The Columbian.

[COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.,

AT TWO DOLLARS per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are 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 short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO. 10
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO. 31

Advertising Rates.

	1W	2W	3W	6W	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	13 00
Three inches	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	23 00
Quarter column	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

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

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. S. WAGLER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG PA.

N. U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ent'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.

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 BUCKALEW'S OFFICE, near the Court House. Sept. 16, '81, 6-m.

GEO. E. ELWELL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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 Bounties 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, first door to the left.
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.

JOHN C. YOCUM,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office with Hon. C. R. Buckalew.
Member of the American Attorneys' Association.
Collections made in any part of America.
Jan. 5, 1882.

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

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

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

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 corner of Rock and Market st,

J. K. 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,
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

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 WINTER 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.

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

PAINTING
AND
Paper Hanging.
WM. F. BODINE,
RON ST., BELOW SECOND, BLOOMSBURG, Pa is prepared to do all kinds of
HOUSE PAINTING
Plain and Ornamental
PAPER HANGING,
BOTH DECORATIVE AND PLAIN.
All kinds of Furniture Repaired, and made as good as new
NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN EMPLOYED
Estimates Made on all Work.
WM. F. BODINE.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL
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 18, '80.

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

	Assets.
Aetna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,078,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,560,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,109,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,873,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,092,583

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

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. 5, Bloomsburg
oct. 24, '79-1y

B. F. SHARPLESS,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST.
MAIN & ST. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Manufacturer of Plows, Stoves and all kinds of Castings. Large stock of Tinware, Cook Stoves, Room Stoves, Stoves for heating stores, school houses, churches, &c. Also, large Stock of repairs for city stoves of all kinds, wholesale and retail, such as Fire Brick, Grates, Lids, Centres, &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Spiders, Cake Plates, Large Iron Kettles, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes, all kinds of Plow Points, Mould Boards, Bolts, Plaster, Salt,
——BONE MANURE, &c.——
feb 3 1-8

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.

Diphtheria.
A cold or sore throat may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by consumption or diphtheria. No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so quickly and surely in such cases as PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for forty years, and is most valued where it is best known.
A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:
PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.
For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON SKINNER.
Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. B. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.
I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I fear would for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FOURCE, Lowndes, Ga.
Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.
I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.
For whooping cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. HOUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.
For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.
I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow my food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.
DR. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.
MRS. DELLA M. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, with fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.
For Chills and Fever PAIN KILLER has a record. It cures when everything else fails. Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.
All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
PHILADELPHIA
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES,
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &c., &c
N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.

THE PANTAGRAPH BINDER.
FOR SALE ONLY AT
"THE COLUMBIAN" OFFICE.
CALL AND SEE.

Poetical

THE DYING CHILD.

Mother, I am tired; I long to sleep so!
Let thy bosom be my sleeping place:
Only promise me thou wilt not weep so—
For thy tears fall burning on my face.
Here 'tis cold, and there the clouds are fleeting;
But in dreamland there are sunny skies:
And the angel-children gives me greeting,
Soon as I have closed my wearied eyes.

Dost thou see that angel coming, mother?
Dost thou hear the music of his wings?
White they are; they shine on one another;
Beautiful from God the light he brings!

Rosy wings are coming, too, from heaven!
Angel children wave them as they fly—
Mother, shall I live till mine are given?
Or, before I get them, must I die?

Mother, wherefore dost thou look so earnest?
Wherefore dost thou press thy cheek to mine?
Wet it feels, and yet like fire thou burnest:
Surely, mother, I shall still be thine!
Thou has promised me thou wouldst not weep so:
If thou sobbest, I shall sob with thee!
Oh, I am so tired: I long to sleep so!
Mother, look! the angel kisses me.

Hans Christian Andersen, translated by H. Ward.

A NARROW SQUEAK FOR NIAGARA.

[Mr. Oscar Wilde was at first disappointed with Niagara. He complained of its want of grandeur and variety of line, but he admitted that the colors of the Falls were beautiful. Underneath the Falls he realized their majesty and the strength of the physical forces at work.—Morning paper.]

