The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.

Issued Weekly every Friday morning at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., at $2 DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount to those who pay 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 no long continued credit 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.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1881.

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Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

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

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Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Exc's Building.

C. R & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

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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.

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

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

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Office in Brower's building, one door below Brockway Building
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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,
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AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Mrs. Ent's Building, third door from Main street. May 20, '81.

A. K. OSWALD,
Attorney-at-Law.
Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5,
May 6, 81 BERWICK, PA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-39

W. H. RHAWN,
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.
BLOOM BURG, 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 COURT HOUSE.
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
He's 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 ties, 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.
Aetna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,676,404
Royal of Liverpool	12,564,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,168,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,169,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,974,000
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As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 24, '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.

GREAT GERM DESTROYER.
DARBY'S
PROPHYLACTIC FLUID!
SMALL POX ERADICATED.
Pitting of SMALL POX Prevented.
Contagion destroyed.
Sick Rooms purified and made pleasant.
Fevered and sick persons relieved and refreshed by bathing with Prophylactic Fluid added to the water.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use in bathing.
Impure air made harmless and purified by sprinkling Darby's Fluid about.
To purify the breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Removes all unpleasant odors.
Ulcers purified and healed
Gangrene prevented and cured.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured in short time.
Tetter dried up.
It is perfectly harmless.
For sore throat it is a sure cure.
DIPTHERIA PREVENTED.
Cholera dissipated.
Ship Fever prevented by its use.
In cases of death in the house, it should always be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, &c.
Dangerous effluvias of sick rooms and hospitals removed by its use.
SCARLET FEVER CURED.
YELLOW FEVER ERADICATED.
In fact it is the great
DISINFECTANT AND PURIFIER
PREPARED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & Co.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, SOLE PROPRIETORS.

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 they can be removed and the disease cured by using 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 two years ago my wife became subject to severe attacks of acute rheumatism. Our physician recommended PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.
Charles Pope, all writes from the Sailors' Home, London:
I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violently cramped the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave me my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have retained my strength and am 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 sure, speedy remedy for rheumatism and bruises.
Mr. Burditt writes:
It gives me more 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.
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Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg
oct. 26, '79-ly

PATENTS
GEORGE E. LEMON Att'y at Law,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Send sketch or model for Preliminary Examination and Opinion as to Patentability, for which no charge is made. If patented patentable no charge for services unless successful. Send for pamphlet of instructions.
ESTABLISHED in 1865 d dec. 2-4W

Poetical.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY CONSTANTINA S. BROOKS

O'er the hills night shadows steal;
Scarce a light breeze stirs;
See the Virgin mild
Clasps her new-born Child!
Round the manger shepherds kneel—
Humble worshippers
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
'Tis for man, and not for them,
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.

Thou whose head to earth is lowly
Bowed in woe and shame,
When no help seems nigh
To thy piteous cry,
Think! it was not for the holy
The Redeemer came.
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
For earth's sinful and defiled
Comes to-night the Saviour Child.

He who to the cradle brings
One pure, generous though',
To the infant there
Brings a gift more rare
Than the gold and myrrh the Kings
Of the Orient brought.
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
'Tis for man, and not for them,
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.

—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Ye who have scorned each other
Or injured friend or brother
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken;
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man, and maiden mild,
Come gather here.

And let your hearts grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
Take heart! unclose your faces
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

Select Story.

TEN LITTLE TOES.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

It was the twenty-third of December, a cold mist had been falling, freezing as it fell, the sky was gray, and the short winter afternoon was growing fast into night. Up the straggling village street a little urchin was trudging along, not cheerily and with boyish whistling, but slowly and painfully, stopping every now and then to give a pull to the ragged woolen socks, which were all the covering his little feet possessed. The cobble-stone walk was slippery with the frozen sleet, and often the poor little chilled feet stumbled and hurt themselves cruelly; but their owner was one of those pitiful examples of how even suffering can become expected, and he endured his bruises with a pathetic patience. After the row of cottages on each side of the inn—above the door of which swung the sign of the "Half Moon"—came the church, with its iron gates, open to-day, for busy hands were bringing holly and ivy and laurel, to "make beautiful the home of the Lord," for the "white day" of the year. Beyond the church stretched the grass fields, and then the ivy topped low stone wall of the village garden. Away and beyond that were rolling fields, and then at half a mile distance the great stone pillars and gates of "The Cedars" the residence of Mr Fairbanks, the owner of the great mills in the hollow, where heavy machinery clattered and boomed from morning till night.

