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.

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.
Bloom 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. Tustin, 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. Tustin, (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—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. W. Evans.
Minister—Rev. E. H. Yocum.
Sunday Services—10½ 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 st 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

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BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

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. 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.

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,
Oct. 1, '79. Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. I. L. RABB,

PRACTICAL DENTIST,

Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.

☞ Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 1 1879.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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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.

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	13,500,000
Lancashire	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
	$60,621,000

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg.

March 26, '80—y

B. F. HARTMAN

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oct. 26, 79-1y.

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The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. By sending 35 cents, with age, hight, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage.

Address, W FOX, Box 77 Fultonville, N. Y.
aug. 29, 3m.

The Columbian.

E. ELWELL,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28. 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO.49
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO.

LAWYERS.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe. oct. 1, 1879.

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.

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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. 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, '81-tf

GEO. E. ELWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe oct. 1, 1879.

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Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

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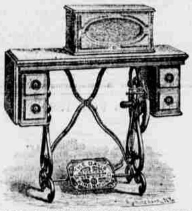
THE DAVIS.



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The Greatest Sewing Machine of the Age

Don't fail to see this wonderful piece of perfection, the New Davis Vertical Feed Shuttle Sewing Machine. Manufactured at Watertown, New York. Will be on exhibition at the Bloomsburg fair ground during the fair. All are cordially invited to call and inspect the New Machine and obtain samples of work, more beautiful and desirable than ever before accomplished and utterly impossible for any other to duplicate. Thousands witnessing the immense range of work, and discarding their old machines for the NEW MACHINE, is sufficient proof of its superiority and bring for the DAVIS a trade that runs the factory to its fullest capacity.

The Vertical Feed,

Which supercedes the under feed, is the hinge upon which swings the UNPARALLELED SUCCESS,

Composed of only 13 Working Parts,

while others have from forty to seventy-five, making the least complicated, the most durable and most reliable machine in use.

It positively leads all others, DOING AWAY with all basting, and is the LIGHTEST RUNNING SHUTTLE MACHINE IN THE WORLD! and gives general satisfaction. Will be sold at the recent popular REDUCED SCALE OF PRICES. Samples of work free.

J. SALTZER, Gen'l Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

oct. 3, '79-1y.

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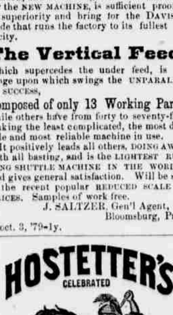
CELEBRATED



STOMACH

BITTERS

Let your first attack of Indigestion be the last. Rouse the dormant energies of the stomach with the Bitters. The tone thus imparted will remain. This is a fact established by thousands of witnesses, whose testimony is simply a statement of their own experiences. Those afflicted with general debility of every phase will find this medicine an unfailing agent in building up and renewing their strength.

For sale by all Druggists and respectable Dealers generally.

Oct 3, 1y.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE.

Whereas, the world renowned reputation of the

White Sewing Machine

induces many unscrupulous competitors to resort to all kinds of mean tricks to injure its reputation, we beg to caution all intending purchasers not to buy a

WHITE MACHINE

except from its regular authorized dealers, who will be sustained by the following warranty.

WE WARRANT THE NATURAL WEAR AND TEAR OF THE

White Shuttle Sewing Machine,

PLATE NUMBER 103339 FOR FAMILY PURPOSES, AND HEREBY AGREE TO KEEP THE SAME IN REPAIR FOR THE TERM OF FIVE YEARS FROM THIS DATE, FREE OF CHARGE.

This warranty excepts the breakage of needles bobbins and shuttles.

This warranty will not be sustained unless the plate number above given corresponds with the number on the shuttle race slide. Beware of defaced or altered numbers.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.

The "WHITE" Shuttle Sewing Machine

HAS GREATER CAPACITY than any other family Sewing Machine for doing every variety of work.

J. SALTZER, General Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

Oct. 3, '79-1y.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland Maine.

oct 3, '79-1y

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.