Falls of Niagara! What shall I say to you?
What sort of view of your merits convey to you?
You who have so many visitors awed
(Mostly inferior persons, no doubt of it),
Shall I pronounce you successful or "out of it?"
Are you consummate or are you a fraud?

Much as I fear that my hosts will be hurt if I
Cannot consent to your merits to certify,
Truth, which is quite too supremely divine,
May not be blinked without blameful impiety:
Where, then, Niagara, where's your variety?
Where, my poor Falls, is your grandeur of line?

Must I decide that you scarcely have got any?
Must I remark on your painful monotony?
Must I—since thus you continue to thrust
Water in floods on one's senses incessantly—
Animadvert on this feature unpleasantly?
Worthy cascade, I'm afraid that I must.

Tell me, too, pray, is that curve satisfactory?
Are not those boulders perceptibly packed awry?
Is not the water a trifle too flat?
Look to the left of it, look to the right of it,
Look at the breadth as compared with the height of it:
Is there no room for improvement in that?

Still you have points which may serve you redeemingly—
Points which have won you your worshippers seemingly,
Since even I can allow their delight;
What though your curves may be moulded less gracefully,
Yet is your color distinctly too preciously
Toned into harmonies utterly right.

Ay, and in sooth at your stream when I look again
(More when I enter that galleried nook again),
Something of majesty now do I note,
Nor can I question the force that is dashing you
Over the precipice, not to say splashing you
Over my wonderful fur-collared coat.

Yes, after all you may win the æsthetical
Judgment by—ha! the afflatus poetical!
Quick! the inn album at once if you please!
"Hark to that roar, as of mighty Democracy
Beating the shore of effete Aristocracy,
Where the vain monarchs do snoozing at ease."

Courage, Americans! closed is the ordeal,
Judged is the cause, and with sympathy cordial
Here I announce my decision to you.
Justly yet kindly can I in this matter act,
Lo! I appove of you, fortunate cataract.
Falls of Niagara! pass! you will do.

From the St. James' Gazette.

Select Story.

GODFATHER DEATH.

HOW JEAN PHILLIPPE FOUND ONE STRICTLY HONEST PERSON.

FROM THE FRENCH BY CHARLES DELIN.

I

Once upon a time there dwelt a stout and jovial farmer by the name of Philippe, at the hamlet of Quesne Raoult, about four bowshots from Conde sur l'Escaut. He had a wife and twelve sons, solid, chunky lads all of them, and he himself, though his hair was grizzling, was straight as a poplar.

In the year of grace no matter what, his wife presented him with a thirteenth boy as a New Year's gift, a boy that did not give any sign of resembling his robust brothers.

"You are as thin as a cat in May, poor little fellow," said his father, "and, besides, you have drawn an unlucky number in the lottery of life; but there is one way to conjure evil fortune away from you, and that is to give you a just and honest man for godfather. That will be easy enough to do."

But when he sat down and began to run over the list of his friends and neighbors he found that the task was not such an easy one after all. One man had tried to swindle him out of four feet of land; another had killed his hens; a third had cheated him at cards one Sunday as they were playing at the tavern after vespers. So he rejected all the dwellers in the hamlet, and then all his acquaintances at Conde and the notables thereof; yea, even the justice of the peace and the priest, the former because he had decided against Jean Philippe in a case about a fence, and the latter because at a catechism he gave the first place in the class to the burgomaster's son, who saving your presence, was not only not so bright as Jean Philippe's own boy, but was indeed an ass.

II.

"It is not so easy a task as I thought," said the farmer, with a sigh, and, taking counsel with his wife, he resolved that, as there seemed to be no honest men in that part of the country, he should take his staff and go in search of one. So he set forth on his pilgrimage, and presently—of course it was at midnight, and as he was passing through a lonely wood—he met a man who, by the pale light of the stars, seemed to him as tall and as thin as a hop-pole, and who was carrying a scythe as long as himself.

"Whoever you may be, good man," said the farmer, hailing this strange figure, "lend me a pipeful of tobacco. My pouch is empty."

