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 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, MARCH 25, 1881.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XV, NO. 12
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO. 3

Advertising Rates.

	1w	2w	3w	6w	1y
One inch	$3.00	$4.50	$6.00	$8.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.50	4.50	5.50	8.00	14.00
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Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00	20.00
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Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

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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 Ext'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 Harman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. H. 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. 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.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law, Office, B. J. Clark's Building, 2d story room 5, Bloomsburg. may 7, '80-1 y

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

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

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.

CATAWISSA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. dm-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, Pa
Franklin, of " " "
Pennsylvania of " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of "
Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa. oct. 26, '79-1y.

Only $20
for this style of PHILADELPHIA WATCH, Jewed to any finger in the market. We warrant it to be exactly as represented before you pay for it. This is the same watch that other dealers retail for $50. All Watches warranted for three years. Send for our Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address
CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.,
17 S. Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Feb. 18 '81-13w caw

Agents Wanted. $5 a Day made selling our FIRST CLASS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Weighs only 8 lbs. Retails for $15. Warranted for five years. Address for Agents, Secretary SEWING MACHINE CO., Cincinnati, O.

Peter Henderson's
COMBINED CATALOGUE OF
SEEDS AND PLANTS
Will be Mailed Free to all who apply by Letter.
Our Experimental Grounds in which we test our Vegetable and Flower Seeds are most complete; and our Greenhouses for Plants (covering 3 acres in glass), are the largest in America.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

I will mail a copy of my New Book, "MEDICAL COMMON SENSE," FREE, to any person who will send his name and post-office address, and six cents in stamps to pay postage. FREE!
To any one suffering with CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, SORE THROAT, or BRONCHITIS this information in the Book is of great value; and it may be the providence of God, to save many much pain. Address,
DR. R. R. WOLFE, 146 Smith St., Cincinnati, O.
feb 25 1-m

DR. HUTCHINSON'S
WORM DESTROYER
An Old and Tried Remedy. It never fails to destroy and expel the Worms, and leave the system in a healthy condition. We guarantee its virtue. We have hundreds of Testimonials, collected in the last 10 years, proving conclusively there is no remedy equal to Dr. Hutchinson's Worm Destroyer to remove the Worms (all kinds, Round, Pin-Long, and Tape), that infest the human system. Physicians say they and give them to their suffering patients. There is no humbug or quackery about this thoroughly reliable medicine. Price, 25c. per box.
A. W. WRIGHT & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Market and Front Streets, Philadelphia.
feb 11, '81-3m

To Nervous Sufferers—The Great European Remedy.
DR. J. H. SIMPSON'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
Dr. J. H. Simpson's Specific Medicine is a positive cure for overwork of body or brain or excess of any kind, such as weakness and all diseases resulting from Nervous Debility, Irritability, Mental Anxiety, Languor, Lassitude, Depression of Spirits and functional derangements of the nervous system generally, Pains in the Back or Side, Loss of Memory, Premature old age and diseases that lead to consumption, insanity and an early grave or both. No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, a short course of this medicine will restore the lost functions and procure health and happiness where before life was despondency and gloom. The Specific Medicine is being used with wonderful success.

Pamphlets sent free to all. Write for them and get full particular.
Price, Specific $1.00 per package, or six packages for $5.00. Will be sent by mail on receipt of money. Address all orders, J. H. SIMPSON'S MEDICINE CO. Nos. 104 and 106 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.
feb. 11, '81-1f

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
GERMAN FIREINSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, PA.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
PROMPTNESS, EQUITY FAIR DEALING
Nov. 18, '80.

$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 great 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. 18' '80-1y

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.

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

WILL IT CURE ME?

Said a man whose woebegone countenance and broken down constitution showed traces of disease—a sufferer with Nervous Dyspepsia, in whose stomach the most delicate morsel lay like lead. Refreshing sleep and quiet nerves were strangers to him, and he despaired of ever being well. We advised him to take

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,

which he did, and in a short time was not only relieved but cured.

Reader; if you are suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Disease in any form do not wait until the disease has taken a fast hold upon you, but use the Regulator when the symptoms first show themselves. It has relieved untold suffering. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is not an alcoholic stimulant, but a

Purely Vegetable Remedy

that will cure when everything else fails. It is a faultless family medicine. Does not disarrange the system. Is no violent drastic purge, but nature's own remedy. The friend of everyone, and will not disappoint you. A single trial will convince you that it is the cheapest, purest and best Family Medicine in the world.

