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.

G. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENDENDER, } Proprietors.

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12. 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 50
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 41

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y
One inch	$3.00	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00	$8.00
Two inches	5.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	15.00
Three inches	6.00	8.50	7.00	15.00	18.00
Four inches	8.00	7.00	9.00	18.00	20.00
Quarter column	8.00	9.00	10.00	18.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00
One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	40.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before insertion 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. S. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Krickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert H. Little.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Surveyor—Samuel Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Sweppenheiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Ickhart, 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. Growz, 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. R. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. Brower, President, P. E. Wirt, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6¾ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

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

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. W. 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—9 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.

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

W. H. HOUSE, DENTIST.
BLOOMSBURG, COL. CO. PA.
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN. Good sets for $10. Office Corner Main and Iron Streets. *To be open at all hours during the day.* Will be at the office of Dr. L. B. Kline in Catawissa on Wednesday of each week.
Nov. 23-1y

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, 79-1f

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

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

	Capital.
Aetna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	4,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	4,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$80,675,000

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg.
March 26,'80—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, 79-1y.

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
PROMPTNESS, EQUITY, FAIR DEALING
Nov 16 '83.

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.

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

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

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

H. LITTLE. ROBT. E. 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 USAGROTE'S BUILDING, on Main street second door above Centre.
Can be consulted in German.
jan. 10, '80-tf

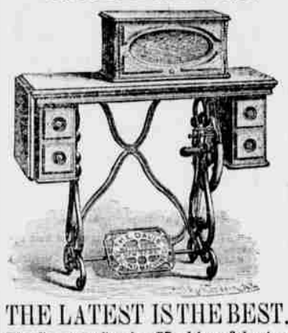
GEO. E. ELWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe oct. 1, 1879.

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.

THE DAVIS.



THE LATEST IS THE BEST.
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.

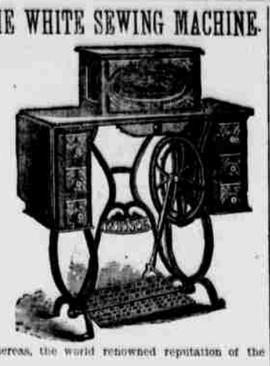
The Vertical Feed.
Which supercedes the under feed, is the hinge upon which swings the UNPARALLELED SUCCESS,
Composed of only 13 Working Parts, while others have from forty to seventy-five, making the least complicated, the most durable and most reliable machine in use.
It positively leads all others, 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,
oct. 3, '79-1y. Bloomsburg, Pa.

Eclectic Magazine
OF
Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.
1880--36th YEAR.
The Eclectic Magazine reproduces from foreign periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American readers. Its field of selection embraces all the leading Foreign Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, and consults the tastes of all classes of readers. Its plan includes
Science, Travels,
Essays, Poetry,
Reviews, Novels,
Sketches, Short Stories,
Etc., etc.
The following lists comprise the principal periodicals from which selections are made and the names of some of the leading writers who contribute to them:

PERIODICALS.	AUTHORS.
Quarterly Review,	Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone,
Brit. Quarterly Review,	Alfred Tennyson,
Edinburgh Review,	Professor Huxley,
Westminster Review,	Professor Tyndall,
Contemporary Review,	Rich. A. Proctor, B. A.
Fortnightly Review,	J. Norman Lockyer F.R.S.
The nineteenth century,	Dr. W. B. Carpenter,
Popular Science Review,	E. B. Tylor,
Blackwood's Magazine,	Prof. Max Muller.
Cornhill Magazine,	Prof. Owen.
Macmillan's Magazine,	Matthew Arnold,
Fraser's Magazine,	E. A. Freeman, D. C. L.,
New Quart. Magazine,	James Anthony Froude.
Temple Bar,	Thomas Hughes,
Belgravia,	Anthony Trollope,
Good Words,	William Black,
London Society,	Mrs. Oliphant,
Saturday Review,	Turgenieff,
The Spectator, etc., etc.	Miss Thackeray, etc.

The Eclectic Magazine is a library in miniature. The best writings of the best living authors appear in it and many costly volumes are made from materials which appear fresh in its pages.
STEEL-ENGRAVINGS. Each number contains a Fine Steel-Engraving—usually a portrait—executed in the best manner. These engravings are of permanent value, and add much to the attractiveness of the Magazine.
TERMS:—Single Copies, 45 cents; one copy, one year, $5; five copies $20. Trial subscription for three months, $1. The ECLECTIC and any $5 magazine to one address, $8. Postage free to all subscribers.
E. R. PELTON, Publisher,
25 Bond Street, New York.