Without a word the mower drew forth a tobacco pouch to the farmer, who, while filling his pipe had an opportunity of examining the stranger's appearance. He was a strange looking man, indeed, if he was a man at all; his head was bald and shining; his eyes were small and sunken; his nose was flat, and his mouth immoderately large, showed a few grinning teeth. His cheeks were hollow and his skin was like parchment, and when he moved, his joints crackled like a swinning sign.

"Thank you, friend!" said Jean Philippe, returning the pouch. "The mowing business does not seem to be a very paying one, to judge from your looks—you are leaner than a tithe hen. Take care of yourself, you had better, if you want to make old bones."

"Don't worry yourself, friend; my old bones will see your's under the ground."

And the old man's little eyes sparkled like a sprinkle of salt cast in to the fire.

III

"What are you doing out of doors at this time of night?" he continued, questioning the farmer.

"Well, you see, my wife has just been brought to bed of a thirteenth boy, and, as the little thing is only skin and bone, I have wished to see if I couldn't better his luck by giving him a just man for his godfather. Now, I have been three days and three nights on the search and"—

"And haven't found one?"

"And haven't found one. I didn't think righteous folks were so scarce."

"Suppose you take me?" said the mower, with a grin intended for a smile.

"You? Are you an honest man? Well, yes, you look lean and poor, and so perhaps you are. But what is your name?"

"Death!"

"Death? The deuce! And so that is the scythe that you"——

"Precisely? That is the scythe that I"——

"Hum! After all," said the farmer, reflectively! "I don't see that I could do any better. Death is just. His scythe cuts down impartially the rich and the poor, the great and the humble. Shake hands on it, god-papa, and I'll answer that the christening shall be worthy of the sponsor."

Very good! When is it to be?"

"On Sunday next, at Quesne Raoult. Inquire of Jean Philippe, the farmer: any one will show you the house."

"A bargain. Good-night, friend."

"Good-night, Death!"

IV.

Jean Philippe went home with a light heart. "Wife," said he, "I've secured a famous godfather, and if he only takes an interest in the child, it won't die teething." But as women, particularly when ill, are all to be easily alarmed and upset, he did not enter into any further explanations.

When Sunday came round, Jean Philippe donned his bottle-green velvet breeches, his silver-buckled shoes and his camlet waistcoat, to do due honor to the distinguished godfather. His wife and the twelve boys, and the godmother as well, were arrayed in their Sunday best. In due course the godfather arrived wearing a long coat that flapped about him like the sail round the mast of a wrecked ship He was universally voted lean and elderly, but it was admitted that he had a distinguished air.

After the christening, which took place at Conde—the little stone church at Macou had not then been built—and at which Gran'ther Jacob played "King Dagobert" on the chimes, the party returned to the farm, where a notable feast was served. The farmer had killed his fattest pig to do honor to the occasion

It was a pleasure to see Death eat. To his own plate he disposed of as much as all the other guests—fifteen in all, and all Flemings, and Jean Philippe could not help envying him his appetite

When at ten o'clock the curfew was sounded at Conde the stirrup cup was drained, and the godfather, having smiled benevolently upon his godchild and embraced his gossip, bade the family good evening.

Jean Philippe insisted on seeing him home, at least part of the way and they set out, arm in arm, singing.

From time to time they stopped to say their prayers; as the saying of the country is—that is, to toss off a pint or light a pipe at any house where there happened to be a light visible. I may add that the whole country was twinkled with chapel lights as the sky with stars, for, you see, it was Twelfth Night, and everybody was celebrating the Feast of the Beau—even the policemen—so they met no one on the roads.

V.

"Say, friend," remarked the farmer, as they walked along; "though you have a famous appetite I no longer wonder that you have so little fat on your ribs. You must have a busy time of it. How much—that is to say, how many do you mow a day, eh?"

"Oh, bout sixty thousand a day, I should say, on an average; sometimes more, sometimes less."

"Sixty thousand a day? Dear, dear! And how many did you mow down today, if it's a fair question?"

