of age, his wife and nephew the latter being the clerk we have mentioned.

Henri Durand was a fine-looking young man of about twenty-three; tall, dark complexioned and of a quiet disposition.

He had met our heroine occasionally at her uncle's house, had some conversation with her, and was deeply impressed.

She was favorably impressed with the young man from the first, and admired him, hence the reader may judge what her feelings must have been when the conditions of the will became known to her.

When the inseparable barrier arose between them she first acknowledged to herself that Henri Durand was very dear to her!

What were the young clerk's thoughts when he saw how matters had gone?

At first he became indignant, after which he gave way to despair.

Then he resolved to persuade Adele to renounce her miserly uncle's wealth, and wed the one of her choice, although his whole possessions amounted to but a paltry thousand or two of francs.

After he had disposed of this (mentally only) there came wiser thoughts; he had not ascertained whether the young girl thought sufficiently well of him, did he ask her, to have him! He smiled as it occurred to him that like Glo'ster, he 'shared his spoils before the field was won!'

But he would soon arrange that. He believed that he was not distasteful to her, and he knew that he adored her.

But dispair came into his heart tenfold, when he learned that the hunchback had left property and gold to the amount of fifty thousand francs, besides bank shares to a like amount.

'She will never sacrifice such a fortune for a notary's clerk, thought he, and he became in consequence quite melancholy.

Although she was now an inmate of the same house, and they had frequent social intercourse, they seemed, as if by mutual consent, to keep aloof from each other as much as possible without committing a breach of politeness.

In a word, they were both unhappy, and both for precisely the same reason.

Rabois was a shrewd man, and possessed keen perception. He divined how matters stood between the young people, and pitied both, for he could, as yet, see no possible remedy in their peculiar case. The girl would lose a fine fortune unless she obeyed her uncle's behests and married a hunchback.

Whether she would defy her dead uncle and marry to suit herself he could not say, but he meant to advise her. He would clearly present to her the advantages of the case. So, with this praiseworthy intention uppermost in his mind, he summoned the young girl to his library one day to discuss the matter in all its details.

When she was seated he at once entered upon the subject, and said:

'Mademoiselle Desmoine, I have sent for you in order to have some conversation with you in reference to your inheritance.'

'I beg your pardon, Moisieur Rabois,' replied she, smiling faintly 'but I was not aware that I possessed such a thing.'

'Well, 'tis all the same,' returned he, also smiling, and pleased to see that she regarded it in that light. 'It is yours or it is not, just as you choose to decide. However, we will let that pass, and at once plunge into the business. You perfectly understand the conditions of your late uncle's will?'

'Perfectly.'

'And the alternative if you refuse to abide by them?'

'I do.'

'Very well,' continued the notary, 'I shall not ask you whether you have already made a choice calculated to set your relative's wishes at defiance, but ask, have you yet decided how you will act in the matter?'

'I shall endeavor to obey my uncle's behests—in fact, I promised as much to him on his death-bed. And, though I shall always maintain that he took unfair advantage of me by appealing to my affection for him, I shall obey him, though it be under protest.'

'Very properly spoken,' rejoined Rabois, then mentally: 'Poor Henri.'

'You know, of course,' resumed he, 'that in the event of your refusing to obey the conditions there is a certain sum to your credit in my hand, which I shall place at your disposal when you become of age.'

'I do,' was the quiet reply.

'This sum I have placed out at interest in your name, and should you decide adversely by the time your probation expires, this money will at least keep you above want.'

The lady bowed, and the notary continued:

'The most objectionable feature of this will is, that in case of your renouncing this fair inheritance, it will go towards founding a home for hunchbacks.'

'But my uncle's wishes must be obeyed at all hazards,' remarked Adele, fixing her eyes on those of her guardian.

'We must endeavor to do so,' was the rather equivocal response.

The lady started perceptibly. Did the words of the notary strike a chord in her own breasts.

They sat gazing at each other for a moment, when the lady averted her eyes and colored deeply.

A peculiar smile fitted across his solemn features, but it vanished in an instant.

'Henri's case may not be so hopeless, after all,' was his mental observation.

