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.

G. E. ELWELL, / C. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO. 19
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL XLVI, NO 10

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1w	2w	3w	3m	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 50	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

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

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.

L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the right. Corner of Main and Market streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Knt's Building. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. R. & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on Main Street, 1st 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.

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.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room NO 2, second floor.
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.

JOHN C. YOCUM,
Attorney-at-Law,
CATAWISSA, PA.
Office in building formerly occupied by H. J. Reeder.
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.

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

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN, Notary Public
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Pensions and Bounties Collected.

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.

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

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

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, Brockway's Building 1st floor, Bloomsburg, Penn'a. may 7, '80-t f

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market street.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, (Office and Residence on Third street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, 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

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

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 1, 1879.

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

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.

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

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING,
STOVES AND TINWARE.
—:o:—
E. B. BROWER
Has purchased the Stock and Business of I. Hagenbuch, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Plumbing and Gas Fitting a specialty. Tinware, Stoves,
RANGES AND HEATERS,
in 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 3rd floor Columbian Building, Main street
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.

W. H. CARTER.
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.
DRAWINGS
AND
SPECIFICATIONS FOR BUILDINGS,
FURNISHED.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
feb 3d '82-6m

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

B. F. SHARPLESS,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST.
NEAR L. & B. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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, Lid-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-f

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

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,073,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,799,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,275,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,087,385

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81-1L

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 TRIED 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.

BROWER'S
NEW CARPET STORE
—:o:—
—LARGE STOCK OF—
BODY BRUSSEL,
TAPESTRY BRUSSEL,
EXTRA SUPER INGRAIN,
SUPER INGRAIN,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
TABLE OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS, OIL CLOTH RUGS,
MOQUET AND TAPESTRY RUGS,
——WINDOW SHADES, &c.——
March 10 82-1y

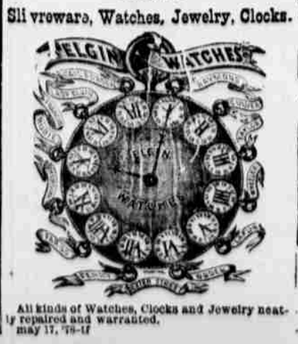
Blank Books.
J. W. RAEDER,
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,
PAPER RULER
—AND—
GENERAL BOOK BINDER.
BLANK BOOKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO ORDER.
PERIODICALS BOUND IN ANY DESIRABLE STYLE
J. W. RAEDER,
110 & 112 W. MARKET STREET,
WILKES-BARRE, Pa.

A FARM
AT
Private Sale!
The farm owned by the estate of George Tovey, deceased, located in Hemlock township, will be sold at private sale. The farm contains
One Hundred and Seven Acres,
is pleasantly situated and the buildings are in good condition. A good well of water at the door. For further information apply to
AARON TOVEY,
mar 24 Bloomsburg.

C. C. GALIGNAN
DEALER IN
STOVES,
HEATERS,
and RANGES.
FIRE PLACE HEATERS;
LOW DOWN GRATES,
CELLAR FURNACES, &c.
A Full Stock Always Kept on Hand.

TIN, and SHEET IRON WORK
I defy competition in this line, as far as good work is concerned. No matter how difficult the job is bring it to me, and I will do it or ask no pay.
PLUMBING.
Parties wanting work done in this branch, will do well to call and see me before going elsewhere. I do not hire any but first class plumbers to do my work.
STEAM FITTING.
I am now ready to make estimates and take contracts for heating private houses and public buildings by steam or hot water.
GAS FIXTURES.
There is always a full line of this class of goods to be found in my store. Any that I have not on hand I can furnish at shortest notice, as low as city prices.
ROOFING.
I am always ready to do a good job of roofing at a fair price.
Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

OPERA HOUSE,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. E. SAVAGE,
DEALER IN
Silverware, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks.


All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted.
may 17, '78-tf

Cuticura
THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER
Resolvent
I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his whole body presented a frightful appearance. He had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.
Reported by
F. H. BRAWN, Esq., Barnwell S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.
Rev. Dr.——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The person that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