"Not a single one."

"Not a single one! Dear, dear! Why, there are 60,000 Christian folks that ought to be under obligations to me."

"Well, not exactly. You see, I take a holiday now and then, and this happened to be one of my lazy days; else I couldn't have accepted your kind invitation."

"But how do you tell whom to cut down and whom to leave, because I don't suppose you do it at random?"

"Of course I don't, but if you will come home with me I will show you with pleasure. Oh, no; it isn't far—a mere bowshot from here."

Jean Philippe looked about him. They were on the verge of the forest of Brudour. From chapel to chapel, as the saying is, they had been walking a good six hours, without his noticing it.

The residence of Death was a mean and poorly furnished hut, its sole ornament the big scythe, which, in the rays of the sun, shone as if made of silver.

"For a master-workman, such as you are," quoth the farmer, "I must say that you are poorly lodged."

"Oh, that makes no difference. The pot isn't the beer, you know. And, besides, I am not married. But come down stairs till I show you."

VI.

He took his scythe and whetstone and lifted a trap door in the flooring. Jean Philippe followed him into the aperture, and they went down a dark and winding stair, went down, went down, went down, till the farmer thought they must be coming to the very centre of the earth. At last they reached a big iron door. Death opened it with a key that he took from his belt, and Jean Philippe started back as it swung open.

"In the name of God, what is this?" he stammered, blinded by the glow of light which burst from the aperture.

Before him were endless vistas of galleries where shone millions of lighted lamps. There were lamps of gold and silver, of copper and of brass, of iron and of tin; lamps of every metal from the most precious to the basest; lamps swinging from the roof, hung against the walls, ranged in rows on steps of porphyry. And yet, curiously enough, Jean Philippe could distinguish the shining of each individual lamp.

"These," said Death, "are the lamps of all the mortals upon earth. When one of them goes out it means that some one up above us is to be cut down."

"Curious—very. And the golden lamps?"

"The golden lamps are kings and princes; the silver one are dukes; the brazen ones are counts, and so on down to the small tin lamps, which are common people. All are labelled, you see."

The farmer wandered up and down the gallery for some time in ecstacy. He noticed that the lamps of many noble and powerful lords, which might have been thought full of oil were running low, and that many of the brightest lights were in the meanest sockets. When he had enjoyed the spectacle long enough he said to Death:

"Say, god-papa, where are the lamps of Quesne Raoult, if you have no objection to my seeing them?"

"None whatever. In the first gallery, third section, on the left hand side.

VII

While the farmer proceeded on his tour of inspection, Death sat down and began putting an edge on his scythe against the day's work From time to time exclamations of surprise or merriment came from the gallery, across the sound of the stone passing over the edge. Presently Jean Philippe reappeared, looking decidedly astonished.

"I say, death," he cried excitedly, "I've come to tell you that my lamp is almost out of oil."

"That is likely enough," replied Death, running his thumb along the blade.

"The deuce you say! Then it is pretty near my time?"

Death nodded.

"I say, perhaps you are sharpening that scythe to—to"—

"Precisely!" and Death gave a scientific whet to one part of the edge that seemed a trifle dull.

"Why, bless me, this is very unexpected!" said the farmer; then, siding up to the mower he went on, mysteriously: "I say, old man, you see I consider you as one of the family; is there no way I could smuggle a little oil into that lamp?"

"Smuggle a little oil into that lamp? Why, what do you take me for?"

"We're all alone, you see, and Providence'll never suspect anything irregular."

"It's against the rules You had better fall to your prayers, friend!"

"All I care for is to hold over till Lent, so that you and I can have a little Mardi-grass festival. I tell you, sir, we'll have such a time as you never saw; pancakes till you can't rest, and beer—it'll be my treat all the time."

"No, nonsense, friend. This scythe is about ready."

"Merely a drop or two. You can take some from that big pot bellied lamp of the parish priest at Conde—it's so full that it's fairly choking up the wick. Besides, it'll only let the good man enter on his reward so much the sooner, don't you see?"

