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.

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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.

J. E. SLWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1881.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL XLVI. NO. 28

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Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

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Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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BLOOMSBURG, PA
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets, Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

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Attorneys-at-Law.
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☞Pensions and Bounties Collected.

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Office in Brower's Block, one door below COLUMBIAN Building
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

GUY JACOBY,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG,
Office in H. J. Clark's Building, second floor, over Hoffman's flour and feed store.
Oct. 8, '80.

J. H. MAIZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Mrs. Ent's Building, third door from Main street. May 20, '81.

A. K. OSWALD,
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Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5,
May 6, '81. BERWICK, PA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

W. H. RHAWN,
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Catawissa Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Columbian Building. June 24, '81.

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.

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

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DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main St., above Central Hotel.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Centre street, between Second and Third.

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 customers and of the public generally.
July 16, '80-tf

$5 Outfit free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. ye1 '8.-1y

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS ONHAND AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms, hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences.

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 15 barrels) Farm Bells, Sad Irons, Wagon Boxes,
"Allentown Bone Manure"
PLASTER, SALT, &c., &c.
jan 9, '80-1y

PLUMBING GAS FITTING.
STOVES and TINWARE.
—:o:—
E. B. BROWER
Has purchased the Stock and Business of I. Hagenbuch, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Plumbing and Gas Fitting a specialty. Tinware, Stoves,
RANGES AND HEATERS,
in great variety. All work done by
EXPERIENCED HANDS,
Main Street corner of East,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. F. HARDER,
DEALER IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
PAINT, OIL AND VARNISHES.
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, BRACKETS
Lumber of all kinds for sale as cheap as the cheapest for cash or produce.
CATAWISSA, PA.
may 6 6 m

N. S. TINGLEY.
Announces to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Custom Tailoring,
promptly and at reasonable prices. Now is the season for a
—NEW SPRING SUIT—
And Tingley's the place to get a proper fit.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Shop over Billmeyer's Grocery, Corner of Main and Centre Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING
—)o(—
A. J. EVANS,
The uptown Clothier, has just received a fine line of New Goods, and is prepared to make up
SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS
For Men and Boys in the neatest manner and Latest Styles.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats, Caps, &c.,
Always on hand. Call and Examine. EVANS' BLOCK Corner Main and Iron Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL,
—:o:—
The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.
FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
FLOORING, Etc.
furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.
ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS
furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman.
CHARLES KRUG,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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.
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 '8

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
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Franklin, of " "
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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 26, '79-1y.

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
andEars, 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.

Summer Complaints
At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, and many lives are lost through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a sure cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is perfectly safe.
Read the following:
BATHBURNE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER never fails to afford instant relief for cramp and pain in the stomach. JOSEPH BURDITT.
NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1881.
The very best medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is sure cure every time. JULIUS W. DEE.
MONGONIA, IOWA, March 12, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief. J. E. CALDWELL.
CARNESVILLE, GA., Feb. 28, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it always cures. Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house. J. B. FYE.
SACO, ME., Jan. 24, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is safe, sure, and reliable. No mother should allow it to be out of the family. H. J. NAYES.
ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over thirty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house. W. O. SPERRY.
CONWAYSBORO, S. C., Feb. 22, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house. PH. E. MORTON.
U. S. CONSULATE,
CHEFOO, EMPIRE CHINA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an indispensable security.
T. N. POTTER, U. S. Consul.
BUENOS AYRES, S. AMERICA, Feb. 1, 1881.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief. H. J. MONE.
21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief. R. CLARIDGE.
No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.
For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.
This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.
It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.
For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Is prepared at 23 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. MRS. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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.

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

Poetical.

"WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG."

In days of old, when earth was young,
When heroes lived and poets sung,
A spirit dwelt in every tree,
And voices of deep mystery
Spoke in the murmur of the sea,
In days of old, when earth was young.

But now the earth is growing old,
The lute is mute, and faith is cold;
The spirit of the tree is fled,
And voices, once to music wed,
Are hushed, for fancy's self is dead,
Now that the earth has grown so old.