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 late number above given corresponds with the number on the shuttle face slide. Beware of defaced & 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,
Oct. 3, '79-1y. Bloomsburg, Pa.

$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 risk 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 9, '79-1y

THE SUN FOR 1880.
The Sun will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by everybody. From January 1 until December 31 it will be conducted as a newspaper, written in the English language, and printed for the people.
As a newspaper the Sun believes in getting all the news of the world promptly, and presenting it in the most intelligible shape—the shape that will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the age with the least unproductive expenditure of time. The greatest interest to the greatest number—that is, the law controlling its daily make-up. It now has a circulation very much larger than that of any other American newspaper, and enjoys an income which it is at all times prepared to spend liberally for the benefit of its readers. People of all conditions of life and all ways of thinking buy and read the Sun, and they all derive satisfaction of some sort from its columns, for they keep on buying and reading it.
In its comments on men and affairs, The Sun believes that the only guide of policy should be common sense, inspired by genuine American principles and backed by honesty of purpose. For this reason it is, and will continue to be, absolutely independent of party, class, clique organization, or interest, it is for all, but of none. It will continue to praise what is good and reprobate what is evil, taking care that its language is to the point and plain beyond the possibility of being misunderstood. It is uninfluenced by motives that do not appear on the surface; it has no opinions to sell, save those which may be had by any purchaser with two cents. It hates hypocrisy and rascality even more than it hates unnecessary words. It abhors frauds, pities fools, and deplores nincompoops of every species. It will continue throughout the year 1880 to chastise the first class, instruct the second, and discountenance the third. All honest men, with honest convictions, whether sound or mistaken, are in its friends. And The Sun makes no boast of telling the truth to its friends whenever occasion arises for plain speaking.
These are the principles upon which the Sun will be conducted during the year to come.
The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The deeds and words of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant, and insolent Administration intrenched at Washington. The Sun did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking it power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. The Sun will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.
This with a habit of philosophical good humor in looking at the minor affairs of life, and in great things a steadfast purpose to maintain the rights of the people and the principles of the Constitution against all aggressors, The Sun is prepared to write a truthful, instructive, and at the same time entertaining history of 1880.
Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the Daily Sun, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.
The Sunday edition of The Sun is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.
The price of the Weekly Sun, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.
Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Nov. 14-6w Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

THIS PAPER IS KEPT ON FILE AT THE OFFICE OF
N. W. AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENTS,
TIMES BUILDING PHILADELPHIA
Cor. Chestnut and Eighth Sts.
Who receive Advertisements for this Paper, ESTIMATES at Lowest Cash Rates free for Newspaper Advertising. Send 25c. for AYER & SON'S MANUAL.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS
A stout backbone is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back and disorders of the liver and kidneys, the tonic and moderate diuretic action of the Bitters is the one thing needful. Remember that the stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and that by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column and all its dependencies are strengthened.
For Hostetter's ALMANAC for 1880 apply to druggists and dealers generally. Oct 3, 1y.

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.
C. K. CANFIELD, Editor.
April 16, 1879-tf

Poetical.

IN THE LAST PEW.

Good Words.

She sits, bent o'er, with wrinkled face,
Poor and forlornly old; no grace
Smooths the sharp angles of her form,
Long buffeted by life's slow storm.
All else around is fine and fair;
The stained light falls, a golden glare,
In seeming mockery on her loose, gray hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed,
Tells how our hearts afar have strayed,
And how all souls should be content
With those good blessings God has sent.
And one, of all that self-poised throng,
Hangs on his words nor deems them long,
And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn
Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim;
What can the gay world hold for her—
This worn and weary worshiper?
Now rustling down the aisles in pride,
They toss bright smiles on every side,
Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks hide.

And still she sits, with tear-wet face,
As loth to leave that sacred place;
The organ, with quick thunders riven,
Lifts her sad, trembling soul to heaven;
She feels a sense of blissful rest,
Her bony hands across her breast
She clasps, and lowly sighs: "God knoweth best!"

One day, within some grander gate,
Where kings and ministers must wait,
While she hopes humbly for low place
Far from the dear, Lord's shining face,
Above the chant of heavenly choir
These words may sound with gracious fire;
"Well done, good, faithful servant, come up higher."

Select Story.

A BRILLIANT ADVENTURE.

The time was about a fortnight before Christmas. There were not many travelers, and I had a compartment in the early tidal train to myself. My destination was Paris, my errand to convey from my father (a London jeweler and silversmith) to his agent in that city a very valuable brilliant ring. 'The diamonds in it are worth £5000 if they are worth a penny,' my father had said to me, 'so I hope you will take special care of the ring, Ned, and neither lose it on the way nor allow yourself to be robbed of it.' I smiled a little superciliously as my father spoke. As if it were at all likely that I should either lose it or allow it to be stolen from me! I was just turned one-and-twenty and my father had no right to speak to me as if I were still a boy.