The following appraisements of real and personal property set apart to widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Register of Columbia county, under the Rules of Court, and will be presented for absolute confirmation to the Orphans Court to be held in Bloomsburg, in and for said county, on **Monday**, December 1st, 1879, at two o'clock p. m., of said day unless exceptions to such confirmation are previously filed, of which all persons interested in said estates will take notice:

1. Widow of John Patterson, late of Beaver township, deceased.
2. Widow of Silas F. Karns, late of Benton township, deceased.
3. Widow of M. E. Jackson, late of the Borough of Berwick, deceased.
4. Widow of Abraham Yoder, late of Locust township, deceased.
5. Widow of William Garrison, late the Town of Bloomsburg, deceased.
6. Widow of S. M. Erwin, late of Mifflin township, deceased.
7. Widow of B. K. Eves, late of Greenwood township, deceased.
8. Widow of John Hicks, late of the Town of Bloomsburg, deceased.
9. Widow of John Raup, late of Franklin township, deceased.
10. Widow of George C. Scott, late of Catawissia, deceased.
11. Widow of Thomas Davis, late of Benton town-deceased.

Register's Office, Bloomsburg, Oct. 31, 1879. } W. H. JACOBY, Register.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

Notice is hereby given to all legatees, creditors and other persons interested in the estates of the respective decedents and minors, that the following administration and guardian accounts have been filed in the office of the Register of Columbia county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance in the Orphans' Court to be held in Bloomsburg, on Monday, December 1st, 1879, at 2 o'clock, p. m. on said day:

1. The account of John McAnall, administrator of Lydia W. Dodson, late of the Borough of Berwick, deceased, as filed by F. S. Hunt, administrator of John McAnall, deceased.
2. The account of John McAnall, administrator of J. B. Dodson, late of the Borough of Berwick, deceased, as filed by F. S. Hunt, administrator of John McAnall, deceased.
3. The final account of C. G. Jackson, guardian of James B. Pearce, minor child of A. B. Pearce, late of the Borough of Berwick, deceased.
4. The first and final account of Harry W. Sloan, administrator of Maria Biggs, late of the Town of Bloomsburg, deceased.
5. The first and final account of Joseph Townsand, Trustee to sell Real Estate of John Townsand, late of Madison township, deceased.
6. The first and final account of John Appleman, Trustee to sell real estate of Ann Winner, late of Hemlock township, deceased.
7. The account of Lloyd S. Wintersteen, administrator of Levi Creasy, late of Main township, deceased.
8. The first and partial account of P. S. Mill, administrator of Sarah Keithline, late of the Borough of Berwick, deceased.
9. The account of Wm. Martz, administrator cum testamento annexo, of Ludwig Theil, late of Locust township, deceased.
10. The final account of John G. Jacoby, guardian of Anna M. Poet (late Blank) a minor child of Samuel M. Blank, late of Centre township, deceased.
11. The first and final account of Thomas Butler, administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo, of Elizabeth Murry, late of Columbia county, deceased.
12. The first and final account of William Edwards executor of Ann Stahl, late of Briarcreek township, deceased.
13. The first and final account of M. E. Jackson, guardian of Rebecca J. March, minor child of James March, late of Centre township, deceased, as filed by C. B. Jackson, Executor of M. E. Jackson, deceased.
14. The first and final account of Samuel Coleman, administrator of Silas D. Kline, late of Fishingcreek township, deceased.
15. The second account of William Lamon, trustee in the estate of Jacob Moyer, late of Briarcreek township, deceased.
16. The second account of Samuel Neyhard, executor of Philip Salsig, late of Centre township, deceased, as trustee for Rachael Coleman.

Register's Office, Bloomsburg, Oct. 31, '79. } W. H. JACOBY, Register.

Oct. 31, '79-tc.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cents to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. oct. 3, '79-1y

Rowell & Co's. Advt's.

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of $25 to $10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 21 Broad Street, New York.

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WANTED.

Young Men and Ladies to learn Telegraphy. Good situations guaranteed. Address with stamp OBERLIN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, Ohio.

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$10 to $1000 invested in Wall St., Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y.

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$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents Outfit free. SHAW & CO. AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. r nov 14-4w.

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS ON HAND AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE

Poetical.

IN NOVEMBER.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The flowers are dead, the fragrant, regal flowers,
  And fled the blithesome robins, whose sweet song
From early morn made glad the fleeting hours,
  When sunlit days were long.

The sable crow wings slowly o'er the hill,
  His harsh call sounding through the frosty air:
The meadow sweeps are brown clad now and chill,
  The trees are gaunt and bare.

