The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1881.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XV, NO. 48
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO. 8

C. B. ELWELL,
J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

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.

Advertising Rates.

	1w	2w	3m	6m	1y
One inch	$2.00	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.00	4.00	5.00	8.00	14.00
Three inches	4.00	5.00	7.00	11.00	18.00
Four inches	5.00	6.50	9.00	13.00	21.00
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One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	40.00	100.00

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Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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.

L. E. WAGNER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

N. G. FUNK
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ext's Building.

C. F. & 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.

H. H. LITTLE. SO. . H. LITTLE
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.

A. E. CHAPIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
May be found in RECORDER'S OFFICE in the Court House. Sept. 16, '81, 6-m.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
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NEW COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe

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 Counties Collected.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in Brower's Block, one door below Brockway 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. E. CSWALD,
Attorney-at-Law,
Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5,
May 6, '81 BERWICK, PA.

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

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

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brockway's 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

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

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

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

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

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

The Backus Water Motor

IS THE MOST
Economical Power Known
—FOR—
DRIVING LIGHT MACHINERY.

It takes but little room.
It never gets out of repair.
It can not blow up.
It needs no fuel
It needs no engineer.
There is no delay; no firing up; no ashes to clean away; no extra insurance to pay; no repairing necessary; no coal bills to pay, and it is always ready for use.

It is invaluable for blowing Church Organs, for running Printing Presses, Sewing Machines, Turning Lathes, Scroll Saws, Grind Stones Coffee Mills, Sausage Machines, Feed Cutters, Corn Mills, Elevators, etc.

Four horse power at 40 pounds pressure of water. It is noiseless, neat, compact, steady, and above all
IT IS VERY CHEAP.
Send for circular to the Backus Water Motor Co., Newark, N. J., stating name of paper you saw advertisement in.
Price, $15 to $300. Sept. 30-tf

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

L. T. SHARPLESS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY NOTIONS
His stock comprises Scarlet, White and Mixed
UNDERWEAR
for Ladies, Gents and Children, Cotton, Merino, and Woolen HOSIERY, Ladies' Nubias, Hoods and Gloves, Lace and Embroidered Collars and Ties, Plain and Fancy Neckwear,
SCARFS, TIES,
and Bows, Ladies and Gents plus, Earrings,
COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS,
and Chains, Gents Castor, Buck and Kid, lined and Unlined
GLOVES and MITTENS,
LAUNDRIED AND UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS,
COLLARS AND CUFFS,
Shoulder Braces and Suspenders, Cardigan Jackets, Blue Shirts and Overalls, Alpaca, Gingham and Cotton Umbrellas, Writing Paper, Envelopes,
PENCILS and CRAYONS,
Flour Sacks, Grocer's Bags, and
WRAPPING PAPER.
To arrive, a variety of Corsets, including Dr. Warner's Flexible hip and
HEALTH CORSETS.
Making his purchases as he does of manufacturers and their agents he proposes to make prices that will compare favorably with the best CITY HOUSES.
L. T. SHARPLESS,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Oct. 28 '81 1-f

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING
A. J. EVANS,
The uptown Clothier, has just received a fine line of New Goods, and is prepared to make up
FALL AND WINTER 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.

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING.
STOVES and TINWARE.
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 a great variety. All work done by
EXPERIENCED HANDS,
Main Street corner of East.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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.

THOMAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Moyer's new building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,076,224
Royal of Liverpool	15,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,146,717
Phœnix, of London	5,966,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,598,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,879,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,555

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81-tf

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.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Valuable Real Estate
AT
PRIVATE SALE!
The undersigned Administrator cum testamento annexo of Peter Appleman, late of Benton township, deceased, offers the following described premises at private sale. All that portion of the following described TRACT OF LAND, in Benton township, bounded as follows: On the north by lands of R. L. F. Colley, J. F. Chapin and A. Wilkinson, on the west by lands of Eli McHenry, John E. Appleman and Peter Laubach, on the south by lands of William Hulme and Margaret Buldine, and on the east by lands of Reuben H. Davis and Stott E. Colley, containing EIGHTY-EIGHT ACRES, more or less, whereon are erected a two-story FRAME HOUSE, Bank Barn, wagon house and other out-buildings. Only that portion lying on the west side of Fishingcreek will be sold.
Also, all that tract of land situate in Benton township, bounded on the west by lands of Rebecca Conner, on the north by lands of the heirs of Thomas Davis, deceased, and J. F. Chapin, on the south by lands of Ezekiel Cole, containing EIGHTEEN ACRES, more or less, unimproved land. Will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchasers.
Terms made known on application to
I. K. KRICKBAUM,
Administrator, &c.,
aug. 5-tf Cambria, Pa.

