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.

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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, APRIL 1, 1881.

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

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jan. 11, 1878

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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Can be consulted in German.
jan. 10, '80-tf

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☞ *Pensions and Bounties Collected.*

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july 16, '80 tf

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

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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. 23-1y

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. 6m-38

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

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, 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 SINGER. *Equal to any Singer in the market. Remember, we send it to be examined before you pay for it.* This is the same style other companies retail for $50. All Machines 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

HAVE YOU
Ever Known
Any person to be seriously ill without a weak stomach or inactive liver or kidneys? And when these organs are in good condition do you not find their possessor enjoying good health? PARKER'S GINGER TONIC always regulates these important organs, and never fails to make the blood rich and pure, and to strengthen every part of the system. It has cured hundreds of despairing invalids. Ask your neighbors about it. d march 11-4w

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 15 Stops, 4 Set Reeds only $55. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. march 11, '81-4w d

FRAZER
AXLE GREASE.
Best in the world. Lasts longer than any other. Always in good condition. Cures sores cuts bruises and corns. Costs but little more than the imitations. Every package has the trade mark. Call for the genuine, and take no other.
March 11 4-w

DR. HUTCHINSON'S
WORM DESTROYER
An Old and Tried Remedy. *Removes the Worms and the worm that keep them alive.* We guarantee its virtues. We have hundreds of Testimonials, collected in the last 15 years, proving conclusively *there is a remedy equal to* Dr. Hutchinson's Worm Destroyer to remove the Worms all kinds, *Round, Seed, Tape, and Pinworms, that infest the human system. Physicians prescribe it,* 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. B. SIMPSON'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
Dr. J. B. 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 all diseases that lead to consumption, Insanity & untimely 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 was despondency and gloom. The Specific Medicine is being used with powerful 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. B. SIMPSON'S MEDICINE CO. Nos. 104 and 106 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.
feb. 11, '81-4f

PENSIONS
ARE PAID every soldier disabled in the war, by accident or otherwise. A WOUND, any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if not, slight, disease of Lungs or Various Veins gives a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers who died in the army get a pension. BOUNTY—Discharge for wound, injuries or rupture, gives full bounty. Send Stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address
P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Gen. Geo. F. Ward, Davis, Prest Indiana Banking Co., and H. F. Kennedy, Prest Central Bank, both of Indianapolis. Name this paper.
feb 4, '81-3m ald

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
GERMAN FIREINSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE 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 or 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 10, '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. 15' '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 11, '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 firm 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 mercurial 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.

July 16, '80—tf

$5 And Upwards. Parties with limited capital desiring to become interested in Mining enterprises, at best in figures, please send address for free prospectus to JOSIAH FLETCHER, 57 Broadway, N. Y., City.

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 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. R. 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 1881, 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.

VERNAL FAITH.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

When heaven was stormy, earth was cold,
And sunlight shunned the world and wave,
Thought burrowed in the church yard mould,
And fed on dreams that haunt the grave.

But now that heaven is freed from strife,
And earth's full heart with rapture swells,
Thought soars through fields of endless life
Above the shining asphodels.

What flower that drinks the south wind's breath,
What sparkling leaf, what Hebe-morn,
But flouts the sullen gray-beard Death,
And laughs our arctic doubts to scorn?

Pale scientist, scant of healthful blood,
Your ghastly tomes one moment close;
Pluck freshness from a spring time bud,
Find wisdom in the opening rose.

Mark the white lily, whose sweet core
Hath many a wild bee-swarm enticed,
And drew therefrom a honeyed lore
Pure as the tender creed of Christ!

Yea, even the weed, which upward holds
Its tiny ear past bower and lawn,
A lovelier faith than yours unfolds,
Caught from the far faint winds of dawn.

Select Story.

AN ARGUMENT FOR LIFE.

It was a sharp, frosty, moonlight night but the fresh waters of Green river had not yet been chilled, and they flowed rapidly onward, with confused murmurings, as if impatient to become a part of the great Ohio.

