The Columbian.

THE COLUMBIAN

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

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

At TWO DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. 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.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1881.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL XLV, NO. 4

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	6 w.	1 y.
One inch	$2.00	$3.00	$3.50	$5.00	$7.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.00	12.00
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One column	20.00	30.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

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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.

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Associate Judges—I. K. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
Prothonotary, &c.—William Krickbaum.
Court Stenographer—S. S. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—Robert R. Little.
Sheriff—U. H. Rist.
Sheriff's Clerk—Lyman Neyhard.
Treasurer—H. A. Swappenheiser.
Commissioners—Stephen Pohe, Charles Richart, A. H. Herring.
Commissioners' Clerk—J. B. Casey.
Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seesholtz.
Fire Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloomsburg 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. Gretz.
Chief of Police—R. Harris.
President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
Directors of Banking Company—John A. Funston, President; H. H. Ohl, Cashier; John Peacock, Teller.
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Minister—Rev. O. D. S. Maclay.
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—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

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All are invited. There is always room.

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All are invited. All are welcome.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, B. 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 SYNOVIA in all its various branches. Also carefully adjusts the EYE with PROPER GLASSES.
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July 16, '80-tf

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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. 23-1y

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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

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Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

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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

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North American of Philadelphia, Pa
Franklin, of " "
Pennsylvania of "
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Manhattan of "
Office on Market Street No 8, Bloomsburg, Pa
oct. 26, 79-1y.

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CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY
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These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The people of Columbia county should patronize those agencies where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
Nov. 18, '78.

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COLUMBIAN BUILDING Bloomsburg Pa
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe. oct 1, 1879

L. B. WALLER,
Attorney-at-Law
Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG PA.
jan 11, 1878

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

C. P. & W. J. RUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Main Street, first door below Court House

I. N. 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. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.
R. 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 soli its the patronage of his old customers 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 or for all time. You do not have to invest a cent. 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 2500 miles of the Congo River, Shooting Rapids, and Cataracts, amids 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 facin ting 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.
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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, Skillets, 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 11, '79-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 to take SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR of 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 arising 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.

30 DAYS
SALE
CLOTHING,
HATS and CAPS,
SHIRTS.
Overcoats AT COST.
Big Bargains.
MUST BE SOLD
TO MAKE ROOM
FOR
Extensive Alterations.
CASSIMERES BY THE YARD,
VERY CHEAP.
AT THE
Popular Clothing Store
OF
David Lowenberg.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PEOPLE'S
DRUG STORE,
Main Street above Iron,
BLOOMSBURG PENN'A.
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Soaps Brushes, Sponges, Perfumery, etc.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch. Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete warranted genuine and of the best quality.
JOHN H. KINPORT, Proprietor.
Jan. 28 '80-1y

LATEST STYLES OF
CALLING CARDS
At the 'COLUMBIAN OFFICE.'

Poetical.

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
With a hook in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his lates flame:
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art we're told;
And the andean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and marble halls—
From Shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And spite of Lembriere's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

Select Story.

THE MAJOR'S VALEDICTION.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

The Major on a sunshinny day in the main street of Ballykillrowdy was pleasant to behold. He was not strictly handsome perhaps, but he had the air of being a handsome man—an air of so much nonchalance and good-humored triumph that it imposed upon most people and sent them away with the notion that the Major was an Adonis. He had one of the grandest figures I remember to have seen. Strength sat side by side with grace on his broad shoulders, and the carriage of his head was in itself a sort of wonder of high temper and vivacity. His mustache took a splendid downward sweep; his hat raked a little; the tips of the fingers of his left hand entered his trousers-pocket; his right hand bore a cane, which described as it were of its own volition, circles and segments of circles. He took his way smiling, and his bright gay eyes and faultless teeth made his face look as gray as sunshine. This, when I come to look at it, reads like the description of a handsome man; but like the Major's air, there is a certain imposition in it, though I knew not how to lay my finger on it.

Ballykillrowdy was mainly owned by Miss Vivian Blake, a young lady of charming exterior, who rode to hounds under the escort of an ugly male second cousin, whom the Major loathed. But such part of Ballykillrowdy as was not owned by the beautiful Miss Blake was owned by her ugly male second cousin, and the popular impression was that Miss Blake and the cousin would make a match of it. Against this popular belief the Major chafed, as Socrates might have riled up against a decrepit syllogism. It may be said of the Major that he had an air of prosperity, which was greatly more deceptive than his air of physical beauty. Had his creditors met in conclave they might possibly have decided amongst them a problem of some interest; how did the Major live? He owned neither lands nor messuages. Like his look of beauty and his air of prosperity, his very title was misleading to the stranger. He had never held a commission anywhere, in anything; but a man with such a figure ought to have been a Major—if the rank had been created especially that he might ornament it, the thing had seemed most fitting and admirable, and, in short, the title was a popular tribute, unsought by him, conferred upon him by nature, so it seemed, and adopted without one dissenting voice by the public of Ballykillrowdy, and indorsed by the members of the Ulster in lordly Belfast.