Valuable Real Estate
AT
PRIVATE SALE!
THE LARGE FLOURING MILL
in Hemlock township known as the
RED MILL
is offered at PRIVATE SALE. This mill is 47 feet by 80 feet and contains
FOUR PAIRS OF BURRS.
Usually run by water power, but has a steam engine to run it in time of unusually low water. It has
A Large Custom Trade
and there is a bargain in it. For further particulars inquire of
Oct. 7-3m M. S. APPLEMAN, 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

Rheumatism
Neuralgia, Sprains,
Pain in the Back and Side.
There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.
This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.
Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, It never fails. It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.
The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:
Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe attacks from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.
Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms of the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have received my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.
G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.
E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.
Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a everything remedy for rheumatism and bruises.
Mr. Burditt writes: Hooper Island to give relief in cases of rheumatism.
Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.
All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors
Providence, R. I.

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 New York.
Office on Market Street, No. 3, Bloomsburg
Oct. 24, 79-1y

Poetical.

COMPENSATION.

It was the time of Autumn,
When leaves are turning brown,
Green to yellow and pied to black;
And some were tumbling down.

It was the time of Autumn,
When fruits are gathered in,
Some for the press, some for the vat,
And some for the miller's bin.

Then poor men fell a-praying,
For that their work was o'er;
And rich men fell a-sighing,
That they could pay no more.

For the Summer-time is a merry time,
If a man have leisure to play;
But the Summer-time is a weary time,
To him who must work all day.

Then thanks to God the Giver,
Who loves both great and small;
To every one He something gives,
But to no man gives all.

The rich who careth for himself
Finds, after pleasure, pain;
But the toiler whom God careth for
Reats, and is glad again.

—*The Spectator.*

THE TWO GATES.

BY S. S. CONANT.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high:
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-falling breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair;
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in its veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

Select Story.

THE PINE TREE.

It may have been that Dan Bresford's health was poor, or it may have been that his memory was good—more likely the latter—but certain it is that in October he found it necessary to drop office-work and take another run into the mountains for rest, as he had done early in the May before.

No doubt the failing health would have found any fresh air and out-of-door life beneficial, but memory and something else argued that the region of the South Park was the very best to be had, and that Tom Larkin's ranch afforded the finest accommodations of any in the mountains, without mentioning the sweet eyes, the winning voice and the trim figure of pretty Bessie Larkin, old Tom's only daughter.

It may have been that Dan Bresford only remembered the glorious mornings, the perfect days, the tranquil evenings—that only the fresh breath of the pines and the companionship of the great peaks called him back to the little ranch in the South Park, but when he dropped, travel-stained and weary, from his saddle at the well remembered door, and saw, dimly outlined in the flicker of the fire-light within, a certain form that he had not forgotten all summer long, the folly of further deceit was swept far from him, and in the glad beat of his heart he found all that he had come for—the full joy of being once again in the presence of the only woman whom he loved.

For he would not disguise it now, not even from the true-eyed who gave him her hand with a little tremor and a glad blush, when her old father had greeted their returning guest, and called her forward, and Bessie saw in Bresford's face all that she had dreamed since he bade her good-bye, five months before; so that without a word, two hearts were happy in the mountain ranch that night.

Two hearts, and perhaps three; for old Tom had some fresh tobacco, and, moreover, he admired the "city chap" as one among a thousand, being capable and willing to endure a frontiersman's life without a murmur—but not the fourth. For there was a fourth.

Carl Desmond, old Tom's assistant, was not happy.

Carl was a newcomer, a man some forty years of age, whose past was utterly unknown to the ranchers about the park, but who had proven himself a good huntsman and herdsman, and who had found a home in the cabin of Tom Larkin three months before.