ECZEMA.
Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Eczema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.
LEN. M. FRAILEY, 64 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.
The Cuticura treatment, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures. Price of CUTICURA, Small Box, 50c.; Large Boxes, $1.00. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c.
Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.
Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.
Choking, putrid mucous is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.
Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.
One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS
LIGHTNING
is not quicker than COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.
After forty years of trial, Perry Davis' Pain Killer stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!
From the (Ill.) News, says: [illegible] relieves pains, sores, etc., [illegible] family we know of. [illegible] without a bottle of it.
From the Dispatch: [illegible] magic effects, and [illegible]
From J. S. [illegible], Consul at Crefeld, [illegible] of us, I am satisfied it [illegible] at as a healing remedy [illegible] and sprains.
W. W. [illegible], Augusta, Ga., says: It is the best for all bruises and burns.
From R. [illegible] Adams, Saco, Me.: It gave me immediate relief.
Lewis says: In fact [illegible] it never has failed me.
T. Lum Nicholville, N. Y., says: I use your PAIN KILLER frequently. It relieves pain in the worst form and heals wounds like magic.
J. W. Dee says: For sore throat and burns it has no equal.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest are its best friends.
Its success is unparalleled. Its merit. Since the Pain Killer was first introduced, hundreds of new medicines have come and gone, while to-day this medicine is more extensively used and more highly valued than ever before. Every family should have a bottle ready for use. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills may often be saved by prompt application of the Pain Killer. Unlike most medicines, it is perfectly safe even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

WIARD'S PATENT
NEW 1880 SERIES
Malleable Iron and Wood Beam Chilled
PLOWS
are offered to the Farmers of the country for the coming season with many valuable improvements.
THE WIARD is the strongest and most durable Plow in the market.
THE WIARD is the best for general purpose work, in both sod and stubble.
THE WIARD has the simplest and most complete adjustment for using two or three horses abreast.
THE WIARD is the best Plow extant for hard clay and stony ground.
THE WIARD rivals all other chilled Plows for cleaning in loose and adhesive soils.
THE WIARD cannot be excelled for Lightness of Draft.
Our Malleable Iron Beam is the only practical adjustable metal Beam made; is guaranteed against bending or breaking; is perfectly adjustable for 2 or 3 horses; over 25,000 in use, and not one in a thousand failed.
Our Jointers, Wheels and Handles are all adjustable.
Our Moldboards excel all others for fineness and uniformity.
Our Plows are warranted to any reasonable extent.
If you are going to buy a new Plow, be sure to give the WIARD a trial.
For sale by D. C. & T. W. PURSEL,
march 10-2m Bloomsburg, Pa.

LEGAL BLANKS,
ALWAYS ON HAND
AT

SELECT STORY.

INNOCENT FLIRTATION; OR THE BEAUTY I MET ON THE TRAIN.

"Pshaw!" said Harry, and tossed the paper away.

"Don't you like it?" I ventured to inquire.

"Like it?—no! It is a made-up story. The only good ones are true ones."

"Do you mean to say that all the glorious fictions that have enchained, that have thrilled the world are true?" I asked a little triumphantly.

"Not true in all their details and combinations, of course," said he; "but whenever you find any incident really affecting, you may be sure that it actually happened. Now, in this story which I have read at your recommendation, there is no such incident. The characters are not alive, and the events never occured; at least within the writer's knowledge. I can tell you a dozen real, true stories that woulk beat it all hollow."

"Doubted."

"What will you bet?"

"Who's to decide?"

"You shall decide yourself. Come, I'll tell you one to begin with; and if you don't say it is better than this namby pamby affair I have been reading, I'll pay for the supper."

So I set myself to listen.

"I took the night train at Columbus," said Harry, setting himself back to spin his yarn more comfortably.

"Then you are the hero of your own story," said I.

"Don't interrupt me. Who said I was a hero? You will see. The cars were full; but I found a seat behind a lady and gentleman, who had appropriated a couple to themselves, and were wrapped up in shawls sleeping very comfortably.

The light from the car lamps fell on their faces. The gentleman, who seemed a foreigner, and who proved to be a Mexican of some distinction, was of middle age—a dark, fine-looking sombre, quiet man. But the lady, young enough to be his daughter, was of dazzling beauty. A pale complexion, flushing with the slightest tint of rose; an oval face; features as regular as those of a Grecian statue—wasn't she beautiful?"

"I suppose she was," said I, wishing to be amiable, when thus appealed to.

"I don't want your opinion on that point. I had been among rough people. I had seen few that could be called refined, or beautiful for a long time; but making allowances for all that, she was certainly one of the most loveable women I ever beheld.

"When she opened her eyes in the pale morning light, they were of that tinge of violet gray, shaded by long, dark lashes, so rare and exquisite. Her little hand, with its long tapering white fingers, tipped with rose, her slender, delicate feet; her form and movements of perfect grace, all held me in a kind of enchantment.

