THE COLUMBIAN.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

$1 TWO DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23. 1880.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIV, NO. 4
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 47

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	1Y
One inch	$3.00	$3.50	$4.00	$5.50	$8.00
Two inches	5.00	6.00	8.00	8.00	15.00
Three inches	4.00	4.50	7.00	10.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20.00
Quarter column	8.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00
One column	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements at 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.

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Associate Judges—I. K. Frickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Frickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert R. Little.
Sheriff—U. H. Ent.
Surveyor—Samuel Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Sweppenheiser.
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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. 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 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 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
Sunday Service—2 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill,"—known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on Rock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend

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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.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

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C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5

J. R. 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. 28-1y

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C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH. Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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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.
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	2,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$80,631,000

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:
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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.

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CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE 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.
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Nov. 18, '80.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
jan. 11, 1878

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Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

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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,
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Bloomsburg, Pa.

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jan. 10, '80-1f

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

W. H. RHAWN,
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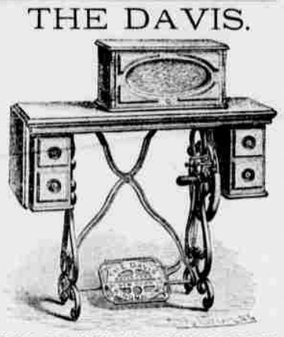
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

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.

PAINTING
AND
Paper Hanging.
WM. F. BODINE,
IRON ST., BELOW SECOND, BLOOMSBURG, PA
is prepared to do all kinds of
HOUSE PAINTING
Plain and Ornamental
PAPER HANGING,
BOTH DECORATIVE AND PLAIN.
All kinds of Furniture Repaired, and made as good as new.
NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN EMPLOYED
Estimates Made on all Work.
WM. F. BODINE.
Oct. 1, 1879.

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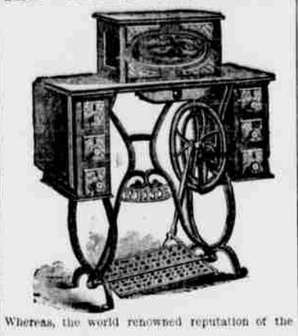
SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!
50 Years Before the Public.
Pronounced by all to be the most **Pleasant** and **efficacious** remedy in use, for the **cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness,** tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. **OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS.** It 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 r 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 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 KRUG,
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, ESTIMATES at Lowest Cash Rates. free for Newspaper Advertising. Send 25c. for AYER & SON'S MANUAL.

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

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS
The Stomach is Strengthened.
The liver regulated, the bowels put in proper order, the blood enriched and purified, and the nervous system tranquil and vigorous by this inestimable family medicine and safeguard against disease, which is, moreover, a most agreeable and effective appetizer, and a cordial peculiarly adapted to the wants of the aged and infirm.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. Oct 3, 1y.

Poetical.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

THE BABE.

Begun!—and round me glowed
Huge masks, with staring eyes—
And smiles alarmed me more—
I after saw in pantomimal story.
I had no sense of time; nor overmuch
A sense of anything;
I woke!—my eyes confronted with a glory
That made them open more and more,
It seemed they'd crack to take it in:
Anon, a wall of black would supervene,
I'd try to fight it off, and cry aloud!—
The light was out!—
Brief, brief candle!

THE LOVER.

Another spell—'twas not the one at school,
Yet taught me more than aught beside:
A being like myself,
But unlike more—a finer—fairer—
To every sense and thought a newer zest
And newer meaning.
How great had been the void
That now was brimming o'er!
What measure's depth could hold it all!
Riches untold: a world unknown before:
The idol!—and I worshiped.
'Twas burning then, was life and love—
Brief, brief candle!

THE OLD MAN.

'Tis further on: I've staying power—
For friends are gone, snuffed out
As though they ne'er had been—
Whilst I, who miss them here, live on alone!
A retrospect of graves
And just ahead—nay own,
There's over all a ghostly hue—
And rosy, golden day no more
As seen with infant's lover's eyes—
The flame of life is burning blue!
And dwindling—near the final flicker!

. . . . . .

But at its best it gives me handle
To ask if it were worth the candle?
Brief, brief candle!

G. J. A., In Scribner's "Bric-a-Brac."

Select Story.

THE STAGE FIEND.