As the child passed the church he heard voices, and stopping a minute he looked through the grating, wondering dimly if the "gentle folks ever, ever starved in the cold."

Mrs. Ellsmore, the vicar's wife, was coming out, her hands full of gleaming berries and shining leaves; she was talking pleasantly to the old sexton who was locking up the church.

"Be sure and have a good fire in the vestry to-morrow, for we will be down early," she was saying as they came through the gates; "and, Andrew, take care of your rheumatism; it is a cold night."

"Aye, ma'lame, it do be bitter cold, it's loike snow," and pulling his hair to the lady Andrew shuffled off.

Turning quickly, Mrs. Ellsmore nearly stumbled over the crouching figure of the child who sat down to rest on the stone ledge outside the iron fence. "Well little boy and who are you?" she said, stopping a moment.

"'Oime Bobby," he answered, gazing into her face with the wistful look of some dumb animal.

Mrs. Ellsmore smiled.

"Where do you live?"

"Over there," jerking his head toward the hollow.

"Oh, your father works in the mill?"

"Na, he's turned off; when the maister turned off the hands, father's name was drawed."

A shadow crept into the kind eyes watching him. It was the same old, pitiful story; how often she had heard it that winter. Trade was dull, and just as winter was coming on Mr. Fairbanks had closed a part of his mills and turned off half of his hands. They said when the news was told them a great cry went up from the men; in an instant they saw what would follow—starvation for the wives and little ones. Other mill owners had done the same, but others still had kept on their hands for the winter, only shortening the hours. Mr. Fairbanks was a just master but a hard one, and now many a brawny fist was shaken stealthily after him as his carriage rolled past the cottage windows. Mrs. Ellsmore thought of all this as she looked down into the little pinched face.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked, gently.

"'Oime come fur granny, the baby's crying himself into fits, an' mother doan't know what ails it."

"Where does granny live?"

"Down t' lane. 'Oime getting stiff," and he dragged himself up feebly.

"I should think you would get stiff sitting there, come home with me and get warm, and I'll give you something for the baby, come—" and Mrs. Ellsmore held out her hand. "Have you hurt yourself?" she asked, as the child gave a sort of moan.

"'Oime thinkin' 'oime fast," he said ruefully. "I don't see as I can move on, pointing to his feet. True enough, the poor little bare toes, damp with the misty fallen sleet, had frozen fast to the stone pavement.

Tears sprang to Mrs. Ellsmore's eyes.

"My poor child! what are we to do?"

The child looked wonderingly at her—that this pretty lady, with her white hands and soft warm furs and shining dress, should really cry for him was some thing too extraordinary to be believed.

"I can get 'em off," he said, presently, "but," with a sudden thoughtfulness, "you might turn yer head, mum, it'll be some bloody, 'oime thinkin'."

Seeing he really wished it, Mrs. Ellsmore turned away her head, waiting till the boy's voice—a little unsteady—said, "Now, mum." Then she knelt down quickly to bind up the little thin feet in her handkerchief hastily torn in two.

A dog cart rattled up quickly behind her, stopped, and a pleasant voice said:

"What is the matter, Mrs. Ellsmore, can I help you?"

"See, Mr. Fairbanks, the child's feet have frozen to the stones."

"Oh, shocking!" and Mr. Fairbanks came to her side. "He can't walk in that state. Where does he live?"

"He lives in 'the Hollow'—his father worked in the mills," she said, slowly. "I was going to take him to the vicarage, and send a basket of food home with him, but now—"

Mr. Fairbanks beckoned to his groom:

"Here, James, lift the boy up to the back seat, and hold on to him: don't let him fall. Come Mrs. Ellsmore, let me drive you and your *protege* to the vicarage. You say the boy's father works in my mills?" he asked as the horse trotted off briskly.

"Did work there," said Mrs. Ellsmore. "He was one of those hands turned off this fall. Hunger and cold will keep Christmas in many a home this year," she added sadly. She spoke half to herself but Mr. Fairbanks heard, and frowned slightly.

"Good night, and thank you," said Mrs. Ellsmore, holding out her hand at the door of the vicarage.

"James will take your patient home if you desire; I will send him right back from 'The Cedars.'"

Mrs. Ellsmore shook her head. "No, thank you; I like to see for myself. Mr. Ellsmore will drive me over in the phaeton after. Good night again. Come, Bob," and she drew the boy gently into the warm, lighted hall.