The child's fresh faith pays homage free
In all to some divinity;
But shrines are cold, and altars bare,
When hearts are warped with age and care,
And doubting spirits will not dare
To trust in ought they cannot see.

—*Edward M. Hunting.*

IN TWOS.

Somewhere in the world there bide
Garden gates that no one sees
Save they come in happy twos—
Not in ones, nor yet in threes.

But from every maiden's door
Leads a pathway straight and true,
Maps and surveys know it not:
He who finds, finds room for two.

Then they see the garden gates!
Never skies so blue as theirs,
Never flowers so many sweet
As for those who come in pairs.

Round and round the alleys wind,
Now a cradle bars their way,
Now a little mound, behind—
So the two go through the day.

When no note in all the lanes
But has heard a sorg or sigh,
Lo! another garden gate
Opens as the two go by!

In they wander, knowing not:
"Five-and-twenty" fills the air
With a silvery echo low,
All about the startled pair.

Happier yet these garden walks;
Closer, heart to heart they lean;
Still r, softer falls the light;
Few the twos, and far between.

Till, at last, as on they pass
Down the paths so well they know,
Once again at hidden gates
Stand the two; they enter slow.

Golden gates of fifty years,
May our two your latchet press!
Garden of the Sunset Land
Hold their dearest happiness!

Then a quiet walk again;
Then a whisper in the wall;
Then one stepping on alone—
Then two at the Heart of All!

—*Boston Transcript.*

Select Story.

THE BARONESS' JEWEL BOX.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN

The Baroness Rukavina Eltz was the most splendid and dashing personage in the Er Valley. Her castle near Somlyo was the finest specimen of a great residence in all that shadow of the Er Mellek, and she, a Roumanian by birth and a Hungarian by marriage, seemed to unite all the brilliant characteristics of both these picturesque races.

She was a widow to begin with, and since the animal man has speculated upon the varieties of the angel woman, a widow has been pronounced the most amiable variety of the species. She was very beautiful, tall, svelte, blue eyed, black-haired, piquant, red and white, with the most scornful little mouth and the most delicate profile; her hand and foot were models, although the latter was frequently stamped when she was not pleased. She was—in the third and last place, as preachers say—very rich, and had fallen heiress to two collections of jewels which were almost fabulously valuable. A brilliant creature, the Baroness. She owned villages and vineyards, and made a large income every year from her sale of Ruster, a grand wine of a pale golden hue, which had as full and peculiar a flavor as she had herself. The Baroness sent her wine to Vienna, where it was considered almost equal to Tokay. Of course, she had suitors, the beautiful, sharp Baroness. They came from Transylvania and Russia, from Roumania and all Hungary, from Austria and all the German Principalities; and for the unlucky wretches about Pus Poki and the Behar Settlement, and the country gentleman of Erdioszegh, they knelt and worshipped in vain as she dashed past them on her fleet thoroughbred, for she was Diana as a huntress and the queen of the Amazons also. Her black horse Tetenyer was said to emit fire from his nostrils when he stopped to breathe.

This grand lady was afraid of nobody, loved nobody, had no friends, save the nuns at the foot of the Rez Gebirge and one old priest who seemed to be deeply in her confidence. Every year she made a grand visit somewhere—Vienna, Paris, Rome, London or St. Petersburg. She spent money like water, made everybody talk, wonder and admire, and where her splendid jewels were the envy of all the Court ladies.

Yes, she was afraid of one man, and that was her steward, Neusiedler, he who for years had managed her vast estates, her vineyards and her wheatfields, her fields and fisheries.

Neusiedler was a crouching, cross-eyed, mean-looking German Jew, married to a bold, black eyed, large-nosed woman, who was twice his size, and who lived in the village, near the castle, and who spent her time envying and hating the Baroness. Madame Pasteur, the French companion, and Matilde, the French maid, who never left the Baroness, thought that Neusiedler, and his wife had the evil eye and that they would some day wilt the Baroness. But Rukavina-Eltz laughed at this fear, and kept on her course exultant. Still when the yearly pay day came round, and she had to look over accounts with Neusiedler, she did show what she had never shown before—fear.

