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 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, SEPTEMBER 5. 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 37
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 28

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.		
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00		
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00		
Three inches	4.00	4.50	7.00	12.00	
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00	20.
Quarter column	8.00	9.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	15.00	25.00	50.00
One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.
Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.
Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.
Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line regular advertisements half rates.
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.
Surveyor—Samuel Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Sweppenheiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. B. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—J. B. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seesholtz.
Jury Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloomsburg Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—I. S. KUHN.
Clerk—Paul E. Wirt.
Chief of Police—D. Laycock.
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. Robbins, 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 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.
ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. G. D. S. Marclay.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.
REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron Streets.
Pastor—Rev. W. E. 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. Reeser
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
Sunday Service—2 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.

D. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office Market street. Above 4th 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.

M. McHENRY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office N. W. C. Market and Fifth St. Diseases of the eye a specialty. aug. 29, 6m.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Mar. 27, '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. KNAPP, Special Agent and Adjuster, Bloomsburg, Penn'a.
The citizens of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses, if any, are adjusted and paid by one of their own citizens. nov.16, '77-1y

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	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$60,675,000

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

PUBLIC SALE HAND BILLS
Printed at this Office
ON SHORTEST NOTICE AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

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

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. ROB'T. S. 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 USAGROT'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. RHAWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.
July 11, '79-tf

SAMUEL FREDERICKS,
GENERAL FOUNDRY BUSINESS,
NEAR CATAWISSA.
New work and repairs neatly, quickly and cheaply done. Plows, Water-Wheels, &c., manufactured or repaired
aug. 22, '79.

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

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.
Before Taking. TRADE MARK. 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

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

$2000 A YEAR for honest, intelligent business men of agents. New business; light work. Address CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY, Madison, Ind. June 27, 1879-4m

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 Jersey town, 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. B. Brockway, of Bloomsburg, or T. J. Swisher, of Jerseytown.
May 23,-ts

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

Poetical.

AN OLD HEN'S LAST "LAY."

Once a man of great invention
Made a nest for hens to lay in,
With a mean deceitful bottom,
That would slide and let the egg out—
Falling through a small aperture—
Then would slide and close the hole up;
And he sold it to the owner
Of a hen, the boss producer
Of most delicate "hen fruitage."

Now the hen was mighty gritty,
And she spread herself to do it,
So she laid an egg enormous;
Then arose in great elation,
With her feathers all a-flutter,
And her body all a-cackle,
And she said, "as sure as shooting,
I have laid an egg exceeding
My most sanguine cackleations.

* * * * * * *

Where's that egg? May stars and garters
In the name of all Eve's daughters
Can I not believe my senses?
Surely I have not gone crazy!
Well, if this don't beat the dickens,
May I never hatch a chicken."

Long she pondered o'er the matter,
O'er this strange hallucination,
O'er this most complete deception;
Then she squared down to business,
And she laid another "avis,"
Though of course it was a-missing,
Though she scratched around the litter,
In her efforts to espy it.

But why make the story longer?
Thus in fatal repetition,
Of this eggy operation,
Passed the day until the evening,
When the owner came to find her,
Found her naught except her wattles,
Half her bill and some pin feathers,
While within the box beneath them,
Where that fooling slide had dropped them,
Found he eggs a half-a-bushel.

Gone, heroic Henawatha!
Died she in the nest of duty,
Victim of man's vile deception.
Surely she must have interment
With that nest as her sepulchre,
For she layed herself within it.

—*Cincinnati Grange Bulletin.*

Select Story.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

What amused us most at the Lake house last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom, and picking your pockets of peanuts and candy—if you carried any about you—in a manner which took away your breath. He stood up no his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used paw and tongue with amazing skill, and vivacity. He was friendly, and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude playfellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dandified New Yorker who came out in the yard to feed bruin on seed cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He had approached a trifle too near, when all at once the bear whipped an arm about him to his embrace, and 'went through' his pockets in a hurry. The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast offered the funniest sort of contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's especial guardian, lounged leisurely to the spot.

'Keep still, and he won't hurt ye,' he said, turning his quid. 'That's one of his tricks. Throw out what ye've got and he'll leave ye.'

The dandy made haste to help bruin to the last of the seed cakes, and escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight—his hat smashed, his necktie and linen rumpled and his watch dangling; but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler made a motion to the beast, who immediately climbed a pole, and looked at us from the cross piece at the top.

'A bear,' said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again, 'is the best hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all fours. I'm speaking of our native black bear, you ununderstand. The brown bear ain't so respectable, and the grizzly is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp.'

