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. BITTENSENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1881.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XV, NO. 18
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO. 9

Advertising Rates.

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One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa.

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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.

GUY JACOBY, Attorney-at-Law, BLOOMSBURG. 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.

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HOURS { 8—10 a. m. / 3—4:30 p. m. / 7—8 p. m. } Wilkesbarre, Pa.

July 16, '80-tf

JAMES REILLY, Tonsorial Artist, 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

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All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED without PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted. Office over Bloomsburg Banking Company. To be open at all hours during the day. Nov. 24-1y

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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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. 8, Bloomsburg, Pa. Oct. 26, '79-1y.

OPIUM ... April 22-3 ... ald

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

ESTATE OF HENRY W. AUL, DECEASED.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Henry W. Aul, late of scott township, Columbia county, Penn'a., deceased, have been granted by the register of said county to the undersigned administratrix. All persons having claims against the estate of the decedent are requested to present them for settlement, and those indebted to the estate to make payment to the undersigned Administratrix without delay.

C. W. MILLER, Attorney. April 29-6w* SARAH H. AUL, Administratrix, P. O. Espy, Pa.

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

PENSIONS For SOLDIERS, widows, fathers, mothers or children. The needy entitled. Pensions given from date of Discharge, or for injuries received from Disease. Thousands of Pensioners and Patentees entitled to INCREASE and BOUNTY. PATENTS procured for Inventors. Soldiers and warrants procured, bought and sold. Soldiers send 10 cents for new Pension laws, rules, blanks and stamps for "The Citizen-Soldier," and Pension Advocate, with laws, blanks and instructions. We are leaders in this class of Pensioners and Claims. Address N. W. Fitzgerald & Co. Pension & Patent Attorneys, Lock Box 376, Washington, D. C. April 22-2m ald

Only $20 for the style of PHILADELPHIA SINGER. Equal to any Singer in the market. Remember, we send it to be examined before you pay for it. The 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 entire world is your friend. We guarantee its virtue. We have hundreds of Testimonials, collected in the last 15 years, proving conclusively there is no exactly equal to Dr. Hutchinson's Worm Destroyer to remove the Worms of all kinds, Round, Seat, Long, and Tape, that infest the human system. Parents use they Teas and give them to their suffering patients. There is no hesitancy or question about this thoroughly reliable medicine. Price, 25c. per box. A. W. WRIGHT & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Market and Front Streets, Philadelphia. feb 11, '81-4m

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 diseases that lead to consumption, insanity & an early grave or both. No matter how shattered the system may be from excess 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.

BEFORE. AFTER. TRADE MARK.

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. 194 and 196 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. dec 11, '80-1f

FIRE INSURANCE.

CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.

These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE 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.

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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 and grow rich. 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

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ST. 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.

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TANITE EMERY WHEELS and GRINDING MACHINES. For Saw-Mills, Foundries, and Machine Shops. For circulars, address THE TANITE CO. Stroudsburg, Monroe Co., Pa. April 22-6w

Our Questions.

Are you a buyer of Men's or Boys' Clothing at retail? Do you need clothing for the farm, the office, the work-shop, the count-room, or the pulpit? Do you want boys' clothing for the school-room, or for dress? Do you prefer to buy clothing ready-made or to order? Are you in need of shirts?

If yes, to any or all of these queries, state your needs to us, that we may send you samples and prices.

Your Question

is, Will this pay for the trouble? You must judge. We will make up the case,—you must decide it. But we must tell you that we have created the Largest Retail Clothing Business in the United States by the simple method of giving the best clothing for the least money. We mean that it shall pay you to buy of us. If you buy and are not pleased, return the goods for exchange, or demand your money.

Wanamaker and Brown, S. E. Cor. Sixth & Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints. $1000 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no others. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont. July 16, '80—tf

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its blanching and falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Poetical.

THE MARKET BELL.

Sweet from his pipe the piper drew
A strain that ravished all men's ears,
And scared to triumph to the blue
Wherein the lark rises and appears.

The listening throng, or grave or gay,
Were hushed beneath the music's sway.

When sudden on the silver notes
A harsh resounding clanger fell;
A shout went forth from eager throats—
"The market bell! the market bell!"