Novelists and other social moralists have often been cynical, at small cost, with respect to the affection entertained by an unlacered gentleman for a well-acred lady. But, as Boccaccio and a Mr. Tennyson will tell you, a real attachment is not altogether impossible under such conditions. The Major was madly in love—not with Miss Blake's landed possessions, but with Miss Blake. Time had made his first inroads on the poor gentleman's close clustering hair. He was but two and thirty; but some men age early, and I have never heard that a partial or a complete baldness gives safety against the assaults of the grand passion. The ugly second cousin, his own poverty, the rapidly increasing width of his central parting, and Vivian's kindness, combined together to fret the Major's heart. Yet the Irish elasticity of his temperament constantly pulled him out of the depths of his despondency, though it as constantly suffered him to fall again. Spiritually, he resembled an infant seated in that American invention, the baby jumper, and he went up and down at the most insignificant provocation.

In perfect seriousness, but with an Irish sense of rhyme, he wrote ballads on his own condition and to his mistress eyebrow. Permit the Muse of History conserve a verse. The title of this story should, perhaps, have been. 'One of the Major's Valedictions,' or 'The Major's Last Valediction;' for during the years of his passion he was always bidding farewell, in terms more or less affecting, to the adorable Vivian. 'And as for me,' wrote the Major, after wishing Vivian all happiness, even with the ugly second cousin:

"Now as for me, there's Figi and Talutti,
And this of other places fit to die in;
And when I'm dead your smallest sigh of pity
Will reach and thrill me even where I'm lying."

It was an honest passion. The poor fellow was fairly hacked. All manner of ambitions began to bestir themselves; for there was more in him, or at least he thought so, than the helpless power to dream of good luck over a bottle of the club Pommard or a glass of hot Irish, as the state of the funds might order. Perhaps the title conferred upon him was not without its influence upon his dreams.

'I'd hang me harp on a willow tree, an' off to the wars again,' said the Major; 'but I haven't a harp, or the funds to buy one; and there's no willow tree handy, and no wars convenient, the Lord be good to me!'

Whether Phil. Durgan, the ugly second cousin had or had not in his person exhausted the family stock of physical unhappiness, I cannot tell; but I know for a fact, that his sister was as pretty as Vivian herself. If I knew of anything prettier, I would compare her to it, but I do not; and in these declining days I am not likely to find it. Whose is the hand which shall, by the aid of movable types, describe a pretty girl? If I say that each of these young ladies was ravishing, nineteen, and Irish, I would have done my best. Like Rasolind and Celia, they learned, played, ate together, and whereso'er they went, like Juno's swan's, still they went coupled and inseparable. It happened that if Phil. Durgan had known as much as his sister Julia, he would not have known more of Vivian's likings than he knew. In that case the ineffable satisfaction which commonly illumined his foggy features might have dimmed a little. Yet, why should I triumph over ugly Phil? Your story-teller is rarely contented unless he flogs his rascals. Dickens, for example, gloated over the buffets dealt by his popular to his unpopular people. With what a gusto he flogs Squeers; how rejoicingly he throws Wegg into the scavenger's cart; with what exultation he tells the story of Pecksniff's thrashing! It is in my power to administer to Mr. Philip Durgan such a horsewhipping as yet never mortal man received; but as I am strong, I will be merciful, Phil., as the late Lord Lytton, said of somebody was uglier than he had a right to be. There is a certain Irish face which trenches perilously on the aspect of the gorilla; and Phil., who was naturally gifted in this direction, improved his chances by the disposition of his hair and whiskers. He had all the graces of a lady-killer, as an imitative ape might have them. He had a brogue a man might have hung his hat on, and believed that he spoke with the purest of all possible English accents.

'Oi was niver taken for an Oirishman but wonce in my loife,' Phil was known to say, 'an' that was be a Polish Jew who met me in Hongary; an' after we'd been talkin' for'n an hour or tew,' 'Mr. Durgan,' says he he, 'ye'll be an Oirishman.' 'An' what makes ye think that?' says Oi. 'Your speech,' says he. 'An' Oi lafted at the man.'

