The Columbian.

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.

C. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26. 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 52
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 45

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	8.00	12.00
Three inches	4.00	5.50	7.00	10.00	15.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	18.00	28.00	40.00
One column	20.00	28.00	30.00	45.00	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. K. Brickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Brickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert E. Little.
Sheriff—John W. Hoffman.
Sarveyor—Samuel Neyhart.
Treasurer—H. A. Swoyenbeiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Fobe, 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 Reese, 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, R. R. 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. I. 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 clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. O. D. S. Barclay.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7½ 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 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 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
Sunday Service—6 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. L. 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-tf

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
RoomNo. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
aprl19,1878.

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

	Capital.
Ætna, 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	1,000,000
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.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
The 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 SOUND 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 '85.

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

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

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

H. LITTLE. ROB'T. 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 UNANGST'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,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 3, '79-1y.

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 Huxley,
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 $4 magazine to one address, $8. Postage free to all subscribers.
E. R. PELTON, Publisher,
25 Bond Street, New York.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!
50 Years Before the Public.
Pronounced by all to be the most Pleasant and effectacious remedy in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.
SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.
R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
oct 3, '79-1y.

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 late 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

$1500 TO $5000 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

ESPY PLANING MILL.
The undersigned lessee of the Espy Planing Mill, is prepared to do all kinds of mill work.
Doors, Frames, Sash, Blinds, etc.
made to order on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed.
CHARLES KNOR,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

AT THE
ORANGEVILLE ACADEMY
You can get a Thorough Education with the
LEAST OUTLAY OF MONEY.
For Catalogue, address the Principal,
REV. C. K. CANFIELD.
April18, 1879-tf

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, at Lowest Cash Rates
ESTIMATES 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 dietetic 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 18, 1879-tf

Poetical.

Merry Christmas!

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given.

That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimney with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then.
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"

"Why no brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus;'
Now we know that there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year;

"Well, why can't we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too." And without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're surely to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother, Willie and Anna, Amen!"

"Please, Desus, let Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bing us some pesents before it is light,
I want he should dive me a nice little sed,
With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then Desus I'll be a dood boy,"
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten.
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent.
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their trouble ere this
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for-kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door.
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,

"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh,"
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed,"
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,

A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents cut numbered a score,
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load.
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed:

Miss dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring, for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shinning runners and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing stood up in the top
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid.
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve,"
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied,
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gists prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light,

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer
"Then we dot up and payed dust as well as we tould
And Dod answered our prayers, now wasn't he dood?"

"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who cause your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being, who bade you steal softly up stairs
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

The climate of the Middle States is very uncertain. One day it is freezing cold, and the next day you may be able to sit in your room with the window open. The natural result is, many colds are contracted by imprudence. In such cases it is well to have a bottle of Dr. Browning's C. & C. Cordial ready for immediate use. Check a cold quickly. A few hours' delay may be the means of sending another consumptive to the grave. Be prompt, and use Browning's C. & C. Cordial, for sale by all druggists. Dr. Browning, Propr., 1117 Arch St., Phila. Price 50 cents.

Select Story.

THE ROYAL ZULU.

Beneath the shade of a grove of palms a Zulu maiden knelt in prayer on the morning of the fatal 22d of January, 1879. Her face was pretty beyond most of her country-women, and her small hands and feet, her distinguishing ornaments, and graceful form bespoke her the daughter of some powerful chief. But strange, considering her nationality, were the words of supplication which flowed from her lips as she raised her clasped hands to heaven. Not from witchcraft or enchantment, or from the equally powerless deities of her nation, did she seek for help, but from Him only, the one true God, Jehovah.

'Father!' she cried, "to whom all the ends of the earth look for help in trouble, hear me for the sake of Jesus. The evil spirit of war and persecution has come down and entered my father's kraal, and Cetywayo has folded his hands and bowed his ear to listen. He has sworn to drink the blood of the white men, and eat up all the Christian Zulus of his nation. O Great Father! in tha hour of trial, keep Cassatonga and me faithful to thyself!'

