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 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.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1881.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XV, NO. 1
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO. 7

Advertising Rates.

	1w	2w	3w	6w	1y
One inch	$2.00	$3.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
Two inches	3.50	4.00	5.00	8.00	13.00
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Four inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	13.00	20.00
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One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	40.00	100.00

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

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

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

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

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

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

GUY JACOBY, Attorney-at-Law, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in the COLUMBIAN Building, second floor. Oct. 8, '80.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, Brockway's Building, 1st floor, Bloomsburg, Penn'a. may 7, '80-1 f

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. } Wilkesburre, Pa. July 16, '80-tf

JAMES REILLY, Tonsorial Artist, s 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 over Bloomsburg Banking Company. ☞ 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.

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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.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF GEO. FRENCH, DECEASED.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to distribute balance in hands of Wm. Mastelier, administrator of Geo. Breece, deceased, as appears by his first and final account to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg on Saturday, the 16th day of April, 1881 at ten o'clock a. m. to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having any claim on said fund will appear and prove the same or be debarred from receiving any share thereof.

R. R. LITTLE, Auditor. feb. 25.4w

HIDES.

The Highest Market Price in Cash PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF HIDES AT A. SOLLEDER'S Leather and Shoe Finding Store, MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH, BLOOMSBURG, PA. April 8, '80-1y

Only $30 for this style of PHILADELPHIA SINGER. Equal to any $50 Style in the market. Remember, we send it to be examined before you pay for it. You is the same style other companies retail for $60. All Machines warranted for five years. Send for our Illustrated Circular and Testimonials. Address CHARLES A. WOOD & CO., 17 S. Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 18 '81-13w caw

DR. HUTCHINSON'S WORM DESTROYER

An Old and Tried Remedy. Remove the Worms and the worm lives that keep them alive. We guarantee its virtue. We have hundreds of Testimonials, collected in the last 15 years, proving conclusively there is no remedy equal to Dr. Hutchinson's Worm Destroyer to remove the Worms (all kinds, Round, Seat, Long and Tape) that infect the human system. Physicians buy them 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, Losses of Memory, Premature old age and diseases that lead to consumption, insanity & 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 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. B. SIMPSON'S MEDICINE CO. Nos. 164 and 166 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. feb. 11, '81-1f

PENSIONS ARE PAID every soldier disabled in the war or by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, or that which disease of Lungs or Varicose 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 3 stamps for Pension and Bounty Acts. Address P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. We refer to F. A. W. Travis, Pres't Indiana Banking Co., and R. F. Kennedy, Pres't 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. 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 SECURITIESand are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.

Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, PA. The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens. PROMPTNESS, EQUITY FAIR DEALING Nov. 14, '80.

$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, Sad 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.

S. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF SAMUEL CREASY, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia co. to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant among 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 Friday, the 29th day of April, 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. L. S. WALLER, Auditor. april 1, '81-1w

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Columbia county and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of said county on Tuesday, the 3rd day of May, A. D., 1881, and confirmed after the fourth day of said term unless exceptions be filed within that time.

Account of Clark Callendar, Committee of Wright Hughes.

WM. KRICKBAUM, Prothonotary. G. M. QUICK, Deputy. april 1, '81-1c

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MARY E. HARTZEL, DECEASED.

Letters of administration on the estate of Mary E. Hartzel late of Main township, Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are requested to present them for settlement and those indebted to the estate to make payment to the undersigned administrator without delay. JOSEPH A. HARTZEL, Administrator. E. R. IKELER, Attorney. Mainville, Pa. March 25-6w

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Phila., Pa. march 4, '81-3m ald