It was as late as ten o'clock when Robert Craig, a young lawyer, came upon a bridge that spanned a branch of the Green River in Central Kentucky. He was afoot, and he walked with a very light step, because his heart was light. He had been successful in the most important suit he had ever been engaged in. He had pleaded his own case, and the court that had pronounced judgment in his favor was simply Miss Mary Lane the handsomest girl in the neighborhood, and as good as she was beautiful. She had promised to be his wife.

But Rober Craig was destined to plead another case that very night, and before a less eminent court. He had no warning of this, however, when he stepped upon the bridge and walked over the clear water muttering congratulations to himself.

"Yes, I am the luckiest man living!" he soliloquized, as he reached the middle of the bridge.

The bridge was not a covered one, and he stopped to lean over the railing at one side, and looked down in the sparkling water that quivered in the bright moonlight.

"Yes, I am the luckiest man living!" he repeated quite aloud, after he had stood a full minute gazing upon the flowing river.

"Don't be too sure of that!" said a voice behind him.

Robert Craig turned with a start, and saw a tall man standing at the opposite side of the bridge, leveling a rifle upon him. He seemed very cool and deliberate in his manner, and he spoke in a tone that was hard and icy.

At the first glance Robert Craig saw his danger, for he recognized in the intruder Ralph Moore, who, as he was well aware, regarded him with the bitterest hatred, for the reason that both had been suitors for the had of Mary Lane, and Ralph had of course been rejected, He was noted as a man of desperate character—although he belonged to a good family—and he was moreover known to be the best marksman in the community. Robert Craig thought of these facts as he found himself standing there in the cold moonlight with that unerring rifle pointed at his breast.

He himself was unarmed; there was no hope for succor on that lonely bridge at that time of night; retreat was impossible as well as unmanly, resistance was impossible, was equally out of the question. His enemy meant deliberately to take his life, and he had the power to do it. Robert Craig realized all this, and felt that certain death awaited him. The terrible exigency—the very hopelessness of the case made him calm.

"Ralph Moore," he said in a voice that betrayed no emmotion "have you come here to waylay and murder me?"

"Robert Craig," replied Ralph, coldly, still keeping the deadly rifle at an aim, "did you suppose you could trample over me and live?"

His finger was on the trigger, and the fierce look on his face denoted that the life he held in his hands was not worth much now.

"But surely," said Robert Craig "you are not wicked enough to commit such a crime as I see you contemplate. I am unarmed and at your mercy. While I do not like you, Ralph, I never thought you capable of a cowardly act. It would be cowardly to shoot down an unarmed man and you know it. You are a good marksman, but I am willing to fight you fairly if you think that a mortal enmity must necessarily exist between us.

"Bosh! Do you think I am a fool? Do you think I can be cajoled by your smooth talk? No, I've got you Robert Craig, and you shall never live to enjoy your triumph over me. You are now within five minutes of your destiny. I will grant you that time to pray—if you want it. Nothing can save you! There is not a soul within half a mile to hear you if you should yell. You'll be floating down the river miles below this before morning."

"But what do you say to being hanged for murder?"

"There is no witness near. It can never be proved against me."

Robert Craig was silent. His enemy who plainly meant murder, stood like a statue, with his rifle still pointing at his head, and watching him like a cat. There was an expression of savage exultation in his face, plainly visible in the moonlight; and Robert Craig saw that it was idle to think of asking for mercy.

Various ideas went whirling through his brain. He thought of running away and trusting to flight, but he dismissed the thought, for he could not escape the unerring aim of the relentless man confronting him. He thought of rushing upon Ralph, and engaging in a desperate struggle for the posession of the rifle but he knew that would be hopeless. He was twenty feet distant, and his enemy could shoot him down before he could reach him.

As if divining his very thoughts Ralph said, with a demoniac laugh:

"Oh, there is no chance for you; run which way you will, I can bring you down before you go three steps. Come, to prayer! You have only three minutes and a half yet!"

Robert Craig stood motionless, and with the same coolness he had displayed from the beginning, he said:

"Ralph Moore, I see you are in earnest."

"Certainly I am. Ha! ha! You know me well enough to know that I do not come here for nothing."

"Yet you will not kill me," said Robert Craig, in a quiet, firm tone. "I can bring an argument to bear that will prevent you."