ASK the recovered dyspeptics, bilious sufferers, victims of fever and ague, the nervous diseased patient how they recovered their health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
SIMMONS' Liver Regulator!
Original and genuine, prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., PHILADELPHIA.
Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.
April 16, '80—1y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF JOHN GULLIVER, DECEASED.
The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia co., to make distribution of the balance in the hands of James Gulliver, administrator of the said deceased to the parties legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties interested in said estate at his office in the Town of Bloomsburg in said county, on Saturday, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock a. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested in said estate must attend or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.
E. BUCKINGHAM, Auditor.
feb. 25, '81-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF ADAM BELLAS, DECEASED.
The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county to make distribution of the fund in the hands of the executors of Adam Bellas, deceased, as shown by their second and partial account, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg on Saturday the 26th day of March, 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having any claims upon said fund will appear and prove the same or be debarred from receiving any share therof.
JOHN M. CLARK, Auditor.
feb. 25 '81-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF HENRY KINGSBURY, DECEASED.
The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of Geo. A. Doty, administrator, &c., of Henry Kingsbury, deceased, as shown by his final account, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg on Tuesday the 29th day of March '881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims against said estate will appear and prove the same or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.
C. B. BROCKWAY, Auditor.
feb. 25-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF GEORGE KESSLER, DECEASED.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia to make distribution of the fund in hands of Charles Kessler, administrator of said deceased to and among the parties entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit in the discharge of the duties of his appointment at his office in the town of Bloomsburg on Saturday, March 26th, 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at which time and place all persons interested in said fund are required to attend or be forever debarred from any share of the same.
HERVEY E. SMITH, Auditor
feb. 25th, 81-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF ELIZABETH ROBERTS, DECEASED.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the administrator of said decedent, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg on Saturday April 16, 1881 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, when and where all persons interested are requested to present their claims upon said fund or be forever debarred from a share thereof.
PAUL E. WIRT, Auditor.
march 4-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF GEORGE REISWICK, DECEASED.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county to make distribution of the funds in the hands of David Lowenberg, administrator of said decedent, to and among the parties entitled thereto hereby gives notice that he will sit in the discharge of the duties of his appointment at his office in the town of Bloomsburg on Wednesday the 6th day of April, A. D., 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at which time and place all persons interested in said fund are required to attend or be forever debarred from any share of the same.
L. S. WINTERSTEEN, Auditor.
march 4-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF FRANKLIN CREVELING, A LUNATIC.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia co. to make distribution of the balance in the hands of samuel Creveling, Committee of said lunatic as per his account confirmed, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg on Friday, the 15th day of April, 1881, to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims against said estate will appear and prove the same or be debarred from any share thereof.
E. H. LITTLE, Auditor.
march 18 4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF ISAAC HAGENBUCH, DECEASED.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to distribute balance in hands of the executor of Isaac Hagenbuch, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at the office of E. H. Ikeler in the town of Bloomsburg, on Saturday, the second day of April A. D., 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having any claims upon said fund will appear and prove the same or be debarred from receiving any share thereof.
C. C. PEACOCK, Auditor.
feb. 25-4w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Among the records and proceedings of the Orphans' Court in and for said county it is inter alia thus contained.
In the estate of Mary Remley, deceased.
And now February 14th, 1881, on motion of S. Knorr and agreement of counsel, Guy Jacoby, Esq., is appointed Auditor to distribute balance in hands of Stephen Hill, administrator, by his first account among parties entitled thereto.
BY THE COURT.
Certified from the records.
WM. KRICKBAUM, Clerk O. C.
G. M. QUICK, Deputy.
In pursuance of the foregoing appointment the undersigned will meet the parties interested at his office in Bloomsburg on Tuesday the 19th day of April 1-81, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place they are hereby notified to appear or be debarred from coming in on said fund.
GUY JACOBY, Auditor.
feb. 25-4w

Poetical.

DIDN'T KNOW.

