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. 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.

Subscribers 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. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1880.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIV, NO. 9
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 36

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y
On inch	$2.00	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	15.00
Three inches	4.00	4.50	7.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00	20.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	25.00
Half column	10.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	40.00
One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

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

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

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. E. 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.
Ether tooth 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

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. Nov. 14, '79-1y

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Room No. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
Oct 19-1879.

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.
Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
jan. 31, 1878

N. U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law,
Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ext's BUILDING.

C. E & 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 Barman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

H. LITTLE. ROB'T. B. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. B. 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 UNGER'S BUILDING, on Main street second door above Centre.
Can be consulted in German.
jan. 16, '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.

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

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	30,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
	$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.

PATENTS
and how to obtain them. Pamphlet free, upon receipt of Stamp for postage. Address—
GILMORE, SMITH & CO.
Solicitors of Patents,
Near Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
dec 5-tf

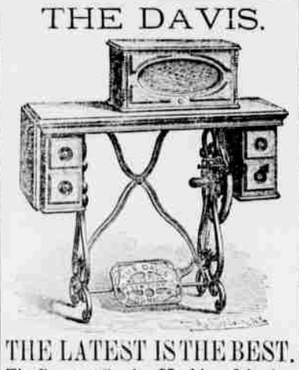
C. E. SAVAGE,
DEALER IN
Silverware. Watches, Jewelry. Clocks. &c.

All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted.
May 11, '78-tf

NEW FIRM!
The well known C. B. WHITE, Proprietor of the ORANGEVILLE AGRICULTURAL WORKS, has sold a half interest in the same to J. W. Conner. The company have repaired the works, and are prepared to accommodate all who want anything in the line of Agricultural Implements. They have just completed a new left hand White plow, which it possible, will beat the right hand. Also surface plows or jointers for the same. A new Thresher and Cleaner with centre shake of riddle shoe, called the
White Thresher and Cleaner,
with both lever and railway powers on a greatly improved plan. We manufacture LAND ROLLERS with cast iron heads, Corn Plows, double and single Cultivators, side hill Plows, Mill Castings. Turning of every description done with promptness. We keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plow Shares for our own and many other plows that are used in the country. We will not be undersold in work or material of the same quality. All our work is warranted to give satisfaction, or the money refunded. WE ASK A CONVENTION. Farmers, and the public in general are respected to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
WHITE & CONNER,
jan. 16, '79-1y ORANGEVILLE, PA.

B. F. SHARPLESS. D. LEACOCK.
NEW FIRM.
SHARPLESS & LEACOCK,
Cor. Centre and Rail Road Sts., near L. & B. Depot.
Lowest Prices----will not be undersold.
Manufacturers of MINE CAR WHEELS, Coal Breaker and Bridge Castings, Water Pipes, Stoves, Tinware, Plows, IRON FENCE, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings.
The original Montrose, iron beam, right hand, left hand, and side hill Plows, the best in the market, and all kinds of plow repairs.
Cook Stoves, Room Stoves, and Stoves for heating stores, school houses, churches, &c. Also the largest stock of repairs for city stoves, wholesale and retail, such as Fire Brick, Grates, Cross Pieces, Lids &c., &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Skillits, Cake-Plates, large Iron Kettles, (20 gallons to 1½ barrels) Farm Bells, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes,
"Allentown Bone Manure"
PLASTER, SALT, &c., &c.
jan 9, '79-1y

THE DAVIS.



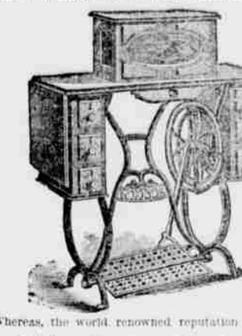
THE LATEST IS THE BEST.
The Greatest Sewing Machine of the Age
Don't fail to see this wonderful piece of perfection, the New Davis Vertical Feed Shuttle Sewing Machine. Manufactured at Watertown, New York.
All are cordially invited to call and inspect the New Machine and obtain samples of work, more 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.

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.
Oct. 1, 1878. WM. F. BODINE.

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
GERMAN FIREINSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
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, '80.