The barn fowls cluster where the low hung sun,
  Makes warm the earth beneath the slanting eaves;
The road-way paths are russet-robed and dun,
  Thick strewn with fallen leaves.

The sky is gray, the sunlight falls across
  The distant mountains, white, and thin, and cold;
Not radiant beams, that forest-ways emboss
  With shifting flecks of gold.

Amid the orchards harsh winds come and go,
  And wild and high the songs they roughly sing;
And smitten with the chill of coming snow,
  The trees stand shivering.

Sharp ring the ax-blows from the mountain side,
  And thundering falls the tall and sturdy oak;
Soon will its form flame on the hearthstone wide,
  And fade away in smoke.

No more the buckwheat blooms bend in the breeze;
  No more the clover blossoms lowly sway;
No more we hear the honey-ladened bees
  Boom on their homeward way.

No lowing kine in upland pastures stand,
  When evening's gold shows the faint gleam of stars,
Patiently waiting for some friendly hand
  To open with the bars.

The storm-wind flings its banners up the sky,
  And rushing from the Northland's realm of snow,
Its tempest-notes, where forests tower high,
  To louder murmers grow.

Where late we met October's sunny smiles,
  By yonder flowing river's silver gleam,
Along the hill, and through the woodland aisles,
  November's garments stream.

—Good Company.

Select Story.

LITTLE MISS TURPIN'S FATE.

HE WAS A STRANGER AND SHE TOOK HIM IN.

A little conversation took place, one morning, on the top floor of a dingy old lodging house in the metropolis, that led to strange results. It was in the front room, but made its way very readily through the chinks and crannies in the mortar to the neighboring apartment, where little Miss Turpin was preparing her frugal breakfast. The toasting fork nearly fell from her hand, and her dimity apron narrowly escaped being seduced by the sumptuous flame from the grate, when the harsh, gruff voice of her landlord fell upon her ear.

'I want my money,' said Mr. Shadrack.

'So do I,' replied the young doctor, 'and more. 'He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends.'

'Can I have my money to-night?'

'I think not.'

'To-morrow?'

'It is extremely doubtful.'

'Then you must get out of here. I want my room.'

'When do you want it?'

'As soon as possible.'

'Will to-morrow do?'

'Yes.'

'Then leave me, friend; the room shall be yours on to-morrow morning.'

The young medical student was a man of spirit, and would have vacated these not very alluring premises at once, but he had not where to lay his head, and there seemed a vital necessity just then for some such proceeding on his part. He had discovered two days before that the faltering and shabby source of his pecuniary supplies had utterly failed, and the knowledge that he was without money or friends in a strange city together with an inability to beg, borrow or steal, had robbed him of sleep. The loss of this necessary rest to a tired brain and worn out body, rendered him the prey of many different sensations during Mr. Shadrach's visit. An iron band seemed to compass his forehead, his eye balls burned, his hands shook, his knees seemed at times about to collapse beneath him, as he walked to and fro the length of the dreary apartment, for lack of more nourishing food chewing the cud of many a bitter fancy. He asked himself over and over again if this was to be the end of it all, and why he had been such a fool as to fancy he could pursue the study of medicine with the wretched capital of a worn out body, a distracted mind and barely money enough to keep flesh upon his bones. That an indomitable spirit had promoted him to go on, hoping for a little desultory practice by the way; that the rose-color with which youth and inexperience are apt to tint those fallacious dreams had been too vivid in his case,—that these and many other excuses could be made for his folly availed little just now. A systematic course of semi-starvation and overwork had broken his indomitable spirit, and turned the rose-colored dreams to an exceedingly greenished-hued nightmare.

The only patient he had during his nine months' stay with Mrs. Shadrach, was a poor little workwoman in the neighboring room, a washed-out, timid, wretched little creature, with scarcely enough stamina about her to rally after a slight attack of pneumonia. Her little fee had been ready for him after every visit—in fact, obtrusively ready, for it was out of the question, of course, to take money. 'It was merely a neighborly service,' he had said, when, upon his fifth visit, he found her up and at work again, and upon his departure she had stammered out something about his bill, 'I am only too glad Miss—Miss'—

'Turpin,' she whispered.

'To be of service to you, and beg you will call me in whenever my presence is desirable.'

Miss Turpin faltered out her thanks. A burning flush chased the pallor out of her face, as warmly he pressed her trembling hand in his and bade her good-bye.