It was before the days of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, and the Bishop of Ballykill was a prosperous and a happy prelate. The Bishopess was a fruitful vine, and the quiver of the Bishop was some what tightly packed. His lordship's youngest son, Jack, was a terror to the hearts of his parents. His lordship was an Englishman, and Jack, to his horror, had acquired a brogue which rivalled Phil's. The lad was always in mischief of one kind or other, and his mother's anxious heart daily foreboded that he would be brought home upon a shutter. Yet there was no harm in Jack, and he had as staunch pluck as a bulldog's. And, be it known, he knew and loved the Major.

And now, the *dramatis personae* is introduced, let the story go smoothly on.

The good Bishop was rarely without guests; for if his own instincts slumbered for a day or two, his sons or daughters brought their own chums or companions to dwell within his gates. Kate and Mary were rapturously in love with Vivian and Julia, and were continually paying and receiving visits to and from them. Miss Blake and Miss Durgan were beneath the Bishop's roofs, and Mr. Phil. Durgan, who was intimate with the Bishop's second son, had no difficulty in securing quarters there. The Major knowing his rival's chances, and recognizing the hopelessness of his own passion, was torn by vain desires. He walked and rode about Ballykill, encountering the Bishop often, but avoiding the ladies so persistently, and anybody who was a fool might have thought that the meetings with the Bishop were the special object of his journeys. Master Jack, who was acute and discerning, knew better. Meeting the Major one day he took the bull by the horns.

'Gay, me boy,' said Jack, 'whoy don't ye come up an' have a shoy at her?'

The Major's name was Geoghaghan, and 'Gay' was the friendly contraction

'Well, ye see,' said the Major dubiously, 'your mother's not too fond of me.'

'O, don't mind her ledyship,' said Jack; 'oi'll pull you through ut.'

'I'm not liked Jack, said the Major sadly; 'and it's not of any use to go. I would be coldly treated.'

'Well, look here, Major,' cried Jack with a look of triumph; 'if oi give ye a welcome from the governor an' the ould ledy, will ye come?'

'Faith,' said the Major with a doubtful smile, 'I will!'

'Roight!' shrieked the young gentleman, and threw a pair of skates into the Major's dogcart. He was in after them at a bound. 'Droive to the Black Root Pool, Gay,' he said.

The Major shook the reins and away they went.

'What is it, all?' asked the Major.

'Pull up at Murphy's shebeen,' said Jack, and returned no other answer. But there was a world of hidden meaning in the wink with which this order was accompanied.

The shebeen arrived at, Jack leapt down and swaggered in with a 'Save all here!'

'It's yew for breakin' of the boys' hearts, Mrs Morphy,' said Jack. 'Me own is sore with you.'

The plump and pretty Mrs. Murphy laughed.

'Sixteen takes foine leps these times,' says she in allusion to Jack's age.

Jack beckoned her on one side, and spoke to her for a moment in a serious whisper.

'Shamus,' said she with a twinkle in her eye, 'be fetching the clothes line.

Shamus, like a well-trained husband, obeyed

'Ye won't tell,' said Jack.

'Not a synnable, be thim five crasses,' said Mrs. Murphy.

Jack handing up a bottle of whiskey and a clothes line to the Major, reascended into the dog cart, nodded in friendly fashion to Shamus and his wife, and requested his companion to drive on. The mystified Major obeyed. In the course of a mile's drive they came upon the Black Root Pool, and Jack began to screw on his skates.

'The ice is not safe here,' said the Major.

'Maybe I know that,' Jack replied.

'Don't be fooling with me,' said poor Geogaghan, who was scarcely ever known to be angry with anybody.

'The crookedest road is sometimes the straightest,' responded Jack sententiously. By this time his skates were firmly bound. 'She'll stand, won't she?' said Jack, with a sideway nod at the mare.

'Like a stone,' said the Major.

'Then,' said Jack, taking off his over coat, and cumbrously descending from the dogcart, follow me, an' fetch the clothes line with you'

The first idea of Jack's plot dawned upon the Major's mind.

'You'll be catching cold,' he said.

'The overcoat'll be dry,' said Jack; 'an' there's whiskey in the bottle, an' it's only half a mile home.'

'That's true, too,' said the Major, descending with alacrity.

