THE COLUMBIAN
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)
Issued weekly, every Friday morning at
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
TWO DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. 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 contracted 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 J. B. Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on time and neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

O. E. ELWELL,
J. R. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1880.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIV, NO. 46
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLV, NO. 37

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 M.	2 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
One inch	$3.00	$3.50	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.00
Three inches	4.00	4.50	7.00	10.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00
Half column	10.00	12.00	15.00	25.00
One column	20.00	35.00	50.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before insertion. Kept 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.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—I. K. Kleckner, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Kreckbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walper.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert E. Little.
Sheriff—C. H. Ent.
Treasurer—John Neyhart.
Commissioner—H. A. Neighmeister.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. H. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—I. H. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. H. Seasholtz.
Poor Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloomsburg Poor District—Directors—E. J. Albertson, President, Rebecca Patrons, Secty, Caleb Barton, Bloomsburg.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—G. A. REHRIG.
Clerk—J. K. Grotz.
Chief of Police—H. Harris.
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. Foulk, Cashier.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Pastor—To be supplied.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. O. D. S. Mayday.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7 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 7 p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Class—Every Monday evening at 7 o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.
Corner of Third and Iron Streets.
Pastor—Rev. H. Spangler.
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. 7 p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion. Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 4th Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Bestor.
Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
Sunday Service—10 a. m. in the Iron street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office in I. S. Clark's Building, 2d story, room 5, Bloomsburg. may 7, '80-y

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

I. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Barman's building, Main street.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office Market street. Near depot.

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.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office, North Market street,
oct. 7, '79. Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain.
oct. 7, 1879.

DR. WILMOT CONNER, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, special attention to the diseases and defects of the EYE, EAR, Throat and Stomach, all in various branches. Also carefully adapts the EYE with PROPER GLASSES.
Hours { 8—10 a. m. 1—4:30 p. m. 7—8 p. m.
54 East Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
July 16, '80-tf

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 by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office Corner Main and Iron Streets.
To be open at all hours during the day.
Nov. 24-1y

MISCELLANEOUS

C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH. Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. Grass 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.

AUGUSTUS FREUND, Practical homeopathic Horse and Cow Doctor, Bloomsburg, Pa. Jan. 14, '79-tf

JAMES REILLY,
Tonsorial Artist.
Having returned and opened a first-class BARBER SHOP in Exchange Hotel, second floor, over Fisher Grocery, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old customers and of the public generally.
July 16, '80-tf

CATAWISSA.

WM. I. 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.

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy, Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, "
Franklin, of "
Pennsylvania of "
Farmers of York, "
Chester of New York.
Manhattan of "
Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, '79-y

Farm for Sale!

The undersigned offers at private sale a FARM OF SIXTY-THREE ACRES, with FRAME HOUSE, barn and other out-buildings thereon, situate in Fishing Creek township, in good state of cultivation. Located near Asbury. Can be purchased on reasonable terms. A fine orchard on the property, and a never failing spring of Water near the house. For particulars address
JOHN J. STILES,
aug. 13, '80-3m* Forks, Columbia county, Pa.

FIRE INSURANCE.

CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TRIALS 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 c unty should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
PROMPTNESS, EQUITY FAIR DEALING
Nov. 16, '65.

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. 16, 1874

N. U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Exe's Building.

C. R. & 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 Herman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
E. R. LITTLE. ROBT. E. LITTLE.

E. & R. E. 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 corner of Centre and Main Streets, Clark's Building.
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.

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN, Notary Public
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in Hartman's Block, Corner Main and Market streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Pensions and Bounties Collected.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in Brower's Block, 4th door below COLUMBIAN Building
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
july 16, '80-tf

GUY JACOBY,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in the COLUMBIAN Building, second floor. Oct. 5, '80.

NEW FIRM!
The well known C. B. WHITE, Proprietor of the ORANGEVILLE AGRICULTURAL WORKS, has taken 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 3 ft hand-lift plow, which it pays, with twice the right hand. Also surface plows or pointers for the same. A new Thresher and Cleaner of novel construction of ridable shoe, called the
White Thresher and Cleaner,
with both lever and railway powers on a greatly improved plan. Also manufacture LAND ROLLERS of wood, both Turned and Plain, Double and Single Cultivator side hill plows, Mill Castings, Castings of every description done with promptness. Have connected with the shop a large assortment of those Shares of cast iron 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 be as represented, or the money refunded. WRIDEY COMPETITION. Farmers and the public in general are requested to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
WHITE & CONNER,
jan. 16, '80-1y ORANGEVILLE, PA.