"Impossible, friend, impossible. Last week when you were in search of a godfather you couldn't find one rigidly honest man among all your acquaintances; luckily you stumbled upon me. What's the consequence? As soon as you have found a just person you try to buy him up with a miserable pot of beer. You're a queer Christian, you are!"

Jean Philippe was about to make some reply when he heard a faint crackle and a sort of sigh in the first gallery, third section, on the left hand side.

His lamp had gone out!

IN MY ENEMY'S HOUSE.

Traveling once near Moscow I chanced to meet N. Petrovitch, an old college chum. After some merry talk over our scrapes and adventures of former days he entreated me to accompany him to the house of his friend, Baron Staloff, at a place about ten miles distant, adding, by way of persuasion: "Staloff is a fine, open-hearted, generous, hospitable fellow, just such a man as you would like to meet; he told me to bring with me as many friends as possible. Come, we will be there about a week. I can promise you a very agreeable visit."

Although a stranger to the baron, as I then thought, I yielded to my friend's request, and we took the afternoon train, arriving at Staloff late in the day. The baroness received us graciously, regretting that the baron was unavoidably absent until dinner.

Punctually at seven o'clock my friend and I entered the magnificent dining room. There was just time for a hasty introduction to the host before we took our seats. We were about twenty at table.

"What is the matter with you," whispered Petrovitch, "you look so frightened; have you seen a ghost?"

"Frightened! I may well look so indeed! I am frightened. Your fine, generous, open hearted baron is my deadly enemy, than whom I would rather encounter a thousand ghosts. I will tell you all about it after dinner."

After an uncomfortable dinner I succeeded in finding an opportunity to speak to Petrovitch in private.

"That man and I were once friends," said I, "but the old story, we both admired the same girl That made the first breach between us. He proposed to settle the matter with the sword. I easily disarmed him. She jilted both of us for it and married Pavlovski, of the dragoons. Two years later the same thing happened. We fought again. I wounded him severely, and he swore fearful vengeance upon me. But she married him, and is his present wife. * * * But how has he become Baron Staloff? When I knew him he was merely Gregorei Altoff."

"His uncle left him this property last year with his name. He wisely took both."

"If I had only known it! The man hates me and sees me present myself at his dinner table. How soon can I get away?"

"Not to-night, I am sure. If you fear any treachery come spend the night in my room. But really, the common rules of hospitality * * *"

"Oh, I don't believe in hospitality when it comes to a man of his nature. He has heard Macbeth, and may imitate him—not for ambition, but to satisfy his cherished revenge."

"Well, I will speak to the servant and have your bags removed to my room before bedtime."

"Thanks, old fellow."

The evening passed pleasantly by means of music and cards. The baroness was charming, the baron did not appear. Late in the evening my friend left on receiving a message from the baron to join him. Half an hour later a lackey made a sign to me from the door. I turned to him.

"I am come sir, to hand you this key."

"I am to spend the night in my friend's room?"

"Yes, sir, but a larger room has been prepared for you two gentlemen when ever you are ready. Sir, I am at your service to show you the way to it."

"I am ready now; go on, I will follow." I followed him as lamp in hand he went up a long winding staircase and along a narrow corridor until we reached what seemed to be a sort of tower. Here in a broad space, where were several doors, he stopped. "I suppose this part of the house is not occupied."

"Oh, yes, sir, it is all occupied. Your room is one of the best. This is it."

He opened the door of a large bare apartment. On one side near a large old fashioned bed I saw my traveling bag. "Your friend is here, sir, probably," and he left me.

With the key in one hand and the lamp in the other, I advanced to the fireplace. There was no fire, but one single candle stood on the mantle. This I lighted, but the darkness and gloom seemed impenetrable. "Petrovitch is not here," thought I, as I threw myself into an immense arm chair to wait for him. "What can delay him."

I sat there until midnight. Still he did not come. Rousing myself, then, I thought I heard the rattling of a chain. "The fellow is somewhere here. Who else could make a noise?" Then I distinctly heard a regular breathing. "He must have fallen asleep somewhere. I will look for him." So, lamp in hand, I proceeded to explore the room. I reached further away than I had thought. * * * I heard the chain again. * * * What was my horror to behold, stretched at full length, fast asleep, beside his open cage, a splendid tiger. The chain attached to his collar hung loosely to the ground; he was free!