'Poor little devil!' he said, as he strode away to the lecture room. 'It's bad enough for a great strong ox like myself to face and battle with this grim old grindstone of a miserable waif like that—phew, it's monstrous.'

He thought of her pityingly till he crossed the threshold of the college, then gave himself up to the subject in hand, which so engrossed his mind, that he forthwith forgot the existence of little Miss Turpin. But she, upon her part, repeated over and over the words of young Dr. Blake, blushing again when she became conscious of the fact that she really had the temerity to dwell upon this genial but commonplace courtesy.

Miss Turpin's work was delicate and artistic, but not soul-absorbing like the doctor's. She could tint her photographs all the better for this little episode in her life. The vines and tendrils took tender shapes under her deft little fingers; a shy, sweet melancholy helped to make the shadows at least more and more perfect; under the rosebuds grew the thorns; but there seemed to lurk even in their cruelty a subtle, mysterious charm. It was enough for Miss Turpin to dream. The physical and practical reality of the doctor's nearness, had its weight, but not consciously so, to the little woman. She never ventured to get up a cough or cramp for the sake of stamping more clearly his shape into these vague but extravagant feats of fancy. In truth, so timid and afraid was she of a pulsation of practical joy, that she actually shunned and shrank from his approach.

But more and more imposing, grander and grander grew this one figure of her fancy, around which revolved the statellites of health and wealth, popularity and fame—all that could render life sweet or desirable.

Perhaps it is detrimental to my heroine to say that she would have been quite content to have lived upon the fruits of her own fancy for the remainder of her natural life. Had circumstances compelled her to change her abode, and had she thus lost sight of Dr. Blake, the dreams would have gone along just the same, the fact of his dying in a neighboring hospital of weakness and want, and the quenching of all her material in a pauper's grave not interfering in the least with Miss Turpin's airy fabric. It would have been impossible to convince Miss Turpin that he could reach so dire an extremity, had not the knowledge been forced in upon her in a way that she could not refuse.

She absolutely heard the gruff voice of Mr. Shadrach upon the morning in question and the low, musical, but bitterly mocking words of the doctor in reply.

She sat down upon the rug, and clasped both her hands. He was going away then? Until that moment she had not realized the extent of such a disaster. She could have borne, perhaps, to have been compelled to go away herself, because the inevitable for her had become, long since, a matter of course; but to have the iron hand of inexorable necessity grasp this magnificent young man was terrible. He had the flashing eyes, the lordly mien, the exultant step —for thus had little Miss Turpin been wont to classify the somewhat alluring personal attractions of young Blake—he to become the prey of an adverse destiny!

Miss Turpin's breakfast that morning was a failure. By dint of long practice and an exceedingly gracious gift of housewifery she had always managed to get up extraordinary little meals for herself. It was as if a little, sooty angel sat up aloft in the chimney and assisted the culinary efforts of the lone little woman. Her toast was of brown golden, her coffee was Mocha the most delicious, her bit of steak so juicy and appetizing that sometimes poor Blake, in the neighboring room, with some chunks of brown bread floating helplessly in a chalky fluid before him, finding this savory odor under his nostrils, raised his clenched hands at the stern wall between them in envy and despair.

But even the little angel in the chimney became impatient with the behavior of little Miss Turpin that morning. The little woman, usually so practicable and capable, while straining her ear to listen to a faltering, stumbling step in the next room, deliberately burned the toast and boiled the coffee, and the sooty wings spread themselves, taking flight in disappointment and disgust.

She held her breath as the familiar footstep passed her door, and slowly one by one went down the worm-eaten stairs. Oh, where was he going? What would he do? She had read sometimes of an evening, when working hours were over, the shaded lamp upon the table at her side, the coals leaping and blazing in the refulgent grate, her little slippered feet upon the fender—she had read of people who, having neither money, means nor content, had drifted into a moment of frenzy and despair, and thus leaped the awful bar that separates the known from the unknown, content to risk any fate but that which awaited them here. She had read thus of poor, strange unfortunates, and her heart had ached in their behalf. But now? Well, now her heart almost ceased to beat. She put away her work—of what avail was it, all blotted and blurred by her tears, or ruined by her tears, or ruined by her shaking brush? All day she feared and trembled; at nightfall some intuitive hope caused her to brighten the fire, cook a dainty meal, and placing the table opposite the door, leave the tempting, cozy room open upon the wind-swept, gloomy corridor.