B. F. SHARPLESS,
Cor. Centre and Rail Road Sts., near L. & B. Depot.
Lowest Prices—will not be undersold.
Manufacturer of MINE CAR WHEELS, Coal Breaker and Bridge Castings, Water Pipes, Stoves, Hardware, Pipes, IRON FENCE, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings.
The Celebrated 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, Ears, &c., &c., Stove Pipe, Co k Boilers, Skillets, Cake Plates, large Iron Kettles, 40 gallons to 10 barrels, Farm Bells, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes,
"Allentown Bone Manure"
PLASTER, SALT, &c., &c.
Jan 9, '80-1y

Dauchy & Co's. Advt's.

ORGANS 14 Stops 4 Sets Reeds ONLY $65 Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. oct. 24 '80-4w

PIANOS $125 up. Paper Free

A GREAT OFFER! New Organs $40 up. NEW PIANOS $200 up. GUARANTEED 6 YEARS. Second Hand Instruments REMARKABLY CHEAP. Illustrated Catalogue Free. Address BEATTY & CO., Washington, N. J. oct 22, '80-4w

MALT THE NEW FOOD
Hale Bitters Company
MEDICINE
BITTERS

Original Poetry.

[For the COLUMBIAN.]

THE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

BY JOHN H. ALTON.

When morning awakens my usual devotions,
And duty to labor is called for the day,
My heart is oppressed with its painful emotions,
And my thoughts uncontrolled go stealing away
I think of the home, where the dear ones are weeping,
Like Rachel of old, who refused to be lent;
Alone in their sorrow their sights are keeping,
Because of that newly made grave in the west.

All day while at labor, I'm constantly thinking,
How HIGH the cup, that is proved favor tips,
And yet my heart raves from the cup to be drinking
As though there was sweet in the gall that it sips.
I turn from the graves that are nothing to me, and near me
Where the dust of our loved ones has long been at rest,
I turn from the living, yet left to revere me,
Away to that grave in the far distant West.

At night, when I ought to be quietly sleeping,
And authority says it is right for me day that to come,
I find myself wasted and sighing and weeping,
For fear in my duty I should make some blame.
The lesson of patience I ought to be learning,
I fully believe that it's all for the best,
And yet in my weakness, my heart will be yearning,
For him that is low, in that grave in the West.

Alas! how uncertain are human arrangements,
Our wood and our prudence may little avail,
Our plans for the future are full of derangements,
And our best expectations are utterly fail.
Of his chastened design, I do earnestly endeavor to rest
This progress already has given a test,
Our hopes for his right and a marked advancement,
Are buried, alas, in that grave in the West.

The earth may show where his ashes are resting,
And flowers be planted with love's pure intent
But the acts of life are always true to their testing,
Engraved on our hearts as his best monument.
As long as my reason and memory are left me
And may they continue,—God grant the request,
Till God in his blessing, my life hath bereft me
I'll think of that grave in the far distant West.

Nor do I believe that we're parted forever,
Though Jordan's dark billows are rolling between,
The ties formed in Jesus, death never can sever,
And the fields over Jordan will always be green,
In that land of bright promise, I hope soon to meet him,
And a host of dear friends in the home of the blest,
With songs that are perfect, I'm hoping to greet him,
And think it never more of that grave in the West.

SHIPWRECK, Oct. 12, 1880.

Select Story.

TAKEN BY STORM.

'Mademoiselle, we are obliged to ask your hospitality. Believe me, we will encroach upon it as little as possible.'

The speaker, a young Prussian officer in full uniform, bowed low before the beautiful girl whom he addressed.

But Maria Moreau saw neither the courtly grace of manner nor noted the young, handsome face and form. She only knew that the enemy of her country stood before her, that the tri-color of France had been dragged from its standard where it floated protectingly over the the little French town, and the hated banner of Prussia put in its stead; that the very privacy of their hearths and homes had been intruded upon—in many instances ruthlessly—and that the man before her was but a representative of all that disaster entailed.