At this moment a movement beside her caused the worshiper to turn round, and she beheld a stately warrior standing near her, leaning on his black shield. His eyes were fixed with unspeakable love on the youthful form before him. 'Luola,' he said, 'your prayer for me is answered; I can fight no more for Cetywayo. Last night the murder indescribable in cruelty, of Sirayo's wives, for their adherence to the Christian faith, proves what little mercy the king would show toward any one, even yourself, were you to oppose his will; and though it is our duty to bear persecution when it comes, it is no doubt equally madness to provoke it. Here we can no longer stay without declaring our faith, and therefore we must fly with all haste to Helpmakaar. You know the good missionary there, the same who taught us the will of the Great Master, and beneath his care you will be safe from your father's wrath. This alternative is the only one left to us, and I feel it is the right one. Will you come now, Luola? My horse stands ready in the thicket.'

'I will.' And though the hand extended to him trembled, the voice was ready that decided their fate.

'By Rork's Drift is our shortest road,' he said, as they reached the tree where his horse was fastened, and placing the princess on its back he mounted behind her, and turned his steed in the direction of the Buffalo. They traveled for some hours with extreme caution, skirting every kraal and open ground, till at length they arrived at a large thickly planted wood, in which they hoped to find an hour's repose. But they had scarcely dismounted ere the roar of artillery and the cracking of rifles, mingled with wild yells, were heard in the distance, and Cassatonga hastened to conceal his royal charge before endeavoring to discover the cause. Hiding Luola and his horse in the densest part of the grove around him, he selected a lofty tree, whose thick branches would be a shield in themselves. Climbing with the agility of his nation to the topmost boughs, he beheld the fatal field of Isandula spread out before him. Amazement at the unexpected sight and deep admiring pity flashed in his eyes as he looked on the tiny band of white men who, shoulder to shoulder, received unflinchingly the masses of his countrymen, as they swept down upon them.

The first emotion of his heart was to fly to the aid of the devoted column, but the thought of his bride restrained him, and he sank back among the sheltering leaves. Straining his sight over the awful plain, he could distinguish his own fierce regiment, although foremost in the work of death, yet not so preoccupied therewith as to be unconscious of tha plunder which lay around, pausing even in their butchery to collect cattle, stores, and wagons to be driven to their distant kraals. Horror and disgust filled his now enlightened soul. 'Why do those English soldiers stand there,' he asked himself, as the breath came quickly through his laboring chest, 'on that plain of Africa, far away from their island homes, to be shot down, steady in their matchless ranks, by their swarthy foes?' His own heart gave him the reply: 'To save helpless women from the savage butchery he beheld last night; to guard the gray hairs of old age from going down to a terrible grave beneath the real or feigned imputations of witchcraft and divination; and, above all, to teach the pure faith of the Gospel where reigned the degrading demonology of his native land.' His dark eyes blazed and his pulses throbbed as these thoughts surged through his mind, and he pressed his hands over his aching eye-balls as he bowed himself to the service of that flag which shelters Freedom and Truth beneath its folds.

But meanwhile the work of death went on. Those who were sent for help to Rorke's Drift were, alas! shot or assegaied; few, how few! reached the river, and Cassatonga beheld with dismay that the Zulus were scattering toward the Drift. Could he skirt the wood and reach the ford before them with his precious charge? was now his anxious thought. Descending quickly from his position, he found the trembling Luola terrified at his long absence. He described the awful scene he had just witnessed and told her of the immediate necessity for endeavoring to cross the river.

The blood of the lion-like founder of her dynasty flowed in Luola's veins, and though convinced of imminent danger, she was not wanting in courage. 'Let us go,' she said; 'God will help us, and be our shield.'

Remounting, they rode on till they came to the edge of the wood, when a new danger menaced them, which testified to the utmost the fleetness of their steed. Barely out of range of rifle-shot, some scattered parties of Zulus were coming toward them. Cassatonga knew well he could give no reason for not being with his troops, and the daughter of their king was not unknown. Were she seized and conducted back to her father he dared not think of her fate. Urging his horse to a gallop, he cleared the wood; and by carefully placing every hill and clump of bushes between him and the savages, he succeeded in making several miles undiscovered.

But just as he and Luola were beginning to hope they might escape unnoticed, a yell in the distance told that they were seen. Now was the hour of trial for horse and riders. The noble animal seemed hardly to touch the ground as he flew along the plain the wild yells of the Zulus ringing behind. At length the banks of the Buffalo rose high before them, and Cassatonga realized with horror that he had no time to look for the ford, and must only trust his nearly exhausted companion and breathless horse to the perils of a plunge from those lofty banks. But it was their last hope of safety they must do it or die. At length they reached the bank, which rose full six feet above the stream. Cassatonga held the princess tightly in his arms, and the horse's nostrils dilated and his eyes shot fire as he gazed on the torrent beneath. But not a second did the noble animal waver; obedient to his master's hand, he bounded from the bank, and in another minute tossed his noble head above the waves as he bravely breasted the stream. In a few moments, however, his feet touched the bottom; the ford was found, and the worst of the terrible strain was over. At length they gained the opposite bank, up which the weary horse toiled slowly; and soon, to his rider's great astonishment, the small English camp lay before them.