Among her jewels was a splendid rope of pearl-colored pearls, the rarest thing in the whole world, neither black nor white, but pearl color, with three great emerald pendants, each as large as a small pear. The Emperor always noticed this jewel with a smile and a compliment when the Baroness Rukavina-Eltz went to a court ball at Vienna. He told her that the Empress had nothing half as handsome, and it is to be feared that the Emperor spoke also of the white, firm neck on which the necklace rested, for Rukavina-Eltz was apt to blush and look magnificently well at such moments. Then she had great chains of sapphires as blue as her eyes and some big rubies which the baron had given her (the old Baron, twice her age, who went down into Roumania for her when she was 15,) and she had diamonds, of course—every rich lady has diamonds—and a great box full of engraved amethysts and antique gems, some that Cardinal Antonelli gave her in Rome, for he, too, had admired the wild Baroness.

Indeed, if the Baroness Rukavina-Eltz had ever written her memoirs, what a story she could have told! But the end of every woman's history is that she finally falls in love, and such was the beginning of the end of the story of Rukavina-Eltz. She went to England one summer, and there was a young Lord Ronald Somerset, or a Lord George Levenson Montague, or a young Lord Howard Plantagenet (they mix them up so, these English words, they are not half so individual as our Hungarian names,) who could ride better than she could. This was a terrible blow to the Baroness and she wished herself dead.

But when at dinner the soft-voiced, handsome, tall young Englishman, Sir Lyster Howard Lyster (that was his name after all) sat next to her and talked so well and was so complimentary to her seat, 'cross country, and noticed the pearl-colored pearls, and the emeralds, with his lips, and the neck underneath with his eyes, Rukavina-Eltz forgave him, and he began to talk of her home near Somlyo, and it ended in a large English party coming to the Er Valley, under the shadow of the Er Mellek, for a long summer visit. And how they raved about everything—the wine, the horses, the scenery, the wild, barbaric splendor of the Baroness' housekeeping, and how they all hated Neusiedler and his big, black-browed wife, who were invited up to the balls.

There was an English lady, one with very long teeth, and very long nose, and very high eyebrows, and they called her Lady Louisa. She was very grand and lofty, and Madame Pasteur heard her say one day—

"Do you know, dear Baroness, I think you are so very careless—don't you know?—about those beautiful jewels of yours—do you know?"

"But who could steal them?" said the Baroness, laughing. "There are none like them in all Hungary, and no one would dare to wear them, they are so rare!"

"Ah! but some of these wild people of yours! they might swallow your emeralds, those fierce Croats, the Roumanians; and then you keep them in such open closets and boxes." Madame Pasteur nodded her neck head, too. She had trembled for the jewels always.

But the Barones and Sir Lyster began to think of other things and jewels; there were moonlight rides and walks, and there were long talks and many reveries. Lady Louisa went home, they all went, but Sir Lyster came back.

And then, one evening, Madame Pasteur said afterwards that she saw Neusiedler come in and bully the Baroness, and she heard him hiss out the words—

"Remember if you marry, you lose all. Remember the Baron's will!"

And Rukavina-Eltz turned pale and said, "Bully, traitor, fiend," between her shut teeth. She went off to Paris on one of her long visits, and Neusiedler squeezed the tenants and made every one miserable. The castle was shut up and black Tetenyer grew thin in his stable.

When she came back she looked older and more sedate. She went often to see the nuns at the foot of Rez Gebirge. She saw the priest also very often, and Madame Pasteur thought she was growing *devote*. But she dressed in her usual dashing colors (for she was a very Roumanian at heart,) and she wore one wore one of those scarlet quilted petticoats that the English ladies wore so much; and very pretty it looked, with her dark habit and her dark dresses looped up over it. This, with a scarlet feather in her hat, looked as if the Baroness was thinking of England.