'Sir,' she answered, her lip curling in undisguised scorn as she spoke, 'we are women, and defenseless. It is you well that you should make a pretense of asking through courtesy, that which you have already obtained through force. The only request we can make of our guests—emphasizing the latter word with suppose irony is that we may be permitted to see as little of them as possible. Unless your regardful consideration demands all the house, leave us any portion, however small, that shall be ours, not only in word but in deed.'

'Mademoiselle, your wishes are commands,' answered the young officer, though a flush had risen to his cheek at her hot words of scorn. 'My advice to you would be to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse of intrusion upon you. I wish most earnestly that I might withdraw my men from the house, but it is impossible. The town is small and the troops are many. They are quartered everywhere, and, even should I withdraw them, you might be subjected to fresh annoyance, from which it shall be my earnest endeavor to shield you. Permit me, mademoiselle, to hand you my card, and to beg you to command my services, and to report to me any incivility which you may encounter.'

So speaking, he placed on the table beside her a slip of pasteboard, and making a low bow withdrew.

The girl made no motion toward it, not even bending the haughty little head in recognition of his courtesy.

'Really, Maria,' said her aunt, stretching out her hand for the card, 'the young man was very polite. It would have been policy, my dear, had your manner not been so repellant.'

'Repellant!' exclaimed the young girl, rising from her seat in her excitement, and pacing up and down the room. 'I wish I could have crushed him with my scorn. Does he not know that a true French woman will bear any insult rather than the humiliation of Prussian magnanimity? I hate him! I hate them all! How shall I ever draw a free breath, knowing that they live on the same air that sustains me! Ah! France, be patient, it is but for a little longer.'

'Hugh Von Trenck,' read the elder lady aloud from the card. 'We must not lose this. The young man may really be of future service to us.'

'Aunt, how can you? Give me the card, or tear it up yourself. Do you think I would ask a favor at his hands—aye, or accept one? Never, never!' and the bright eyes flashed.

But madam quietly slipped the piece of pasteboard within the reticule she wore at her belt, determining, if necessary, to take the young officer at his word.

'Madame will pardon a stranger's interference, but I must beg that neither she nor mademoiselle venture out into the streets to-day. The soldiers are in a state of revelry and riot, which might subject them to insult. Any commands I should be happy to fulfill.

Respectfully,
HUGH VON TRENCK.'

Madame Moreau, some three days later, reads aloud the above from a card just slipped beneath the door.

Her niece stood before the glass tying on her hat and listening, with curling lips.

'You see, Maria,' she said, glancing up from the writing, 'you must not go out. It would be rash madness.'

But Maria only picked up her veil and began adjusting it across her pretty face.

'Maria, you hear that?'

'Yes, aunt,' she answered, 'but inasmuch as I am very hungry, and there is nothing in the house to eat, I think it rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Besides, I would rather have been openly insulted than to have Herr Hugh Von Trenck's magnanimous interference. Have no fear, auntie. I am quite able to take care of myself.'

And in spite of the elder lady's entreaties, and with a good-bye kiss and a reassuring smile she was gone.

But the smile faded as she stood a moment on the threshold of the outside door and glanced up and down the street filled with soldiers. The color in her cheeks paled to whiteness and her heart beat loud and fast.

She almost determined to turn back, when some one, standing at her elbow, said, in tones so earnest as to be nearly harsh, 'Did your aunt not receive any warning? It was Hugh Von Trenck spoke.

'Are you authority in this house, sir, over all its inmates she questioned. 'If we are prisoners let us know it. You can then enforce your wishes.'

'You do me injustice, mademoiselle,' he replied, in low, thrilling tones. 'I beg for your own sake, not for mine, not to venture out this morning.'

'Your prayers and commands are all one to me, sir, she retorted.

The next moment she had gained the street, fear forgotten in her indignant anger. With quick step she hastened in the necessary direction. Beyond a rude stare of admiration she was unmolested, and her purchases were effected.