"Pooh!" retorted Ralph, contemptuously. I'd like to know what it is?"

"Well, I have a letter in my pocket here—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Ralph, fiercely—"Keep that hand away from your pocket. I understand your game—you have a pistol!"

"No; upon my honor. If I had you could shoot me before I could use it. I think you are quick enough for that."

"I suppose I am."

"Well, will you allow me to take a letter from my pocket, or are you afraid?"

"Well, I don't think I am much afraid!"

"Shall I take the letter from my pocket?"

"Yes but no tricks; my eye is on you."

Robert Craig, with the calmness of a man merely transacting some ordinary business, drew a letter from his coat pocket, and began deliberately to write on one side of the envelope with a pencil.

"What are you doing?" demanded Ralph, eyeing him sharply.

"I am merely writing a secret here, which, when you know what it is, will induce you to change your mind."

"What is it! Why don't you tell me?"

"You will understand me when you hear me read it."

"Some trick; but remember I am watching you."

While Ralph Moore lost none of his fierceness, and did not waver in his murderous purpose, it was evident that his curiosity was aroused, and he watched the young lawyer as he wrote rapidly on the envelope by the light of the moon.

"Well, what strange things have you written!" he asked sneeringly, as Robert Craig finished.

"I will read it you," replied Robert Craig.

Then he held the envelope up so that the moonlight fell upon it, and read as follows.

ON WILSON'S BRIDGE GREEN RIVER, Thursday night between 10 and 11 o'clock, Dec., 21, 1870.

If I am found murdered, be it known that Ralph Moore, of Upland, is the murderer. He stands before me while I write this pointing a rifle at me, and declares he will shoot me because he is jealous of me. I am unarmed,

ROBERT CRAIG,
Attorney at Law

Ralph Moore uttered a disdainful laugh.

"Ha! ha! What good will that scribing do?" he said. "I can destroy it while you float down the river. You don't suppose I would go and deliver it to the authorities for you—even if it is your dying request—ha! ha! ha!

"You won't deliver it for me?" asked Robert Craig, calm as ever.

"Do you think I'm a fool! Come, your time's about up.

"Won't you deliver this for me after I am dead?"

"No, of course not."

"Then I know who will."

"Who?" asked Ralph, puzzled by this strange conduct.

"The river!" and Robert Craig sent the letter from the bridge and it floated away on the bosom of the rapid current.

"What does that mean?"

"It means, Mr. Ralph Moore, that you may now murder me just as soon as you please. I am as well prepared to die as you are, and have fully made up my mind to die; but if I die you die too. The difference will be this: I die as a martyr, and the man who will be remembered in this community as honored and loved; while you go to the gallows a criminal, a convict, covered with infamy, and are there strangled like a beast, and all who know you, will in years to come, only remember you and speak of you as the cowardly assassin who shot down an unarmed man.—Now shoot, just as soon as you please, and that letter floating down the river will tell on you and you will be hunted down."

"Nonsense! Don't you suppose I can get that letter inside of an hour?"

"How?" asked Robert Craig, very complacently.

"I can swim for it if necessary."

The water would chill you to death in ten minutes. You know very well there is no boat within ten miles, except at the nearest ferry, and there the oars are locked and could not be had before morning. By that time the letter will have floated away and probably have been picked up and handed to the authorities. Oh! blaze away, I'd rather you would now, since I have made up my mind to die and have you hanged."

Ralph Moore stood for half a minute, with the threatening rifle still at an aim, apparently unable to make up his mind whether to risk the gallows or not; then he said:

"But if I spare you, and that letter is found what explanation can be made of it?"

"I might say it was a joke, and in any event, if I should be still found alive, it would be easy to prove that you didn't kill me."

Ralph Moore placed his rifle upon his shoulder and walked away muttering with an angry oath:

"I am a fool! I ought to have done the work without giving him a chance to play such a lawyer's trick!"

Robert Craig stood upon the bridge watching the would be assassin till he was out of sight then once more gazed down upon the clear, cold waters of the river, and said aloud:

"I am the luckiest man living; no floating to-night, thank you!"

The next day Ralph Moore abruptly started on a trip to California, much to the surprise of the community and he never returned to Kentucky.