"The cars rattled and roared along down the Little Miami, and we were nearing Cincinnati, when I heard her speak. It was some trifling question. It had the petulence of a spoiled child and a spoiled beauty; but there could be no mistaking the pure, high breeding of her articulation. By the time it was broad daylight I had studied her well, looking over my newspaper. It was Sunday morning, and no train left Cincinnati until evening. We rode up town from the depot in the omnibus, and I sat opposite, and so quite near her.

"As I looked, what I supposed must be my last look at her, and must have expressed all the admiration and interest I felt—saying with my eyes:

'Who can you be, O, beautiful one! she appeared to see me for the first time. Something must have told her what I was thinking. A flush came over her face—very slight, indeed, but still perceptible. It was a little surprise and something which was not indignation.

"I had given my checks for the Burnett House; it was with a pang that I saw my new acquaintances prepare to alight at the Spencer. But while the General, as I heard him called afterward, was picking up a shawl that had been dropped, I sprang out into the snow, and with a look—I doubt not of mingled respect and admiration, and grief—gave my hand to the lady. She thrilled me through with the lightest and quickest touch possible, as if she did not wish to offend a stranger, by declining what he meant for a civility, but did not say 'thank you.' The husband touched his hat to me with a cold, proud look, which I shall never forget.

"I reentered the omnibus, went to the Burnett House, took a good bath and breakfast, and then went and heard some fine music at the cathedral. My railroad vision I laid away, with a sigh or two, in the store house of memory.

"At nine o'clock in the evening, I left in the cars for Cairo. The Ohio was frozen. As I entered the car, my heart beat as I caught sight of La Signora. The only vacant seat was near them. I received no salutation and made none.

"I knew she saw me; but she did not raise her eyes. The gentleman looked at me as he might at any other traveler, but without a sign of recognition, or any emotion, unless there was a very slight darkening of the brows. I could not see well by the lamplight. They made their arrangements like practiced travelers, and slept, or seemed to sleep. I sat quite near and thought. Did you ever feel a superhuman beauty sinking into your heart, deeper and deeper with every moment's presence?

"Well—"

"No matter. Don't answer now. I must tell my story. In the morning and all day, we were still on the cars. I did not intrude even by a look. Two or three times I had an opportunity to give them some slight attentions. I had the latest New York papers, which I loaned them. I brought a glass of water, when there was none in the cars. I was lucky enough to have nice oranges, and the lady was thirsty. As the day went on the General grew neighborly. He spoke very little English. His lovely wife would talk nothing else. He changed from Spanish to French, but she refused to speak but a word or two of either, and kept him to his English, which it was evident she was determined he should learn.

"She was English by birth. I knew it by many indications. A high born, well bred English lady, of the most refined and delicate type—more Celtic than Saxon; and more American than English, according to common notions, in her appearance.

"At Sandoval, the junction of the St. Louis road and the Illinois Central, they left the train, as I did, and we waited together for the Chicago train for Cairo. There was a crowd waiting, little room, and no supper. I managed to procure some oysters and a bottle of claret wine, which I begged my fellow voyagers to share. In a few hours we were on a magnificent New Orleans steamer. How splended and how comfortable she seemed to us after our days and nights of rough, noisy railroad, I need not tell. The long, bright saloon—the luxurious furniture of the ladies cabin—the home-look of the piano forte and centre table with vases of flowers and pretty children—the nice table set for parties of eight or ten, with each passenger's card on his plate, and clean, active colored waiters—all this comfort, going under full head of steam down the mighty Mississippi while the banks grew greener and the air grew warmer, day by day, as we approached the tropics, was something very enjoyable after the frost and snow, and hard traveling of the North.

"By some good fortune, as I then thought it, I found myself ticketed at the side of La Signora at the table. By an attraction I did not attempt to resist, I was near her often. She sang as if all the beauty of her matchless form had found expression in music. She played out only with skill, but with soul—with passion; and that, I take, is what we call genius. The General was polite, he could not be cordial. I was blind, or I should have seen how he idolized his wife. When I was leaning over the piano-forte, reveling in the luxury of her music, he walked the cabin reading, or smoked his cigar on the deck. We sang together—we played chess. I did not mean to be dishonorable, but I behaved badly. The General ate but little; he drank, not much, but more than at first, and he smoked nearly all day.

"I do not think La Signora was given to flirting. Nor do I believe with all the vanity you give me credit for, that she really loved me. No; I was fascinated, charmed, and as young men are apt to be, very thoughtless and selfish. She was pleased with me. We had tastes in common; and what woman ever failed to be flattered by admiration?