MADAME GRISWOLD'S PATENT SKIRT-SUPPORTING CORSETS

have become the favorite of the fashionable for comfort and health, with elegance of form to a degree never before attained, and are highly endorsed by the medical profession. They received the Highest Award at the Centennial Exposition. Price $1.00 and upward. Lady Canvassers Wanted everywhere. These corsets are not sold by merchants, exclusive territory given. Agents make this a permanent and profitable business. Send for terms. Mme. Griswold & Co., 923 Broadway, N. Y., or to General Western Agency, 1 W. Lynch & Co., Prudential, N.Y., or B. Putnam, 123 State Street, Chicago, Ill. april 1-4w d

If you are a man of business, weakened by the labor of your office, avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters. If you are young and disposed to dissipate, your health or happiness, rely on Hop Bitters. Whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters. Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters. If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds. If you are a man of business, confined to sedentary or mental work, or a professional man, use Hop B. If suffering from any Indiscretion, if you are married or single, suffering from or on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters. Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters. HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics. Sold by druggists. Send for Circular. HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont. July 16, '80—tf

Ayer's Hair Vigor, FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brashy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

The VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair

The VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Poetical.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

A sweet, still night of the vintage time,
When the Rhone goes down to the sea;
The distant sound of a midnight chime
Comes over the wave to me.
Only the hills and stars o'erhead
Bring back dreams of the days long dead,
While the Rhone goes down to the sea.

The years are long, and the world is wide,
And we all went down to the sea;
The ripples splash as we onward glide,
And I dream they are here with me—
Lost friends whom we all loved so
In the old mad life of long ago,
Who all went down to the sea.

So we passed in the golden days,
With the summer down to the sea;
They wander still over the weary ways,
And come not again to me.
I am here alone with the night wind's sigh,
The fading stars, and a dream gone by,
And the Rhone going down to the sea.

LAURA'S BEAUTY.

Her golden hair was floating on the breeze,
Or twisted into many a trace-love knot;
And measurelessly bright the beams that shot
From those soft eyes, whose light no more one sees.
Perchance 'twas but a lover's fantasies,
Yet seemed I in that vision fair to trace
The lineaments of more than mortal grace.
What wonder that I bowed to charms like these?
She seemed no denizen of lower earth,
But some bright visitant from spirit sphere,
Her silvery voice, in sorrow or in mirth,
Fell like an angel's whisper on the ear,
So did I recognize its heavenly birth—
So owned my stricken heart that sovereignty dear.

—*From Petrarch.*

Select Story.

A YOUNG WIDOW.

"Rub the horse down and don't feed him until he is perfectly cool."

These words were addressed to the hostler of a hotel in Brighton by a handsome, middle aged gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted from an elegant black horse and tossed the rein to the attendant.

"And now," said the horseman, addressing the waiter, "show me to a private parlor."

A well-dressed man, who rides a handsome nag, is always sure of a welcome at a public house all the world over. Our friend soon found himself in a neat parlor with flowers and vases on the mantle piece, and the blinds carefully closed—for it was a summer afternoon—while the open window permitted the free current of air to circulate through the apartment. The waiter remained standing near by the door.

"Any orders, Sir?"

"No—yes, stay; who came in that handsome phaeton I saw standing in the yard?"

"A lady, sir."

"Ah!"

"A young widow."

"Bah!"

"She is very handsome."

"Go along and shut the door after you," muttered the traveler, testily.

"A young widow," he soliloquized; "I am glad I don't know her, I am certainly very fortunate to have attained the age of forty without any feminine attachments. Peculiarly independent—not ill-looking, I think I must admit—I should make what those busy bodies—match-makers—call a grand catch. But thank my stars, I have happily preserved my content and independence so far, and I am not likely to succumb now. No, no! Jack Champion was born to live and die an old bachelor. And now for the newspaper."

In the meantime another horsemen had come to the hotel, his horse reeking with sweat and literally unable to place one foot before another. The same hostler now made his appearance.

"Pat," said the fashionably-attired young man, "put my mare in the stable and do the best you can for her."

"Och, Mr. Traverse, and she's kilt entirely."

"I am afraid so."