'Mademoiselle, you have my sympathy in this awkward and trying dilemma,' said he; 'but if I can be of any service to you in the matter, command me at any time. I shall endeavor to be worthy of the trust the deceased has honored me with, and believe me when I say that to the fullest extent of my power will I assist you, no matter what your decision may be.'

The lady thanked him warmly and the interview ended.

A month or two had passed, and one day Adele received a letter from her brother. He was about returning to France. He had been in Australia and had accumulated quite a snug little fortune. He enjoined her not to tell any one of his fortune; he wished to see how his acquaintances would receive him as a poor sailor. In her implicit trust in her guardian she made him acquainted with the substance of this letter.

'Good,' cried the worthy notary, gleefully rubbing his hands: 'Robert can possibly help us in our difficulty,'

'Difficulty?' said Adele, in surprise. 'What difficulty?'

The seriousness of his ward disconcerted him for a moment, and he was at a loss to answer her, but he laughed cunningly and replied;

'Oh! the selection of your future spouse.'

'Perhaps he may be of use,' observed she absently, as she refolded the letter and left her guardian's presence, with strange thoughts roaming in her bosom.

The fact is, both guardian and ward were united in one purpose, of which neither was quite sure of the other. Rabois meant to carry out the testator's intentions to the letter, as they were expressed in his will. Yet he was taxing his ingenuity how to have the inheritance accrue to his ward and she yet have her own free choice in the matter of selecting a husband.

He admitted to himself that he could at present see no way out of the labyrinth, yet he cudgeled his brain continually to find a means of doing so.

'If her brother has ordinary brains he may be able to aid us,' said he musingly.

Here he dropped into a deep reverie, which lasted for upwards of an hour. Suddenly he jumped up and rubbed his hands violently, saying:

'That's it; the plan is a safe and a sure one if we can only find our man.'

A week later Robert Desmoine arrived, and the brother and sister met in a warm embrace.

The returned Australian was a stalwart, sun-browned young man, of about twenty-five, with a good face and figure, and was the soul of good nature and jollity.

He was dressed in the habiliments of a common sailor, and was generally supposed, by those who saw him, to be such.

Rabois and he became quite friendly after a day or two. The former appeared to study the young man very closely, and after a week had passed they had secretly discussed the affairs of Adele. After a lengthy debate on the subject, young Desmoine remarked:

'M. Rabois, my advice to Adele is just this: Let the miser's money go to the dogs and marry whom you choose.'

'Very good, M. Desmoine,' rejoined the notary, with a cunning smile. 'But I have a far better plan than that.'

'What is it?' asked Robert.

'I advise your sister to marry the man of her choice, and at the same time secure her uncle's inheritance!'

'But how can that be arranged?' cried the young man; in surprise. 'The conditions of the will are too well known to the authorities to cherish the least hope that they will permit any chicanery in the matter.'

'Ah! well, the court is wise and just, doubtless; but we shall prove ourselves equally so,' remarked Rabois, and then he informed Robert of his scheme.

'Accomplish this without subjecting us to scandal and a lawsuit, perhaps a prison, and I shall always pronounce you the smartest notary in France,' exclaimed Robert enthusiastically, as he grasped the notary's hand.

'Keep your purpose a profound secret,' observed Rabois, 'and in a day or two I shall have our plans completed.' Then the conspirators separated, each confident in the success of the plan.

After parting with Robert the notary had an interview with Henri, the clerk. That lasted but a half hour; after which he was closeted with his ward, which interview terminated only after an hour had elapsed.

He left Henri with a brightness on that young man's countenance he had not worn for many a day; and a pleasant smile rested on the usually pale face of Adele after her interview with her guardian.

Robert left the next day, saying he had business to attend to. He had been gone about a week or ten days, when a stranger called at the notary's one evening; he wished to see M. Rabois on particular business. He was admitted, and conducted to the private office.

The man wore a cloak, which he removed before he seated himself. M. Rabois started slightly as the stranger bowed politely. He was hunchback!

His features were homely but intelligent and both voice and manner indicated the gentleman.