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four-bladed, the handle of pearl—
And great black words on the wrapper said—
"For the darlingest little girl."
I was glad! Oh, yes, yet the crimson blood
To my young cheeks came and went,
And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on the sled,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed
And he got me on at last.
Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
To my home his course he bent;
My sisters looked at each other and smiled,
But I didn't know what it meant.

Ten years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper blue;
They gave to his form a manlier grace—
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,
When the day was almost spent,
His whispers were soft as the lullaby;
And—now I know what it meant.

Select Story.

NICK VON DAMENBERG;

OR, LOVE THROUGH A KNOT HOLE.

Madison avenue and Fifth avenue are parallel—the houses on one side abutting with their back yards upon the houses of the other; for even palatial mansions, with brown stone fronts, have their back yards, where aristocratic children are permitted to play.

Some twenty or more years ago the scene of this true story opens, in the back yards of two elegant homes thus situated. One morning a fine, manly boy of 12 was on one side, and a beautiful little curly-haired darling, say 6 years old, on the other side of a high, close, board fence. The boy was tying a tin can to the tail of a struggling Maltese cat that had clambered over the dividing fence, and the girl with flushed face and snapping, angry eyes, was looking through the knot-hole. It was her cat.

As soon as our little lady had fairly taken in the situation she called through the fence with her pouting lips to the hole: "I say you boy, have you seen my kitty?"

"No," he replied.

"You are a nasty, bad boy, and tell stories; you have got my kitty, and if you don't give her back to me I'll build a fire and burn your play-house down."

This was not an idle threat, for our youngster on the Fifth avenue side had a play-house, supplied with toys and curios and playthings provided by his rich father and indulgent mother as an inducement for their only and petted child not to mingle with the vulgar playmates of the street.

"I say, who are you?" asked the boy.

"Never mind—give me my kitty."

"I will if you will kiss me."

"Kiss you through the fence?" and she laughed a silvery rippling laugh.

"Yes, through the knot-hole."

"Well, give me my kitty first."

"No, give me the kiss first."

"Will you give me my kitty then?"

"Yes, truly."

"Well, put your mouth to the hole."

And to the hole he placed his face and received the smack of a sounding kiss.

"There, now give me my kitty."

He did so. The little thing, scrambling over the fence, was soon safe in the arms of its little mistress. She kissed it again and again, while the boy looked on.

"I say, it's nasty to kiss a cat."

"A cat is not so nasty as a great, nasty boy."

"Yes, it is for I played a joke on you, for you kissed me on my nose."

"Only I didn't for I didn't kiss you at all. I spit on my fingers and rubbed them on your nose, and then smacked my lips—didn't I kitty?" Again she laughed with a loud and merry laugh.

The boy turned away with an angry flush, threatening to "get even."

The children, whose silly episode we described in our last chapter, grew up—children usually do. Miss Lillian was sent to school, passing her bread and butter days at Vassar, growing up to become a saucy beauty of spoiled 19. Our hero of the cat had graduated and studied his profession and travelled in Europe, and was sowing his father's money—as young men who have no knowledge of the trouble of money getting are apt to do. From time to time—she from school and he from college, she from her and he from his European tour—had visited their respective homes in their respective avenues; but had never met. Nor did the now widowed mother of the fair Lillian know even the names of the family of Von Damenbergs, whose only son Nicholas had had his nose spit upon through the knot hole of the division fence. Years went flying by. To young people years fly, but are long, to old people years drag, but are short. These young folks were killing time. Lillian was drifting about the world with her gentle, quiet mother, who found it an easier life to be dragged about by her imperious daughter than to remain at home with her. Nick was abroad on his own hook; sometimes yachting among among the fiords of Norway, and sometimes shooting on the plains of upper Montana.

At last both parties met—at the California Geysers. Nicholas Von Damenberg, with two companions in shooting jackets, had arrived from a "scoot around Clear Lake." They had arrived, guns in hand, in advance of their luggage, and as yet had not registered. Mrs. Margaret Mercer and her daughter, Miss Lillian Mercer, were established guests.

The Geysers are famous for aids to complexion. If the Mercers had visited for any such purpose as improving theirs it must have been for the brown and quiet mother and not for the blooming maid. As for Nick and his comrades, they were black and tanned and burned and browned beyond the immediate relief of any of nature's cosmetics.