"And what the devil made you crowd her so?"

"No matter. Is my sister here?"

"Yes, sir. Show the gentleman into the ladies' parlor."

"Ah, Belle, you are here," said the young man.

"Yes, but what's the matter with you?" said a beautiful young woman rising to meet him.

"Nothing, Belle, nothing."

"Something is certainly the matter. You look flushed and excited."

"That's not all."

"Oh, tell me what has happened?"

"I must be brief, for I am pursued."

"Pursued!"

"Yes. You know that fellow who insulted you in the coach," said the young man. "Well I have been on his track for more than a week. I met him today in the street and gave him a confounded good horse whipping. I handled him very roughly, I'm afraid. He instantly got a warrant against me, and not wishing to be dragged into court until I was ready, I mounted my horse and gave the officers the slip. Perhaps I had better waited and braved it out; but having taken this step I'm bound to baffle them. To-morrow I will surrender myself. Now, Belle, if your pony will take me to your uncle's in five minutes, I'm your man."

"Poor Charley could not do it," answered the lady.

"Then I will make other arrangements. By the-by, I'll meet you at the villa."

From the drawing room the young man rushed into the stable.

"Pat," said he "give me a horse—a good one."

"Sorra the horse we've got in the stable except the black, and he belongs to a gentleman who came here just before ye. Ouch, but he's a good one, yer 'anner—2:40 to a cut."

"I'll borrow," said Traverse, jumping on his back. "Tell Belle to drive the gentleman to the villa, and he can have the horse again."

"But yer 'anner!" remonstrated the hostler.

In vain; Traverse had put spurs to his horse and was off like a thunderbolt.

"O, wirra, wirra; what'll become of me? I'm ruined entirely."

Shortly after Mrs. Leslie rang for her phaeton, and at the same time Mr. Champion, the old bachelor, rang for his horse. The pony came round to the front door, at the same time the young woman stepped into the phaeton.

"All right," she said to Pat, with a smile, nodding and taking the reins, "Give him his head."

"Och, it's all wrong," replied Pat, keeping a tight hold on the rein.

"Your carriage can take two inside?"

"What do you mean?"

"O, wirra—your brother has been stealing a horse."

"Stealing a horse?"

"Yes, this gentleman's, and he said you were to take him to the villa, to get him back again."

"Very singular," said the widow, "but William was always a little eccentric."

At this crisis Mr. Champion appeared.

"Is my horse ready?"

"Jump in sir."

"I didn't come in a carriage."

"In wid ye," shouted the hostler.

"Take a seat beside me, Sir, if you please," said the widow, with a fascinating smile.

Mr. Champion approached the step to inquire the meaning, when the hostler seized him with a vigirous hand and thrust him into the phaeton, while the pony, startled by the movement, started off on a run.

Poor Capt. Champion! Here was a situation! A confirmed old bachelor abducted by a fascinating young widow. The captain had to lend his assistance to the young lady in managing the pony, who was shortly reduced to his slow and quiet gait. For his assistance, Mrs. Leslie told him in a few minutes he should be in possession of his horse, which had been borrowed by a gentleman. This was all the explanation she had vouched. She required in return to be made acquainted with the name of her companion, after her own. In a few minutes the captain began to be some what at ease—in fact he began to like his position. He had never sat so near a pretty woman in his life, and he asked himself whether if the proximity was so pleasant for a few moments, a constant companionship might not prove as agreeable. While her attention was engaged in her pony, he had an opportunity to survey her features. Her large, dark and luminous eyes seemed to be literally swimming in their liquid lustre. Her cheeks were as soft and blooming as the side of a peach. Her profile was strictly Grecian and her parted lips showed a row of pearls. The most delicate tapered fingers encased in French kid, closed upon the reins, and the varnished tips of a dainty boot indicated a foot that Cinderella might have envied.

"Do you live far from here, madam?" said the captain.

"Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if you are in a hurry."