I had got the ring safe in an inner pocket of my waistcoat, I took care to assure myself from time to time. I had not seen it since my father put it into a little velvet box, in which it was still shut up. When I had finished my first cigar, and had got through with the morning news, the thought struck me that I might as well have another look at the ring. There could be no harm in that, you know. I took the box out of its hiding-place and opened it. My eyes were dazzled as I looked. There laid the darling in its nest of purple velvet. Who could have resisted the pleasure of taking it out and trying it on? Certainly not I. First on one finger and then on another, I tried it. Had it been made for the third finger of my right hand, it could not have fitted me better. It looked simply exquisite.

Now I came to think of it, was there or could there be a safer hiding place for the ring than my finger? I had only to keep my glove on, and not a soul would know anything about it. It was far safer than in my pocket. In such a case to hesitate was folly. I placed the ring on my finger, and put the empty box into my pocket. As I was alone there was no occasion to put my glove on just then; so I mused and smoked, and watched the many colored rays of light that flashed from the brilliants, and wondered what great swell's finger it was destined to decorate. How I wished that I could call it mine.

There was no harm in dazzling the eyes of the ticket collector with it. He was only a railway official. But I took care to pull on my glove and button it before alighting from the train. A quarter of an hour later we were steaming out of Dover harbor.

There were not more than a dozen passengers on deck. The day was cold and clear with just enough sea on to make the voyage unpleasant for bad sailors. Only two ladies were visable. One was a stout middle-aged person, who was eating and drinking nearly all the way across—evidently an old salt. The other was—well, simply the most charming creature I had ever set my eyes on. In point of fact, I could not keep my eyes off her. I passed her and repassed her as I paced the deck from end to end, and every time I passed her I looked at her. What lovely gray eyes! What superb yellow hair! But as for complexion, it would take a poet to describe its wildrose tints. Once or twice her eyes met mine just for a moment, and it struck me that they were full of a wistful sadness. So far as I could judge, she was entirely alone. We were about half-way across when, as I passed her for the fiftieth time spoke. 'Would Monsier have the goodness to ask the steward to bring me a little Cognac?' She spoke in French. As the song says, 'Her voice was low and sweet.' I was too flattered to answer her. I could only bow and grin, and make a bolt to the steward's den. Of course I took the Cognace to her myself. You should have seen how prettily she thanked me. She sipped it as a canary might do, if that bird were in the habit of drinking brandy. 'I hope that Mademoiselle is somewhat revived,' I ventured to observe presently.

'Yes; very much revived, thanks to Monsieur. But I am not Mademoiselle. I am a Madame. I am a widow.' She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes as she spoke. How interesting, nay, how touching, was this simple confession. The wistful sorrow in her eyes was at once accounted for. Woul! that it had been my happy lot to comfort her!

There was a camp stool close by. Presently I ventured to draw it a little nearer and to sit down on it, blushing at my temerity as I did so. She did not seem at all offended, and we were presently in the midst of an animated and interesting conversation. There was no hauteur about Madame. On the contrary, she was candor itself. She had only been three days, she told me, in London. She had been staying with Sir Henry Fitz-Evans, who had charge of her late husband's interests in England. She was now going back into seclusion—going back to the little cottage in which she had dwelt ever since her dear husband's death. She would not be able to go forward by the evening train.

All this was told me with charming frankness. There was no reason why I should not wait and go forward with her by the evening train—if she would only allow me to do so. When I threw out a hint to that effect she offered no objection. She admitted at once that she was fond of society, and then she looked at me, and—well, I could almost have sworn that she blushed. I had already told her that I was bound for Paris on a special errand for my father; but I had not said a word about the ring, nor had she even seen it. I had put on my gloves before leaving the train at Dover, and I still wore them.

A little while longer and we found ourselves at Calais. When we landed, Madame admitted that she was hungry, and, that luncheon would be a desirable feature of the programme. Accordingly, while she went about her business, I took a voiture and drove to the Hotel Dessin. There, in the course of half an hour, Madame joined me.