The hero and heroine of this our little love story met upon the piazza—she, sweeping along in the peculiarly queenly and regal majesty of a 19 year old girl, with good clothes, a beautiful figure, pretty face, plenty of money, and consciousness of good birth, good education, good manners, and an assured position in the best society; Nick, with his shooting jacket, bare head and brown face, was preparing to clean his gun, and, being heart whole, fancy free, and quite independent in his mode of life and manner of thought, was just the least degree careless about his deportment. He saw our beauty sweeping down upon him, and, by a sort of inspiration, divined that she was the same little girl, grown up, who had kissed, or who had not kissed, his nose through the fence, when he had endeavored to bell her cat with a tin can at its tail.

As she came down upon him, she stopped.

"Are you one of the servants?"

"I am your servant, Miss if you please What can I do for you?"

"I mean do you belong to this house?"

"Yes, I am the out-door man—sort of guide; I take parties fishing and pic-nicing to the woods; I drive the phaeton for ladies who are too timid to drive themselves, and I sometimes go out with ladies on horse-back."

"What is your name, please?"

Nick Von Dam, at your service, Miss Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, I want a man to do just the things you mention—to escort my mother and myself, while we stay here, to all the places about. But I want you altogether—that is, we want your exclusive service if you can arrange it."

"Oh, certainly; I can fix it with Mr. Foster, the proprietor, and then I will devote myself to you alone—'exclusively.'"

Miss Lillian blushed slightly, and said: "My mother will compensate you if you are faithful."

And he answered: "I assure you, Miss, I will be to you very faithful."

Again she blushed, and said that she would see her mother.

To put up the conspiracy upon this girl and her mother and somehow to get even with her for spitting on his nose, had become a full grown scheme. It was easily arranged with proprietor Foster, and with his comrade—when he assured them it was only for a lark, and that these people were once his New York neighbors—over the fence.

Thus was the acquaintance renewed, and Nicholas von Damenberg, Esquire, became the hired servant, guide and valet de place of Mrs. Mercer and her daughter Lillian.

So long as the parties remained at the Geysers, Nick von Dam, as he was designated, was subject to all sorts of jokes—in turn for the practical one he was playing upon the Mercer ladies, mere et fille.

"Will you allow your servant to order up my horse, Miss Mercer?" said one of the young gentlemen to her on one occasion.

"Oh, certainly!" she replied; "Nicholas will you be kind enough to order up the gentleman's horse."

The gentleman's horse came up, but with a burr so deftly arranged under the saddle that, upon mounting, the "gentleman" was tossed over the horse's head.

During the week Nicholas who had made terms for indefinite employment at "sixty dollars a month and found, made himself useful in numberless ways—escorting the ladies, while riding, dancing and pic-nicing; doing camp duty; cutting bait and baiting the hook for Miss Lillian to fish; carrying her easel and camp stool over the hills to romantic glens; holding the sun shade while she sketched; sometimes with the mother, on lonely hillsides, and sometimes alone with the daughter, in sight of the house or camp.

Whenever he and Lillian were alone together he addressed his fair companion with the studied courtesy of the well-bred gentleman. His language was then of the choicest, his remarks finished; he talked of books and art and music. Once he surprised her by taking the brush from her hand, to explain by his practised touch a suggestion of perspective. Whenever they were in the presence of the mother, or of any third person, he dropped strangely into bad grammar, spoke in German patois, looked the clown, and acted the man-of-all-work that he affected to be. When alone she called him familiarly "Nicholas" and, on one or two occasions, "Nick." In the presence of strangers "Nicholas" became "Mr. von Dam." To Lillian he explained that he had been servant to a gentleman in the University of Heidleberg, and there, in association with student life, he had had the opportunity of instructions in art, and especially in music. That at the beer halls he was permitted, with pipes and lager, to indulge in song and chorus with the students.

Leaving the valley of the Geysers, the Mercer party made the grand round of California sights with the ever faithful and intelligent valet, the always respectful and handy Nick von Dam. They visited the Yosemite, that grand chasm reft in the Sierra, with its matchless rocks and splendid waterfalls; the beautiful Lake Tahoe, up among the primeval forests of pine, a splendid sheet of crystal water, mirroring blue skies and circled by grand old forests that showed the pebbled margin of fabulous depths. Together they had idled upon our ocean shores, the pebbled beach at Pescadera and the pine shaded trees of Monterey. Together they had travelled through California's semi-tropical South, amid its vineyards and its orchards of orange, lemon and olive. For her he had plucked the red clusters of pomegranite, and once, when her hands had been occupied, he had modestly placed the flowers in her golden hair, above her glowing face, rosy with the flush that had permitted such liberty from the hand of a menial, and which, for a day, entailed upon our friend Nick the severest dignity, to make him feel that he was a servant, earning sixty dollars a month and expenses paid.