It was a miserable day, that, when Madame Pasteur and Matilda came screaming down the long corridor.

"The jewels are gone! gone! gone!"

The Baroness had the great bell of the castle rung, and Neusiedler was sent for at once. She was very pale for she loved those pearls and emeralds.

Neusiedler was composed, every look was made to say, "I told you so;" he had always warned her about the jewels.

"What can be done?" asked the Baroness.

"Search, whip, imprison all who attempt to leave the province," said Neusiedler, calmly.

"Except women—I will have no women whipped," said the Baroness.

"I am glad to hear that," said Neusiedler, laughing his malicious laugh, "for Madame Neusiedler goes to Vienna tomorrow."

"Ah!" said the Baroness, "you know I could not mean, at any rate, that Madame Neusiedler should be disturbed; send her in my little carriage with the three ponies to Erdiosegh."

"Your Excellency is very condescending," said Neusiedler, bowing to the ground.

The local police sought everywhere for the lost jewels, but no traces of them could be found. The Baroness sat in a sort of stupor and looked out of the window.

"I will go to England," said she hastily one day. "Neusiedler, some money, and arrange for me to be gone three months."

"It is well, madame," said the steward.

It was a very roundabout route that the Baroness took for England. When Matilda and Madame Pasteur reached the station at Erdiosegh they were astonished to see the Baroness dash into the ticket-office and buy tickets for Vienna, and when they arrived, all of them, at her fine hotel at Vienna, who should step out to meet them but Sir Lyster Howard Lyster.

Nothing but the well-known eccentricity of the Baroness apologized to Madame Pasteur for what followed. She commanded two dresses to be made, and that Madame Pasteur should go with her to a Jewish masked ball at the Opera House in Vienna.

"Sir Lyster Howard Lyster will go with us!" said she, as a shade passed over the pale face of her companion.

Oh! that the lady of sixteen quarterings should be seen in such a low place! No; she was not seen! She was masked; but that she should even go! What a sacrifice of pride and of decency, Madame Pasteur thought it, as she saw the Baroness take the arm of one masked man after the other, and then go into the supper room with a party who followed a tall mask in a black domino.

A voice struck on Madame Pasteur's ear—was it that of Madame Neusiedler? was it—could it be?

Yes! and as she threw back mask and hood there sparkled on her neck the pearl colored pearls and the emerald pendants of the lost jewels. O Heaven!

"The necklace of the Baroness," shouted the impulsive, the imprudent Madame Pasteur.

It nearly spoiled the plot, for Madame Neusiedler was among the friends and confederates. However, the tall Englishman stepped forward, and the two Viennese policemen arrested the woman.

She behaved with extraordinary coolness, and explained—

"It is indeed the necklace of the Baroness, given by her to my husband for moneys which he had advanced to her. Let her deny it if she dare. I have her written acknowledgment of the money, and I have come to Vienna to sell the necklace, where it is well known."

The Jews gathered around the wonderful necklace, which the Chief of Police put in his breast pocket, removing the woman Neusiedler.

The Baroness went back to her hotel and allowed Madame Pasteur to pass a wretched night. She would explain nothing.

All Vienna was alive when the great case came on, and not a few ladies were glad to hear that the Ruckavina-Eltz jewels were in pawn—that envied necklace.

Neusiedler came to his wife's rescue, and told the story over again. The evidence against the Baroness was damning. She had, according to his story, lived far, far beyond her income, and he had supplied her with money from the Jews. She had fabricated the story of the lost necklace to try and cheat him, but here were her signatures, and here was the Baron's will, which she was about to try to disregard—his will saying that she should never marry, or, if she did, that she lost all her vast estates.

"Baroness Rukavina-Eltz, what have you to say to this? What is your defense?" said the prosecuting counsel.

"Only this!" said the Baroness, holding up in her hand the pearl colored pearls and the emerald drops, the real necklace! On the Judge's desk lay a fac simile of the famous necklace. The two ornaments looked exactly alike.

"Let an expert be brought and say which is the real necklace and which the imitation one, made in Paris, and used by me to lure this wretched and dishonest thief of a steward on to his destruction!" said the Baroness, with a flash of Roumanian fire in her eyes.

It was true! Neusiedler had been foiled; he had stolen a false necklace, which the Baroness had had made in the Rue de la Paix."

"He has been stealing from me for years; he has doubtless forged a false will of the Baron, for I have found the true one!" said Ruckavina Eltz. "I could not unravel the net that he has thrown over me but for this happy thought of tempting him to steal some false jewels. Had he got the real ones, his story would have been plausible. Now, I trust, justice is convinced that it is a lie!"

A dreadful noise followed this speech of the spirited Baroness; Neusiedler had fallen down in a fit. Never more would he drink the yellow tinted Ruster; never more would he return to the joys of crushing the peasantry of Somlyo—of cheating the Baroness. The Baroness had cheated him at last. Sold! sold! sold! with false pearls and emeralds! Poor Jew! poor Jew!

It was a very grand wedding, that of the Baroness to Sir Lyster Howard Lyster, who though only an English country gentleman, proved to be richer than she and who made her a loving and a hunting husband.

The Emperor gave her away, and she wore the pearl colored pearls with the emerald drops, now become historical.

"Ah! Madame, dear Baroness, please tell me where you have kept the real jewels all these months?" said the pious Madame Pasteur, almost kissing the hem of her mistress' robes.

The Baroness was dressed for travelling, as her faithful adherent knelt and asked this question. She had on the quilted satin red petticoat; the scarlet of old England.

"Was it in the double locked closet of the north tower?"

"Ah, no! faithful Pasteur, then knowest Neusiedler had the key to that!"

"Was it in the jewel case of thy great ancestress, the Roumanian Princess?"

"No. Guess again!"

"Was it in the convent of the nuns of Rez Gebirge?"

"No Pasteur, I never gave them anything to keep but my sins."

"Was it in the Baron's strong box in the cellar?"

"No, my dear Pasteur, no. You have the hiding place under your finger. They were quilted into the lining of this red satin petticoat. I owe the idea to that good Lady Louisa. "See here!" and gently raising the edge of her travelling skirt, right over her left foot, the Baroness showed Madame Pasteur a neat little series of pockets, where the jewels had been safely hidden in a scarlet prison.

The Weather.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says that it is easy enough to predict the weather if you only follow the right rules. Here are some of them: "An intensely blue sky indicates a temporary absence of clouds. Under other circumstances, again, an intensely blue sky indicates a tornado. When the sun rises behind a bank of clouds, and the clouds hang low all around the horizon and all over the sky, and the air fells damp, and there is a fine drizzling mist blowing, the indications are there will be a rain somewhere in the United States or Canada. When it begins to thunder look out for lightning. To see the head of the family feeling in his right hand pocket, then in the left hand pocket, then in all his vest pockets, then in his hip pocket, then in his coat pockets, and then look at his ceiling, indicates "no change." If he suddenly stops whistling at the ceiling and expands his face into a broad grimace of delight, it means "unexpected change." If the corn husks are very thick, the winter will be colder than the summer. If the corn husks are very thin, the summer will be warmer than the winter. If the corn husks are neither too thin nor too thick, the summer will be warm and the winter will be cold. If the weather prophet predicts a rainy season and it happens to rain away out in Calaveras county, and is dry as a bone all over the rest of America, this rain must be set down to the credit of the weather breeder and all the dry time counts for nothing."

Chinese barbers shave without lather. This reminds us that our old schoolmaster use to lather without shaving. One is said to be as painful an operation as the other.

A Wonderful Dream.