Then she waited and wated. The clocks struck at midnight, then one, two, three from a neighboring belfry; the meal was cold, the fire burned low; the chill, gray morning had almost dawned, when at last it came, yes— thank God! faltering and slow, but it was his footstep; none other could quicken little Miss Turpin's pulse.

He reached the landing, the door of her room. Why, truly, he did pause—yes, and stagger in.

Any other woman but this, perhaps would have recoiled with disgust and horror, and above all, with fear, for the young man was evidently not himself. His hair, damp and disheveled, hung in heavy disorder about his face and neck; his eyes, glassy and lurid, blazed upon hers; a red flame burned in his cheeks; a slight foam flecked his trembling lips.

He fell into the chair at the table, and looked wonderingly upon the food before him; but that which would have been frantically devoured six hours before was like the ashes of bitterness to him now. He had not tasted food for thirty-six hours. But it was not hunger that tortured him; it was thirst—an appalling thirst.

He drank the pitcher of water from Miss Turpin's hand and looked pleadingly for more.

'Do not be afraid to give the patient water,' he murmured, eagerly. 'In cases of febrile debility they sometimes suffer—suffer. I recommend, by all means, water—water—water!' Then he fell back with a groan of agony.

Miss Turpin ran out of the room and down the stairs; pounded on the door of the German tailor below, who, with his wife and five children, was enjoying in sleep the only immunity granted them from endless labor and toil; bade him fly for the best doctor in the neighborhood; ran up the stairs again like a deer, and found Dr. Blake insensible, his head thrown back upon the chair, his eyes half-closed, his stentorious breathings audible in the corridor below.

The little German returned with the very best medical aid in the vicinity, even that of the eminent Dr. Havershaw himself.

All this fuss and confusion had aroused Mr. Shadrach, who followed them up the stairs and protruded his long, hairy chin in the doorway.

'It is, perhaps, best that you should know, madam,' said the surgeon to little Miss Turpin, 'that it is a doubtful case. Your husband is in a very critical condition. If this worthy man will assist me we will get him to bed. Our only hope will be a powerful sedative, to be given at once.'

The worthy man alluded to was Mr. Shadrach, whose eyes almost left their sockets when he found the doctar preparing to put his young lodger in Miss Turpin's bed.

'Why—why,' he gasped, looking at Miss Turpin, 'this won't do, will it?'

Miss Turpin bowed her head. She could not speak, but it seemed to her that her heart made all the noise that was necessary. Its convulsive throbs moved the shawl she had thrown over her shoulders.

'Don't chatter here,' said the doctor, thinking Mr. Shadrach was addressing him. 'Just do what I bid you, and the more quietly the better.'

Half an hour later Miss Turpin was alone again, save for the body of the doctor that lay upon the bed. He was helpless there, perhaps dying, his face was strange and distorted, his eyes half closed. A confused, unintelligent murmur flowed from her lips, his hands clenched and unclenched; at times a groan seemed wrung from his vitals.

Miss Turpin's features were pale and haggard, her eyes streaming with tears. Yet, in the midst of an anguish that partook of despair, with throes of pain and terror unspeakable, there was born in her a solemn and almost sinister joy, the first ever given to that sterile soul.

When the doctor came in the evening he thought he had never seen so patient and noble a face; there was something in it that went to his heart.

'Be comforted,' he said, 'let us rely upon the youth and strong physique of your husband.'

The incoherent mutterings of his patient attracted the doctor's attention. Sharp and strong sentences fell upon his ear, that excited his professional curosity. When he heard from Miss Turpin of the enthusiasm and zeal of the young student, as much as she dared tell him of his defeated aspirations and hopes, the good doctor's eyes kindled with sympathy.

'Let him only get well,' he said, 'and we will sweep these lions out of his path.'

Miss Turpin smiled through her tears.

'He will get well, thanks to you,' she said.

"And to you," he added, looking around the room with approbration. It had been suddenly metamorphosed into the model of a chamber for the sick. The open fire, with its cheerful blaze and ventilating draught; the subdued light; the white and warm drapery of the bed; her own little couch near by; pretty, shadowy pictures upon the walls tinted by her own hands —an eloquent silence reigning over all.