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 when every 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 & 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

THE ONLY CURE
For Diabetes, Gravel, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back, Inability to Retain or Expel the Urine, Catarrh of the Bladder, Burning or Painful Urinating, Brick Dust Deposits, Affections of the Spine, Nervous Debility, Female Weakness, and all Diseases of the
Kidney, Bladder and Urinating Organs.
It avoids Internal medicines. Is comfortable to the patient. Certain in its effect, and CURES when nothing else can. Avoid all other Kidney Pads, as many worthless imitations are being offered upon the market. We will send certificates of cures, and our book, "How a Life was Saved," free upon the receipt of your address.
DAY'S PAD is sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $2.00.
Distributing Agency at the
PEOPLES' DRUG STORE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
jan 23, '80—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 KEIM,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

$1500 TO $3000 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, so 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

Do you feel that any one of your organs—your stomach, liver, bowels or nervous system, falters in its work? If so, repair the damage with the most powerful, yet harmless, of invigorants. Remember that debility is the "Beginning of the End"—that the clim x of all weakness is a universal convulsion of the system, and that such parsy is the inevitable precursor of Death.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally. Oct 3, '79.

Poetical.

LIFE'S WEST WINDOWS.

We stand at life's west windows,
And think of the days that are gone;
Remembering the coming sunset,
We too must remember the morn;
But the sun will set, the day will close,
And an end will come to all our woes.

As we watch from the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for its vanished promise
Of honor, ambition and truth;
Our hopes will fall and pride decay,
When we think how soon we must away.

We stand at life's west windows,
And turn not sadly away,
To watch on the children's faces
But our sun must set, our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our window our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows;
And we know we would not again
Look forth from the eastern lattice,
And live over life's pain;
Through life let sunrise be brilliant! its sunset is sweet,
Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

PORTO FINO.

BY A W GILDER.

I know a city—she is a poet's daughter,
And many-moded like a poet's day,
And changing as the Mediterranean water:
We walked together by an emerald bay.

So deep, so green, so promontory-hidden
That the lost mariner might peer in vain
Through storms, to find where he crewhile had ridden
Safe-sheltered from the wild and windy main.

Down the high stairs we clambered just to rest a
Cool moment in the church's antique shade,
How gay the altars and altars! 'Twas the festa
Of bravo Saint George who the old dragon laid.

How bright the little port! The red flags fluttered,
Loud clanged the bells, and loud the children's glee;
What though some distant, unseen storm-cloud muttered,
And waves breathed sig along the weedy quay.

We climbed the hill whose rising cleaves asunder
Green bay and blue immeasurable sea;
We heard the breakers at its bases thunder;
We heard the chanting priests' harsh minstrelsy.

Then through the graveyard's straight and narrow portal
Our journey led. How dark the place! How strange
Its steep, black mountain walls—as if the immortal
Spirit could thus be stayed its skyward range!

Beyond, the smoky olives clothed the mountains
In green that grew in many a moonlight night.
Below, through cleft and chasm leaped snowey fountains.
Above, the sky was warm, and blue and bright.

When, sudden, from out a fair and smiling heaven
Burst forth the rain, quick as a trumpet-blare:
Yet still the Italian sun each drop did leaven
And turned the rain to diamonds in the air.

—*Scribner for February.*

Select Story.

ACROSS THE SEA.

The Pomerania was three days out from Havre, sailing briskly along at the rate of fourteen knots, her sails filled by the stiff Easterly breeze, and every one on board cheered with the prospect of a quick run. Most of the passengers were on deck, stretched indolently upon the settees or leaning idly against the taffrail. Of the latter, Mr. Ralph Hawthorne was one. A sea voyage was always a bore to him, and by no means a novelty, for it came in the line of his business, and had already come, in his life of 30 years, fifteen times. But on this occasion its monotony promised to be relieved by an apparition that had just come up the companion way, in the person of Miss Nelly Egerton, and was now standing somewhat uncertainly in the door, waiting for the vessel to resume its equilibrium and allow a safe exit.

Hawthorne seemed to have some intuitive consciousness of her approach, for he turned around and called out with a welcoming smile. 'Wait a moment, Miss Egerton, and I'll give you a hand.'

But she had already come out, deftly balancing herself, and accepting his proffered aid only as the ship gave another lurch and sent her sliding down toward the railing.