From Sunday World.

The wind howled and swept down Fifth avenue with a dismal moan, rattling the shutters and weathercocks of the silent sombre mansions which line the Corso of the New Word. The day—a dreary, wet and cold November day—was gradually waning into night. Here and there a street lamp flickered up, and from behind the closely drawn blinds of the windows a ruddy light shone into the street, suggestive of comfortable homes and warm fire-places—for those who enjoyed the supreme happiness of home on this dreary night. This was evidently not the case with an old fiddler, who stood on the sidewalk bareheaded, with his gray hair flowing in the wind, playing his instrument diligently. Through the stillness of the streets the sounds of his fiddle were heard distinctly and sounded less discordant than performances of street musicians are generally apt to be. His repertoire was was not rich: 'Parigi Cara,' from the "Travista," "Santa Lucia" and a romance by Gordigiana were all he could play. But he played these songs with genuine feeling, tolerable precision and with that peculiar chic which immediately betrayed the Italian performing his own national music. After the close of each piece he wistfully looked up at the closed windows on both sides, a shiver passed over his emaciated, poorly-clad figure, and after waiting a few moments without result he again took up his fiddle and began the next piece. While the angry November night closed in on this dreary picture of human desolation and helplessness, the glow of a great fire burning cheerfully in a luxuriantly furnished parlor of the house at the gate of which the old musican was standing, shone on another picture of solitary grief and misery. A young woman dressed with a sort of careless luxury in a morning robe of yellow silk, paced fretfully to and fro in the large room. Now she approached the piano and played with one finger the first notes of "Pasiga la Bella," then she sprang up again, wrung her hands, while something escaped her lips which sounded very much like an Italian oath and yawned in the most dismal and (we are sorry to say) inelegant fashion. Here, in this abode of wealth and luxury, ennui, the the dreadest of all the monsters which assail and torment humanity, had evidently fixed his residence. Suddenly its fair victim pulled at the bell with an angry jerk, which sent the sound ringing and vibrating through the whole house. A young chambermaid appeared on the threshold.

'Annetee,' said the mistress, in French, 'go and call that musician into the basement. I feel terribly dull to-night. Perhaps a few minutes' conversation with the man will amuse me. But he must not know that I am the mistress of the house. I will change my dress and go down stairs. You and Jean treat me just as if I were the ladies' maid or something of the kind. Do you hear?'

The young girl smilingly nodded and withdrew. She was evidently used to the many whims of her capricious mistress. A moment later the fiddling on the street ceased and the broken voice of the old man was heard in the basement showering blessings in a very imperfect English on the head of the "noble signora" who had taken pity on a forlorn, helpless old man. While he was yet speaking the lady herself entered the basement room. She had changed her dress for a plainer gown, and in pursuance of the directions they had received neither Annette nor the man servant Jean noticed in any way her presence.

'Well, have you a good appetite?' she asked the old man, in Italian. 'The lady has ordered us to give you to eat and drink as much as you like.'

'Oh, my most humble thanks to her excellency!' the old man exclaimed, rapturously, pointing to the wine and the slices of cold roast beef which stood before him on the table. 'I have never had so good a meal since the blessed days in our own beloved Italy, when I played first fiddle at San Carlo to the sing of the great Barberini.'

At this time the lady suddenly sprang up and imposing, with imperative gesture, silence on her servants, took a seat close by the musician.

'So you have accompanied the Barberini?' she asked, in an eager tone.

'Many a time, Signorina! And I shall never forget those nights if I live to be as old as Methuselah. Oh, what an artist—what a blessed child of God she was, and what a shame it was for her to quit the stage!'

'You think so,' retorted the lady, sharply. 'Do you know that she left the stage to marry a man whom she dearly loved?'

'I know that well enough. But where can she find that human love which could replace the glory, the excitement, the ineffable joy art alone bestows on its favorite children? I do not know who the Barberini married. I have once been told her husband was an American banker. If so she is now probably very rich and living amid the most exquisite luxury; and yet—I am sure she feels dull and miserable and bitterly regrets the time when she possessed nothing in the world but her voice, and that voice alone sufficed to bring the whole world to her feet.'

The lady answered not a word. A dark frown had settled on her brow while the old man spoke. When he had ended, she spang from her chair and walked quickly out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

The old man looked in speechless wonder from Annette to Jean.