So it rushed the audience from the place;
The piper piped to empty space.

An old-world story, this, I ween,
And told in cynic irony;
The keen edged humor of the Greek,
It bears no sting for thee and me!

The sweet, the clear, the sad, the fain,
Dear Nature woos us, not in vain.

Her mystic measures round us roll,
We sit in silence at her feet,
And, awed and blessed, we own control
As potent as, alas! 'tis fleet.

For lo! for hosts! we know it well,
Earth's loud, imperious market bell.

—*Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's for May.*

TWO JOURNEYS.

"I go on a journey far away,"
He said—and he stooped and kissed me then—
"Over the ocean for many a day—
"Good-bye," and he kissed me once again.
But only a few short months had fled,
When again I answered my husband's kiss:
"I could not tarry away," he said;
"There is never a land so fair as this."

Again I stood by my husband's side.
"I go on a journey, sweet, today;
Over the river the boatmen glide—
Good-bye; I shall linger long away;"
"Ah, he will come back soon, I know,"
I said as I stooped for the parting kiss;
"He cannot tarry, he told me so,
There is never a land so fair as this."

But many a month and many a year
Have flown since my darling went away.
Will he never come back to meet me here?
Has he found the region of perfect day?
Over the ocean he went and came;
Over the river and lingers there!
Oh, pallid boatman! call my name—
Show me the region so wondrous fair.

—*The Argosy.*

Select Story.

"A HAPPY ESCAPE."

BY A. G.

A pert pretty servant girl in a mop cap, smart apron with the most fetching pockets, in which both hands are thrust jauntily, one of them holding a letter.

The dusk of evening softens her florid beauty into sweetness which quite subdues the heart of a young man in the garb of a carpenter. They are conversing beneath the shelter of a wall behind a handsome mansion.

"In that hand which you have in your pocket, Sue, is a letter, as I live. Let me see it. You will not? Then I suppose it is to some fellow; but I, as your future husband, demand to see it."

"Demand, indeed," answered the girl, saucily. "'Tis early times, I think, to be so masterful. If you will talk like that now, what will you do when we are married, I wonder?"

"Will you let me see the letter, Sue?"

"No, I won't."

"Well, then, good night. You'll be sorry for this, I expect."

And with a rough but sincere affection he snatched the girl to his arms, and in a second was gone.

"A jealous, silly fellow," cried Sue, setting her dainty cap afresh and hurrying off to a busier road, where handsome shops glowed with light and life. She entered first one and then another, giving orders at each with a merry smile and saucy words for all. The last she entered was that of a chemist and post-office combined. Here she asked for a stamp. As she came out of the shop she felt for the letter to post, and lo! it was gone. She turned hot and cold by turns, then hurriedly retraced her steps, looking anxiously for the lost letter, but without success. Then she entered the house with a burning face and a heavy heart.

A few days later a lady entered one of the many rooms in the mansion—a room the proud, idle lady scarcely visited, for it was the schoolroom, where a troupe of noisy, spoiled children daily made life a torture to the pale, sweet faced girl who now looked up at the lady's entrance nervously.

The lady with the rustling robes peeked at the upturned faces of her offspring, then seated herself in the only easy chair in the room, saying, as she threw The Times on the table, with an exulting sneer:

"You see your noble lover, like the rest of his kind, has loved and rode away. I to'd you how it would be long ago. A man in Sir Jasper Dering's position could not stoop so low as to marry a mere governess. I knew how his disgraceful attentions would end and warned you against him; yet you would continue to make such an exhibition of yourself. You see your devoted slave has broken his fetters and flown off to the East—has, in fact, accepted an important post under the government. I think this ought to be a lesson to you not to allow your vanity to run away with your discretion."

The young girl had taken up the paper and read the notice referred to with dry, agonized eyes.

It was as though she read her death warrant, for the man whom it referred to had for months past, to the chagrin of the lady of the house, paid the poor despised governess all the attention of a lover. He was many years her senior—in fact, had been her dead father's friend in their prosperous days, when no idea of her present dependent position had come to mar his content.