Since his advent little had been learned of him except that he had come from "the river," and whether an out-law or a murderer no one knew. It was enough to these rough hewed diamonds that the man was a good shot, brave and civil; they cared for little else, and so, although a comparative stranger, he had already made himself a place in the park.

And he had done more. He had fallen deeply in love with Bessie Larkin.

The girl knew it, but even before Bresford's second advent the thought of any lover but one was distasteful to her, and little wonder is it that she had looked with more and more coldness upon the gathering passion of this half German, half-Spanish suitor, until he had grown almost desperate at the girl's resistance.

And now that Bresford had appeared—now that the love light which he had striven in vain to awaken burned in Bessie's eyes—now that the lovers were together and knew each of the other's affection—Carl Desmond saw that his suit was doomed to certain failure.

And as the night grew over old Tom's ranch this man's heart was far from happy, but within it despair held sway, and later a fierce desire for revenge.

But even as this took form the native cunning of the unsuccessful lover planned for him, and, from the day that he came, Bresford found Desmond an apparent friend, thoughtful, willing and silent, yet ever at his side, with suggestion or information, if desired.

From the first the newcomer was pleased, but Bessie, knowing more than her lover of the man, doubted the intent of Desmond's acts; and so it happened, one glorious evening, as Bresford and the girl were returning from a long canter along the plain, and rode close together in the golden, purpling twilight that fell from the great peaks overhead, that the maiden, filled with a vague dread of something terrible to come, told Dan the story of Desmond's love for her, of his passionate offer, his rejection, and, lastly, of her fear that he would seek revenge upon him, her own darling, under the guise of friendship.

Bresford leaned from his saddle and kissed the sweet face so close to his, and laughed joyously and low.

"Put away such terrors, my love. The man may hate me, but I can pity him, knowing what he has lost. He will never do me harm."

"But you will be careful—you will watch him?" whispered Bessie, her pleading eyes upturned.

But neither saw the shadow that crept from among the sage brush behind them and vanished in the gloaming.

And so Bresford was warned; but he smiled incredulously as the thought of the matter later. True, this man Desmond might have loved Bessie—for how could he help it?—but 'twas only sorrow, not revenge, that filled his heart and eyes with sadness, and Dan felt far more of sympathy than of distrust for the man.

The days passed, and autumn looked toward winter. The pines upon the mountain side grew more and more sombre, and seemed daily to wrap their mantles of feathered branches more closely about them, as if preparing for the coming of the snow.

The mountains themselves were tipped with white, and the park grew dun-colored and brown. Night became chill, and the open fire in the yawning chimney a necessity; the sun looked far away, and a thin sheet of ice often covered the shallows in the river at the break of day. All nature was at rest, her year's work done, waiting hour by hour the coming of winter.

Bresford hunted, fished and rode, and with him almost constantly was his promised wife. For old Tom had been interviewed, and his consent to the union gained.

At Christmas time a wedding was to take place at the mountain ranch, and then the young people were to depart for Denver, whither the old man was to follow them in the spring.

The neighbors knew about the engagement, and it pleased them; for Bresford's friendly, unassuming ways had won him a place in the rough hearts of the ranchers, and the coming wedding was looked forward to with anticipations of pleasure by all the inhabitants of that portion of the park.

The first snow had come, when one early morn, as Bresford stepped from the cabin door to look at the sky and decide upon his plans for the day he was met by Carl Desmond.

"Good morning, sir," said the latter. "Do you hunt to day?"

"I was just debating the question," returned Dan. "I should like some fresh venison, if it could be had, but I fear the deer have all gone south."

"Most of them have sir; but yesterday I discovered the trail of seven elk in Horse Gulch, leading into the mountains. We might overtake the animals, if you cared to try. In fact, I am sure we could, for they travel slowly in the snow, and we ought to be able to bag a couple. It may take two days, though.

"By Jove! I am with you if it takes four days, if we can get some elk!" cried Bresford, with true hunter spirit. "Shall we start at once?"

"I can be ready in an hour," replied Desmond.

"And I also," replied Dan.

And so they separated.

No thought of treachery had come to the younger man as he agreed to the trip, which would make him the sole companion of his defeated rival for a full day or more; but when he told Bessie, and stooped to kiss her good-bye, her face was like the dead.

"Oh, my love," she whispered, "not with him—not with him!"