'What is the matter?' he at length uttered. "Who is this lady?'

'Well, old gentleman,' retorted the young soubrette, with a mischievous smile, 'you have made a nice mess of it! Do you know who the lady is you have spoken to? No other than Adelini Barberini herself—now Mrs. Henry Thorndike Van Puyten.'

The poor old fiddler's consternation may be easier imagined than described. At first he insisted on going up stairs and imploring the 'Signora's' pardon, but, yielding at length to the voice of reason, and after muttering countless invocations to all the saints whose names he could muster, he left the house heavily laden with victuals of every description with which the good-natured Annette had stuffed his pockets. If he could have witnessed the effect his words had produced on the lady of the house the old fiddler's distress would have been still greater. On leaving her protege Mrs. Van Puyten returned into the parlor and sat down on a low stool near the fire. With heaving bosom, her brows contracted and her beautiful black eyes shining with tears, she sat there for a long while, looking steadily into the flames. Her whole past life appeared to her as in a mirror. She again saw the brilliantly illuminated, crowded house; she heard the storm of applause rising around her; she felt once more the atmosphere of thrilling, feverish excitement which hovers about the mysterious and picturesque world of the stage. It was there she made the acquaintance of her present husband, who was one of her most ardent admirers. Frequent greetings in society ripened the acquaintance to intimacy and at length—to love, or at least, to what might have been easily mistaken for love. He loved in her his own vanity, the proud satisfaction of having attracted the notice of a woman at whose feet the richest potentates of the financial and aristocratic world had lain in vain. She had lain in vain. She had been captivated by his youth, his original wit, and last, but not least, by the dazzling prospect of a life full of social triumphs, of all the luxuries which millions can purchase.

They were married and came to live in New York. Two years had passed since—two years of the bitterest disappointment. Her husband, as well as the life of those circles of New York society which she naturally entered, proved on closer acquaintance to be widely different from the brilliant picture the ci-devant Barberini had drawn of both while the 'charm of the unknown' still lay around them. H. Thorndike van der Puyten (of the name Thorndike and of his unquestionably Knickerbocker descent he was immeasurably proud) was what one is apt to call a 'capital fellow.' A thorough sportsman, a careful and experienced business man he possessed all those qualities which render life enjoyable in a quiet, everyday fashion, without ever becoming uncomfortable or clashing with the ways and manners of the so called 'world.' In the limits prescribed by fashion he found all that his heart or his imagination could desire; all interests and pursuits lying beyond these limits were put down as eccentric or 'improper.'

That the passionate Italian prima donna, accustomed from her earliest youth to the bustle and freedom of stage life, should feel from day to day more miserable in this narrow sphere of barren social conventionalities, was not more than might have been expected. Gradually her temper changed; she grew fretful, melancholy; violent scenes between husband and wife became daily more frequent, and were the more bitter as neither of the parties felt to be in the wrong. Little by little poor Thorndike came to consider his home as the very reverse of Paradise and was happy when business afforded him the the welcome pretext for a more or less prolonged absence. Just now he had gone as far as San Francisco to inspect a mine he had an important interest in. This forced solitude had still more embittered the signora's temper, for she loved her husband still, and though tormenting him when he was present, missed him painfully when he left her. She had no intimate friends and derived no pleasure from a superficial intercourse with the fashionable 'set' to whom her husband had intoduced her. Thus she passed nearly all her days alone with no other company than the bitter recollections of her past eventful life and repeating over and over again in the dreary notes of the Venetian gondolier's chant, Dante's verse:

Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi dentempt
rella miseria!

The effect which the unexpected meeting with an old associate of those 'happy times' produced on the fretting mind and rebel heart of the artist can more easily be imagined than described. The old fiddler had by his words, which corresponded so exactly with her innermost feelings, raised a storm in the heart of the ex-prima donna. The 'fever of the stage' seizes on her with uncontrollable power.

'No!' she exclaimed to herself, springing up from her seat by the fire, 'I will not, I cannot bear it any longer. This old beggar with his fiddle is happier than I, for he at least'—

A sudden idea seemed to strike her. She lifted her head with an eager look; an exulting smile crept over her lips. She sat down at her writing desk, snatched a sheet of note paper out of one of the drawers and wrote hastily a few lines. Then she rang the bell and giving Annette the letter said:

'Be sure to have it sent the very first thing to morrow morning.'