She started to return, when coming immediately toward her, extending from the curb to the walk, was a line of Prussian soldiers, arm linked in arm, their steps unsteady from liquor, and their voices raised in laughter and song. What should she do? She feared to turn and flee lest they shoul pursue her. Perhaps by hiding her tremor and walking boldly on, they might move enough for her to pass. Herr Von Trenck's hated advice rang in her ears. She should hate him trebly if it proved unnecessary. But now all the soldiers eyes were turned upon her, as they stood an impassible phalanx barring her way.

'Pay us toll, my pretty little Francaise,' said one, fastening his coarse gaze upon her.

'Yes, pay us toll, the others echoed. 'A kiss apiece!'

Concealing the awful sinking at her heart she strove to pass them by stepping down from the curb but the outside man and first speaker threw out his arm to prevent her escape.

'Nay, nay,' he said, in freezing tones. 'You are our prisoner, and we let you off easy. Pay us willingly and we will prove good as our word. Drive us to force and we'll help ourselves.'

To scream would be but to gather round her fresh tormentors, so she struggled to appear calm.

'Let me pass,' she said, in low indignant tones, when, without deigning further parley, the first speaker threw his arms about her waist.

She felt his tainted breath upon her cheek. O, God! must her lips be polluted by his touch?

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp, the brutal laugh of the others jeering on her ears.

A scream, long and loud, burst from her lips, followed by another and another as her persecutors again approached, when, as if by magic, some one darted in between them and felled the ruffian to the earth.

The others, bold with drink, murmured angrily, but a gleaming pistol soon silenced them, even as they recognized their young colonel, and respectfully moved away.

Calling a guard he got the man he held under his heel in arrest, then turned and offered his arm to the trembling girl.

She saw, then, for the first time, that it was Hugh Von Trenck who had saved her. Haughtily refusing his arm, hating herself hating him more, she walked on in silence by his side. At her door she she forced herself to speak. 'Sir, I owe you my thanks,' she said.

'Mademoiselle the day will come when you will pay me your debt in full,' he replied and left her.

What did he mean? His words, the man himself, haunted her. How brave and full of courage! How nobly he had come to her relief! How generously he had offered no word of reproach, or of the truth that she had brought it on herself. If he had not been a Prussian, she might almost have liked him. As it was—but she got no further than this. She broke down in a storm of tears.

A week later the troops, all but a small reserve, were ordered out for a siege. Paris had long been in siege and must soon capitulate.

With all her might Marie prayed night and day for success to the flag already doomed. That her cause could be lost seemed to her impossible.

Now and then the winds bore to her the boom of cannon. They were fighting not far off, and among them was the man she had treated with disdainful contempt.

Could it be that she thought of him at such a time.

The third day the fighting ceased—the Prussians were again victorious; but all night long they were bringing back the dead and the wounded to the little town.

It was just daybreak when a squad of soldiers halted at her door. She had not dreamed of undressing during the long night. A nameless dread had tortured her. She knew in this moment what it was, and she herself went down and threw open the door to receive the pale, senseless form they bore.

'This way,' said she, with quiet dignity and led the way to her own room, and her own bed.

He had told her he should repay her debt. Could he have foreseen this day? Would he ever know what she had done for him.

For weeks his life hung in the balance but one night he opened his gray eyes to consciousness, and they rested on the solitary figure at his side. Her aunt, weary, had gone to rest. A smile broke over the white, thin face.

'You here, madamoiselle?' he said.

'Yes, she answered, 'I am here.'

He held out his wasted hand, and she silently placed hers within it. Then still with a smile upon his lips, he fell asleep; but from that moment the tide had turned, and life had gained the victory.

He was almost well again, when one day came the tidings of the fall of Paris and on the same day, by the fatality of fate, came to him the news of his promotion to a General's rank.

'Ah, mademoiselle,' he said, 'I cannot rejoice while you weep. I once said you should pay your debt. I little imagined how you would pay it. I meant then that the day should come when you should love and marry me. I have loved you from the first moment my eyes rested on you, in spite of your scorn and contempt. But now you have paid your debt in your own way. You have given me back my life. I will no longer torture you by my presence. I will go away and leave you.'

And he turned his head that she might not see the moisture in his eyes.