The widow turned those bewitching eyes of hers upon the old bachelor and smiled.

It was all over with him. When he sprang out at the villa and touched the hand of the widow as he assisted her to alight his heart was irretrievably lost.

A red faced old gentleman, in a dressing gown, received them at the door.

"My friend Capt. Champion," said the old gentleman. "Walk in—warm day."

"Very," said the captain.

And, indeed his looks seemed to corborate his statement, for he was as red as a peony.

The captain and the old gentleman were chatting familiarly and the former felt himself completely at home. After an hour was spent in this manner his host excused himself and the old bachelor was left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the hall. The captain easily recognized the widow's, and a glance through the half-open door showed him that her companion was a handsome young man.

"There, 'dear Bella," said the young man, "don't scold any more. I won't do it again. Give me a kiss."

A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable, genuine kiss, the captain saw and heard it. A pang shot through his heart.

"The only woman I could ever love," said he to himself, "and she is engaged."

The widow tripped into the room. If she was pleasing in her carriage dress, she was perfectly bewitching in her drawing room attire. Champion could now see the whole of that fair foot.

"My dear sir," said she, "your horse is at your service now."

Champion rose.

"But," she said, "if you will stay and take dinner with us my uncle will be very much delighted, and I shall be highly pleased."

"The coquette!" thought Champion. "I am much obliged to you, madam, but I have an engagement," he said.

"Then we cannot hope to detain you sir, but you must allow me to present to you my brother."

The fine young man made his appearance and shook hands with the bachelor.

"That's the horse thief, captain," said the widow, laughing.

The young man apologized and explained the circumstances which had impelled him to take the liberty.

"I am sorry," he added "that we can not improve the acquaintance casually made by enjoying your company at dinner, I am sorry you are otherwise engaged."

"Why, as to that," said the captain, drawing off his gloves, "your offer is too tempting, and I feel compelled to accept it."

So the horse was remanded to the stable, and he stopped to dinner. After dinner they had music, for Mrs. Leslie played charmingly. Then he was persuaded to stay to tea, and in the evening secured ten minutes *tete a-tete* with the widow, in the summer house, overgrown with Maderia vines, and inhabited by a spider and six earwigs.

It was 10 o'clock when he mounted his horse to return to Boston, but it was bright moonlight and he was quite romantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his visit, and the next—and the next. In short the episode of the borrowed horse produced a declaration and acceptance, and though years have passed away, the captain has had no cause to regret his ride with the widow in the pony phaeton.

Ely's Cream Balm is the only catarrh remedy of many I have tried which has acted as a cure. I have been troubled for over fifteen years; my head has been most of the time stopped and very much inflamed. It has opened my nostrils and reduced the inflammation. My eyes are improving, so that I can stand strong light, which I have not been able to do for years. Nathaniel Fegley, with E. F. Montz, Merchant, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

My case is similar to the above, and would recommend the remedy, (Cream Balm) to all sufferers from Catarrh. H. H. Rodman.

Ely's Cream Balm sells better than any other preparation for Catarrh, and gives better satisfaction, B Armstrong, druggist, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Romance of a Tramp.

During the Centennial year, among the thousands of persons who went through the Capital building one day in July was a tramp named George ——. As he was passing down the steps, after an inspection of the building, he stumbled and fell, breaking his arm. A Capital policeman picked him up, and after preparing a cot sent for a surgeon, who set the arm. This over, the tramp asked the privilege of sitting around in the Capital Park until he got strong enough to go about again, saying he had no money and knew that habitual loungers were liable to arrest on a charge of vagrancy. The desired privilege was granted, and, in addition, an arrangement was made by which he was given a comfortable sleeping place in the building. The officer also managed to bring enough food from his boarding house to supply him. In about two weeks the tramp gave notice that he would start west. He was exceedingly thankful for the kindness shown him by the officer, and said if he ever got half a chance he would endeavor to repay it. The tramp met a Centennial tourist from Salt Lake City, who happened to know his father. After talking, the tourist offered to take him west, if he wanted to go. The offer was accepted, and the Capital policeman, Arthur Thomas, went to the depot with them and bade them good-bye.