Master Jack, having secured one end of the clothes line about his chest, gave the other into the Major's hands and went upon the ice. It cracked beneath him, and before he had gone twenty yards it gave way with a crash and a splash. The Major hauled, and Jack came in splitting the thin ice before him and puffing and blowing like a grampus. He seized his rescuer's hand and scrambled to the bank.

'In ye go!' he shouted. 'Don't keep me here to catch me death!'

'What?' cried the Major.

'Now, how do ye think ye could save me loife from drowning without a wet thread on you?' inquired the youngster.

The Major grasped the situation, but stood awhile regarding Jack ruefully.

'In ye go!' the young gentleman cried again.

'Begorra,' said the Major slowly stripping off his coat and standing in his shirt sleeves, 'there's nothing else for it.'

And with that, once more taking up the end of the rope, he jumped in and emerged breathless. Jack was already in the dogcart and was struggling into his overcoat. Luckily for the harmless fulfillment of this truly Irish enterprise, heavy outer garments were the fashion. Each buttoned himself to the chin, and each took a great gulp of whiskey. Then the Major, with a sense of humor to keep him warm, touched up the mare and away they rattled.

'What's to become of the clothes line?' asked the Major.

'Shamus is to come down to the pool and bring it home with him,' said Jack with his teeth chattering.

'Jack,' said the Major affectionately, 'I've an English note for five pounds on me somewhere, and it's your's, my boy, for this day's work.'

'Me teeth are like castanets,' Jack responded. 'Drive on, for the love of Heaven! But I'm game to take the paper, Major, an think I deserve it.'

'I think you do,' replied the Major.

II.

Jack's description of the rescue was a real work of art.

'No, no,' cried the Major, blushing to the roots of his hair. 'Indeed 'twas nothing. He'd have got out easily without me.'

'Indeed, then,' said Jack. 'I'd never have got out at all without you. Because,' he added, *soto voce*, 'without you I'd never have got in.'

'Mr. Geoghaghan,' said the Bishop, with tears of emotion on his cheeks, 'you must not stand a moment in your wet clothes. Come with me.'

The Major followed obediently. Vivian and Julia had heard the tale in common with the rest of the household. By some instinct peculiar to the sex they retired together. Vivian flew to the arms of Julia and kissed her cheek.

'Indeed,' said Julia, 'he is a noble fellow!'

'He is as brave as he is handsome,' said the beautiful Vivian, and a sympathetic tear coursed towards one corner of her charming mouth.

Ugly Phil. Durgan knew not of this moving scene, and was too stupid to divine it. But there had never been any love lost between himself and the Major.

'What roight has the blagyard here,' queried Phil. to himself, 'pokin his nose where he's not wanted? Why couldn't he let the little puppy drown himself, an' save the country the price of a rope? He'll have to have one some day. Oi'd have let him drown;' mused ugly Phil.; and indeed I am not disposed to think that Durgan construed himself aright.

It so happened that there was nobody in the palace whose clothes were likely to fit the Major, with the exception of Phil. himself. The Bishop's request for a complete rig-out for the rival was not to be denied, but Phil. granted it grudgingly. A little silver kettle was hissing above the spirit lamp in the breakfast-room when the Major descended. I fancy that his lordship had caught something of the manners of the country, and had a use for that little kettle on most days after dinner. The Bishopess with her own rare hands (plump and hospitable hands they were) made grog for the rescuer of her child, and pressed it upon him lest he should take cold. It was a signal honor and the Major felt it.

A little flushed by his bath and the triumph of the situation, the Major looked more like a handsome man than ever. Phil. Durgan's tweeds fitted him as though they had been made for him.

'Phil,' said Vivian, 'I always despised your tailor until now.'

'Yes,' said Phil innocently, 'I've changed me man. These wor made in London.' And he sprawled into an attitude which seemed likely to be fatal.

The Bishop begged the Major to stay. His wife commanded to the same effect, with imperious hospitality. The Major had nothing to do but to accept the situation. He spent the evening in the same house with Vivian—that was worth something to him.

'Make the running,' whispered Jack, 'it's all in your own hand.'

Now the Major, although an Irishman was bashful. It was an Irishman who wrote, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and he drew the hero on an Irish pattern. Had Vivian been a pretty chambermaid, poor Geoghaghan had approached her with conquering airs foreboding victory; but he was half abashed before a lady, though never shamefaced enough to be clumsy.

'It was a noble deed, Mr. Geoghaghan,' said Vivian, letting her splendid eyes shine full upon him for a moment

'Faith it was not,' he answered in a tone of some distress.