I rushed to the door. It was locked on the outside! to the windows, they were enormously high from the ground: there was no escape for me. There was the treachery I feared. This must be the trap of the generous, hospitable baron! To call or make a noise might be useless, and would certainly arouse the animal. I had no pistols with me. I carefully and without any noise piled the chairs in one corner to serve as an ambush, reserving a stout little one as a weapon of defense. Then I sat down, keeping my eyes on him. He lay cat-like, opening occasionally his drowsy eyes, sometimes giving his enormous head a shake. By degrees his sleepiness seemed to pass away, and with a frightful yawn he reised himself up and advanced towards me.

He paused for a moment and, raising his head, he snuffed the air as if suspicious of the presence of an intruder. With a growl he continued to advance cautiously, as if on his guard against a foe whose strength he was ignorant of. A few steps discovered me to him, and with a growl of rage, he crouched as if for the fatal spring While I waited in terror the fearful fate, which would be on me in a few seconds, I could not help admiring the excessive beauty of the animal, whose splendid stripes of black on his brown orange skin and glaring eyeballs, as he lashed his sides with his tail, made him a perfect study. The quivering movement of his body told me that in a moment I would be torn to pieces without a chance of defense or escape. I closed my eyes for a second, and as I opened them he suddenly raised himself and stood with his head turned towards the door. Was any one coming to save me? I listened in vain for a footstep. Suddenly the soft music of a guitar broke upon the stillness. My first impression was that it meant another trick of the witty baron, but to my intense relief the tiger with a purr of satisfaction laid himself down against the door in an attitude of attentive and delighted listening. Hour after hour passed away as the music continued without a moment's cessation and his highness the tiger remained subdued and quiet in his evident enjoyment of the sounds. This lasted until daylight, when the door was suddenly opened and a man entered armed with a heavy whip and a carbine. This was the tiger's keeper. At sight of him it crept lazily into its cage.

The man's surprise at seeing me was very great. "The secret of this door," said he, "is known to the baron and myself alone."

I lost no time in escaping from my prison and soon reached the other part of the house. I found Petrovitch wandering about in search of me. I told him what had happened. "I must leave this house at once," said I.

"Stay to breakfast. Let the baron see that you are alive and well, I shall so enjoy his surprise."

I did stay to breakfast. The baron's yellow face turned green at the sight of me. The baroness did not appear. After a month I heard of the baron's sudden death. I called on the baroness. She had known of the horrible design on my life. It was by her influence that the servant, who had confided his suspicions to her, was induced to spend the night playing on the guitar, she having known that wild animals are tamed with musical sounds. She is now my wife. The tiger has been placed in the menagerie. I hope they will be as good to him as he was to me, and will feed him well, as I escaped doing!

Why President Arthur Attends the Shabbiest Church in Washington.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, writing from that city, says:

It has been a matter of some surprise that out of the multitude of Episcopal churches with which Washington is blessed, the President should have chosen the oldest and shabbiest of them all as his regular place of worship. Every Sunday morning he may be seen, on foot and unattended, like the humblest citizen, crossing the ever green Lafayette Square with its bronze General in the middle, that lies between the Executive Mansion and St. John's, wherein he quietly takes his place in the old pew that Madison occupied nearly seventy years ago. Several of the earlier Presidents since Madison's time attended this moss-grown sanctuary, but it fell behind the times a quarter of a century ago and has long been neglected by modern greatness. For President Arthur, St. John's has more associations than those merely historic, and, like Longfellow's Blacksmith, he hears above the music of the choir a dearer voice "singing in Paradise." Long ago the lady, who would now, if she had lived, be the first in the land—Miss Ella Herndon—was a volunteer member of St. John's choir; and it is said that her sweet soprano voice, of remarkable compass and clearness, filling the mouldy old place with melody, first att