'What a breezy day!' she exclaimed, merrily, grasping the rail and tossing back the strands of hair which the wind blew out from underneath the picturesque little hat and chased about her forehead.

'It's with us, though, Miss Egerton, and we can bear it with equanimity.'

'Aren't we making a very good run, Mr. Hawthorne?'

The gentleman nodded. 'Very good, if it only keeps up.'

'You're all alone on board, aren't you Miss Egerton?' he asked.

'I'm sure I feel so,' she replied. 'Madame De la Vigne came with me to Havre, but since we left I have hardly spoken to a soul; and besides yourself, Mr. Hawthorne, there isn't another English person on board.'

'But you're not altogether English, Miss Egerton; your accent at least suggests some foreign element.'

'My mother was French,' she said, 'and I lived in France ever since I was a little girl. I was born, though, in India. Papa and mamma both died there,' she continued, after a minute—'papa first, and mamma knew nothing about his relatives, and hadn't any of her own, so at last she sent me to her old friend Mrs. Lancaster, who had taught her English at Madame De la Vigne's pension in Tours. And so I grew up there, and used to talk English to Mrs. Lancaster and French to Madame, until Mrs. Lancaster died, and Madame, and I came to Paris, where we've given French and English lessons in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins ever since. That was two years ago.'

'And now you're going to America?'

'Yes, Mr. Hawthorne.'

'For the first time?'

'Yes.'

'And you expect to enjoy it, no doubt?'

'I hope to, Mr. Hawthorne.'

'You have friends in New York?' he ventured after a moment to ask, not so much from curiosity as genuine interest in her lonely condition. But the simple affirmative which she gave checked any further inquiry.

So the days went on, each one wearing off a little of the young girl's shyness and reverse, and confirming Ralph's purpose to win it altogether away, and secure that last bit of her confidence which she still carefully withheld. And yet, intimate as their relations had become and confidential as she was in all things but this, day followed day, and the end of the voyage drew near, and still Ralph had not learned the purpose of her journey. And before he did learn it the knowledge came to him that he had now more than a mere curiosity in Nelly Egerton's affairs, and more than a compassion for her loneliness, and that it was now with the interest and anxiety of love for this pretty, warm-hearted, puzzling little foreigner that he awaited her final disclosure.

It was a mild, moonlight evening, the vessel was within eight hours of Sandy Hook, with the pilot on board and the sea more than usually smooth. Ralph and Nelly were standing behind the wheel house watching the phosphorus which lit up the wake of the vessel.

They had been silent for a few moments when she began to speak in the low, quiet voice that had come to be the sweetest of music to him.

'Mr. Hawthorne,' she said, softly, 'I think I ought to tell why I am coming over to New York. It's only because one feels some hesitation in talking about some things that I haven't told you before.'

'I told you,' she went on, 'that I had friends in America. I might properly have said one friend.'

Then there was another pause, and though her face was turned a little one side, Ralph, somewhat perplexed as to what it means, could see the rising blush in the moonlight.

Her voice was still a little lower as she said, 'I am going to New York to be married, Mr. Hawthorne.'

Perhaps a cloud passed over the moon just then, or it may be that the ship suddenly lurched; at all events, Hawthorne felt a sense of momentary darkness, and grasped the rail to maintain his centre of gravity. It was only for an instant, though; and Nelly, looking out towards the distant horizon, did not detect any emotion in his face, or even his voice, when he quickly asked:

'The gentleman is American?'

Nelly nodded somewhat abstractedly. 'I met him in Paris about a year and a half ago,' she said, in her soft undertone. 'He is an artist, and used to come to Madame for French lessons. We were to have been married in Paris, Mr. Hawthorne, this week; but when it came to making out the necessary legal papers I couldn't tell the name of the place in India where I was born, and they wouldn't let the marriage go on. John'—and here there was just the slightest change in her inflection—'told the name of the place as I remembered it, but it turned out to be a province, and not a town, and they thought John wanted to evade the law and were very angry. Then John thought it best to go over to America at once, especially as he was near through the ecole, and we would have gone anyhow afterward; and so he took the steamer last week, arranging that I should follow him in this one. I felt as though I ought to tell you all this,' she continued, natively; 'you have been so very kind that I didn't want to hold back anything.'