On leaving the room the chambermaid read the address:

'Mr. Maurice Savarez, 16 West Fourteenth street, city.'

The name was that of a well-known operatic manager. The pretty soubrette smiled slyly on delivering the letter to Jean. Both domestics looked at one another in a knowing way, but said nothing. The next morning before 11 an elegant coupe dashed to the door of Mrs. Van Puyten's residence and thence leaped out in a state of feverish excitement the well-known little figure of Savarez. Adelina remained closeted with him for more than an hour. The result of this conference became apparent the very next day. Mysterious notices were published by the papers, hinting at the possibility and even probability of an impending 'event' of unparalleled interest in the artistic world. A few days later there appeared in all the papers the following card: 'Adlina Barberini has the honor of announcing that she will give a concert to the benefit of the poor artist at the Academy of Music on November 28th.'

The news of the impending event ran like lightning through the city. The papers published biographical sketches of the artist, giving wonderful particulars of her former triumphs and hinting delicately at her present high social position. In a few days every available seat in the house was reserved. Many had sent the tenfold of the actual price for their ticket; the stockholders of the Academy themselves on the extraordinary and memorable occasion paid full price for their boxes. Before the concert had taken place the receipts had already attained a sum which Signor Savarez declared to be unparalleled in the annals of musical enterprise. At length the great day came. The programme, distributed only on the morning of the 28th, added still more to the interest of the event. Signora Barberini was to appear as Marguerite, in the third act of Gounod's 'Faust,' seconded by the first artists of the Italian opera. Long before 8 o'clock the Academy was crowded to its utmost capacity. A thrill of suspense and of intense curiosity ran through the house while the overture, played by the orchestra of the Italian opera, who had volunteered their services for the occasion, and the other numbers of the programme, all performed by exquisite artists, were being disposed of. All the interest, all the attention of the thousands of people who crammed the house was concentrated on that one act of 'Faust' which was to close the concert. At length the curtain rose displaying the well-known scenery of Gretchen's garden. Siebel sang his air to the flowers, Faust (one of the few good tenors still treading on the earth) rendered with exquisite feeling his invocation to the dimora casta a pura, the wicked tempter Mephisto placed his casket of jewels on the chair; then came some soft mellow tones in the orchestra, announcing the entrance of Margaret, the garden door opened, and then, like the roar of the ocean, there arose from all parts of the house a deafening storm of cheers and applause which drowned every other sound. One moment the artist stopped at the door, seemingly dazzled by the enthusiasm she excited, when she advanced slowly, bowing as she went. When she had reached the footlights the musical director, a gray-haired veteran of the aristic world, rose from his seat and, bowing low to the artiste, presented her in the name of the orchestra with a beautiful nosegay of white roses and violets. This was a signal for a new and still more enthusiastic ovation. Following the example of the musicians and their director nearly the whole audience rose from their seats while a shower of flowers was poured from the proscenium boxes on the stage. In the midst of all this frenzy of applause the Barberini stood motionless with bowed head a smile of unutterable happiness illuminating her face and big tears running down her cheeks.

Never did the great artistic look more beautiful. She had disdained to follow the tradition, and had not cocealed under a blone wig her own beautiful black hair, which fell into shining tresses over her shoulders her eyes flashing with happiness, triumph and tears, giving a peculiar lustre to all her features. She stood there in all her dazzling beauty, with heaving bosom, like a statute, a work of art of wonderful perfection, but full of passion and life. More than five minute elapsed before the first enthusiasm subsided so as to allow the artist to begin her part. How she sang it, how after each air the applause broke out afresh, how many times she was called before the curtain at the close of the act—all this baffles description and is still fresh in the memory of all who have been fortunate enough to witness that remarkable performance. While the applause and the frenzy of the public were at the highest, nobody noticed an old man in a shabby black coat standing at one of the doors of the parquet. With arms stretched out toward the stage, he stood there sobbing like a child and muttering in a broken voice.

"What an angel! What an angle of Heaven she is!" * * * * *

At home the artiste was received with another and still more touching demonstration the chorus of the Italian opera awaited her with lighted torches at her door and brought her a serenade, composed exclusively of Italian national airs.