Now one can't very well partake of luncheon in kid gloves. The question was wheather I should partake of mine with the ring on my finger, or whether I should put it carefully away in the box and hide it out of sight. If you have any knowledge of what human nature is at 21, especially when there's a pretty woman in the case, you will know the decision arrived at

Madame pecked a little at this and that, but hardly ate more than a sparrow might have done. How swiftly the minutes seem to fly! I could have lingered on in that cosey little room for a year. When the cloth was drawn and we were left to ourselves, with a bottle of hock on the table between us, somehow our chairs seemed to gravitate towards each other. Or perhaps it was the stove that attracted as, for the afternoon was chilly. In any case we found ourselves in closer proximity. Then said Madame, "Do you smoke, Monsienr?' 'Yes, considerably more than is good for me, I'm afraid.' 'Then smoke now. Oblige me. I like to see a gentleman smoke.' I rose to get a cigar case out of the pocket of my overcoat. Madame laid her hand lightly on my arm—and what a charming hand it was! 'Tenez. I am going to make a confession,' said she. 'I smoke, too—moi. Cigarettes. I lived for several years in Spain, where nearly all the ladies smoke. You are not shocked, I hope, at the idea of a lady smoking a cigarette?'

'Shocked, Madame—'

'No, of course not. You are too much a man of the world. You are above such insular prejudices. Eh bien, you shall smoke one of my cigarettes.' From the satchel by her side she drew an embroidered case, which she opened and bade me choose a cigarette. I did so, and she took another. Then with her own fair fingers she struck an allumette, and held it while I lighted the weed. Then she lighted her own. She could not fail to see my ring as she lighted the match.

'I dare say you find the flavor a little peculiar,' said Madame a minute or two later. 'These cigaretts are made of perfumed tobacco. I never smoke any others. I hope you don't find yours very disagreeable.'

On the contrary, Madame, I am quite in love with it. As you say, the flavor is slightly peculiar, but aromatic and pleasant—To tell the truth, I didn't like it at all, but I wouldn't have said so for worlds.

We smoked on in silence. What would this superb creature say to me, I wondered, if I were to tell her how madly I had fallen in love with her? Would she reject me with scorn, or would she——I gave a sudden start and was shocked to find that I had been falling asleep. Fortunately Madame had not noticed me. Her large melancholy eyes were bent upon the stove. There was certainly something very soothing, something that inclined to slumber and happy dreams, about Madame's peculiar cigarettes. If I had but £2000 a year now, and this sweet creature to share it with me, how happy could I be! Certainly she must have been some six or seven years older than myself, but I never was one to care for your chits of school girls, who set up for being women before they are out of their teens. Here was an angel who had been cast on a bleak and unfeeling world, who had pined for a heart and a home—for a heart that brimmed over with love. Gracious goodness! I had a heart that yearned toward her—that—that—— Why eh—how was this? And where was I?

I awoke with a shiver. But for the court yard the room would have been quite dark. My head was aching frightfully. I got up and staggered to the window. When I looked out and saw the familiar court yard everything came back to me like a flash of light. Where was Madame? Why had I slept so long? What a boor she must take me to be? groped for the bell and rang it violently. Up came a waiter with a candle. 'Where is Madame?' I demanded. 'Madame,' he answered' 'went out nearly three hours ago, saying she wanted to make a few purchases, and would be back in a little while. On no account, she said, was her brother, who had suffered terribly from mal de mer in crossing, to be disturbed, Madame,' he added, 'has not returned.'

Gone three hours ago! Her brother! Malde mer! What could it all mean? As I sat down, utterly bewildered, my arm pressed against the little box in my pocket. Mechanically I glanced at my finger. The ring was no longer there! My heat turned sick within me. I sank down and buried my face in my hands. The waiter thought I was ill, and ran to fetch some cognac. I saw it all now. Fool—fool that I was! I had allowed myself to be swindled, and by a common adventuress.

At 9 o'clock next morning I stood before my father a miserable, haggard, woe-begone wretch. I told my tale, but as I did so I could not keep down my tears of mingled shame and vexation. He listened to me with a curious, cynical smile. When I had done he went to his bureau and opened a drawer. 'Set your mind at rest, Ned,' 'Here's the ring, safe and sound!'

I could only stare at him in open mouthed astonishment. 'When Madame, with the ring in her possession, left you fast asleep, she was just in time to catch the afternoon boat back to Dover. The ring was in my hands again before 10 o'clock last night.'

'But—but,' I stammered out, 'I don't understand. When she had once got the ring in her possession, why did she bring it back to you?'

'Because she was paid to do so. Because she was hired by me, through the agency of a private inquiry office, to act as she did act. Madame by profession is not a thief, but a thief-catcher. You had grown so half conceited of late, Master Ned, you had got such a mighty tall opinion of yourself and your abilities, that I thought it would do you no harm to take you down a peg or two. I hope I have succeeded in convincing you that there are people in the world quite as clever, or it may be cleverer, than a certain young nincompoop of one-and-twenty years. If you will profit by the lesson my money will have been well spent.'