'I am very grateful for your confidence, Miss Egerton,' he said, as quietly as before.

'Perhaps you know him, Mr. Hawthorne,' she went on, in the same tone, altogether unsuspicious of his state of mind, and hesitating just a breath of time before withdrawing the last remnant of her reserve, 'his name is Brevoort—John Brevoort.'

'Brevoort?' he repeated questioningly. 'Oh, of course—Theodore, you mean?'

Her blue eyes opened wonderingly.

'No, Mr. Hawthorne, his middle name is Temple, not Theodore. Theodore is the younger brother, you know.'

But Hawthorne's lips were angrily compressed. And while he mechanically said: 'Oh, yes; you are quite right—it is John Temple Brevoort,' his thoughts were running on tumultuously in another vein. 'John Brevoort,' he hastily soliloquized; 'why he's engaged to Agatha Fresser, and old Mrs. Duychinck has died and left the girl a fortune, and Brevoort is the last man in the world to give up money. And this little girl has got to go on and find it out for herself, and break her heart, perhaps, over the contemptible scalawag.' And forgetting his own trouble, and never thinking what advantage he might derive from this new situation, all the love and sympathy of his nature went out to Nelly in a fruitless longing to do something that might avert the blow. And yet he could no more than say, 'I hope you will be very happy, Miss Egerton,' knowing, as he spoke, it was the nearest kind of mockery.

They did not discuss it any more then, she from shyness and he from aversion and soreness of heart, nor did any additional facts about Brevoort transpire, except that Nelly expected to meet him on the wharf, or, failing which, to go at once to Mrs. McIntyre's boarding house, in Thirty-eighth street—an address which Brevoort had given her to be used in such an emergency.

It was a beating little heart that rested against the taffrail the next day as the ship was swinging around into the dock, and a pair of eager eyes that scanned the crowd upon the wharf to see if John Brevoort was not among the rest. To be sure, Mr. Hawthorne had suggested that the vessel was in before she was due, and Mr. Brevoort, not expecting her arrival, might fail to receive promptly the news telegram announced the fact. But Nelly wasn't used to business complications, and while grateful for the considerateness which sought to spare her any disappointment, yet felt entirely convinced that John would be there.

And as yet she couldn't see him. It was entirely evident, indeed, that Mr. John Brevoort was not on hand, and Mr. Ralph Hawthorne scored a mental self-congratulation that he himself was. And yet he would not suggest anything, preferring that she should regulate her own movements. After a few moments though, her eyes were turned up to his with a look of helpless appeal as she said, 'I think I had better go to that boarding place, Mr. Hawthorne.' So Mr. Hawthorne called a cab and the two spent an hour in the vain search for a boarding house that had no existence.

'Now, Miss Egerton,' said her protector at last, 'There's a nice old house down in Morton street, where a friend of mine, a good motherly soul, boards a few people. If you haven't any objections we'll go there, and I'll tell her she must take you in. Then you can give me a note, and I'll send it at once to Brevoort, and before night all your anxieties will be over.'

'That's an outrageous falsehood,' thought Hawthorne, 'but I won't leave the dear little girl without a ray of hope.'

About 9 o'clock that evening there came a ring at the door of the little house in Morton street, and a voice was heard inquiring for Miss Egerton. It proved to be Brevoort, the father, not the son, and he explained without extenuation or apology all of John Temple Brevoort's rascality, not even taking care to call it by a milder name. The old gentleman made the mistake of offering Nelly money, for which he was promptly and firmly asked out of the house.

Well, she didn't die but she went up to her room dazed with the reality of what had been before only a dismal apprehension.

It was the next evening before Mr. Hawthorne appeared, and Nelly was almost unwilling to admit to herself how much she anticipated his coming, and quite afraid to go down in the parlor to meet him. But when she came in the room so daintly arrayed in one of her Paris dresses, and with two or three of his fragrant buds interwoven with the pretty Paris necktie at her throat—with just a shade of embarrassment in the blushing face, and a little tremor in the low voice that bade him 'good evening' he only clasped her hand and said softly, 'Yes, Miss Egerton, I know.'