But softly she stole to his side and kneeling down, nestled her head on his arm.

'If I stay, Hugh, then will you go?'

'My love—my darling! Do you mock me this is cruel?'

'Nay, Hugh, I am like my own poor Paris, she replied. 'The siege has been a long one, but she and I, I fear have been 'Taken by Storm!''

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it as it cost him a good patient.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

A Man with a Mermaid.

THE STRANGE CREATURE HALF WOMAN AND HALF FISH, NOW IN ST. LOUIS.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Mr. Charles A. Doyle is a San Francisican, lately returned from Japan. He is registered at the Lindell Hotel from Yokohama, and in addition to the interest that attaches to him, owing to the strange country he hails from, he enjoys the further distinction of being known "as the man with a mermaid." A *Globe Democrat* reporter learned yesterday that Mr. Doyle not only enjoys the distinction mentioned, but really is the possessor of a genuine mermaid. The reporter hunted up Mr. Doyle and had a pleasant chat with him. He had been in Japan for several years and was greatly interested in the many modernizing influences at work in the Orient. Mr. Doyle, who is an art critic and collector, went into raptures over the richness of Japan's art products, and this is just what was expected from him, and he is here with a large quantity of rare Japanese articles as curious as they are costly.

But these lost all interest to the reporter when a long deep glass case, in the shape of an aquarium, was exhibited which held the most curious and rarest of all the objects in the collection. It was a wonderful looking thing almost hideous to look upon, but possessing a powerful attraction for the beholder, owing to the queer amalgamation of species displayed in its formation. Those who have seen the old-time geography illustration, which has recently been used as a trade mark for a certain patent hair restorative and which represents the mermaid raising from the sea and combing her long locks with one hand while in the other she holds a small looking glass, can recall this picture and thereby form an idea of what the present monstrosity looks like, hairing, however, the beauty which is a distinguishing trait of the ideal mermaid. Mr. Doyle's strange curiosity is half human, half fish. The head, chest, abdomen and arms are unmistakable human, but from the arms down the creature is a fish scaly, tiny, and formed like the extremities of a dweller in the water. The arms are covered with scales to the wrist, and the backs of the small hands have the same scaly covering to the finger tips. The head is small as that of a baby but is perfect in every detail; the forehead does not recede, but is high and strait and is of a class that indicates an unusual degree of intelligence. The eyes are soft, swimmy and lightless, as those of a fish, but the mouth, the ears, the nose, and in fact all the other features, are pronounced human, regular, clear cut, and as perfect as a beautiful woman's face. A light covering of brown hair, several inches in length, and eye brows of the same color are the only hirsute appendage.

The spinal column is clearly seen running up to the base of the skull and falling down the back until it is lost in the fishy extremity. Ten ribs are easily counted upon the breast, and the mammalian development for feeding the young is readily discernible. The mermaid measures almost three feet from the crown of the head to the extremity of the caudal fin, and is said to be larger than any other specimen of the kind ever seen in this country. The other mermaid is now on exhibition in the New York Aquarium, and attracts a vast amount of attention from scientists as well as from the general public.

Mr. Doyle is very proud of his mermaid, and, although a great many attempts have been made to induce him to sell the curious creature, he has thus far refused to part with her. He says the monstrosity has been subjected to the closest scrutiny by scientists of the Pacific slope, all of whom have pronounced her the most wonderful natural phenomenon ever brought to their notice, and have concurred in declaring mermaids no longer myths. The curiosity was captured two years ago by three fishermen, near Cristabalen, in the great inland sea. They had seen her many times and had made many attempts to capture her, and succeeded in taking her only after the most persistent efforts. When taken she was placed in the museum at Tokio and remained there for a year and a half. She had been heard by the fishermen to sing a peculiar song while on the rocks, but never spoke, except to feebly try to articulate after her capture. She was fed on a peculiar sea weed, the secret of which is only known to the Japanese, and thrived under the great care taken of her. Mr. Doyle purchased her from the authorities at Tokio at the extravagant figure of five thousand sats, or dollars. The purchase was made to satisfy a sudden desire to possess the strange creature, and Mr. Doyle does not know what special advantage he enjoys in being one of the very few men who own a mermaid.