"So the days passed on. One day, as I was walking along the guards I overheard them talking. It was in French, now.

"'I thought you did not like these American gentlemen,' said he.

"'No, not in general,' she replied very quietly; 'but he is an exception.'

"A few days later I chanced to hear an angry exclamation from the General. I knew I was the subject of it. She made a haughty reply. Never had she seemed so magnificant as on that evening. We sang; and when the little band of negro waiters came into the cabin to play, we danced. Never did I see so sad a face as his—when, after a long and exhilerating waltz, in which I seemed to swim in a sea of ecstacy, I led her tenderly and gallantly to a sofa—such a sad, despairing look! It sank into my heart; but I was full of happiness and drove it away. I had done nothing more than had been done every day in our society. It was a mere flirtation.

The more I saw La Signora, the more self posessed she seemed to me to be in her honor and purity. She yielded for once at least to the custom of the society in which she lived and was indulging in an innocent flirtation.

"It was easy to imagine more. The general saw us often from a distance, as he entered the cabin. My manner was free and impassioned. She was kind and gracious, and innocently but most thoughtlessly happy, as she was gifted and beautiful. She should have known—I should have known—that the consciousness of his age might have rankled in a sensative spirit.

She loved and honored him and trusted him too much.

"My good General,' she would say, 'he is a little cold and austere in society; but such a good child!'

"We passed those long, and desolate shores, through whose forests the devastating flood rushes ever, ever on. One morning our steamer rounded to, and made a landing at Natchez. The night before we had been very gay. The General, as I said good night, and kissed the jeweled white hand kindly held out to me, was more pale and ghastly than I had ever seen him. He was not at breakfast next morning. I saw him rapidly pacing the hurricane deck.

"La Signora and I had a bargain to go on shore together and try to get some flowers. The weather was like June, and she saw the roses in blossom with a child's delight.

"I don't know why it was; but my heart was heavy, as we walked over the gang plank at the Natchez landing. I remembered the pale, sad face. But I was too intoxicated with the beauty that seemed to envelop me, like an atmosphere, to have the impression last.

"We got our roses and came on board. As we entered the cabin the black chambermaid met us, wringing her hands and wild with consternation.

"O massa! O mistress!' she exclaimed, 'what's de captain? That's a man overboard! I know it's a man. They needn't tell me it's a billet of wood. Don't I know a man when I see him?'

"I did not believe her—still with an undefined apprehension which seized us both, we ran aft. The moment we got to the nursery windows in the stern, there rose from the boiling flood, far down the stream, but near enough to be seen distinctly, the pale face of the General! He threw up his arms and sank beneath the surface never to be seen again!

"With a wild shriek she sank into a swoon. The women took her from my arms and bore her to the stateroom. I rushed on deck. The alarm had been given—the yawl was pulling down stream, but it was useless. The body of the drowned man was sweeping along the broad, deep, turbid river, never to be found, perhaps, until the sea gives up her dead. On the after part of the hurricane deck, I found the General's watch, pocketbook and a minature of La Signora.

Seventy miles above New Orleans—the beautiful slope which after the desolation of the thousand miles above, opens upon the traveler like a fairy land, there gleams among the orange groves, the white walls of the convent of the Sacred Heart. As we neared it the whistle blew a signal to land. The chambermaid came to me with a request that I would come aft and see the lady. I had not seen her. She had not left the state room. When I entered the cabin where she stood, dressed in black with a black veil, ready to land, I scarcely knew her—so pale—so ghostly pale; and her eyes red with weeping.

"She held out her hand to me—the tears gushed afresh.

"Forgive me," she said, 'forgive me, my friend, and pray that God may forgive me. I was educated with the dear ladies of the Sacred Heart. I have no mother on earth but them. My folly has murdered the best of men, who loved me more than life. I have no reproach for you—the blame was all my own. I am going to ask these ladies to give me an asylum. Good bye, God bless you."

She gave me a little cross. I led her across the gang-plank, dropped a tear upon her hand, and took my last look at one of the loveliest women on earth, who, in one year, was an angel in heaven.

"I don't know, write it out, at any rate. It may keep some young fellow from being a fool. It may make some beautiful young wife more considerate."

And so I have written it.

A Little French Story.