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced towards the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

'Playful as a kitten,' said the one-eyed hostler, fondly; "I'll show you.'

He took the wooden bar from a clothes horse near by, and made a plunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist or fencing master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in down right earnest.

'Rather savage play,' I remarked. And a friend by my side, who never missed a chance to make a pun, added; 'Yes a decided act of bar-bearity.'

'Oh, he likes it!' said the one-eyed hostler. 'You can't hit him.'

And indeed it was so. No matter how or where the blow was aimed, a movement of Pomp's paw, quick as a flash or lightning, knocked it aside, and he stood good-humoredly waiting for more.

'Once in a while,' said the one-eyed hostler, resting from the exercise and leaning on the bar, while Pomp retired to his pole, 'there's a bear of this species that's vicious and bloodthirsty. Generally you let them alone. They won't run from you maybe, but they wont go out of their way to pick a quarrel. They don't swagger round with a chip on their shoulder lookin for some fool to knock it off.'

'Will they eat you, some one inquired; for there was a ring of spectators around the performers by this time.

'As likely as not, if they are sharp set, and you lay yourself out to be eaten; but it ain't their habit to go for human flesh. Roots, nuts, berries, bugs, and any small game they can pick up, satisfies their humble appetites as a general thing.

'But they're amazin' fond of honey, and there's no end of stingin' they won't stand for the fun of robbin a bee-nest. They're as omnivorous as a hog.'

'Do you mean to say a bear doesn't hibernate?' I asked.

'He hibernates—yes, I believe thats what they call it,' replied the one-eyed hostler. 'He lies curled up kind o' torpid sometimes in winter; but what he really lives on then is fat.

'Fat is fuel so to speak. He lays it up in the fall, and burns it out in the winter. He goes into his cold-weather quarters plump, and comes out lean; but it's only in very cold weather that he keeps so quiet. In open winter he's out foragin' around and when there comes a warm spell in the toughest winter, you may see him. He likes to walk out and see what's going on, anyhow.'

The one-eyed hostler leaned against the pole, stroked Pomp's fur affectionately, and continued somewhat in this style:

'Bears are particularly fond of fat juicy pigs, and once give 'em a taste of human flesh—why, I shouldn't want my children to be playin' in the woods within a good many miles of their den!

'Which reminds me of Old Two Claws, as they used to call him, a bear that plagued the folks over in Ridgetown, where I was brought up—wal, as much as forty years ago.

'He got his name from the peculiar shape of his foot, and he got that from trifling with a gun trap. You know what that is—a loaded gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it, must come up to it the way it p'ints; a bait is hung before the muzzle, and a string runs from that to the trigger.

'He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before tryin' his jaws on it; so instead of gitting' a bullet in the head, he merely had a bit of his paw shot away. There was but two claws left on that foot, as his bloody tracks showed.

'He got off; but this experience seemed to have soured his disposition. He owed a spite to the settlement.

'One night a great row was heard in my uncle's pig pen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun and a lantern. they knew what the trouble was, or soon found out.

'A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker and was actually lugging him off in his arms! The pig was kickin' and squealin' but the bear had him fast. He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly; but a few jabs from a pitchfork and a shot in the shoulder, convinced him that he was making a mistake.

'He dropped the pig and got away before my uncle could load up for another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was Old Two Claws.

'But what sp'ilt him from being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that.

'There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement, hunting, fishing, and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites.

'One afternoon the Red Sky of the Morning, wife of the Water Snake with the Long Tail, came over to the settlement with some of their truck for sale. She had a pappoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw traveling with her carrying an empty jug.

'Almost within sight of Gorman's grocery Red Sky took off her pappoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there once before so she preferred to leave it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up pappoosey never cried.

'The squaws traded off their truck and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of bad whisky. They drank out of the jug, and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal more time and money at Gorman's than they would if it hadn't been for the whisky, but finally they started to go back through the woods.

'They went chattering and giggling to the tree where the pappoose had been left. Then suddenly their noise stopped. There was no pappoose here.

'This sobered them. They thought at first the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away; but by-and-by the Red Sky of the Morning set up a shriek.

'She had found the board not far off, but no pappoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened.

'There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws.

'The Red Sky of the Morning went back to the camp with the news; the other squaw followed with the jug.

'When the Water Snake-with-the Long-Tail heard that his pappoose had been eaten by a bear, he felt, I suppose very much as any other white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against Old Two Claws, but consoled himself with a drink of water before starting on the hunt.

'The braves with him followed his example. It wasn't in Indian nature to start until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that Old Two Claws got off again. Tipsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent.

'Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream one day in the woods near the house. She rushed out, and saw a bear actually lugging off her youngest child.

'She was a sickly, feeble sort of a woman but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an ax. Luckily she had a big dog. They two went at the bear.

'The old fellow had no notion of losing his dinner just for a woman and a mongrel cur. But she struck him a tremendous blow on the back; at the same time the pup got him by the leg. He dropped the young one to defend himself. She caught it up and ran, leaving the two beasts to have it out together.

'The bear made short work of the cur, but instead of following the woman and child, he skulked into the woods.

'The settlers got together for a grand hunt; Old Two Claws—for the tracks showed that he was the scoundrel—escaped into the mountains and lived to make more trouble another day.

'The child? Oh, the child was scarcely hurt! It had got squeezed and scratched a little in the final tussle; that was all.

'As to the bear he was next heard of in our settlement.'

The hostler hesitated, winked his one eye with an odd expression, put a fresh quid into his cheek, and finally resumed.

'A brother-in-law of my uncle a man of the name of Rush, was one day chopping in the woods about half a mile from his house, when his wife went out to carry him his luncheon.

'She left two children at home, a boy about five years old, and a baby just big enough to toddle around.

'The boy had often been told that if he strayed into the woods with his brother a bear might carry them off, and she charged him again that afternoon not to go away from the house; but he was an enterprising little fellow, and when the sun shone so very pleasant, and the woods looked so inviting, he wasn't one to be afraid of bears.

'The woman stopped to see her husband fall a big beech he was cutting, and then went back to the house—but just before she got there she saw the oldest boy coming out of the woods on the other side. He was white as a sheet and so frightened at first that he couldn't speak.

"Johnney,' says she, catching hold of him, 'what is the matter?'

"A bear,' he gasped out at last.

"Where is your little brother?' was her next question.

"I don't know,' said he, too much frightened to know anything just at that time.

"Where did you leave him?' says she.

'Then he seemed to have gotten his wits together a little. 'A bear took him!' said he.

'You can guess what sort of an agony the mother was in.

'O Johnney, tell me true! Think! Where was it?'

'In the woods,' he said. 'Bear come along—I run.'

'She caught him up and hurried him into the woods. She begged him to show her where he was with his little brother when the bear came along. He pointed out two or three places. In one of them the earth was soft. There were fresh tracks crossing it—bear tracks. There was no doubt of it.

'It was a terrible situation for a poor woman. Whether to follow the bear and try to recover her child, or go at once for her husband, or alarm the neighbors, what to do with Johnney meanwhile—all that would have been hard enough for her to decide even if she had her wits about her.

'She hardly knew what she did, but just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms, or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping.

'Well,' continued the one-eyed hostler, 'I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house, and Rush took the rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without either the child or the bear's head.

'The news went like wildfire through the settlement. In an hour a half dozen men with their dogs were on the track with Rush. It was so little trouble for him to follow the trail that they soon overtook him with the help of the dogs. But in spite of them the bear got into the mountains. Two of the dogs came up with him, and once, the only one that could follow a scent, had his back broken by a stroke of his paw. After that it was almost impossible to track him, and one after another the hunters gave up and returned home.

'At last Rush was left alone; but nothing could induce him to turn back. He shot some small game in the mountains, which he cooked for his supper, slept on the ground and started on the trail again in the morning.

'Along in the forenoon he came in sight of the bear as he was crossing a stream. He had a good shot at him as he was climbing the bank on the other side.

'The bear kept on, but it was easier tracking him after that by his blood.

'That evening a hunter, haggard, his clothes all in tatters, found his way to a backwoodman's hut over in White's Valley. It was Rush. He told his story in a few words as he rested on a stool. He had found no traces of his child, but he had killed the bear. It was Old Two Claws. He had left him on the hills, and came to the settlement for help.

'The hunt had taken him a round-about course, and he was then not more than seven miles from home. The next day, gun in hand, with the bear skin strapped to his back—the carcass had been given to his friend the backwoodsman—he started to return by by easier way through the woods.

'It was a sad revenge, he had had, but there was a grim sort of satisfaction in lugging home the hide of the terrible Old Two Claws.

'As he came in sight of his log-house, out ran his wife to meet him, with what do you suppose? little Johnny dragging at her skirts, and the lost child in her arms.

'Then, for the first time, the man dropped; but he didn't get down any further than his knees. He clung to his wife and baby, and thanked God for the miracle.

'But it wasn't much of a miracle, after all.