"Why, sweetheart?" said Bresford, soothingly. "You are wrong to suspect the man so. He does not hate me."

"But—"

"But, darling," returned her lover, closing her lips with a kiss, "I have promised and must go. Do not be foolish. Only a little time, and I shall be with you always. Good-bye, my pet—good bye till to-morrow night."

And, before the girl could even cry out, Bresford was gone.

It was a little before nine in the morning when the two huntsmen, each thoroughly armed and furnished with rations for a two days' tramp, struck the trail of the elk. It was past four in the afternoon, and growing duskish, when they made their first halt, far down among the beetling crags of the mountains, twenty miles from the park and half as far from the nearest ranch or road.

The men seated themselves upon a great boulder, looked at each other and laughed.

"What do you think?" queried Bresford. "I'm a tender-foot, you know, but I'll obey your orders if I have to follow these long-horns into New Mexico."

"Well, sir," said Desmond, deferentially, "if you are willing, I think we had better stick to it a bit longer. We cannot be far from the south branch of the Platte, and, when we find that, we will camp. If it does not snow, we can follow the trail to-morrow, and certainly overtake our game. If it does snow, we can follow the river out to the park and so home."

"All right!" replied Dan, tossing his rifle to his shoulder again. "Then let's be moving."

They started on. In less than an hour, and while yet light enough remained to note their surroundings, they found the river frozen, from shore to shore, followed it far enough to enter a deep gorge, where at a certain point they found an air hole and open water, and there they paused and decided to camp.

They built their fire upon a narrow strip of beach, close beneath a monster pine that grew from the cliff side above and fairly overhung them. They ate their jerked venison, drank their river water, and smoked their pipes. Meantime, time waned.

The night was still at first, but now and again from far above them fell the faint moan of some hurrying wind overhead, and dark, ragged clouds drifted continually across the narrow ribbon of night-sky visible between the canyon walls.

As time passed, the sound increased, and little gusts of icy wind came sweeping up the narrow gorge with a hollow and lonesome sound.

At last, when they were preparing for rest, Desmond said:

"I fear a storm. If it comes, our hunt is up."

"Well," said Bresford, "then so it must be. We can at least reach home, for the river is our trail. Storm or no storm, however, we must rest."

And, so saying, he stretched himself upon the ground between the fire and the rock wall, and, weary and worn, he was soon slumbering soundly. And, as he slept, the night grew colder and the storm fell. Wild and fierce without the canyon, even there it sifted the drifting snow in great white clouds, and the angry wind shrieked and moaned, and shook the cliff trees with a mighty and invisible hand.

How long he slept, Bresford never knew; but he was awakened roughly, and striving to rise he fell again, and found himself bound hand and foot. A terrible chill ran through his blood, and a hand seemed grasping his throat; he struggled for utterance, and cried aloud:

"Desmond!"

A laugh, half demonical and altogether horrible, rang low in his ear, and the reply:

"I am here!"

He turned his head. Desmond sat at his side, contemplating him with an expression of fiendish joy, his eyes wild and glaring, his face lit by the flickering, flaming fire with an unearthly light.

"I am here! Oh, you fool! You are mine now! See, I have marked your death-spot over your heart!" And he touched Bresford's hunting-jacket, where, with a dead coal, the man had drawn a black circle upon the buckskin. "Within that ring I shall send my bullet. Poor fool! Did you think Carl Desmond would lose the game so easily? Why, boy, I've killed men for lesser women than Bessie Larkin; and should I let a stripling like you carry off the only girl I ever loved?—for I do love her. Never! But let me tell you. I drove the elk all this way two days ago, so that I might entice you to follow the trail to this spot. I sought this gorge, because here the water is deep and swift, and when you are dead I shall cast you, rifle and all, down yonder air-hole, and you will never be seen again! Listen! The grave is calling for you!"

He raised his hand. The hollow sound of the rushing water struck chill upon the young man's ear. He shuddered.

"Come," cried the other. "I meant to let you sleep until later, but the storm has broken and I must hasten. I will tell them we were lost, and separated in the snow. I reach home—you do not. I marry Bessie. See?

The murderer smiled horribly. He seized Bresford and propped him against the wall of rock behind the fire in such a position that he could easily aim at him, then retired some four rods through the whirling snow, and raised his heavy rifle to his face.