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham 233 western avenue Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Life Among Lions.

A TALK WITH A NOTED TAMER OF THE BRUTES.

'I began with lions about 1865. I was housing the animals in John O'Brien's circus in Girard, Pennsylvania. Felix McDonald, the lion man, got a bad bite that put him for two months in the hospital. Somebody had to go into the cage and I went. I'd seen him often, and I knew the animals pretty well. I didn't have much difficulty till the next spring in Pottsville. I was tantalizing the lions—four of 'em—with raw meat, and one of the females got behind me and, quick as a flash, bit through my calf. I kept quiet and turned around and hammered her until she let go.'

'How do you train them?'

'We treat green ones—those captured in Africa—and tame ones born in menageries very much the same. The wild ones are better and safer. This is because a lion used to a cage, and to being poked and teased, is less afraid of you. I'd sooner handle ten green lions than one that's used to the public. Besides, the green ones have great deal more play and spirit to 'em. We begin with them when the're two in a half or three years old. When I first go into a cage of untamed ones, I'd have a fire near by with three or four iron rods in it, red hot. If the beasts go for me, the men stand ready to jab the irons in their mouths and make 'em let go. I have been roughly handled sometimes, but never badly hurt. It takes two years to train one perfect, because you have to go so slow with 'em. Not one lion in five is good for tricks any way. Just as soon as you find one that don't act right you have to throw them out. Some of them are too excitable. Others are sulky and lie down in the corner, and if you go behind them you take big chances. You want to keep your face toward 'em all the time. I've worked on one four or five months—the third one there—and all he'll do is to jump a little.'

'How do you teach them?'

'We teach 'em to jump over a stick by having a board fence in the middle of the cage and driving them over it. To make them stand up in the corner we have a tackle hitched to their neck and pull 'em up. Then we pet 'em and they finally get used to it. We make 'em lie down by whipping them. When they're tired up in the corner we catch 'em by the mouth and nostrils and teach them to keep their mouth open by holding it. Then we git to sticking our heads in.'

'That's rather risky, ain't it?'

'Not very. You can tell in an instant when they are goin to close, and jerk your head out. I saw one man killed in that way, though. His name was Whittle—Joe Whittle. I broke him in in Maryland and he took four lions, two of 'em were Frank and George that I am using now, and worked 'em for three years. Finally, in Frankfort, Pa., he was nervous one day and thought he would have a rehearsal before the show. He put his head in in Frank's mouth and the beast bit him, biting clean through his face, and partly through his head so that his lower jaw fell down on his breast. They tried to get him out, but Frank grabbed his leg with his teeth and he was badly chewed before they got him. He died a few days after.'

'Do they get up any affection for you?'

'No, they ain't much on affection. They would go for me if I was outside just as quick as anybody. They're deceiving brutes and very quick. I recollect in Galveston one of the boys, who was a little drunk, swore they would not hurt a fly, and went up to the cage. In a minute one of them, I don't know whether it was Frank or George that had him, and his right shoulder and the right side of his head weren't worth much when they got him away. I've only had five accidents that amounted to anything. Once one of them clawed off my shirt and most of the meat on my chest along with it, but my scratches are mostly little ones.'

In evidence he showed a pair of hands that had evidently seen hard usage, having been gashed in all directions.

Dr. Payne in his lecture upon the Foe and Grace says that dyspepsia is a great foe to grace. It darkens the sky and breaks the hopes of many Christians. They think the trouble is in their hearts, when it is in their stomachs. This the stomach influences the feelings to such a degree that it should be more carefully looked after and regulated with the never failing Simmons Liver Regulator, the constant use of which will so improve the feelings as to make the heart happy and the spirits light.

What Causes Gray Hairs.