Mr. Fairbanks was very grave and silent all that evening. His wife looked at him wonderingly from her end of the table, as he sent away dish after dish untasted. He seemed not even to hear the merry chatter of his children, who were eagerly discussing a ball to which they had just received invitations. He was fond and proud of his handsome son and his pretty daughters, but to-night their laughter jarred upon him. Across the gleaming silver and glass, he saw the wan, pinched face of a child, the sparkling lights and beautiful hot house flowers faded away, and he stood again under the cold gray sky in the village street, watching Mrs. Ellsmore as she bound up his little frozen feet. He had noticed a spot of blood on each of the ten little toes, he had counted them, he remembered, as he waited, smiling at himself for doing so. Now wherever he went they seemed to follow him.

"Hunger and cold will keep Christmas in many a home," Mrs. Ellsmore had said; and whose work was this? His. For fear of losing a little, a very little of his great wealth, he was taking the bread from these starving children.

With the dessert came little Philip, the youngest, and his father's pet; but that night even his prattle failed to rouse Mr. Fairbanks. He smoothered the boy's curls absently; then the scene changed, and he fancied he saw Philip's little white feet bare upon the stones. He brushed his hands across his eyes, where the slow tears had gathered.

When dinner was over, Mr. Fairbanks shut himself up in his "office," as he called the cosy little room where he read or wrote his letters. He took Philip with him. The flaxen haired child was a strange counsel for the wealthy mill owner to have; but when he had told him, in a few short sentences, all of little Bob's story, so far as he knew it, the tearful blue eyes were raised to his, and the childish voice he loved so well said, softly.

"Papa, dear, you have plenty; give them some, and"—a little lower—"Saturday is Jesus birthday, you know, papa."

Mr. Fairbanks bowed his head, and touched the bright curls with his lips. "A little child shall lead them," he said softly.

Saturday being Christmas Day, the mill hands were to be paid on Friday night; and when the great bell clanged out the hour for closing, they all filed into the foreman's room, where, behind the mass of shining coin, he sat waiting for them.

There was a little movement of surprise when they saw, waiting at a farther table, Mr. Fairbanks and his little son, Philip. The boy was looking with bright, eager eyes, into the faces of the men, leaning his head against his father's shoulder the while.

The foreman said a word or two to each man as he paused before the desk; and instead of passing out as usual, they all ranged themselves along the wall, with looks of doubtful expectancy.

The last man was paid, and there was a little hush. Then the doors at the end of the room slid back, and there, crowded together, gaunt and hungry-eyed, stood their former companions, "the turned off hands."

Mr. Fairbanks rose.

"I have a word to say to you, my men," he began. "You have called me a hard master, because when trade was dull I turned off half of my hands. I had heard threats used, and some hard words said, and I was determined not to take any of you back; but last night, on my way home from the station, I saw a little lad, not bigger than my boy here"—drawing Philip closer to him—"whose little feet, thrust through the torn socks that partly covered them, had frozen fast to the stones by the church gates. A lady was down on her knees binding them up with her handkerchief. No need to tell you who that was, my lads!"

"Na, na! 'Twor Parson's missus," said two or three together.

"Right: it was Mrs. Ellsmore—God bless her! Well, my men; somehow I couldn't get it out of my mind, and everywhere I went those little feet seemed to follow me; and at last those ten little frozen toes walked straight into my heart, and wouldn't let me shut the door again. I have only a few more words to say my men. To-morrow, as you know, is Christmas day; I wish you would all go to church and hear what Mr. Ellsmore has to tell us about it. Then, at one o'clock, in the big room at the mill here, there will be long tables set, with plenty of roast beef and plum pudding for you and your wives and bairns, and if any of you have fathers and mothers, bring them with you, too. Now, lads, pass around here; my boy has chosen his Christmas present, and that is a crown piece to each of you; but don't spend it at the 'public.' You, too," and Mr. Fairbanks mentioned to the men in the outer room. "But first Mr. Simpson," turning to the foreman, who was mending his quill unconcernedly—"make your announcement please."

"Mr. Simpson said, "I have only this to say: Mr. Fairbanks has ordered all the mills to be opened on Monday next, and as many of the old hands as wish to come back will be taken on full time."