In June the party had gone down from San Luis Obispo to sketch the "Moro"—a solitary rock upon the shore standing out where the waves washed its base. The horses had been detached from the carriage, Mrs. Mercer disposed of in a swinging hammock within a shady willow group, easel and camp stool nicely arranged, and Miss Lillian hard at work with brush and color. Nick, his labors over, had thrown himself carelessly at the artist's feet. Nick was beginning to admit himself in love with the beautiful girl. His original threat of "getting even" for her kissing his nose with her wet fingers had resolved itself into a determination to marry her. At the same time he clung to the romantic idea of making the proud beauty falling in love with the poor Nick von Dam, and he resolved to conquer her in his present disguise.

He had thrown himself upon the grass at her feet. "Don't you think, Miss"—for he had never yet dared to call her Miss Lillian—"don't you think that if you turned your back upon that lone red rock of the Moro, with its waste of dark waters beyond, you could find a more interesting picture? Look inland toward the Coast Range and across the broad mesa to the terraces and plateaus, the valleys and hillsides. I wonder how these terrace formations—so noticeable on this coast—occurred. Glacial action, doubtless, away back in the gloomy and mysterious past, when the great ice sheet that clothed our continent, and the great ice-belt that locked our ocean shores in its embrace, moved downward to the sea and Southward, impelled by the irresistable forces, sculpturing the rocky coast barrier, and planing off the irregular hills to level mesas."

Lillian had suspended her work, and looked down upon the splendid manly form that lay at her feet. He was looking out upon the wide sea—dreaming, but dreaming an intellectual dream; looking back, back to when the continent was more than primeval—when it was chaos—before it was clothed in the grand old forests, glimpses of which he caught upon the Coast Range, before grassy lawns came down to be kissed with the warm sea waves.

"I wonder how this lone rock escaped the embrace of the glacial monster—I beg your pardon, Miss; is there any service I can render you? I think your mother is sleeping."

"Accident I suppose," she answered.

"I sometimes wonder, Miss Mercer, if there is any such thing as accident in the world. I wonder if every thing is not ordained from the beginning. There can be no accident allowed in the material universe. Everything must move in accordance with some plan. If one of the heavenly bodies should, by accident, slip out of its place, it would play havoc with the balance of creation. I do not believe in accidents. It is said marriages even, are made in heaven——"

"And," interrupted Lillian, "if such slight and unimportant events are prearranged by a divine method, you think all more serious ones should be likewise provided for?"

"I did not say so. I do not think so. I regard marriage as man's most serious act. When we marry our destiny is cast, out fate is fixed—for ever—for life—for eternity."

Lillian turned her great, luminous eyes upon the now erect form and said, with a laugh—a hollow, mocking, taunting laugh: "You dream of some fraulein, at work in a vineyard on the Rhine."

"I dream, Miss Mercer, of a proud and beautiful girl I love, gifted, well-born and proud, rich and arrogant because she is well-born. She was my neighbor when we were children and if we are not friends, companions and child lovers, it was because we were separated by a cruel barrier. She would love me if she dared. She knows I am her equal in everything but name. She knows, that in my love for her, I would fling myself into the sea from apex of yonder rock. She knows that I am poor, but she is not mercenary and would not care for that. It is this devilish pride of family; and yet her family was some generations ago no better than mine. A great business glacier might have wounded my ancestors, and the family bears the scars and seams; while she, like the Moro, escaped and now stands up so proudly; and so she would scorn me. Yes, ah yes—I believe in accidents."

"And have you told her you love her?"

"I never dared.

"Then you are a coward, and perhaps well-as this does not concern me, I think we had better call mamma and return. Will you be kind enough to attach the horses, Mr. von Dam."

"You will excuse me, Miss Mercer; I was presumptuos to tell you my story. I will drive the carriage here and take in yourself and easel as soon as I have my team ready."