The little hands which held the paper shook as with an ague, but with gentle dignity she raised her head to its just level, saying, as she pointed to the nursemaid, Susie, who stood by busily dusting the furniture:

"I think, madam, it would have been kinder to have reproached me when we were alone. It is not often that I ask you to remember the bond of blood between us, but in so delicate a matter as this I should imagine that even a stranger would merit consideration at your hands."

"Indeed, Miss Prengill, since how long have I appointed you my mentor? I trust time may bring you a more humble spirit, or you will find few employers patient with you."

With this parting shaft the lady left her to resume her interrupted duties. When she had gone the poor girl paused one moment from her work to a struggle to conceal her emotion, but it was of no avail, and with an excuse to the astonished children she hastened to her own room to fight out the hard fight alone, unseen and unmarked save by the One who heals all wounds.

Maggie Prengill was not one to lie down despairing beneath a burden, she had a heart for any fate, and soon went about serene and sweet as usual, but the peach-like bloom died from her gentle face, and the soft, golden-brown eyes, whose long, brown lashes seemed tipped by sunlight, had a sad, pained look; the sensitive mouth, too, showed signs of sorrow, melancholy to see in one so young.

Thus weary months rolled on in the household, of whom one was about to depart, pretty Susie. The girl was greatly attached to Maggie, who had once nursed her through a severe illness. Happy Sue was to be married to the young carpenter, who detained her while we opened our story. He was employed on one of the railways, and had since that night been away on important and profitable work.

Maggie, woman-like, took great interest in a wedding, and it was to her Susie came for advice in many matters of millinery and such like. She received so many useful presents from the governess, who really liked the girl, and grieved to lose even that one humble friend out of that unfriendly household, where she felt so utterly alone.

A few nights before Susie was to leave she sat with her sweetheart alone in the pleasant kitchen talking much happy nonsense with her lover, when suddenly she thought of the last time she saw him before he left London, and, remembering his groundless jealousy, rated him soundly for his absurdity in her sauciest manner, rightly believing that

"Little quarrels often prove
To be new recruits of love."

Then, when she had scolded him into a most humble spirit, she, woman-like, veered round, declaring she liked him the better for showing so much spirit. Among other things she said:

"Do you know, Joe, through chatting with you, I lost that letter; it was one that Miss Prengill gave me to post for her. I hope it was not anything important, for I never found courage to confess to her my carelessness."

Joe looked grave, saying:

"That was not right, lass; that was not like my own brave girl, yet do you know, dear, I am to blame for that, for I picked your pocket of the letter, thinking it was for some other sweetheart of yours, and then the gaffer met me, and I was hurried off to my new job, and I expect I threw the letter aside in my dirty coat, and so forgot all about it from that time to this; but you must help me to rectify the fault, love, by going at once to the young lady and telling her truly all the circumstances, while I go home and try to find the letter."

Susie did not like the office, but she allowed her lover's sterner sense of honor to compel her to do his will.

When she had told Maggie and implored her forgiveness, she was frightened at her work, for, after a severe fainting fit, Maggie talked so wildly about the injury they had done her, that Susie ran to Joe for counsel, telling him that what she could glean from Maggie's wild talk, the letter was to Sir Jasper Dering, accepting with love and gratitude his proposal for her hand. Joe, on hearing this, turned the letter over and over in his hands deliberating long in his mind how to restore to the lonely girl the happiness of which they had deprived her.

At last, with a bright look, he said: "If this swell is half the man he ought to be to deserve Miss Prengill, he'll say 'better late than never to her love,' so, I say, let us post this now."

"'Tis no good," cried Susie; "he is at the Cape of Good Hope; I heard one of the young ladies say so."

"Well, then," said he, "I say, still post it, but first put on the cover 'to be forwarded.' You may depend on it that such an important person's letters are not likely to miscarry."

Susie clapped both her plump hands, then hugging Joe with relief, said joyfully:

"Of course, the very thing; you dear, clever fellow to think of it. Run and post it at once before Miss Prangill asks for it, or perhaps her pride will step in between them now; I don't care if she does say it's a liberty so long as I see her happy. God bless her."

On Joe ran and returned quickly, telling Susie the letter was beyond their control.