Now let four years pass, and the rest of the story comes in. Arthur Thomas, who was a Capital policeman in 1876, is now, and has been for more than a year, Secretary of Utah Territory, having been appointed by President Hayes on recommendation of a number of leading men, Republicans and Democrats. Some weeks since a man named George —— entered Mr. Thomas' office in Salt Lake to ascertain something about the boundaries and survey of certain sections of some mineral lands. They recognized each other and had a long talk. The tramp had prospered. Beside having a wife, he can draw and have honored his check for $10,000. Everything he has touched since he has been in the territory has turned into money one way or another. The ex-policeman and the ex-tramp can be seen strolling about Salt Lake any afternoon, and the wives of each are equally inseparable.

A Plucky Woman.

SHE KILLS A BIG BEAR AND CAPTURES A COUPLE OF CUBS.

Some days since a farmer's wife in Grayson county, whose name we have not obtained, was frying meat for dinner at her house, situated near a mountain range in a rather wild and sequestered place, her husband in the meantime being engaged at work some distance from the house. The savory odor of the bacon was scented by a couple of young bears that were ranging on the premises and enticed them to follow the direction from which it came. They kept the scent until it even drew them into the house where the meat was on the fry. The lady of the house secured the strange visitors, and her knowledge of bears led her to think that these young ones had strayed from their maternal parent, which would soon follow their trail and hunt them up. She was right, for it was but a few moments before the old she bear came in sight—an enormous black bruin, of a kind which, as many of our readers know, will fight to the death for their young. The woman drew from its rack the old true, tried and trusty mountain rifle that had perhaps served on similar missions to that which it was about to be called, many times before, and fastening the door, she made a loop hole of the window and waited the approach of her bearship within a sufficient distance for a shot. She waited not long and fired, the ball taking effect, but not proving fatal. The report of the rifle drew the laboring husband from his work, who, coming near the house, was chased several hundred yards by the bear, which then gave up pursuit and returned in quest of her young. The plucky backwoodsman's wife had in the meantime reloaded the rifle, and with the second shot the old she bear keeled over, underside topmost, and "yielded up the ghost." The cubs were sold at Independence, the county seat of Grayson for $26, and the skin of the bear which was very large, brought the sum of $8 at the same place.—*Whytheville (Va.) Enterprise.*

The Fox's Advice to the Hare.

One day a fox discovered a fine chance to capture a pullet for his dinner, the only drawback being the fact that the farmer had set a trap just in the path which any depredator must travel. In this emergency the hungry Reynard hunted around until he found a Hare and after a few remarks on the state of the weather, the scramble for office, the Whittaker investigation and the Turkish question, he said:

"I was just thinking, as I overtook you, what impudence some folks have."

"How?"

"Why, I met Miss Pullet a short time since, and she boasted of being able to out-run you.

"The brassy creature!" exclaimed the Hare. "Why, I can run as fast as she can fly!"

"Certainly you can, but she's doing you great injury among your friends by her stories. If I were you I'd see her and warn her that this thing must stop."

"I'll do it! I was built for speed, and everybody knows it, and I won't have any Pullet boasting that she can outrun me Come along and show me where she is."

"Well, I'll go as a special favor to you, of course," humbly replied the Fox, "and to show Miss Pullet what the Foxes think of the Hares I will let you take the lead and I will follow in your footsteps."

As they neared the coop the Hare began to arrange a little speech of greeting, but he soon had other fish to fry. He walked into the trap with his eyes wide open, and ere he had recovered from the shock the Fox had secured his dinner.

"Say! Say! I'm caught!" yelled the Hare as he struggled with the trap.

"So I observe," was the reply.