"It is lucky for yonder lad," thought the doctor, "that in all this big, wretched barrack the one little snuggery is his own."

And so the days went by, each one freighted with hope and fear. There came one at last upon which rested the life or death of the young student.

"Some time this evening," said the doctor to Miss Turpin, "he will regain consciousness; be sure that you do not leave his bedside. I would not for the world, at that critical moment, that a strange face should meet his own."

Miss Turpin turned pale, and stretched out her hands with a gesture of entreaty. Then she slipped from her chair to her knees, and from thence to the floor. Now had come the supreme moment of torture. Now her labor, her joy, her life, was done.

A strange face! What face could be stranger than her own?

"Tut, child," said the doctor. "I thought you had more courage. There is every hope for him. Can't you bear joy as you have sorrow? I only want that he shall first see the face of his wife, the dearest to him in the world."

He put down his hands to her, but still she hid her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished at that moment, so happy seemed her fate, that she could die there and then.

"Oh, doctor," said she, lifting at last her eyes to his, "how can I tell you? how can I make you know? I am not his wife!"

The doctor drew back coldly, but as her frank, earnest eyes caught his own, he could not resist the innocent pleading there. She might be a poor Magdalene even, but he had never seen so childlike and yet womanly a creature.

"We must think of nothing now but our patient," he said, gently; "your face is at least familiar and dear to him."

"Alas! no," she said: "it is strange, almost unknown. It is far better I should go away."

Then she told the doctor all. And as she went on to confess how she had dared shelter this poor neighbor of hers, without a roof to cover him, without money, without friends sick unto death, helpless and alone—how she had dared at any risk to shelter him and to nurse him back to life—the good surgeon's eyes blinked under his shaggy brows. He put his heavy hand in benediction upon her bowed head.

"Thou good little Samaritan!" he said.

And two big, hollow, handsome eyes upon the white bed in the corner also filled with tears. He was so weak, this poor young Blake, that he could scarcely help sobbing outright at so touching a story.

"Why—why," he faltered to himself, "in little Miss Turpin's room! O, thou merciful Heaven! in little Miss Turpin's bed! With the cheery little fire in the grate to foil yonder biting blast, with all the little knick-knacks and furbelows about—the little pictures on the wall, her bird cage at the window, and a neat little medicine stand with lots of spoons, in various doses, each spoon with little Miss Turpin's name; and to her, then, under heaven, I owe my life! Ah, may God do so to me, and more also, if I desert little Miss Turpin, or let little Miss Turpin desert me!"

"And now," said the sweet, sad voice of Miss Turpin, "Take me to his bedside. I am foolishly weak, I can scarcely see. Let me look upon him just once more before I go. You will take care of him now, doctor, won't you? But let me say good-bye."

The doctor, undecidedly, scarcely knowing what to say, half carried her to the bed.

"Good-bye, good-bye," she said, bending over him, her warm tears falling on his pale sunken face, her hot, trembling hands clasping themselves together.

But suddenly two other hot, trembling hands seize hers in a feeble grasp—the hollow, sunken eyes of the student fasten themselves upon Miss Turpin's face with a very hungry tenderness.

"Oh, no," he said, "you cannot go from here, not for the world; you see the good doctor has said it will not do to have a strange face at my bedside. Yours is the dearest to me in the world. I love you, Miss Turpin. It is perhaps, a sad fate I offer you; but oh! be still more generous—be my wife. I have, dear little Miss Turpin—oh! I have loved you long!"

He didn't say how long; he was too weak to talk. He didn't tell her that perhaps his love dated only a little half-hour back, when he listened to that wondrously touching little story of hers.

What mattered it? Cannot love be as strong as life and deep as the sea, howsoever and whenever it is born? Good Dr. Havershaw took care of their future. It began in a neat, two-story brick house, with a big brass sign upon the door, to which the worthy surgeon drew attention enough to set the pot to boiling.

And now in her stylish brougham, with a liveried lackey at her command, with rustling silks and dainty laces, with her wildest fancies more than realized, who could find fault with the fate of little Miss Turpin?

Census Laws.

Provisions of the Act of March 3, 1879, which relate to the formation of enumeration districts, the appointment of enumerators, their duties, compensation, etc.