'What a *rara avis* is a really modest man!' thought the young lady; and when she had thought it long enough she said it aloud.

'Miss Blake,' said the Major in a half-whisper, 'I cannot endure that you should should of me above my deserts, and especially when I have done a thing of which I am more than half ashamed. I can not endure that you should think I have done anything brave or praiseworthy.' Vivian looked at him inquiringly. I think she fancied that the Major's dip had given him a little touch of fever, and that he was wandering. That inquiring glance did the business. The Major's eyes met Vivian's and he knew his hour had come. A child's hand can launch a ship, but a woman's eyes can do even more marvellous things. That look from Vivian launched the Major; nothing could hold him back. 'There is wun beneath this roof,' he said, 'who is dearer to me than me life. I was barred be cruel Fate from her presence; circumstances over which I had no controll shut me out from her society. I am going abroad—' The Major had only formed this resolve upon the instand. 'But I am content to have looked upon her before I go; and believe me, I shall carry her image to me grave; but me conscience and honor will not permit me to go without explaining the subterfuge by which I came here. The rescue was a mere device—'

And in broken accents he told the story of Jack's rescue.

Vivian had turned away her head while the Major told his love-sick tale; but when he reached his confession she turned away more pronouncedly, and the Major saw that she trembled violently. Was it with anger or disgust?

'Farewell, Miss Blake!' he murmured. 'Farewell, Vivian! Forgive my baseness if you can.' There came no answer but a strange gasping sob.

At least forget me if you cannot forgive me,' he urged, broken by her silence. 'I shall cross your path no more: Farewell.'

Still she gave him no answer, but the sob was repeated. He reiterated his farewell, and crossing the room looked blindly over a portfolio of sketches, seeing nothing. Suddenly there arose a piercing shriek, and everybody in the room rushed towards Vivian. She had cast herself almost at full length upon a couch, and was shaken by a wild hysteria. Peal after peal of mad involuntary laughter broke from her lips.

'Leave the room, gentlemen!' said the Bishop's wife.

The guilty Major took his way with the rest. 'Tears will relieve her,' were the last words he heard. They fell from the lips of his hostess.

'Observe, John,' said the Bishop, 'how your inconsiderate desire for dangerous adventure operates upon your fellow beings. Geoghaghan rescues you at the risk of his life, and the excitement of the story has brought a most terrible attack of hysteria upon Miss Blake. Let this be a warning to you.'

Jack shot a glance across at the Major, who replied by a rueful lifting of the eyebrows. The glance meant 'Did you tell?' and the lifting of the eyebrows, 'I told, bad luck to me!' To the utter amazement of the Bishop, the Major, Phil Durgan, and the Bishop's eldest and second sons, Jack had precisely such an attack as that from which Miss Blake was suffering.

'Unhappy boy!' exclaimed the Bishop; tugging wildly at the bell rope; the excitement was too much for him.'

The Major stood like one dazed. The world was hollow. There was no more hope in it or joy in it. But, for all that the fierce throes of unconquerable laughter were upon him. He was an Irish man after all, and the situation had an an element of comedy. The Bishop, and the Bishop's eldest and second sons, and Phil Durgan began to think the world gone mad, when, with one helpless yell, the Major flung himself into an arm chair and laughed until he fell out of it.

'Ha! ha! ha!' came faintly from the drawing-room, through closed doors.

'Ha! ha! ha!' screamed Jack, as he writhed upon the floor.

'Ha! ha! ha!' roared the Major in a voice which startled a passing wagoner upon the high road, fifty yards away.

It is a fact worth chronicling that the Bishop and his sons and Phil Durgan are a little more puzzled at this time than they were at the moment when the amazing scene just described was before their eyes. They are all pursuaded now that there was something at the bottom of it,

Vivan kept the secret loyally. Of course Julia knew it, but she kept it. Shamus Murphy and his wife knew it; but between their customers and the episcopal palace was a great gulf fixed, and the story never passed over it.

The Major was doubly serious after his laughter, and begged leave to retire. The bishop accorded the permission somewhat stiffly. In the morning the Major's portmanteau had arrived, and he was dressing to depart, when Jack entered his room.

'Ye're not going to, Major?' said the youngster, brimming with impudent delight.

'Yes,' said the Major sadly, the ruse was a failure.'

'Was it?' demanded Jack, holding up a letter.

The Major dashed at it, tore it open and read:

'Miss Blake presents her sincerest apologies to Mr. Geoghaghan for her conduct of last evening. Will he afford her an opportunity of making the ap