THAT LED TO VERY SINGULAR RESULTS

On the late train from New York over the Valley road a week ago Monday night came three individuals to this city, two gentlemen and a young lady. A carriage was called and the party were driven to the residence of a well known citizen on South Franklin street. The family were all absent, but the servants were evidently apprised of their coming, for they had no difficulty in gaining entrance and subsequently in being provided for the balance of the night. The next afternoon the party left in a close covered carriage which was driven across the bridge. One of the strangers was a man of elderly appearance, the other a young gentleman, while the third was a handsome, fair-haired woman, somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty. The appearance of all favored the supposition that they were of one family come hither on a visit. The truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, and last evening a *Union-Leader* representative was regaled with a story concerning these people, that has not been matched for absolute interest in a good many years, and perhaps never in this section. It appears that the party were all from Boston, the city of classic culture and genuine aristocracy. The elder gentleman was the father of the young lady and the other was her family physician. About three months ago the lady was suddenly seized with spells that resembled the situation of those in a trance condition. At these times she would utter strange things, reciting verses that were evidently coined while under the influence of these spells, and would play marvellously beautiful pieces on the piano, all strange and new. These spells lasted about an hour, and came once a day. Medical advice was obtained, but the physicians could not ascertain the cause of these strange trance conditions. The lady herself could not recall anything that transpired while she was in them and was a good deal worried about what could cause them. She was healthy, unusually so, had no trace of insanity, was never injured in any way, and what caused the singular trances into which she fell daily, was a tormenting mystery.

About four weeks since the lady had a dream which so impressed her upon awakening that she informed her family about it. She said that she dreamed of going to a city called Wilkes-Barre in Pennsylvania. That she crossed a river in a covered carriage and drove to a large monument which stood a little off a main road that led by it. That upon arriving at the monument she entered the gate and walked inside. Just in front of the northern face of the tall shaft, lying in the grass, she observed a small white stone, not much bigger than a walnut, on which were seven, round, black spots, which she picked up and put in her pocket. She then went away, but before getting out of the enclosure she was met by an old woman who told her that as long as she kept the stone somewhere about her person she would never be troubled with the spells she was subject to. The family, very naturally, laughed at the vision, but the young lady did not seem to regard it in a funny light at all. On the contrary, she was deeply impressed with the dream and avoided the family during the day. That night, strange to say, the vision was repeated exactly, as it was also on the third night. By this time the members of the family grew quite serious, and regarded the young lady's dream with a good deal of awe and interest. Her spells continued coming on daily about three o'clock in the afternoon.

In the meantime the lady asserted her determination to visit this city and look at the place she had dreamed about. Her physicians were consulted, and after some days of hesitancy they finally agreed that it would do no harm to bring the lady here. It was on this occasion that she came a week ago Monday night, accompanied by her father and her physician. The wonderful part of this strange story is, that when the party who had no difficulty in locating the Wyoming monument as the object of the young lady's vision, arrived there, she was permitted to go alone inside the gate up to the tall shaft. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground with an intensity of observation that was most acute. No word was said as she moved cautiously about until she arrived on the northern side of the shaft. Then she gazed with a deeper look. Slowly she passed her foot over the grass, missing nothing in the steady survey. Suddenly she stooped and with a cry of joy arose. She had found the very stone she had dreamed about. She carried it to her father, who examined it very closely and then passed it over to the doctor. Both were dumbfounded. Very few words were spoken and the party returned silently, all the more anxious to know if the strange spell would return again, now that the talisman that was to banish them had been found. The young lady passed through that day without her usual trance. The same thing happened on the next day when the party returned to Boston. A letter received from the young lady last night says that she has not had any spell since she found the stone.—*Wilkes-Barre Union-Leader.*

Dr. Lenz, in a recent lecture at Paris on his journey from Morocco to Timbuctoo, has been correcting some of the generally received notions as to the condition of the Sahara. It really forms a great plateau, about 1,100 feet above the level of the Atlantic. In no part of this plateau is there to be found that depression below the level of the ocean which is shown on the maps of certain geographers, and which has led to wild schemes of converting the Sahara into a great inland sea. Moreover, the Sahara is not one dead sandy level, but is really greatly varied in its aspect. Rocks are succeeded by sandy plains, here and there are oases covered with alfa grass and stagnant shallow s