Sec. 7. No enumerator shall be deemed qualified to enter upon his duties until he has received from the supervisor of census of the district to which he belongs a commission, under his hand, authorizing him to perform the duties of an enumerator, and setting forth the boundaries of the subdivision within which such duties are to be performed by him. He shall, moreover, take and subscribe the following oath or affirmation:

> "I, ————, an enumerator for taking the ——census of the United States, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will make a true and exact enumeration of all the inhabitants within the subdivision assigned to me, and will also faithfully collect all other statistics therein, as provided for in the act for taking the —— census, and in conformity with all lawful instructions which I may receive, and will make due and correct returns thereof as required by said act, and will not disclose any information contained in the schedules, lists, or statements obtained by me to any person or persons, except to my superior officers.
>
> (Signed) ————."

Which said oath or affirmation may be administered by any judge of a court of record, or any justice of the peace empowered to administer oaths; and a copy thereof, duly authenticated, shall be forwarded to the supervisor of census before the date fixed herein for the commencement of the enumeration.

Sec. 8. It shall be the duty of each enumerator, after being qualified in the manner aforesaid, to visit personally each dwelling house in his subdivision, and each family therein, and each individual living out of a family in any place of abode, and by inquiry made of the head of such family, or of the member thereof deemed most credible and worthy of trust, or of such individual living out of a family, to obtain each and every item of information and all the particulars required by this act, as of date June first, eighteen hundred and eighty. And in case no person shall be found at the usual place of abode of such family or individual living out of a family competent to answer the inquiries made in compliance with the requirements of this act, then it shall be lawful for the enumerator to obtain the required information, as nearly as may be practicable, from the family or families or person or persons living nearest to such places of abode.

Sec. 9. And it shall be further the duty of each enumerator to forward the original schedules, duly certified, to the supervisor of census of his district, as his returns under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 10. The compensation of enumerators shall be ascertained and fixed as follows: In subdivisions where the Superintendent of Census shall deem such an allowance sufficient, an allowance not exceeding two cents for each death reported, ten cents for each farm, and fifteen cents for each establishment of productive industry enumerated and returned, may be given in full compensation for all services; and no claim for mileage or traveling expenses shall be allowed in such subdivisions: *Provided*, That the subdivisions to which the above rate of compensation shall apply must be designated by the Superintendent of Census at least one month in advance of the enumeration; and no account of the time occupied in enumeration shall be required for the purpose of ascertaining and determining the compensation of enumerotors in such subdivisions. For all other subdivisions, rates of compensation shall be fixed in advance of the enumeration by the Superintendent of Census, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, according to the difficulty of enumeration, having reference to the nature of the region to be canvassed and the density or sparseness of settlement, or other considerations pertinent thereto; but the compensation allowed to any enumerator in any district east of the one hundredth meridian shall not exceed an average of four dollars per day of ten hours actual field-work each; and the compensation allowed to any enumerator in any district west of the one hundredth meridian shall not exceed six dollars per working day of equal length. And the Superintendent of Census may prescribe a uniform method and suitable forms for keeping account of the time occupied in field-work, for the purpose of ascertaining the amounts due to enumerators, severally, under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 11. The subdivision assigned to any enumerator shall not exceed four thousand inhabitants, according to the census of eighteen hundred and seventy. * * * * * The boundaries of all subdivisions shall be clearly described by civil divisions, rivers, roads, public surveys, or other easily distinguished lines.

Sec. 12. That any supervisor or enumerator, who, having taken and subscribed the oath required by this act, shall, without justifiable cause, neglect or refuse to perform the duties enjoined on him by this act, or shall, without the authority of the Superintendent, communicate to any person not authorized to receive the same, any statistics of property or business included in his return, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall forfeit a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars; or, if he shall willfully and knowingly swear or affirm falsely, he shall be deemed

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	12.00
Three inches	4.10	4.50	7.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	12.00	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.

guilty of perjury, and on conviction thereof shall be imprisoned not exceeding three years or by fine not exceeding eight hundred dollars; or, if he shall willfully and knowingly make false certificates or fictitious returns, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction of either of the last named offenses, he shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars and be imprisoned not exceeding two years.