The pair now paused to consult about their next move. The Zulus, they justly conjectured, would make no delay in crossing the river, and their poor horse was far too exhausted to carry them that night to Helpmakaar; therefore they unhesitatingly felt their wisest course would be to place themselves under the protection of the English commander. Tying a white handkerchief to the end of his spear, Cassatonga approached the camp; and when within ear shot, he called out in a loud voice to the sentries, informing them that they were Christian Zulus flying for safty. They were immediately seized, and brought before the officer in charge, who received them with much suspicion, as he had only just heard of the disaster at Isandula, and was in no mood to harbor Zulus of any kind. Their tale was soon told. But though the officer suppressed his pity for the sufferings of the royal maid, he gave orders to have them strictly watched, at the same time commanding that their wants should be supplied.

It is needless to give a description of the night that followed. All the world knows how through the darkness the tide of battle surged up, wave after wave, against the weak barriers of the little fort, and was again and again repulsed. All the world has rung with he names of Bromhead and Chard, and all the other heroes who with strong hands and stronger hearts held the fort that night. But among them all who fought beneath the red-cross flag there was no stronger arm, no braver heart, than his, the young Zulu chief, who had renounced friends, fortune, country, to enlist beneath the banner of a higher Cross, and strive henceforth for a more enduring victory. As the morning broke upon the scene, and disclosed the dusky foe, disheartened and defeated, vanishing like dark clouds behind the distant hill, the gallant officer, begrimed with powder; seized the now scarcely darker hand of the noble Zulu, and thanked him as a British soldier for his timely aid. Luola felt in that moment she was rewarded for all the terrors of the night.

After some hours' needful rest at the fort, the young travelers prepared to resume their journey. They were followed by the benedictions of all. Luola had been untiring in her assistance to the wounded, and the dying were cheered by her words of comfort. Thus, amidst many good wishes, they bade farewell to their new friends, and accompanied by the officers bearing despatches, they set out for Helpmaksar. The evening shadows were lengthening as they entered and rode through the street of that town, and soon they were received with warm welcome beneath the roof of the good missionary.

Not long afterward, before these officers returned to their posts, they were called upon to witness the union of their Zulu comrade with his royal bride. The ceremony was performed by their friend Mr. B——in the words of the beautiful service of the English church. And here let us leave them. They have set themselves resolutely to the task of preparing for that labor of love which they feel certain God will in His own good time open up for them—a wide field of missionary work in their dear native land. Be it ours to pray for the success of all such noble hearts, and for the time when the swords of all the world shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and the nations study war no more.

Napoleon's Mother.

The family of Bonapartes were of pure Italian race; there was not a drop of French blood in any of them. Their ancestors had come from the main land in the early history of Corsica, and their names are found in the remote annals of Ajaccio. Carlo Bonaparte was a poor gentleman of excellent breeding and character, who married in his youth a young and romantic girl, named Letizia Ramolino, who followed him in his campaigns up to the moment of the birth of Napoleon. It is impossible to say how much the history of Europe owes to the high heart and indomitable spirit of this soldierly woman. She never relinquished her authority in her family. When all her children were Princes and Potentates, she was still the severe, stern Madame Mere. The beauty and grace of Josephene Beaubarnais never conquered her; the sweet Tyrolese prettiness af Maria Louisa won from her only a sort of contemptuous indulgence. When her mighty son ruled the Continent, she was the only human being whose chidings he regarded or endured. She was faithful in her rebukes while the sun shone, and when calamity came, her undaunted spirit was still true and devoted to the fallen. Her provincial habit of economy stood her in good stead in her vigorous old age; she was rich when the Empire had passed away, and her grand-children needed her aid. It must have been from her that Napoleon took his extraordinary character, for Carlo Bonaparte though a brave soldier and an ardent patriot in his youth, was of an easy and genial temper, inclined to take the world as he found it, and not to insist too much on having it go in his especial way.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

Truth and Honor.

Query: