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 if 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. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1881.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XV, NO. 4
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLV, NO. 47

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
One inch	$2.00	$3.50	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	6.00	8.00
Three inches	4.00	4.50	7.00	10.00
Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00
Quarter column	6.00	8.00	10.00	15.00
Half column	10.00	13.00	16.00	25.00
One column	20.00	30.00	40.00	60.00

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.

Columbia County Official Directory

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—I. K. Brickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Brickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. N. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert R. Little.
Sheriff—C. H. Ent.
Sheriff's Clerk—Samuel Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Swoppenheiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. B. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—J. B. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seesholtz.
Jury Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—E. J. Albertson, Greenwood; Reece Fairman, Scott; Caleb Barton, Bloomsburg.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

President of Town Council—G. A. HERRING.
Clerk—J. K. Grotz.
Chief of Police—R. 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. Austin, Cashier.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Minister—Rev. O. D. S. Marclay.
Sabbath 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—9 a. 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—9 a. m.
Bible 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—O. H. Strunck.
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.

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. PAUL'S CHURCH.
Rector—Rev. L. Zahner.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 7 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.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, R. J. Clark's Building, 2d story room 5. Bloomsburg. may 7, '80-tf

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.

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. 1, '79. Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 1 1879

D. WILMOT CONNER, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, special attention given to the DISEASES and DEFECTS of the EYE EAR THROAT and SURGERY in all its various branches. Also carefully adjusts the EYE with PROPER GLASSES.
HOURS { 8—10 a. m. / 3—4:30 p. m. / 7—8 p. m.
Wilkesbarre, 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. 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.

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

CATAWISSA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-35

W. H. RHAWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

DWELLING HOUSE FOR SALE!
One of the most desirable residences in Bloomsburg on the north-west corner of Market and Fifth Streets formerly occupied by W. E. Sterner. The house is a large and convenient
TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING,
nicely furnished. There is also a
STABLE AND OUT-BUILDINGS.
The property will be sold on easy terms. Possession given April 1st 1881. For particulars inquire of J. H. Maize Esq., Bloomsburg, Pa., or Hiram Reece Buckhorn.
nov. 26, 80-3m

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. 4, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, 79-1y.

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TRIED 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. 14, '80.

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. 11, 1878

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

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

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

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

R. R. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1, Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR.
Attorney-at-Law.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.
jan. 10, '80-tf

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

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, one 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. 8, '80.

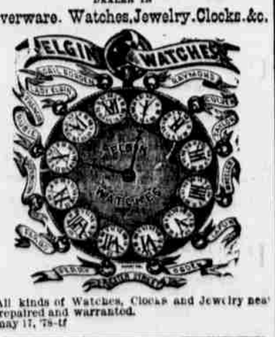
JAMES REILLY,
Tonsorial Artist,
is again at his old stand under EXCHANGE HOTEL, and has as usual a FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his old customer and of the public generally.
july 16, '80-tf

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that any one can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at gr-at profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine oct. 15' '80-1y

AGENTS WANTED } For the Complete and authentic record of the achievements -OF- STANLEY IN AFRICA
The developments by Stanley in the Dark Continent, his remarkable discoveries and wonderful Decent of 2,500 miles of the Congo River, Shooting Rapids, and Cataracts, amidst the most difficult and thrilling situations, Daring Adventures with Wild Beasts and no less Wild Savages, has no parallel in the annals of explorations. It is more facts than Romance—contains over 700 pages, and many striking illustrations.
Send for circular and terms and secure Territory at once, for this, the most popular and interesting book of the day.
jan 14 '81 4-w WM. FLINT, Philadelphia.

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, 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, '80-1y

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



All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted.
may 17, '78-tf

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
PLATFORM WAGONS, &c.
First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness" and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as the SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR or Medicine.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the world.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

Regulate the Liver and prevent CHILLS AND FEVER, MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE AND NAUSEA.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Bad Breath!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common as bad breath and in nearly every case it comes from the stomach and can be so easily corrected if you will take SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. Do not neglect so sure a remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will also improve your Appetite, Complexion and General Health.

Piles!

How many suffer torture day after day, making life a burden and robbing existence of all pleasure, owing to the secret suffering from piles. Yet relief is ready to the hand of almost any one who will use systematically the remedy that has permanently cured thousands. SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, is No drastic violent purge, but a gentle assistant to nature.

Constipation!

Should not be regarded as a trifling ailment—in fact nature demands the utmost regularity of the bowels, and any deviation from this demand paves the way often to serious danger. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat or sleep, and no health can be expected where a costive habit of body prevails.

Sick Headache!

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach arising from the imperfectly digested contents, causes a severe pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable nausea, and this constitutes what is popularly known as SICK Headache; for the relief of which, TAKE SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA.
Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.
April 16 '80—1y.

"THE PERFECT TONIC."
THERMALINE
A Safe and Reliable Substitute for Quinine
The only 25 cent ACUE REMEDY IN THE WORLD CURES
CHILLS & FEVER
and all MALARIAL DISEASES.
Sold by all Druggists. Ballard's Pamphlet FREE on receipt of price. Write to DUNDAS DICK & CO., 20 WOOSTER STREET, New York. for Dick Lea cent book, mailed to the readers of this paper FREE on application.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!
CARBOLINE!
A Deodorized extract of Petroleum,
The Only Article that Will Restore Hair on Bald Heads.

What the World has been Wanting for Centuries.

The greatest discovery of our day, so far as a large portion of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE, an article prepared from petroleum, and which effects a complete and radical cure in case of baldness, or where the hair, owing to diseases of the scalp, has become thin and tends to fall out. It is also a speedy restorative, and while its use secures a luxuriant growth of hair, it also brings back the natural color, and gives the most complete satisfaction in the using. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin under the *scalp* to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Such an article is CARBOLINE, and, like many other wonderful discoveries, it is found to consist of elements almost in their natural state. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after it has been chemically treated and completely deodorized that it is in proper condition for the toilet. It was in far-off Russia that the effect of petroleum upon the hair was first observed, a Government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was in a few months a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from the cattle plague, and the results were as rapid as they were marvelous. The manes and even the tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but the knowledge was practically useless to the prematurely bald and gray, as no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and by a process known only to himself, he has, after very elaborate and costly experiments, succeeded in deodorizing refined petroleum, which renders it susceptible of being handled as daintily as the famous *eau de cologne*. The experiments with the deodorized liquid on the human hair were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, and the liquid so searching in its nature, seems to penetrate to the roots at once, and set up a radical change from the start. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and, by some mysterious operation of nature, the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light-brown color to the hair which by continued use, deepens to a black. The color remains permanent for an indefinite length of time, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.—*Pittsburgh Commercial of Oct. 22, 1877.*

The article is telling its own story in the hands of thousands who are using it with the most gratifying and encouraging results:

W. H. BARR & Co., Fifth Avenue Pharmacy, says, "We have sold preparations for the hair for upward of twenty years, but have never had one to sell as well or give such universal satisfaction. We therefore recommend it with confidence to our friends and the general public."

Mr. GUSTAVUS F. HALL, of the Ostes Opera Troupe, writes: "After six weeks' use I am convinced, as are also my comrades, that your 'Carboline' has and is producing a wonderful growth of hair where I had none for years."

C. H. SMITH, of the Jennie Hight Combination, writes: "After using your 'Carboline' three weeks I am convinced that bald heads can be 're-haired.' It's simply wonderful in my case."

B. F. ARTHUR, *chemist*, Holyoke, Mass., writes: "Your 'Carboline' has restored my hair after everything else had failed."

JOSEPH E. FORD, attorney-at-law, No. Attleboro, Mass., writes: For more than 20 years a portion of my head has been as smooth and free from hair as a billiard ball, but some eight weeks ago I was induced to try your Carboline, and the effect has been simply wonderful. Where no hair has been seen for years there now appears a thick growth, and I am convinced that by continuing its use I shall have as good a head of hair as I ever had. It is growing now nearly as rapidly as hair does after it is cut.

CARBOLINE
is now presented to the public without fear of contradiction as the best Restorative and Beautifier of the Hair the world has ever produced.
Price, ONE DOLLAR per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists.
KENNEDY & CO., PITTSBURG, PA.,
Sole Agents for the United States, the Canadas and Great Britain.

Poetical.

IN SNOW TIME.

How should I choose to walk the world with thee,
My own beloved? When green grass is stirred
By summer breezes, and each leafy tree
Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?
In time of roses when the earth doth lie
Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,
Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky,
Lulled by a soft wind song? Or should I choose
To walk with thee along a wintry road
Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime;
Beside an ice-bound st ream, whose waters flowed
In voiceless music all the summer time?
In winter dreariness or summer glee,
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love,
Ah! my dear heart! but winter fires are bright
And in the lack of sunshine from above
We lend more carefully love's sacred light.
The path among the roses lie'h soft
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet;
But on a wintry day the hands more oft
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet
There is more need of love's supporting arm,
Along life's slippery pathway in its frost,
There is more need for love to wrap us warm,
Against life's cold, when summer flowhrs are lost,
Let others share thy life's glad summer glow,
But let me walk beside thee in the snow!

—*All the Year Round.*

Select Story.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it, with a shiver. 'What a night!' I say.

'Is it still snowing?' asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

'Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you.'

'Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!' says she.

'Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being benighted on the moor in a snow storm.

'Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now.

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally I decide in future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out: it has ceased snowing and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

'It is beginning to clear,' I tell my wife, and also inform her that it is past eleven. As she lights her candle at the side table I hear a whining and scratching at the front door.

'There is Laddie loose again,' says she. 'Would you let him in, dear?'

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let the poor animal in. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him he wouldn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, looking around to see if I am following; and, finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out

'Laddie won't come in,' I call out to my wife. 'On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snow ball with him.'

She throws a shawl around her and comes to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

'Laddie, Laddie!' she calls; 'come in, sir.' He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

'I shall shut him out Jessie,' I say. 'A night in the snow won't hurt him;' and I prepare to close the door.

'You will do nothing of the kind! she replies, with an anxious look, 'but you will rouse the servants at once, and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it.'

I laugh. 'Really Jessie, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow, or not?'

'Because he has found them and come back to us for help. Look at him now.'

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavoring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. 'Why won't you believe me?' he seems to ask.

'Come,' she continues; you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us.'

'What is a poor hen-pecked man to do? I grumble, and resist, and yield; as I have often grumbled, and resisted, and yielded before, and as I doubtless often shall again.

'Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead,' Jessie says, as she hurled off to fill a flask with brandy, and get ready some blankets for us to take with us.' In the meantime I rouse the servants.

They are all English, with the exception of Donald, the gardner, and I can see that they are scoffingly skeptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's night.

'Dinna trouble yerself,' I hear old Donald say. 'The mistress is right enough. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snaw to-night.'

'Don't sit up, Jessie,' I say, as we start; we may be ont half the night on this wild goose chase.'

'Follow Laddie closely,' is the only answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on the moor, the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds, and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us.'

'It's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, sir,' says John, the coachman, confidentially, 'to think as we should find anybody on such a night! Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple o' feet thick, and it goes against reason to think that a dumb animal would have the sense to come home and fetch back.'

'Bide a wee, bide a wee,' says old Donald, 'I dinna ken what your English dugs can do, but a collie, though it has na been pleasing to Providence to give the creatur the gift o' speech, can do many nair things than them wad deride it.'

'I ain't a deridin of 'em,' says John. 'I only say as how if they be so very.'

'Ye will, though ye wull,' says old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor.

The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirls the snow into our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger-tips are becoming numbed, icicles hang from my moustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting-boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to show us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path, I begin to wish I had staid at home. '*L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose,*' I sigh to myself, and I begin to consider whetner I may venture to give up the search, (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and we won't believe in Laddie,) when, suddenly, I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shoveled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it—or, alas! was it—a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, and wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which wife's forethought has provided us

'Bring me the lantern,' I say huskily, and John holds it over the prostrate form of, not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor, shrivelled, wrinkled, ragged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

'Get her home as quickly as may be, sir; the mistress will know better what to do for no we do, if so be the poor creature is not past help,' turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble, to woman's aid.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor, helpless burden over the snow.

'I am afraid your mistress will be in bed,' I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

'Never fear, sir' says Donald, with a triumphant glance at John; 'the mistress will be up and waiting for us. She kens Laddie dinna bring us out in the snow for naething.

'I'll never say naught about believing a dawg agin,' says John, gracefully striking his colors. 'You were right, and I was wrong; but to think there should be such sense in an animal passes me!'

As we reach the avenue gate I despatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me. 'Well!' she asks eagerly.

'We have found a poor old woman,' I say, 'but I do not know whether she is alive or dead.'

My wife throws her arms around me and gives me a great hug.

'You will find dry things and a jug of hot toddy in your dressing room dear,' she says; and this is all the revenge she takes on me for my skepticism. The poor old woman is carried up stairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction; and before the doctor arrives she has shown some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr. Bruce shakes his head when he sees her. 'Poor old soul,' he says; 'how came she out on such a fearful night? I doubt she has recived a shock which, at her age, she will not easily get over.'

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of the hot brandy and water down her throat: and presently a faint color flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head, and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and lays her back among the soft, warm pillows.

'I think she will rally now,' says Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes more audible and regular. 'Nourishment and warmth will do the rest; but she has received a shock from which, I fear, she will never recover.' And so saying, he takes his leave.

By-and by I go up to the room, and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks up at me with tears in her eyes. 'Poor old soul,' she says 'I am afraid she will not rally from the cold and exposure.'

I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She is a very little woman, as far as I can judge from her in her recumbent position, and I should thing must have reached her allotted threescore years and ten.

'Who can she be?' I repeat, wonderingly. 'She does not belong to any of the villages hearabouts, or we should know her face; and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the moor on such a night.'

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks in quiringly about her. She tries to speak but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says soothingly, 'don't try to speak. You are among friends, and when you are better you shall tell me all about yourself. Lie still now, and try to sleep.'

The gray head drops back wearily on the pillow and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration, that our patient is asleep.

'You must come to bed now, Jessie,' I say. 'I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up for the remainder of the night.'

But my wife, who was a tender hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post; so I leave her watching, and retire to my solitary chamber.

When I meet in the morning I find that the little woman has spoken a few words, and seems stronger, 'Come in with me now,' says my wife, 'and let us try to find out who she is.' We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.

'How are you now?' asks Jessie bending over her.

'Better, much better, thank you, good lady,' she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. 'And very grateful to you for your goodness.'

I hear at once by the accent that she is English. 'Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you are going?' continued my wife,

'Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I never shall see him more,' says the poor soul with a long sigh of weariness.

'Where is your lad, and how far have you come?'

'My lad is a soldier at Fort George and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies.' And then, brokenly with long pauses of weariness, the old woman tells us her pitiful story:

Her lad she tells us, is her only remaining child. She had six, and this the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancanshire cotton famine. He grew up a fine likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mothers heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a "strike" threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he "listed." His regiment was quartered at Fort George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day: until he wrote to say that his regiment had been ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged mother widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she must look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose kindness had kept her from the workhouse, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow; and from thence she had made her way, now on foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon to within a few miles of Fort George, when she was caught in the snow storm; and wandering from the road would have perished in the snow—but for Laddie.

My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her touching and simple story, and I walked to the window and looked out for a moment before I am able to ask her son's name. As I tell her we are but a few miles from Fort George, and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illuminates the withered face

'His name is John Salter,' she says, 'he is a tall, handsome lad; they will know him by that.'

I hasten down stairs and write a short note to Col. Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstances, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once; and I dispatched my groom in the dog cart that he may bring him back without loss of time.

As I return to the house after seeing him start I meet Dr. Bruce leaving the house.

'Poor old soul,' he says; 'her troubles are nearly over she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she shall live till her son comes.'

'How she could have accomplished such a journey at her age, I can not understand,' I observe.

'Nothing is impossible to a mother,' answers Dr. Bruce; 'but it has killed her.'

I go in; but I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heorine who is dying up stairs, and presently I yield to the fascination that draws me back to her presence.

As Dr. Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hands in hers, but her eyes are wide open, and have an eager expectant look in them.

'At what time may we expect them?' whispers my wife to me.

'Not before four,' I answer in the same tone.

'He will be too late, I fear,' she says; 'she is getting rapidly weaker.

But love is stronger than death, and she will not go until her son comes. All through the winter's-day, she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given her, but never speaks except to say: 'My lad, my lad! God is good: He will not let me die until he comes.'

And at last I hear the dog cart. I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with a last effort of her remaining strength, she rises herself and stretches out her arms. 'My lad, my lad!' she gasps, as with a great sob, he springs forward and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more.

For a moment they remain so. Then the little old woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from Heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew tree, and on the stone which marks her resting place are inscribed these words 'Faithful until Death' Our Laddie has gained far spread renown for his good works; and as I set finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.

The Old Duke of Cambridge.

Mr. Siddon says, among the distinguished folks who composed the audience at the Windsor Castle reading, my old friend. the Duke of Cambridge, who had left Hanover some years previously, rendered himself conspicuous by his viva voce expressions of satisfaction, It was not intentionally that he said aloud, in reference to Shakespeare's work, "very good," "quite right," "just my view." His Royal Highness had a queer habit of thinking aloud, and particularly manifested this singularity during the performance of divine service in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the preliminary phrase from the pulpit, 'Let us pray,' he would add mutteringly and unconsciously "by all means," "very proper." He would respond to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," "certainly not—very wrong to steal," and "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," Received a commendatory response—"assuredly very right." It is recorded that, on one occasion, when "prayers for rain," were about to be offered up he exclaimed, "no use—no use the wind's easterly."

The Meanest Man on Record.

He came with an awful expression of wrath upon his countenance, and said that he believed everything was going wrong. We said we didn't see what the blazes he climbed four flights of stairs to say that for. He replied that he had struck the meanest man on record, and that he had come in to tell us about it. "You see," said he, I'm a plumber. We at once arose and implored him to leave the office, swearing that we hadn't a cent that he could get hold of anyway. But he protested that he didn't come after us and we let him continue. "Well," said he, "last season I had six or seven sink spots and two leaks in a supply pipe to repair. I contrived to save about $3500 out of the profits, and I thought I'd have my house painted. Well, I hired a man to do the job, and he went at it at $4 per day. The first day he spent in bringing a lot of old ladders and cluttering up my yard with them. The next day he spent in putting