'Little Johnny had been playing around the door, and lost sight of the baby, and may be forgot all about him, when he strayed into the woods and saw the bear. Then he remembered all that he had heard of the danger of being carried off and eaten, and of course he had a terrible fright. When asked about his little brother, he didn't know anything about him, and I suppose he really imagined that the bear got him.

'But the baby had crawled into a snug place under the side of the raintrough, and there was fast asleep all the while. Then he woke up, two or three hours after, and the mother heard him cry; her husband was far away on the hunt.

'True; this story I've told you?' added the one-eye hostler, as some one questioned him. 'Every word is!'

'But your name is Rush, isn't it?' I said.

The one-eyed twinkled humorously

'My name is Rush. My uncle's brother-in-law was my own father.

'And, you exclaimed a bystander. 'I,' said the one-eyed hostler, 'am the very man who warn't eaten by the bear when I was a baby!'—*Youth's Companion.*

WANTED ALMS FOR HIS DOG.

A beggar is sitting at a certain corner with a placard on his breast and a dog tied to a string. On the placard is written, 'Pity the blind.' A stranger passes by and gives a Spanish silver coin, whereupon the beggar calls after him, 'I say! this won't pass here.' Astonishment of stranger: 'Why, you can see, can you?' 'See! of course I can.' 'Then why are you begging? Why this placard?' 'For my dog; he's the blind one.'

DOMESTICATING THE BUFFALO.

Efforts are being made, along the route of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, to domesticate the bison or buffalo of the great plains. The hide of the animal is said to be superior in value to that of the common domestic cattle for manufacturing purposes, while the meat is as good. The bison has also been crossed with domestic stock, and the new breed is highly spoken of, though we doubts its superiority for dairy purposes. A proposition has been made to the National Government, by the Railway Company, to establish a huge corral or enclosure for the vast herds of buffalo, and feed and domesticate them for common use.

If this can be successfully done it will add enormously to our stock of available cattle, as wild herds far exceed the domestic cattle of Texas in numbers. Our resources for hides and meat would be increased at once on a prodigious scale, and we should no longer depend upon the cattle of the Buenos-Ayres pampas for our hides, when we should have such a resource as this to look to. We trust that the efforts will be made under some sure auspices, whether Congress shall reject the offer or not. Unless something of this kind be done, these vast herds of buffaloes will be wasted away by the Indians and white hunters in pursuit of their hides for robes.

It should be understood that it is a work of time, labor, care and study to domesticate any wild animal, more especially one like this, accustomed to the most unrestrained freedom, and always traversing plains together in herds. That it can be done we do not doubt—indeed it has been done on a small scale—and if it were achieved it would lay the foundation of a great and permanent trade, both for the railways and the dwellers on the plains. That the common domestic stock can also be improved by crossing with the buffalo has been demonstrated by experiments made in Kansas. Thus we shall produce an American stock of cattle differing from any in Europe and perhaps better certainly as good, in supplying food for man.

If the domestic stock were allowed to run loose on the plains it would soon become as wild as the bison. The domestic cat does, and so does the common goat when set free. Hogs allowed to run loose in the forest to feed on acorns become half wild. It is clear therefore, that the domestic animals were originally as wild as the buffaloes, and have been tamed. So we think the buffalo could be if corraled and fed. The success of such an enterprise would at once convert Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado into vast cattle-raising regions, and give a prodigious impulse to business, both for the supply of the meat-markets of the Union, and for the command of the trade in hides, and in such materials as glue, whips, sandpaper, etc., made from the horns, hoofs, etc.

If we suffer the herd of buffaloes to pass out of existence without utilizing them in this way a great loss will be inflicted on many industrial interests, and we shall be compelled to seek out other and more costly methods of turning the great plains to some practical account. This is the shortest and easiest one that has yet been offered, and as it requires no large expenditure of money, no laborious planting of trees or building of roads, we think it ought at once to be acted upon, so that the plan could be put into operation with the opening of spring. The markets of the Atlantic States could then be supplied with buffalo meat even more cheaply than common beef, as we should have the herds sent to market alive to be sold and slaughtered here at our doors. If we lose such an opportunity as this, one that offers so many advantages at so little expense, and that would open the way to a vast and permanent interest on the great plains, we shall deserve to be set down as extremely short-sighted.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

MARRIAGE PROBABILITIES.

Some curious marriage statistics have been compiled by a western writer, based on 8,000 licenses issued by the Chicago county court, for the year ending August 2d last. From a study of these 8,000 marriages, it appears that the years of greatest probability with a woman are from 18 to 25, culminating at 22. At 20 and 21 the chances are even, being better at 19 and 22 than at either of the intervening years. At 23 begins a steady decline, but, not until the age of 33 do the chances fall below one in one hundred; after that age they do, and in the rest of her life her chances are but seventy-six in a thousand.