Little Philip, lifting his blue eyes shyly to the bearded faces bent above him gave a whispered "Merry Christmas!" with each silver coin, and many an answering voice was husky, and many a hard, rough hand gave the little white fingers a lingering, kindly pressure.

The courtyard was full of eager knots of men as Mr. Fairbanks came out, with little Philip clinging to his hand.

"This means bread for the little 'uns!" said one, holding up Philip's gift.

"There's neither bite nor sup at whoam," said another.

"Aye, lads, but this is sure good news for Christmas," said a third.

As Mr. Fairbanks put his foot upon the carriage step, a voice in the crowd cried out, "A merry Christmas, an' God bless 'im, he's a rare good 'un after a'."

Mr. Fairbanks turned instantly—"And a merry Christmas to you all, my men. Please all well work and do our best together."

Such a cheer went up as the carriage rolled through the gates! Mr. Fairbanks drew Philip closer to his heart. The ten little toes had ceased to haunt him now. The were clad in bright, warm clothing of Philip's own, and little Bob's father was carrying home good news to night.

A happy evening was spent at "The Cedars," but by-and-by the house grew still. Twelve o'clock and Mr. Fairbanks left the letter he was writing, to go and open the window. How joyfully rang out the blessed Christmas bells! In the distance were heard the voices of the "Waits"—Christ was born in Bethlehem."

The ground was white with newly fallen snow, a few flakes fell on his forehead like a benediction.

Nearer and nearer came the chanting voices, "Peace on earth to men of good will."

He closed the window softly. "Thank God for Christmas day," he said.

A Judge's Charge with Variations.

The following comes from Georgia, and its accuracy is vouched for by the stenographer who took it down:

Judge —— was noted for the way he got mixed in his charges to the jury. On one occasion a case was tried before him the points of which may be briefly stated thus: Smith brought suit against Jones upon a promissory note given for a horse. Jones' defense was failure of consideration, he averring that at the time of the purchase the horse had the glanders, of which he died, and that Smith knew it. Smith replied that the horse did not have the glanders, but had the distemper, and that Jones knew it when he bought.

The judge charged the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the charge of the court. You have already made one mis trial of this case because you did not pay attention to the charge of the Court, and I don't want you to do it again. I intend to make it so clear to you this time that you cannot possibly make any mistake. This suit is upon a note given for a promissory horse. I hope you understand that. Now, if you find that at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones knew it, Jones can not recover. That is clear, gentlemen. I will state it again. If you find that at the time of the sale Jones had the distemper, and Smith knew it then Smith cannot possibly recover. But, gentlemen, I will state it a third time, so that you cannot possibly make a mistake. If at the time of the sale Smith had the glanders, and Jones had the distemper and the horse knew it, then neither Smith, Jones nor the horse can recover. Let the record be given to the jury."—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for January.*

A sensational drama has recently been performed in the chief theatre of Moscow, the crowning situation of the piece being a combat in a rocky pass between a lion and an Arab chief. The lion scrambles up a steep ascent and is about to spring from its summit upon his foe, when the man brings him down with a well aimed shot. The part of the lion had been sustained most successfully by a trained gymnast named Alexevitch until about a fortnight ago when the artist suddenly became ill, and the management was compelled to trust his role to an active super, who undertook it at a few hours' notice. When the time arrived for his debut, he bounded on the stage with admirable vigor, and scuttled up the cliff in irreproachable style. But when the Arab chief discharged his musket, the lion utterly thrown off his guard by the report, stood erect on his hind paws, crossed himself devoutly, and exclaiming, "Heaven help us!" hurriedly descended the cliff tail foremost, amid the jubilant shouts of the audience.

BUYS THEM BY THE GROSS.
Steubenville, Ohio, May 25, 1881.
Please send me at once a gross of your most excellent medicinal tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used them in my practice for indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, heartburn, nausea, vertigo, etc., and have met with great success, in effecting cures. I find they give perfect tone and real strength to every part of the body, and in case of kidney diseases and consumption they quickly stop all decay. R. B. Alexander, M. D. and Druggist.

A Frisky Goat.

A tall, thin man, with a red nose, gray side whiskers, and a melancholy expression drifted into the office of the *Post*, San Francisco, and asked, in a subdued voice, if there was an unemployed reporter on the staff just then.

"Because," said the stranger, "a very peculiar thing happened up our way—I live at Hayes Valley—this morning, and which perhaps you might work up into a sort of item, somehow."