She carried the news to poor sorrowful Maggie, who sat in her lonely, cheerless room, crying like to break her heart. At first Maggie stormed at the girl for daring to take such a matter into her own hands; then, seeing how meekly Susie looked, she relented of her anger, and hoped all was for the best. Indeed, afterward, she could not help feeling comforted by the thought that there was yet a chance of so bright a future, and she smiled her sweetest on Joe when she met him a few days later.

Life was becoming almost unbearable in her present position; her employers getting more exacting and unreasonable every day, and never ceasing to sneer at her as the "blighted being."

Poor little Maggie! Only those alone and so utterly friendless can picture the loneliness of her life.

But all was to be altered soon, for a graved faced man of middle age paused in his brilliant career to regret his sweet lost love, who had, he thought, rightly reproved his presumption in asking her to blend her young life with that of a world worn, weary man. He looked back on the brief happiness of their dear friendship, and though he had been mad to risk the loss of it by seeking a greater joy.

Then came the long delayed letter amid a batch of official documents—a letter which scattered his hard-earned peace to the winds. As soon as he could get away from his duties, he sped back to England, and the first night there he determined to hear his fate. He felt he could not trust to a letter again, so, looking very noble and distinguished, he hurried off to that handsome house in the suburbs, which made his little love's prison house.

Arrived there, he cursed his luck at finding the place one blaze of light and music—the people were giving a ball. Sending in his card, he was received with great *empressement* by he hostess, who, glad of such an addition to her guests, hurried him into the ball room where he was pounced upon by a score of friends, and compelled, while his heart hungered for news of his darling, to lead his handsome hostess through a dance, during which, being *distrait*, he had the misfortune to trample upon and tear her train; she then playfully ordered him to lead her to the cloak room, where an attendant waited who would repair the damage.

Anxious to get away from the ball room, he readily complied, and led her into the dimly lighted cloak room. Just as they were on the threshold she said, gayly tapping him with her fan:

"You will meet an old friend. Now, for pity's sake don't again turn her silly head by a renewal of last year's flirtation. Of course she was very properly repaid for her presumption, as I have told her, and you did no more than any other man would have done had a girl so thrown herself at his head. Not a word. Now all I say is, keep her in her place."

Sir Jasper was silent, and the poor girl behind the heavy curtains prayed for any means of escape, for she thought his silence showed that her dream was ended. Another moment and her imperious employer desired her to kneel down and remedy the torn finery.

Maggie felt that for her life's sake she could not obey the order so proudly given before the man she loved, so stood erect and silent till the command was repeated more sharply. Then a stern voice answered for her, saying:

"Pardon me, madam, I believe our long friendship warrants the request that you will relive this lady from her duties here at once, so that she may immediately take up her rightful position as my future wife."

The lady was too dumbfounded to speak; she could but look her rage as she heard one of the best *parties* of the season say humbly to Maggie:

"I received your letter at last, my love. I do not know what caused the delay, but you see I came to answer it at once, eager to claim my darling as my wife. Sweet, will it not be a happy escape from servitude?"

Oh! Why Does he Treat me So?

"Are you the gentleman who answers the questions sent to the *Eagle?*"

The voice was filled with music, and as the bent and gray philosopher who officiates as encyclopedia for the institution looked up his eyes were blinded. A flash of golden hair! A bewildering sea of blue eyes! A struggle between the red and white roses!

"I am the man," he said, wondering what such loveliness could want of him.

"May I—ask you—a—question?" inquired the voice, as the beautiful head bowed.

"Certainly, anything. Can I do something for you?"

"It's about Frank," she faltered. "I want to ask you about Frank. Oh! why does he treat me so?" and the sweet face was turned toward the staggered philosopher, wet with tears and imploring consolation.

"Is it—is it a matter of ice cream or oysters, or something of that sort?"

"No, no; oh no! I have plenty of those. But why does he let me pine?"

"Something about theatres? Concert business? Bouquets? Candy? Bong bong?" asked the philosopher, ending his interrogations with some respectful French.

"Nothing, nothing of that kind," murmured the quivering lips. "Why I am so desolate?"