The night was far advanced when Mrs Van Puyten at last found herself alone in her bedroom. She was tired out by all the emotion of the evening, but could find no rest. She paced about the room with a nervous, restless step, wringing her hands, sighing deeply, convulsive sobs shaking from time to time her whole figure. A fearful struggle, on the issue upon which her whole future life depended, seemed to be raging in her brest. The pale light of November morning was breaking through the curtains when Mrs. Van Puyten sat down to her table and threw a few hasty lines on a sheet of note paper. The letter began with the words: "Forgive me—forgive me! I cannot bear this life any longer. It would but render us both still more miseable." *

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No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more and real substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.

GEN. BURNSIDE ON HIS OWN AND McCLELLAN'S THREATENED RESIGNATIONS.

H. J. Raymond, Esq., of the *Times*, visited the Army of the Potomac pending the premeditated second attack on Gettysburg. Extracts from his journal, published in *Scribner* for January, shed new light on the history of the disastrous Fredericksburg campaign of 1862-3. Gen. Burnside's plans, it will be remembered, were stoutly opposed by Hooker, Franklin, Smith and others of his subordinates, and were treated with indifference by his superior officers:

"We returned to head-quarters at five, and found General Burnside there already. After we had joked him a little about the rapidity of his journey to Washington, he told us he had been only to Acquia Creek. Before leaving camp he had telegraphed to General Halleck as follows; 'I wish very much to see you for an hour. Will you come down to Acquia, or shall I go to Washington?' On reaching Acquia Creek he found a reply: 'Use your own judgment about coming up,' to which he answered at once: 'Yours received. I shall not come.' He seemed greatly annoyed and vexed at the apparent indifference of General Halleck to the movement of the army and to his wishes, and said he should not go to Washington to see him. While we were talking Lieutenant Bowen came down from General Hooker's headquarters and said that Hooker was denouncing the attempted movement very freely and without the slightest restraint; even if the weather had been perfectly good, he said, the attempt to cross would have preoved a failure. General Burnside said he would send to the President his unconditional resignation of his command—sending at the same time the removal of several of his field officers. I made no remark at the time, seeing that he was too much disturbed and excited to give the matter proper consideration.

"*Friday, January 23d.*—In the morning after breakfast Gen. Burnside told me he had changed his mind about accompanying his letter of resignation with the removal of officers. He feared this would look too much like attempting to make conditions with the government, which he said he had no right to do. He had determined to resign and send his letter to Washington by special messenger. After Pope's repulse, when Washington was thought to be in great danger when the rebels were pushing into Mayland, General McClellan had refused to resume command of the Army of the Potomac unless Mr. Stanton or General Halleck should first be removed. He had not done this formally but had told his friends he should insist on these conditions. Generel Burnside said he talked with him until three o'clock in the morning to dissuade him from making any such conditions. He found him excessively stubborn about it, and finally told him that he had no right to take such a course, and that he could not possibly maintain his position before the country as a loyal man if, when the Capital was in danger, and the North invaded, he were to refuse the command except on such terms as he might prescribe. General McClellan finally yielded to these representations, resumed his command, and achieved by far the most considerable success of his whole campaign. General Burnside said that half a dozen of the officers had also resolved to resign unless Pope was removed. He heard of it, got them together, remonstrated with them, and finally denounced them as disloyal for entertaining such a purpose, and in the end induced them to forget it. When they had come to their conclusion he told them General Pope had been removed.'"

HORSESHOE OVER THE DOOR.

Mrs. Abner Herbine, of Berks county, recently celebrated her birthday by giving an enjoyable party, at which was our old friend, Senator Dan. Ermentrout. Overhanging the banquet table was a large horseshoe made of candy. Senator Daniel referred to the traditional emblem in the following words:

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in the distant land of Norsmen, before they had come down and overrun all Europe, it was regarded as a charm against the spell of witchcraft; it was a belief that had been perpetuated for ages that when people wished to keep away harm from cattle the horseshoe was hung over the stable door, and from the house, it was hung over the house door. It was hung up to bring "good luck." Its deeper meaning was that people believed in a power above and beyond them; that, although for generations men had been arguing against this belief in the supernatural, against the existence of something above us and a hereafter, yet, despite it all, if we would to-day go into the home of the most refined in the land,