"Pray, fool! I'll give you while I count twenty."

The fire leaped and its light fell upon the face of Bresford as upon the features of a corpse. The wild wind swept shrieking through the canyon and the mighty pine overhead writhed and groaned.

"Time's up. Good-by! But wait! Another chance. Will you give the girl up? Go back to Denver and never return? Leave her forever, if I let you live?"

Bresford's eyes gathered fire; the chill blood leaped to his cheeks

"No!"

And the wind shrieked even more despairingly.

"Then die!"

The desperado's arm was already raised; his face was against his rifle stock, his deadly eye along its barrel, when there raged through the gorge the most terrible stormburst which the night had yet known, bringing with it a dense white cloud of snow, and even as it swept about the camp fire a sudden sharp crackling and rending sound was heard, followed by a dull and ominous roar, and with a power immeasurable the great pine overhead was torn from its roots and hurled deafening thunder into the the canyon beneath.

And when the storm lightened, Bresford still leaned against the rock wall; the camp-fire still blazed and flickered before him; but beyond it lay the mighty mass of the fallen tree, splintered and torn, and Desmond was gone.

Slowly and with much pain the bound man writhed toward the embers of the fire, and rolling this way and that, succeeded in burning the withes that confined him, so that he broke them from his limbs.

Then he crouched all night before the still furious storm, and in half-delirium awaited the morning.

When it came, pale and trembling, yet filled with a strange delight, as if borne into a new world, Bresford hurriedly quitted the scene of the night's horror, followed the winding course of the river to the plain, and so northward, until he reached home again, just as an expedition was about to start out, headed by old Tom, to search for the two men. Three weeks later he was married. But there was one lacking among the wedding guests, and the neighbors said, "Poor Desmond," for they supposed him lost in the snow.

But the groom knew where, crushed and buried beneath a mighty pine, his enemy lay, and in his heart he gave thanks for the great tree which had stricken down the murderer's hand and saved his life in the midnight and the storm.

Mr. Martin A. Connony, a merchant in Oil City, Pa., writes: "I inherited ill-health from my parents, who were both short-lived. My wife is a sickly little woman, and has suffered considerably. We have had five children, three of whom died in infancy, the other two, a boy 4 years of age and a girl of 7 years, have always been quite puny, weak and sickly. Some time ago I read a medical work that spoke of iron as being essential to life, that the want of iron in the blood was the principal cause of ill-health. Shortly afterward I saw an advertisement of Brown's Iron Bitters. I determined to try it for myself and family. The result has far exceeded my greatest anticipations. Myself, wife and children have all grown healthy and strong. Sores, aches and pains, headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness, formerly so common in my family, trouble us no more. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold.

A Western coroner's jury returned a verdict that death was caused by exposure. "What do you mean?" asked a relative. "There are two bullet holes in the skull." "Just so," replied the coroner, "he died from exposure to bullets."

Foes of the Telegraph.