"Something about presents? Makes you walk to the park? Won't hire a hack? Another girl? Won't go to church? Plays pool for drinks? Something of that sort?"

"How strangely you mistake him! How cruelly you wrong him!" and the sweet eyes looked reproach. "You don't know Frank, or you wouldn't say so. What I want to ask is—is—oh! why am I so wretched?" and the tears rained down her face.

"Maybe he's growing a beard," said the encyclopædia tenderly. "Perhaps he parts his hair in the middle. Probably he belongs to a base ball club, or maybe he stands in front of the theatre on matinee afternoons. Is that it?"

"No, he doesn't! If he did I wouldn't care. You shan't abuse him. I came here to ask why—why—oh, why am I so utterly hopeless?"

"Possibly he gets drunk," suggested the philosopher. "Or his pants may bag at the knees. Does he brush his plug hat the wrong way? Is his mustache too long on one side?"

"Oh! cruel, cruel!" said the maid, sinking into a chair. "You are unjust to him. You don't know how grand, how manly he is."

"What is the matter with him, then?" said the philosopher. "How has he made you miserable? What has he done? What do you want of me?"

"I want to know—why—he gets up—between every—act and goes—out of the—theatre. I know—he's got—another girl and he goes—to see—her."

"My dear," said the philosopher, solemnly, raising her up and putting his arm around her waist. "My dear, you are mistaken. I have known Frank for years, and he has no love for any one but you. Let me tell you something. Frank has got the malaria, and he goes out to get quinine. Trust me, that is all."

"If I only could believe that," murmured she doubtingly.

"On my honor."

"Then I am happy. If that is all, I am content, but I thought some ugly girl had attracted him.

The red roses came back, and the saphire flash to the eyes, and she went out a grand crush of color, fragrance, and beauty, and the philosopher turned to the question.

"What was Eve's maiden name?"

THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.

To wait until you are down on your bed with disease you may not get over for months, is the height of folly, when you might be easily cured during the early symptoms by using Parker's Ginger Tonic. It costs only a trifle, can never do any harm, and possesses curative properties in the highest degree. We have known the palest, sickliest looking men, women and children become the rosiest and healthiest, from the timely use of this pure family medicine. See advertisement in other column.—*Observer.*

The inhabitants of Honolulu are greatly to be pitted. They are fighting against small pox.

A Massachusetts woman was recently buried at the age of 100. This might be termed a century plant.

In two years a boy can learn as much Latin as he can forget in six months after he goes to work for a living.

Spring.

Mr. Tennyson is to a very large extent responsible for the prevalence of the opinion set forth by him in verse that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to the thoughts of love. It does not do anything of the kind. Mr. Tennyson is the last person who has a right to express any opinion concerning the conduct of lovers. His writings show that he knows nothing whatever about them. There is his Mariana, who, he tells us, sits year after year in the moated grange bewailing the fact she, her lover, cometh not: whereas a real Mariana would have staid in the grange about two days, and at the end of that time would have gone up to London, engaged a lawyer and brought an action for breach of promise. There, too, is Enoch Arden, who, on coming home to see his wife, contents himself with looking at her through the back window, and then, after rolling over the vegetable beds, goes away and dies in a boarding house. Had Enoch been a true man he would have pitched the intercalary husband out of the window or arranged a judicious compromise with him. In either case he would have claimed his wife and died comfortably in his own front bedroom. The inability to comprehend the feelings of lovers as shown in these and other instances, renders Mr. Tennyson entirely unfit to tell us what time of year or under what circumstances a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love.

Spring is precisely the season of the year when men, whether young or old, never think of making love. This is due to a variety of causes. In spring no less than 78 per cent. of girls residing in the so called temperate zone have colds in the head. The young man who calls to see a girl at this season is either told that she is not at home, or he is admitted to gaze on watery eyes and a ruddy nose, and to listen to wailings concerning the discomfort of a "gold in the cad." Obviously, a girl in such a condition does not attract the light or the heavy fancy of any discriminating young man. The flame of love can be easily snuffed out in early spring, or a mere handkerchief can extinguish it.