While he was gone our Lillian soliloquized, all alone with the sea and its sobbing waves, as they broke against the rock of the Moro, and then came rippling to her feet: "Oh! what a fool I am! what an arrant, blundering fool am I! —And so he loves another; and I—oh! I could whip myself!—I thought he loved me, and I thought him presumptuous, and was fighting him in my heart! Had it been me, and he had proposed to me, how I would have wounded him—the servant. And now I see his presumption. Why does he tell me his stupid love tale? Some fat fraulein of a German baroness in a ruined castle, I suppose; some family with a name—some proud, unpronounceable name. And yet he has not been rejected by this German woman—that's not in the way at least."

Now this girl knew that away down in her heart she loved this man servant of her mother's. She knew that in every intellectual quality he was her superior. He was to her more handsome than any other man. The acquaintance of camp, travel and daily intercourse, like theirs had been, discloses more of real character than years of conventional life. She knew that he was the equal of any man. And yet, when she thought he loved her and was planing how to capture her, she had determined to mortify and humiliate him, reject him, teach him a lesson. How dare he? Now it turns out that he loved another. She felt the humiliation and determined that she was angry because he had told her. What was it to her whom he loved, or how his wooing thrived? And then there came across her just the glimmer of regret—she wished he had not told her, and she began to pity him. When he drove up with the carriage, and—so strong and firm—lifted her mother and herself into the carriage, arranged the wraps so gently, and looked so sad, poor fellow, she pitied him the more, and found in her heart a soft place for poor Nick von Dam.

They rode back to the hotel at San Luis Obispo in silence. But when mother and daughter had entered their rooms and closed the door, Lillian's anger burst forth. Like all persons who are angry with themselves, she found it necessary to pour forth her tide of passion upon some one else. This time it was her good and patient, simple minded, unobservant mother, who caught the hurricane of her wrath. In the whirlwind of her incoherent words, her poor, innocent mother caught the idea that, somehow, Nicholas had offended her proud daughter by proposing love to her, and the good lady was justy indignant.

"Oh, mother, mother, you poor, dear, simple, foolish mother! you are just too innocent to live. He did not propose to me; he will not; I wish he would but he is in love with another. I am a born fool, and it is all your fault, mother. I am in love with him, and you must send him packing before I make an idiot of myself."

"Lillian, my daughter, are you crazy? In love with a servant?"

"Yes, mother, crazy—crazy as a lunatic. So, as you have no convenient asylum for me, send this servant about his business. I do not want to meet him again. For a hundred worlds I would not have him know. Send him away to-day, mother dear," and the proud girl kissed her mother and withdrew to her room—for tears all by herself.

The nicest possible thing in the world for a girl in love is to have a nice cry. Lillian experienced the benefit, and after an hour or two, came out of her room looking like a rose.

As she joined her mother that patient lady said: "I have tried to send him away, Lillian dear, but he is entitled to a month's wages or notice, so I told him he might remain till we went to San Francisco, and then I would pay him off. I don't see how we can get along without him, darling."

"Nor I," said Lillian. "Well, dear mother, we shall leave in a day or two, and I will suppress myself and endure him for that time."

Just how it was brought about is not necessary to this narrative, but the same evening Nick was driving Miss Lilian through the olive grove in an open phaeton. Nick had reached the darkest spot of the grove when he sprang from the carriage, tied the horse, and turned fiercely upon the now pale and trembling Lillian.

"And so, Miss Mercer, you endeavored to have your mother discharge me. Have I not been a good servant? Have I not been faithful? Have I not been respectful? And now—because I told you my love—you drive me away. Do you know that I am saving every dollar, that I may yet win this lady—that I dream of a cottage home, and vines and fruits, in this charming land, and that you, and you alone, are the one to destroy this dream?"

"And why did you tell me of your love? What is your dream of love to me?" answered the now defiant girl. What right had you to make me the confidant of your story?"

"Because I love you! And you charged me with being a coward, in not daring to tell the proud beauty of my love. Yes, I love you Lillian Mercer, and in everything except wealth and birth I am your equal. In love I am your slave. I tell you this here and alone, where you cannot fly from me; cannot turn in scorn upon me. I tell you my love here, where you are compelled to hear it; and now I release you. I drive you home; to-morrow I leave you. I shall never