"What sort of a thing?" said the managing editor, winking to the fighting editor to get his club ready in case the sad man pulled out a club or any other dangerous contrivance.

"Well, in the first place," said the stranger, abstractedly, "do you happen to know the effect of beer on animals?"

"Can't say I do."

"It's exactly the reverse of what it is on me. Instead of soothing 'em it excites their nervous organization to the highest pitch. Actually makes them insane."

"Does, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and this morning, as it was sultry, I sent my youngest boy for a gallon of beer. He stopped on the way and put the can down to play marbles. McGinty's old black billy-goat came along and drank up the beer—every drop of it."

"Great Cæsar!" said the court reporter, smacking his lips, regretfully.

"He drank every drop of it, and nearly choked to death on the can. He stood blinking around a little for a awhile; then he started for a street car, with all colors set. He hit the horse square amidships and he foundered at once."

"Wrecked, I suppose?" said the editor.

"Precisely. The goat then glanced off, killed the driver and telescoped the car. I was sitting by the window all the time, and my attention was attracted by Governor Perkins going down the street hell bent on the election."

"Governor Perkins?"

"That's the goat's name you see. McGinty is a strong Republican. There were four men getting a piano out of a wagon across the street when the Governor went though 'em like a pile driver behind time. The Steinway was sent to the manufactory and the men went to the hospital. Terrible, wasn't it?"

"Is this ghost story in one act?" asked the militia special, getting out his Springfield?

"In one scene and nine tableaux," said the stranger solemnly. "On the next block the Governor came across a Dutch picnic, headed by a brass band. The Teutons were tooting 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' and the way that goat stood on his hind legs and waltzed around the pavement to the music was just too funny for anything. I may say that it was actually amusing. It slipped upon a banana peel once, and fell against a cigar sign."

"Never mind the scenery," said the editor, motioning the devil to call in six of the healthiest compositors.

"Well pretty soon the band changed off into 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.'"

"Did the goat come?"

"You just bet he did. He didn't fancy the new tune somehow, and the first thing the drum major knew Perky—we call the goat Perky for short—Perky took him in the stomach, broke him clean in two, went through the rest of the band, including the big drum, and so on clear down to the end of the picnic, which was four squares long. I think there were ninety-two killed and eight hundred and six wounded. Pretty good, when you consider the entire driving power was only one gallon of cheap beer; now, wasn't it? Now, it occurred to—"

"Just one minute," said the editor, signalling the staff to spit on their hands and limber up for action. "Allow me to explain what occurred to you. You concluded to catch the goat when he got sober and bring him down here for our benefit. You have him now tied to a fire plug around the corner, and if we will only chip in about four bits of beer, you will get the animal started and we can watch the fun."

"Exactly," said the stranger, warmly; "that's precisely my idea. I will now take up a col—"

That afternoon such of the customers of the *Post* as toiled up into the editorial room wondered at the number of fresh blood stains on the stairs.

A Battle Between Birds.

A gentleman from Stone county who has just reached the city, gave the particulars of a remarkable incident which he witnessed while crossing White river on the ferry just above the mouth of Sycamore creek. When nearly half way across the stream an enormous eagle swooped down on a flock of geese, which were swimming in the river some eighty rods below the boat. The fowls, upon observing the eagle approaching, instinctively dived under the water just as the bird struck the wave. Baffled in the first assault the eagle flew slowly upward, and when the geese came to the surface darted downward again and burying its talons in one of them attempted to bear it away. The goose struggled violently, while its companions swam around it uttering shrill cries, and the persons on the ferry boat watched the scene with keen interest. Once the eagle lifted its prey clear out of the water and seemed on the point of conveying it to the mountain cliff that rose grandly in the air on the other side of the stream, but the struggles of the goose forced the captor downward. When the water was again reached the goose made a supreme effort and plunged below the surface dragging the eagle after it and causing the latter to loosen its hold and rise upward with a fierce scream.

The eagle next attacked another goose but with the same result, being compelled to relinquish its hold when its intended victim plunged beneath the waves. This strange contest lasted fully thirty minutes, at the end of which time the eagle gave up the fight, and rising, soared away to the mountain westward, while the flock of geese swam farther down the stream. None of the flock were killed, but the water in the vicinity was dyed with blood, and the surface of the stream was covered with feathers for a considerable distance.—*Little Rock Letter in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Mary Jane wants a receipt for preserving the hair. Certainly. Use white sugar "pound to pound," add enough water to make a heavy sirup, add the h