Spring being thus what might be called, after the manner of sporting men, a close season for girls, it is the most unpropitious of all seasons for love making. Not only is it untrue that in the spring the fancy of young men turns girlward, but, in point of fact, there are other objects which inevitably attract masculine fancy. One of these is the subject of clothing. The young man cannot make up his mind whether on any given day he should wear a heavy overcoat or a light overcoat. If he wears the former, he is sure to be uncomfortably warm, and if he wears the latter, he inevitably takes cold. Hence, there is a constant struggle in his mind, a feverish uncertainty which cannot fail to banish all thoughts of love. No man can use the language of affection with any success while he is suffering from too warm clothing, and still less can he manage to please a fastidious woman when his mind is preoccupied with the conviction that he has certainly taken cold and that pneumonia is about to claim him as a victim. It is true that conversation between the sexes may be carried on in spring, but its subject matter is usually the efficacy of mustard plasters, or the comparative value of chlorate of potash and alum as remedies for sore throat.

Then, with the advent of spring most young men are brought face to face with the problem how to pay for a spring suit of clothes. Surely there is no more dangerous foe of love than the tailor's bill. In January the young man can buy flowers or opera boxes, or hire carriages, or pay for supper, for he has more or less money in his pocket, and the boarding-house keeper and the washerwoman can be made to wait. But when there is a question of ordering spring clothes, the young man feels his poverty. He must make a payment on that old account before the tailor will consent to trust him for a new suit. Thus he has no money to spare for the purposes of courtship, and his mind is too much occupied with the financial problem to admit of softer and sweeter thoughts.

And then, provided the young man lives in the country, there is the spring mud. How can he think of going to see any young lady when he must walk through a quarter of a mile of mud and present himself before her with the boots of an active agriculturist and the muddy trousers of a patrolman? The thing is clearly out of the question, and the young man is compelled, as a matter of self respect, to stay at home till fine weather begins and the roads are dry.

Mr. Tennyson may plead that in making his preposterous assertion concerning the spring habits of lovers he had in mind only the particular young man who was in the habit of sitting on the moor and repeating pretty verses concerning his cousin Amy, instead of boldly walking up to Locksley Hall, calling on that respectable matron and accepting an invitation to dinner. Let us accept this explanation, and admit that this idiotical young man's fancy did turn to thoughts of his cousin Amy between the first of March and the last of April. Much good it did him. Miss Amy undoubtedly took the ground that she would have nothing to do with a young man who came with muddy boots to call on her when she had a cold in her head. This was the real reason why she dismissed him and married the other man and the story ought to convince Mr. Tennyson that spring is not a good time for love making.

The truth is, spring is the most objectionable of all seasons. The weather is certain to be disagreeable, and no man can successfully adapt his clothing to it. It is a season when one is equally uncomfortable in doors or out of doors. Of every hundred successful lovers, at least ninety five never make love in spring. That malign season should be stricken from the almanac, and Summer should be made to promptly succeed Winter on the 15th of every May.—*New York Times.*

"DON'T KNOW HALF THEIR VALUE."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had half a bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I would have lost both of them one night if I had not given them Hop Bitters. They did them so much good I continued their use until they were cured. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y. See other column.—*American Rural Home.*

A "Sea Spider"

Naturalists have found an animal whose stomach extends into its legs—much more curious than the old zoophyte that is nothing but a lump of stomach.

One of the strangest creatures that comes out of the sea is a certain sea spider named *Nymphon Gracilis*. It has a body about the size of a bit of thread a quarter of an inch long, and tied into four knots. The head looks like the end of the thread split apart into two horns; from each of the four knots start two legs, one on each side, making eight in all.

The legs are three or four times longer than the body, but the odd thing about them is, that the alimentary tube—into which the food goes—runs down into every one of them, so that whatever the spider eats circulates through the legs, and, in fact, the legs are like the body in internal structure.

Another strange thing about it is that the baby sea spider is not in the least like the grown-up of the same family. It is much more like a crab, but how it grows from a crab into a spider is one of the things we haven't yet found.—*The Church Messenger.*

Knew too Much.

It is related of one of our modern wits that he one day found himself seated in a crowded car next to a very talkative man, who nearly bored our friend to death by exhibiting his stock of so called knowledge, which,