And she stored this away with the other instances of his considerate regard. And Ralph never told her how he knew, or of the interview which had passed between Mr. John Brevoort upon the delivery of the letter, whereat Mr. John Brevoort had besought Ralph to convey the tale of his desertion, and Ralph had told Brevoort that if it were not for getting the thing into the newspapers he would give him a sound thrashing.

It was perhaps a week after this, when she had already consulted Ralph about her return to France, and he had advised waiting still longer, that he came one evening with a novel and unlooked proposition. It was that she should accept a position as teacher of French. And Nelly, like the brave little soul that she was, after not more than a day's thought, wondering, too, all the time why Mr. Hawthorne was so kind and solicitous in the matter, resolved to stay and fight it out in New York rather than go back forsaken to Madame De la Vigne.

At last when spring had come and the roses were blooming, one day Nelly and Ralph rode over to Brooklyn, and through Prospect Park, and down to the sea shore, where the fresh ocean breeze brought back to each the memory of their earlier acquaintance. So they sat down on the beach and looked out toward the horizon, where a passing steamer left a long line of smoke in his wake.

'What would you think,' he asked, idly gathering up a handful of sand and letting it trickle through his fingers, 'of going back next month to Madame De la Vigne?'

Nelly looked at him with wondering eyes. 'To give up here?' she asked, in bewilderment.

Ralph nodded.

'And to leave Mrs. Pennington?'

Another affirmative nod.

'For good?'

'I trust not for bad.'

'But, Mr. Hawthorne, is there any reason why?'

'I think, perhaps, you had better, Miss Egerton.'

And then, with all her perplexity, there came a sudden sense of how much this going away would cost her, and a little spirit of rebellion against his proposition.

'But I can't think of it, Mr. Hawthorne,' she expostulated, without knowing just why. 'If there's any good reason—' And there she stopped, with an unspoken invitation in her puzzled face that he should give her more light.

'Well,' he said, looking up somewhat anxiously, 'there is a reason.'

But Nelly did not ask for it, and her face grew hot, and the blue eyes drooped beneath his steady glance.

'I am going myself,' he continued, 'and I thought perhaps you would like company.'

And then the old pain, which Nelly thought she had laid away with her faded memories comes back. Ah, Nelly! How dismal now the thought of staying at home! And how wearily Nelly, impatient with herself, and trying all she can to keep from crying, turns away her head and looks out across the water, wondering in a vague uncertain way what it all means!

But it was short-lived trouble, and the tenderness of his next words took half of the pain away.

'Do you suppose,' he asked so quietly, that her timid eyes sought his with the confidence of a child, 'that I am going to leave you here all alone? You don't want to be left alone, do you Nelly?'

It was the first time that he had ever called her that; the first time, indeed, she had heard the name in months; and the novelty of it so startled her that she quite lost the sense of what else he had said. So among her blushes she gave him a quick, uncertain glance, that led him to repeat:

'You don't want me to leave you here alone, do you?'

And then it seemed to Nelly as though all of a sudden the sun had grown very hot, and all his rays were concentrated on her cheeks.

'It will be dreadful warm here in the summer,' he continued, 'and everybody will go away; and even if you go to the country you'll be shut up in some stuffy boarding house, and have an awful stupid time. Indeed, Nelly, even if you don't care a bit about me, you'll have to marry me in self-defense.'

'But, Mr. Hawthorne,'—hesitating and speaking very low.

'Well, Nelly?'

'Oh!' she exclaimed bravely, for all her blushes and her tears, 'you're so good, how could I help caring?'

'And then you will go?' he asked, laughing at her embarrassment, and kissing away the rain drops from the flushed cheeks.

'If you say so, Mr. Hawthorne'—shyly.

'Well, I do say so, and I won't trust you to go alone, either. I am going to make sure of you, Nelly, before I go, and there isn't any edict nor law I know of it there to prevent it. Though I oughtn't to revile the French law,' he added, reflectively, touching her cheek lightly with his lips, as if in acknowledgement of all that the law had done for him, 'since it has provided me with a wife. And what a lucky thing for me, Nelly, that you never knew where you were born!'

And Nelly, whose beating heart has no longer any room for soreness or wounded self-respect, responds with the gladness of her eyes and the happy smile on her half-averted face to Ralph's emphatic sentiment.