Robert Craig! Ah, if I should give his real name, the reader would know that it was the life of a since famous man that was saved by an argument on the bridge.

John, my dear, said she tenderly, if you do not buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup immediately, I will go home to my mother; I can't stand this coughing any longer. He bought a bottle.

READING SIGNS IN THE SKY.

THE WAY FOR EVERY MAN TO BE HIS OWN WEATHER PROPHET.

"It's easy enough to be a weather prophet. All you've got to do is to keep your eye on the sky, and it will be a very sly storm indeed, that steals a march on you."

The speaker was a gentleman living on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, who has done a good deal of sky gazing, but who says he has no desire for public reputation as a weather-wise man.

"Look out of this south window. Do you notice those long, narrow, misty-looking clouds in parallel rows that seem to be advancing upward from behind Staten Island with the precision and steadiness of a line of battle? They are the advance guard of an approaching storm. The barometer has not given the slightest sign, and it probably will not until that skirmish line has reached the zenith, which may take hours, and yet I am as certain that a storm is coming as though I saw the rain falling."

"Do you mean that you can foretell a storm by the clouds sooner than by a barometer?"

"Anybody can. The winter storms especially, announce their approach sometimes two or three days in advance. Whenever you see those parallel stripes of cloud rising in the southwest, and moving in ranks slowly across the sky, you may be sure that wet or snowy weather is at hand. Why should not the clouds foretell the weather? There cannot be a storm or any considerable change of weather without clouds, and there is almost as much perceptible difference in clouds as in faces, if people would but notice them closely."

"Do clouds always foretell storms?"

"No, some clouds give assurance of fair weather. A very little practice will enable anybody to read this language of the clouds. It is more like studying a language than you would suppose. You know in Latin a change in the termination of a word changes its meaning. Just so a change in the form of clouds changes their meaning. It is no mere chance work, but a certain change always means the same thing. If 'cirri' turn into 'cirro-strati,' every meteorologist knows what that means just as well as the boy at the head of the Latin class knows the difference between 'Hic' and 'Hajus.'"

"Then the clouds are not all of one kind?"

"By no means at all. About eighty years ago, Luke Howard, an English Quaker, whose business required him to take long walks in the open air, completed a classification of clouds that has ever since been in general use. One of the most wonderful phenomena ever witnessed in the sky led Howard to study the clouds. This was the great fog of 1873, that overspread the whole of Europe and part of Asia and America, reaching to the summits of the Alps and lasting from one to three months, according to the locality. The greatest terror prevailed, and the end of the world was thought to be at hand.

"Howard noticed that there were three principal kinds of clouds, which he called carrus, cumulus and stratus. Anybody can see the difference between these clouds at a glance. The cirrus is the highest of all clouds. You must have often seen it in the form of white filaments, sometimes called 'mare's tails' and 'cat s tails.' Stretched across the blue sky like delicate lace work, it is very beautiful. Travelers say that on the summit of lofty mountain peaks from which they could look down upon the heavier clouds, they have seen the wispy cirri floating overhead, apparently as far away as when seen from the earth. In calm summer evenings, long after sundown, these clouds may be seen reflecting the most delicate tints of color from the last rays of sunlight that illuminate the higher regions of the atmosphere.

"The cirri are composed of little crystals of ice. These clouds and their derivatives cause the halos that are sometimes seen about the sun and moon. It was probably cirro strati that caused the great display of moon dogs and circles recently at Denver. Cirrus clouds indicate both storms and clear weather, according to their appearance. If they appear in their most delicate forms after stormy weather, they are a sign that settled weather is at hand. When they show themselves in parallel streaks after fair weather has lasted for some time, they are the first indication of approaching change. Cirri, when greatly tangled and knotted, show stormy weather close at hand. If their borders grow faint and indistinct, there is rain coming.