"And what is your advice?"

"To get away as soon as you can!"

MORAL.

Every neighborhood scandal has three lies to one truth. No person becomes a talebearer except to forward some scheme of his own. When a fox is anxious to preserve the reputation of a hare look out.

STUDENT BURGLARS.

A STRANGE TRAGEDY IN MASSACHUSETTS—ONE OF TWO BROTHERS KILLED.

On Wednesday morning of last week, Abiel Wilson who lives in North Andover Mass. was awakened by footsteps in his house. Soon after, his chamber door was burst open by two persons and Wilson discharged a rifle, shooting one of the intruders. Both fled, and Mr. Wilson arose from his bed. He found bloody finger-marks on the plastering at the west window, about 120 feet from the house, and behind a stone wall was found the dead body of Arthur Foster, a student at Phillips Academy. He had been shot in the left arm, the ball passing into his chest and through his heart. A few minutes afterward Luther Foster, twin brother of the killed burglar, appeared and confessed that he and Arthur had conspired to rob the house. He said his brother fell dead after jumping from the window, and that he dragged his inanimate form to the place where it was found behind the stone wall and then called his brother-in-law and told him of the affair. Luther was placed under arrest and taken to Lawrence, where he was locked up. On the floor of Mr. Wilson's room were found a revolver, a box of pepper, and a heavy iron poker making it evident that it was the intention of the young men to resort to violence to gain possession of Wilson's money. The young men's parents reside in North Andover, near Georgetown, and are among the most respected people in the town. Both boys previous to this affair bore excellent reputations, were industrious and frugal, saving their earnings in order to secure an education. For two years they have attended Phillips Academy and are well spoken of by their preceptors. They were twins and twenty one years of age. In an interview with Luther at the Lawrence Police Station the prisoner said:

"About three weeks ago my brother pursuaded me to attempt the burglary. We went to the house, and my brother went in, I remaining outside. He came out in a few minutes, and we went away, getting nothing that time. Last night he spoke of it again, and said he was going to make a raise of some money. I tried to get him not to go, but he persisted, and I went along. We removed a pane of glass and a nail, raised a window and went in. This was about 1 o'clock. My brother went up stairs and I remained below, sitting on the stairs, when I fell asleep. After awhile my brother came back and refused to go away. He again went up stairs and I followed him. This was about 4:30 o'clock. We stood at the door a few minutes and my brother put his shoulder against it and pushed it in. As soon as the door opened I saw the flash and my brother fell. I ran down stairs and jumped out of the window, my brother following me, falling as soon as he got out. I raised him up and spoke to him. He was gasping and did not answer. I got him over the wall and laid him under a tree, where he died in my arms almost immediately. I then went to my sister's, Mrs. Gould's, got her husband up and got him to go with me. I also roused Mr. Nelson, who went and brought an officer who arrested me. I am twenty one years old and a twin brother of Arthur. We were in our second year at Phillips Academy. I never attempted anything of the kind before."

His statement agrees with the statement of Mr. Wilson, who says he heard them about 1 o'clock and laid awake until 4 o'clock, when the door was forced open and he fired.

Further investigation shows that Arthur Foster on completing his studies at the Phillips Academy intended to enter Andover Theological Seminary. Mr. Wilson had in his room $75,000 worth of stocks, bonds and other securities. Both boys had previously been in Wilson's employ and had no difficulty in passing the watch-dog on the premises.

It is believed that the twins were concerned in previous burglaries at Wilson's house, and it is hinted that evidence has been secured to show that they were the thieves who last week blew open the safe at the Boston and Maine depot, from which $60 was stolen. Wilson has not been arrested and it is not believed he will be.

The "Year Without a Summer."

We continue to receive occasional inquiries concerning the "year in which there was no summer." Some persons appear to have a wrong idea as to the time. It was the year 1816. It has been called the "year without a summer;" for there was a sharp frost in every month. There are old farmers still living in