'What is the nature of your business with me?' inquired the notary

'Without beating about the bush,' replied, the hunchback, 'I will at once state my errand. I have heard all about Jerome Desmoine's will, and have come to be presented to the heiress, Mademoiselle Desmoine. My name is Pierre Lecroix, my abiding place Lyons, where my only remaining parent, Jacques Lecroix, resides You can go there and learn all about him and myself. You comprehend?'

'I do, monsieur,' replied Rabois, gravely.

Will you do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow? I will then present the young lady to you.'

'At what hour?' asked M. Lecroix.

'At three.'

I shall be punctual. *Au revoir*,'

The next minute he was gone.

When the notary was alone he rang for Henri. 'Tell Adele I would like to see her for a moment,' said he, when the clerk appeared.

Adele appeared directly and, they were left alone.

What transpired at that interview does not matter to the reader at present. But Adele left the office half an hour later, pale and agitated.

Next day M. Croix appeared punctual at the appointed hour. Robert had also returned and was introduced to the hunchback.

They sat down to dinner, and the latter proved himself a very entertaining gentleman. He had been introduced to the lady before he sat down, hence he frequently addressed himself to her.

In the evening he proved himself the same affable gentleman. He had traveled considerably, and related quite a number of entertaining incidents, and Adele felt quite at ease in his presence. After this he came more frequently, and soon he and the young heiress were on very friendly terms.

In the meantime Rabois repaired to Lyons and was satisfactorily assured of the respectability of M. Lecroix's connections,

In due time the young man proposed and was accepted, and shortly after they were publicly married.

'Oh! what inconsistency!' some of our readers may cry, while others will call her a mercenary creature. Perhaps so.

The marriage being proven to be in accordance with the conditions of the Hunchback's Will, all the property of the late Jerome Desmoine was placed in her hands. The bridal party left Bordeax on their bridal tour (?)

Two days later we find them in Liverpool and M. Rabois, Henri Durand and Robert Desmoine were of the party.

A week later there was a divorce case decided in the British courts, and Pierre Lecroix and his wife were separated forever!

On the following day there was another wedding, and Henri Durand led his blushing bride to the altar. Need we tell the reader who that bride was?

Thus did stratagem, aided by all powerful gold, accomplish what at one time seemed utterly futile to those mostly interested, and Adele Desmoine wedded the man of her choice in spite of the Hunchback's will.

All this was a plot planned and perfected by Rabois, Desmoine, Adele and Henri. Lecroix was the only one who was not entirely in their confidence. Desmoine met him (at the time he pleaded business when he left Bordeaux), and placed the whole matter before him, and then stipulated with him for a handsome sum to marry the heiress and be divorced from her within a week. This was agreed to, with what results the reader knows. Lecroix went to India and was never seen again by the "bride of a week."

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of the sudden deaths, an experiment was tried and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post-mortem examination; in these cases, only two were found who died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood that they could not work, not being enough for a sufficient amount of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are: Cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, too hasty walking or running to catch a train, etc. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of the heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

It is Queer.

The Lancaster *Intelligencer*, in alluding to the Geary monument business, pertinently remarks: Pennsylvania has never been distinguished by the pre-eminent excellence of her Governors. She has had some good ones and some that were very indifferent. Of them all, the late Gov. Geary was not the most distinguished nor the most deserving. He was a weak man and not much of an official. Why he should have been singled out of the whole line by the Legislature, and $5,000 voted by it to erect a monument for him, it is difficult to guess, unless it is to be assumed that his fame was not likely to be perpetuated by any other means. Nobody took much interest in the proposed monument except the bidders for the work though his widow, who has a second husband now, traveled to Harrisburg to select the design, and the people of the State will not complain that the commission acceded to her taste and wishes in the choice of a model.—*Clearfield Republican*.

American Forests.

The following are extracts from a paper on this subject in *Harper's Monthly* for August, 1879, by Geo. May Powell, chairman of the American Institute Forest Committee:

"Of a desolation recorded far back of even the days of Grecian' glory: 'A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on thick trees.' In the days when American forests were practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes on the trees. Trusting to what seemed employment, skilled laborers have made their homes where the streams appeared permanent. Then as the summers came and went, the river grew more and more feeble till the spindles were silent. Then the flood turns that stream to a demon of destruction. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life have been injured or destroy