"Cumulus clouds are characteristic of summer. The farmers call them thunder heads when they poke their smooth, white rounded summits, glittering in the sun like silver above the horizon. In that form they are the forerunners of local thunder storms. These mountainous-looking clouds sometimes actually exceed the greatest peaks of the Andes or Himalayas in size. When cumulus clouds disappear in a warm, pleasant day, not very large, distinct though soft in outline and resembling cotton balls, they indicate continued fair, dry weather. On the other hand, when they grow larger, darker and more formidable looking they foretell storms. Just before a rain they sometimes seem to throw off little fleecy clouds around their edges. Goethe the great German poet who was fond of studying the clouds, said that as long as cumuli have sharply defined borders and a white color, a continuance of good weather may be expected. Cumulus clouds often form soon after sunrise and temper the heat of a midsummer day. If they gradually disappear toward evening the weather will remain serene, but if as the sun goes down, they grow darker and more numerous, then look out for rain. The cumuli are the capitals, or condensed summits of invisible columns of vapor rising from the earth. They do not attain nearly so great a height as the cirri. Cumuli are generally from half a mile to two miles high. Cirri vary in height from two or three miles to six or eight.

"The stratus is most common at night and in winter. Those long ranks of clouds that I pointed out to you in the southwest and which show a coming northeast storm, are a variety of stratus. They always appear in the form of stripes or broad, low curtains, covering more or less of the sky. The night stratus is formed of mists from swamps, rivers and moist ground. It generally rises and changes into small cumuli on summer mornings. The other kind of stratus appearing at considerable heights in the fall, winter, and early in spring, is, as I have said, an invariable forerunner of stormy weather.

"These three kinds of clouds do not always appear in their simple forms. They are frequently mingled together, and four varieties of these derivative clouds have been distinguished. The cirro-cumulus consists of little roundish white clouds, floating at a high elevation, and often resembling a flock of sheep resting upon the blue background of the sky. In winter these clouds frequently appear before a thaw. Between summer showers they accompany increased heat. They are common in dry weather.

"The cirro-stratus commonly appears in shoals resembling fish in shape. Its popular name is the 'mackerel sky.' It is almost a sure indication of approaching stormy weather. When it settles down into a thin veil, covering the sky, and making the sun and moon look dim, it is certain to be followed by snow or rain. You will see it in that form following those streaks that are now rising in the southwest and covering the sky before the storm comes.

"Did you ever see a battle in the clouds? The cirro-cumuli and cirro-strati are natural enemies. The first named is a fair weather and the last a foul-weather cloud. When they meet as they sometimes do after a summer storm has partially cleared, there is a war in the sky. The cloudy squadrons encounter in midheaven to settle the question whether sunshine or storm shall prevail. If the cirro-cumuli succeed, the weather will clear; if the cirro-strati are victorious, there will be more foul weather. It is a war of destruction, and the battle usually ends by the total disappearance of one or the other of the two kinds of cloud, all assuming the form of the successful party.

"Cumulo stratus is the grandest of all clouds, and so it is the appropriate forerunner of great storms. If you ever happened to go up hill to the Hudson when a thunder storm was gathering in the Catskills you must have seen this cloud dropping on the mountain tops and hiding the great peaks like a vast curtain. Whenever you see these clouds looming up, you may be sure that a violent change in the atmosphere is close at hand. The cumulo stratus consists of a layer or foundation of dark colored stratus cloud nearest the earth, surmounted by bulky piles of very dense cumulus, not white and smooth like the fair weather cumulus, but rough, dark and threatening.

"One of the grandest sights in the world is the majestic march of the cumulo-stratus clouds across a hilly country district in advance of a violent storm. Animals, as well as men, are intimidated by the fearful appearance of the heavens and show their fear by trembling and hurrying to places of shelter. These clouds commonly make their appearance first in the northwest, rising black and threatening above the horizon. Soon the rumbling of heavy thunder is heard, and as the clouds approach the zenith, blotting out the sun, fitful gusts of wind arise, followed by periods of oppressive calm. Sometimes a whirling motion is seen in the clouds. Then look out! If a black funnel seems to drop from the clouds to the earth, it is a tornado, and nobody can tell what damage it may do. The cumulo-strati foretell a storm several hours in advance. The longer they linger near the horizon the more violent the storm is apt to be.

"The last class or rather sub-class of clouds is the nimbus or black rain cloud, which spreads over the heavens just as the storm