At the age of 53 the vanishing point appears in sight, no marriages occuring at that age, and at the age of 54. At 55 and 56 occurs one marriage each, at 57 none, at 58 one, and after that a woman has literally 'not a chance in a thousand' of wedding. Her best years are four in number, being from 19 to 22 inclusive. With a man it is different, His best years are ten in number, from 21 to 30, inclusive. It is at the age of 21 that he evidently turns his attention wifeward, and it may be that legislators were entirely right in fixing that as a year when he shall attain his majority. In no year of his life are the chances one to ten that he will marry. His very best years are at 23 and 25, and then his chances slowly decline, altnough they do not drop suddenly until he is 30. The census of 1870 gives the total male population of the country at 17,029,088, and the total female population of the country at 17,560,289. From these figures is deduced the fact that a woman's chances of marriage, were there no disturbing causes, are, 1,029 to 1,000.

THE COBBLER'S PRIZE.

Some years ago a cobbler from the Emerald Isle came to Boston and opened a shop on Harrison Avenue, in an old house which stood over the water, being supported in the rear by piles. Being diligent and frugal, he soon saved a few hundred dollars, when one day he was accosted by an agent of a well-known lottery company, and was persuaded to invest. In a few days he was notified that he had won one hundred dollars. Upon receiving his money, he started out for a little recreation, got gloriously tight, and squandered not only his prize but all his heard-earned savings. He then returned to his bench, full of repentance. After several months of hard labor his pocket-book was well filled, when the agent turned up once more, and he was again induced to try his luck. This time he won five hundred dollars. He immediately gathered up his 'kit' consisting of bench, tools, &c., and threw them out of the back window into the water, saying, as he did so, 'One hundred dollars made me crazy, and five hundred will kill me, shure.

Pillage Must Cease.

It has been said that since the accession of the Democratic party to power in both Houses of Congress the lobby has disappeared. This fact speaks louder than platforms or speeches. The people know that it means smaller appropriations and lighter taxes. The ruthless application of the knife to executive estimates, and the large reduction of expenditures made by the lower House in the Forty-fourth Congress, had much to do with the election of Tilden and Hendricks in 1876. This, with the economical administration of Gov. Tilden in New York and his war upon the rings, undoubtedly produced the great majority against Hayes and Wheeler which was given, and was falsified in the interest of further corruption and extravagance.

Mr. Blaine, Mr. Sherman, the third termers, and the Fraudulent Administration may make speeches, and more speeches, and do what they will to turn the public mind off upon other questions, but the real issue is this of honest and economical government. The people are determined to stop the plundering and the squandering, to reduce their taxes, and pay for nothing but the support of their Governments. They know that extravagance is the parent of every other evil, and that a people who permit the earnings of industry to be taken and enjoyed by their rulers, either with or without the forms of law, are mere slaves. The political history of the last few years shows that this great truth has leavened the whole public mind The real struggle now is for emancipation from corrupt combinations, rings, and corporations, which in ways too numerous to mention, prey upon the people and eat out their substance.

The campaign in Pennsylvania shows perhaps more clearly than any other the fact that the popular apprehension is fully alive to these issues. There reform seemed to be hopeless. In the State and in the chief cities, rings of political criminals, growing visibly rich from public plunder, controlled everything, and their despotic rule was scarcely questioned. The Treasury Ring embezzled millions, with but a feeble popular protest, which the leaders parties took care should find no effectual expression. The Pennsylvania Railroad debauched and used the Legislature, and in collusion with the rings, owned and directed the State Administration.

But they overdid the business. The recent attempt to filch $4,000,000 from the Commonwealth by bribing the Legislature to give it away was too startling. Men began to figure up how much it was proposed to steal from them individually, or from their counties, by this single tremendous grab. Had this operation been successful, Lancaster county, for instance, would have been required to pay up, as her share of the Ring's booty, $121,000; York, $76,000; Chester, $77,000; Franklin, $45,000; Berks, $106,000, and so on through the list. Decent house-holders over there have begun to cipher—it is high time—and while they are about it they propose to find out to what extent they are robbed by the unconstitutional freight discrimination against them by this same Pennsylvania Railroad, which they created and endowed not to be their master but their servant.

When they get this sum done, there will be a revolution in the old Commonwealth, and the Republican Ring, which openly sustains these iniquities, refuses to let its convention condemn the four million steal, and forces it to declare against 'honest men in office,' will be broken into fragments. The