Mrs. Partington says

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are rediculous to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *sophus nonus* of medicines.

MINING IN COLORADO.

It took the 'honest miner' a long time to learn that 'placer' operations—the washing of metal from the sands—were not a certainty and a permanency, and the capitalists who came in after him also a long time to make expensive experiments, and equally expensive mistakes, and to come down to what is technically called 'hard-pan,' and operate to some extent with proper meant, skill, and commonsense. There was one collapse about 1864, and of course the panic of 1873 affected the progress of the state, and it may fairly be said that the real 'flush times' in Colorado are those in which we are now living. In spite of all disappointments and drawbacks, steady progress has undoubtedly been made, and great results accomplished. Mining is beyond all question, the foundation of the growing greatness of the state, and it is most interesting to learn from an elaborate calculation, coming recently from a responsible source, that after making full allowance for the labor of all the men employed from the beginning, and all the money sunk, the residue shows a better return than any other investment in this country. It must not be forgotten that this is an average, and that the fortunes of two or three bonanza kings balance the losses of thousands of poor men; and against the results of this calculation should be set the assertion—for which ample support can be obtained—that at least up to 1871, when railroads cheapened living and introduced greatly improved facilities, the proportion of miners who could be successful was one in five hundred.

It is to be noticed that here, as in other similar regions, public interest is continually attracted to new discoveries and a floating population at once drawn thither; and events move so rapidly that an account of the state of affairs in the mining region may be stale before it is in type. On the other hand, it may be said that even if some of the people go away, the mines remain, and the silver and gold come out just as surely and easily as before; and a larger area than ever is now the scene of active operations

Starting from the north, we come to the mines of Boulder county, not far from Long's Peak, where there was an ephemeral excitement, some three years ago, about tellurium veins. Then came those of Gilpin (Black Hawk, Central City, etc) and Clear creek (Georgetown, etc.) counties, the former noted for gold product, and both containing what are called 'true fissure veins,' where the rocks have been broken or torn asunder by earthquakes or volcanic disturbance. In this neighborhood some of the earliest discoveries were made, and the bullion product of the two counties is large and steady. Then come various points in the South Park and just between the Park and Main Ranges, California Gulch, now known from one end of the world to the other, for here is Leadville. South again, and between the Sierra Mojada and the Songre de Cristo lie Rosita and Silver Cliff, and southwest again of this, the great San Juan district. Discoveries have also been made in the Gunnison and Elk mountain country, away west of the Snowy Range, and only time can show what other now hidden treasures are to come to light in these regions. It is needless to say that several quarter volumes could easily be written about these mines and their operation, and still much be left unsaid; and perhaps indeed, in view of the rapid movement of events, the writer of such a work stands in greater danger of being behind the age than he who attempts some random sketches of the haunts and ways of the 'honest miner'—so first called, it is said, by aspiring patriots who sought his suffrages. Mr. Harte declares that when sets of pictures portraying the contrasted careers of the honest and dissolute miner were first sent out to California they utterly failed of their effect, for the reason that the average miner refused to recognize himself in either capacity.

A man may come to Colorado with resolutions worthy of Leonidas; he may treat gold and silver with a lofty disdain; he may be doctor, lawyer, parson, school teacher, book agent, lightning rod man, or dealer in sewing machines—anything but a miner; all in vain, for sooner or later, if he stays in Colorado, the mania for the precious metals will make an easy victim of him; he will seek a 'claim,' and fondly see a bonanza in the smallest and shallowest of his 'prospect holes'—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

"I Don't want a Plaster"

Said a sick man to a druggist "can't you give me something to cure?" His symtoms were a lame back and disordered urine, and were a sure indication of kidney disease. The druggist told him to use Kidney-Wort and in a short time it effected a complete cure. Have you these symptoms? Then get a box to-day—before you become incurable. It is the cure; safe and sure.

HE WOULDN'T BE BEAT.

Yesterday, when a man from the region of Bucksnort sat on the edge of the side-walk spitting blood, a policeman approached him and asked: 'Got a hemorrhage, have you?' 'No,' said the Bucksnort man, looking up until blood ran from the corners of his mouth. 'Somebody hit you in the mouth?' 'No.' 'Cow hook you?' 'No, sir; it is a business