Gray hair sometimes comes prematurely by inheritance, trouble or the large use of water containing lime. The sudden blanching of a head of hair is frequently caused by severe nervous shocks, and numerous historical and traditional cases may be cited in which sudden fear or overwhelming news has turned the hair white in a few hours. The case of Marie Antoinette is one of the most tender and touching, for in a single day her hair was changed to a silver gray. A sepoy of the Bengal army was taken prisoner in 1858 and the fright received caused his hair to become completely whitened within half an hour, the change being so rapid as to cause his captors to exclaim in astonishment "He is turning gray!" Under the influence of fear or any great mental shock the blood recedes from the surface of the body to the heart, and it is supposed the same influence may cause the coloring fluid of the hair to retire to the root bulbs, where it remains thereafter. Gray hair has been known to become dark without the chemist's aid. In 1774, Nazarelia, a man 105 years old, was presented by a new set of teeth by nature, and a restoration of the black hair of his youth. Jown Weeks was blessed with a regeneration of the color of his hair a short time before his death, which occured at the age of 114, and Sir John Sinclair, dying at 110, rejoiced at a youthful head of hair during the latter years of his life. Dr. Richardson has reported the case of a man who had three changes of hair from black to white during his life, the the first taking place when he was about 35 years old.

Have You Ever
Known any person to be seriously ill without a weak stomach or inactive liver or kidneys? And when these organs are in good condition do you not find their possessor enjoying good health? Parker's Ginger Tonic always regulates these important organs, and never fails to make the blood rich and pure and to strengthen every part of the system. It has cured hundreds of despairing invalids. Ask your neighbor about it. See other column. nov

His Bride's Mausoleum.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH ERECTED BY PENNSYLVANIA'S IRON KING.

Lebanon dispatch to New York sun.

A new church edifice, the princely gift of a Pennsylvania iron king, was consecrated in this quiet back country borough recently. There is quite a romantic chapter of love and sorrow connected with it. The new edifice cost a very large sum of money, and it is generally known that every dollar was paid by Mr. Robert Coleman, one of the leading members of the "house of Cornwall," founded upon three mountains of iron ore here in Lebanon county, about 110 miles west of New York. The church is in the borough proper. Cornwall, a few miles distant, is the home of the Colemans, the richest iron family in the State.

Several years ago Mr. Robert Coleman met a young lady of very prepossessing appearance in a tour he made of New England. She was the daughter of a respectable family of Connecticut in moderate circumstances. A mutual attachment followed, and not long afterward the couple were married. A short time after the marriage the young bride was suddenly taken ill, and a trip on the continent was arranged by her husband. It was thought that the climate of the south France, Italy, or Spain would be best for her. All that love and boundless wealth could give was furnished with a liberal hand. The husband was compelled to remain at home by business engagements. It was confidentially believed that the bride would soon be restored to good health, and very soon after her departure the husband set about preparing a surprise to her. He supposed that she would be abroad about a year, and he determined to erect one of the most costly residences she had ever seen and have it all furnished and furnished in time for her arrival home. She was to know nothing about it until the carriage should drive her to the door from the railroad station. Mr. Powell, a Philadelphia architect, was instructed to prepare the plans. The structure was to be in the Scottish baronial style, and Mr. Coleman cared very little about the cost. A fine site was chosen, broad and level and elevated, with a commanding view of a long stretch of the Lebanon Valley.

The Coleman estate comprises about five thousand acres. In one part of it is a brown stable, containing some thirty thoroughbred horses. The most valuable animals are quartered in rooms having mirrors on the walls and Brussels carpet on portions of the floor. Five monstrous furnaces are smelting ore night and day on the estate. Three hills containing an inexhaustible supply of ore. These furnaces have made millionaires of a dozen families or more. Robert Coleman is the youngest of the iron kings of the present line of owners. Interested parties and heirs are scattered in many climes, but Mr. Coleman remains in complete charge of the vast estate. Everything is conducted in princely style. Every employee lives on the place, rent free. The cottages are models of neatness, cleanliness, and convenience. A church, Sunday school and other necessary wants are supplied. The great farm supplies employees with wheat, corn, potatoes and vegetables far below market price. Splendid family mansions occupy prominent places. Tally-ho coaches, drawn by four-in-hands, convey the members of the Coleman family and their many visitors to the railway stations. Hence the new mansion that was to be erected by Mr. Robert Coleman as a surprise to his bride, it can readily be imagined, was to be something exceedingly grand. The foundations were massive and built of limestone and granite. The underground divisions were commodious and finished in the most modern style. A hard cement floor was laid. The frames of the bay windows for the first floor weighed several tons apiece. The super structure was to have been of marble