If you will kick or pound on a telegraph pole or place your ear against one on a windy day, what will the noise remind you of? A hive of bees? Precisely. So it does the bears in Norway. Bears are passionately fond of honey, and when in one of the wild districts Bruin hears the humming of the wires he follows the sound to the post where it is loudest and begins to tear away the stones heaped round the poles in rocky soil to steady them, in order to get at the hive which he imagines to be there. In his disappointment and disgust he usually leaves savage marks of his claws in the wood. Nor is he the only victim of the wires. In the Electric Exhibition at Paris they show the top of a thick pine telegraph pole through which a woodpecker has drilled a hole several inches in diameter. The bird had apparently perched on the pole and taken the humming of the wires for the buzzing of a nest of insects in the wood, and had set himself manfully—or birdfully—to dig them out. Wolves will not stay in Norway where telegraph lines are built. It was formerly the custom to protect farms by planting poles round them strung with cards, something like rabbit snares, and gradually the wolves came to respect these precautions, so that a line stretched across the neck of a peninsula would protect the whole district. The wolves take the telegraph for a new and improved snare, and promptly leave the country when a line is built. On our own treeless plains the buffalo hails the telegraph pole as an ingenious contrivance for his own benefit. Like all cattle, he delights in scratching himself, and, he goes through the performance so energetically that he knocks down the post. An early builder of telegraph lines undertook to protect the posts by inserting brad-awls into the wood, but the thick-skinned buffalo found the brad-awl an improvement, as affording him a new sensation, and scratched down more poles than ever. In Sumatra the elephants are systematically opposed to telegraph lines, and at least twenty times a year make raids on them. In May, 1876, the elephants tore down the poles for a distance of several furlongs and hid the wires and insulators in the cane jungle, and for three nights in succession they repeated the performance as regularly as the repairers rebuilt the line during the day. The monkeys and apes are about as formidable enemies, as they use the wires for swings and trapezes and carry off the glass insulators as valuable prizes; then, when the repairer goes to correct the mischief, he may be pounced upon by a tiger or driven up the post by a mad buffalo. In Japan the special enemies of the telegraph are the spiders, which grow to an immense size and avail themselves of the wires as an excellent framework for their webs. So thick are the cords the Japanese spiders spin that often, especially when they are covered with dew, they serve to connect the wires with each other or the ground, and so stop them from working. In the sea the wires are not any safer, as a small worm has developed itself since cables came into fashion which bores through iron and gutta-percha, and so destroys a wire worth millions of dollars. When a great storm comes on in the centre of the ocean and the cable breaks while it is being laid or threatens to break, no one is alarmed. They fasten the cable to a buoy and come back afterwards and pick it up, or if it is at the bottom of the sea they drop a dredge with a mile or so of rope, and fish out the precious thread, as large as one of your fingers, almost as easily as you would fish up a penny from the bottom of a tub of water with the tongs. But the little worm no bigger than a needle is more formidable than the elephant on shore or the hurricane at sea.

The Migration of Birds.

It is a popular belief that birds, especially certain northern species, which in winter suddenly appear in temperate latitudes with or just before heavy storms, as well as various kinds of wild fowl, have the ability to discern approaching changes of the weather. While this idea has often been treated by scientific writers as fanciful, accumulative evidence shows that it has a basis in fact. Among such evidence may be mentioned the monthly weather reports of the United States signal service bureau, in which, under the head of miscellaneous phenomena, reference is often made to the movements of birds. From these reports it appears that the southward migration of geese and other water fowl usually precedes, often only a few hours, the approach of heavy storms, and a sudden and very great reduction of temperature, which they often wholly avoid by keeping in advance of the change. Instances of this are too frequent to lead to any other conclusion than that birds have the power of recognizing approaching changes of weather. It is also well known that many birds display great restlessness just before the occurrence of severe storms, and that some species move southward in large flights to regions of less severity. The general facts and conclusions presented in the foregoing remarks may be thus briefly summarized: First, That the habit of migration resulted from changes of climate occurring at a not very remote geological period. Second, That every gradation exists between species the most widely roving and those which are strictly sedentary; and that even representatives of the same species may be either migratory or sedentary, according to whether they occupy as breeding stations the northern or southern portions of the common habitat. Third, That failure of food induces a movement toward warmer regions. Fourth, That the return of birds to their breeding stations, which are their only true homes, is prompted by the recurrence of the season of procreation and strong home affection. Fifth, That they usually pursue definite routes, and are guided in part by prominent landmarks, or by memory, and in part by "instinct" or inherited experience. Sixth, That erratic movements are the result of transportation by storms. Seventh, That birds discern the approaching meteorological changes.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

INCREDIBLE.

F. A. Scratch, druggist, Ruthven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your Burdock Blood Bitters. In one case with which I am personally acquainted their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she had previously taken. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

The Art of Dressing.

So important did the Sybarites consider the dress of women, that when they invited them to a banquet they did so a year ahead, that they might have ample time to prepare their toilet. Unlike the Sybarites we are apt to regard woman's dress as among the minor considerations of life, and think that all time given to its study is wasted time. Dress, which may be regarded as an element of art, is worthy of respect and attention. It is a study worth pursuing, for the mind that regards dress from an artistic point of view is naturally led to the contemplation of art in its more extended teachings. When dress becomes an art study, it is no longer viewed as the means of ostentatious display, or of shallow vanity, but is a teacher who leads the pupil into the domains of the graceful, the attractive and the beautiful. Dress being a legitimate source of charming, it should not be regarded as of less importance than beauty of face or figure. It is one of the chief elements of pleasing—a very important element as all realize when contemplating a well