An hour or two later I said: 'But wasn't it rather a risky thing to do with a ring worth £500?'

My father winked at me with the solemnity of a judge. 'My dear dear Ned, what do you take your old dad for? The diamonds were nothing but paste.'

A Coffee-Field in Brazil.

From a very full account of the Brazilian Coffee Industry in *Scribner* for December, we take this description ot the field work, written from personal observation by Herbert H. Smith:

In southern Brazil, a coffee-field seldom lasts more than thirty years. The plantations are made on the fertile hill-sides, where the forest has been growing thick and strong. But the soil here is never deep—six or eight inches of mold at the utmost. In the tropics there are no long winters with mats of dead vegetable matter rotting under the snow. The leaves fall singly, and dry up until they break into dust; logs and decaying branches in the shady woods are carried away by white ants and beetles; hence the mold bed increases very slowly; in twenty-five or thirty years, the strong-growing coffee trees eat it all up. Most planters simply cut down the forest and leave the trees to dry in the sun for six or eight weeks, when they are burned. S——, more provident, lets the logs rot where they lie, which they do in a year or two; in the open sunlight they are saved from insects, and the ground receives a large accession to its strength.

Back of the house there are two yards or small fields, four acres, perhaps, together. The ground is covered with earthen pots set close together, only leaving little pathways at intervals. Each of the two hundred thousand pots contains a thriving young coffee-plant. The ground forms a gentle slope, and water is constantly running over it, so that it is always soaked. The pots, through orifices at the bottoms, draw up enough of this water to keep the roots moistened. The young plants are protected from the sun by mat screens stretched on poles above the ground.

This is a costly system. Most of the planters take root shoots at random from the old fields and set them at once into unprepared ground. Sr. S——'s experiment has cost him probably $20,000; the pots alone cost $11,000. But he will make at least $50,000 by the operation. In the first place, he gains a good year in the start that he gives to these young plants. Then they are not put back in the transplanting; the pots are simply inverted and the roots come out with the earth. They are set into mold or compost which has been prepared in deep holes. The tender rootlets catch hold of this at once, and in a day or two the plant is growing as well as ever.

The nurslings come from selected seeds of half a dozen varieties. Sr. S—— has them planted at first in small pots. A dozen slaves are engaged transplanting the six-inch high shoots to larger pots. Little tired-looking children carry them about on their shoulders, working on as steadily as the old ones, for they are well trained. Sr. S—— wants to make his plants last fifty years, so he is careful and tender with them. The little blacks will be free in 1892, so his policy is to get as much work as possible from them while he can.

The plants are set in rows, about ten feet apart. They grow, and thrive, and are happy out on the hill-side. Warm sunshine caresses the leaves; generous rains feed the tender roots; the ground is kept free from intruding weeds and bushes, and the planter waits for his harvest. After four years, the trees are six feet high and begin to bear. By the sixth year, the crops are very large,—three or even four pounds per tree at times. Meanwhile, corn and mandioca are planted between the rows. Often in a new plantation the expenses are nearly covered by these subsidiary crops.

In the month of November only a few of the slaves are in the new fields. November is the principal cathering month, and almost the whole force must be at work in the bear-orchards. From sunrise to sunset, men, women, and children are gathering the berries in baskets, working silently and steadily under the overseer's eye. Every day, each slave gathers on the average berries enough to produce fifty pounds of dried coffee. The pickings are collected in carts and brought to the mill-house, where the seeds must be prepared for the market.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

There is now living near Catassauqua, Penna., in a hearty old age, the man who discovered how to use anthracite coal in the manufacture of iron. His name is David Thomas, and the story of his discovery he thus narrates:

"One winter night, in the old country, I sat with Mr. Crane, a brother superintendent of a blast furnace over a grate fire of hard coal. We had talked of the recent invention of the hot blast, just patented by Mr. Neilson, a Scotchman, and our conversation had carried us pretty far along into the evening. The fire had burned low, and we were about to separate, when I picked up the bellows and began to blow it. 'You will put out the fire,' said Mr. Crane. As he spoke it flashed over me that if my bellows gave a hot blast it would bring the grateful of coal to a bright glow, and with the thought there came like an inspiration upon me that was needed to utilize the rich beds of anthracite under our feet for making iron. I dropped the bellows and gave utterance to my thoughts. Mr. Crane smiled, then grew attentive, and as I went on thinking out my theory as I spoke he became interested. When I concluded we grasped hands over the dead coals of our anthracite fire and separated. Little sleep we