'Sec. 13. That if any person shall receive or secure to himself any fee, reward, or compensation as a consideration for the employment of any person as enumerator or clerk, or shall in any way receive or secure to himself any part of the compensation provided in this act for the services of any enumerator or clerk, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than five hundred dollars nor more than three thousand dollars, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 16. That the Superintendent, his chief clerk, supervisors, and enumerators are hereby authorized to transmit through the post office any paper or document relating to the census, by writing thereon "Official business—Census," and subscribing the same, with the addition to his name of his official title. But this privilege shall extend to nothing but documents and papers relating to the census, which shall pass free. And any Superintendent, supervisor, enumerator, or clerk who shall use or exercise this privilege for any purpose other than the legitimate discharge of the duties of his office shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall forfeit for each offense a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars.

Sec. 18. Each enumerator in his subdivision shall be charged with the collection of the facts and statistics required by each and all the several schedules, with the following exceptions to wit: In cities where an official registration of deaths is maintained, the Superintendent of Census may, in his discretion, withdraw the mortality schedule from the several enumerators within such cities, and may obtain the statistics required by this act through official records, paying therefor such sum as may be found necessary, not exceeding the amount which is by this act authorized to be paid to enumerators for a similar service, namely, two cents for each death thus returned. Whenever he shall deem it expedient, the Superintendent of Census may withdraw the schedules for manufacturing and social statistics from the enumerators of the several subdivisions, and may charge the collection of these statistics upon experts and special agents, to be employed without respect to locality.

CENSUS SUPERVISORS' DISTRICTS.

The formation of supervisors' districts under the provisions of the census act of March 3, 1879, has been completed, except in regard to the states of Massachusetts and California, and approved by Secretary Schurz. The details are of interest, for the reason among others that the appointment of supervisors must be made in each instance by selection from applicants residing within the boundaries of their districts. These important offices, which will practically control the thousands of local appointments necessary for the work of taking the census, are to be filled by the first of January. General Walker says that in the formation of districts reference has been had solely to the exigencies of enumeration due to the geographical features of the states and to the existing conditions of settlement, occupation and inter-communication. The following are the Pennsylvania districts: First district, Philadelphia county; Second district, Chester, Delaware and Lancaster counties; Third district, Berks, Dauphin, Lebanon, Northumberland and Schuylkill counties; Fourth district, Bucks, Carbon, Lehigh, Montgomery and Northampton counties; Fifth district, Columbia, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Monroe, Montour, Pike, Sullivan, Wayne and Wyoming counties; Sixth district, Bradford, Cameron, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Susquehanna and Tioga counties; Seventh district, Adams, Clearfield, Clinton, Cumberland, Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder, Union and York counties; Eighth district, Bedford, Blair, Cambria, Fayette, Green, Indiana, Somerset and Westmoreland counties; Ninth district, Allegheny, Beaver, Lawrence and Washington counties Tenth district, Armstrong, Butler, Clarion; Crawford, Elk, Erie, Forest, Jefferson, Mercer, Venango and Warren counties.

TWO GLIMPSES OF THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

We have two recollections of this unfortunate Prince, to which his cruel fate has given a pathetic significance. One was the opening of the Legislative body in the year 1866, when the Emperor first associated his son with him officially. The splendid Thorne-Room of the Louvre was crowded with the most brilliant company of Christendom, with the great officers of the state, of the army, and the imperial household. The Emperor entered and took his place on the dias; at his left sat the stout Prince Napoleon Jerome; and in an episcopal robe of violet silk the young and Apollo-like ecclesiastic, since Cardinal Bonaparte, son of the Prince of Canino; while on his right sat the little Prince, then ten years of age—as sweet and gentle a child as ever delighted a mother's heart. A year or two afterward, on the reserved terrace of the Tuileries, we saw two boys playing with their velocipedes, and keenly enjoying the air and the exercise. One of them was the Prince Imperial, and the other Don Alfonso of Spain; the former seemed secure in the prospect of the most conspicuous throne in the world, the other had just been driven, finally as it seemed, from a land which had decreed eternal banishment to his race. We can not fathom the immutable will that rules the event of human fortunes; who could have dreamed that in these few years one of those boys would be lying dead in an African corn-field; and the other, we know not how firmly, established in the palace of his ancestors?—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

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The Empress Eugenie.—Eugenie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, was a beautiful woman of twenty-seven, who had a youth of vicissitudes, and was well known in many capitals for her beauty.

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Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strenghten the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

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The manufacture of oleomargarine or artificial butter is rapidly extending, and large factories for its production are springing up in nearly all the principal cities. The business is said to be very lucrative.