In some parts of France marriageable girls are accustomed to pluck, as they return from midnight mass on Christmas Eve, a sprig of apple tree, which they put in a vial full of water; the vial is hung in their bed chamber, in front of the window; if one bud blooms before Easter the mistress is sure to be married before the year ends. Among the servants of a chateau near Alencon was a chambermaid from Brittany. She was gentle, good-natured, quiet, pious—an excellent creature every way, but—she was hunchbacked. Her name was Ursule. Taking advantage of the dark night she, too, plucked a sprig of apple tree, sure that nobody saw her. She was mistaken. A fellow servant saw her and made servants' hall ring with peals of laughter at poor Ursule's expense. Still they kept the secret among themselves. They all agreed to play a trick on poor Ursule. Easter eve one of the journeymen gardners removed the old sprig of apple tree from the vial in Ursule's bed chamber and put in its place a sprig covered with blossoms. When Ursule went into her bed chamber she could not believe her eyes. She returned to the servants' hall, her face was radiant with delight as she showed her trophy; the laughter, jeers, hootings of her comrades revealed the trick put on her. She stood dumb, confounded, trembling scarcely able to restrain her tears. Just at this moment the mistress entered the servants' hall. An elderly servant explained the scene to her. The mistress said: "Ursule, the apple tree sprig may be trusted; believe it; you will be married before Christmas next; you are a virtuous girl; I am sure you will make a virtuous wife; all you want to get a husband is money; the money wanted I will give you." As she spoke the mistress twined a 1000f. bank note around the sprig and returned it to Ursule. A fortnight afterwards the journeyman gardener who had put the trick on her asked her in marriage, but she refused him, at which he was greatly jeered, and married another.

Why Women Know More than Men.

Timblethrope came home rather late the other night with five hundred dollars, more or less, in his vest pocket. Before he went down stairs he recollected that there ought to be a good deal of money in the lower right hand pocket of his vest, and he felt there to discover if it was all right. It was all wrong, however, for it was not there. During the night it had mysteriously disappeared, and this filled him with dismay; for he had a large note to meet that day. "Perhaps," he said to himself, for he had not yet informed Mrs. Timblethrope of his loss, "perhaps it has dropped upon the floor." He therefore searched every nook and corner of his chamber, but the missing treasure was not to be found, and Timblethrope made his way to the next story below, where his mournful face at once attracted the attention of his wife.

"What is the matter with you, Timothy," she gasped, "are you ill."

"Yes," he replied, "I have lost my appetite."

"Is that all?" she continued in a relieved tone that was not untinged with asperity.

"No, five hundred dollars has gone with it," thundered Timblethrope, who could contain himself no longer.

"Oh, you must have it in your pockets somewhere," answered his wife; have you looked in them all?"

"Only in one where I put it; why should I turn all my garments inside out?"

Mrs. Timblethrope approached him, and insisted upon feeling in his vest pockets, and he was too dejected to resist. Finally, from the upper left hand vest pocket she drew forth, with a triumphant air, the missing roll of bills. It was a pocket he only used for the reception of cigars, and he could not account for the presence of the money there. Mrs Timblethrope, however, could, though she said nothing; for after extracting a fifty dollar from the pile some time before, she had, quite naturally, placed the money in the wrong pocket.

Odd motives sometimes impel to matrimony, but those which have just led to a marriage mania among the poorer Jews of Odessa, causing them to pair at the rate of 150 couples a day, are at least practical rather than sentimental. They have heard that to married Hebrews land is to be given free, either in Palestine or in that modern Promised Land, the United States. It shows a good deal of faith as well as alacrity that they are willing to wed on this general assurance. Some doubting Israelites of the Biblical age might have demanded to see the land first, before entering the bonds of matrimony.

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A Land of Roses.

The martime vale of Santa Barbara, for sixty miles facing the Pacific Ocean, we consider the most attractive in California. The soil is extra deep dark alluvium. By the formation of the coast it is sheltered from the rude trade winds, elsewhere so unpleasant on our shores. San Francisco being in north latitude 37½ degrees, Santa Barbara is 34½ degrees north, 3 degrees southwardly. Here flourish in luxuriance the fig tree and the olive, the prune and the almond, the orange and the lemon, the nectarine and the pomegranate. Here grows Alfalfa clover, giving three cuttings a year and pasture through the winter. Here flowers bloom perennial. Here only is a paradise of roses and other fragrant flowers cultivated for commercial perfumery. Here the bee pastures all the year, the hivers gather honey every day, and, abstaining themselves they give to man nearly their whole production. Only in stress of stormy weather they draw upon their hoarded sweets. Feathered songsters never migrate from this elysium. Man's dwelling is enlivened by the chirp of birds and their music gives perpetual cheer, unchecked by winter frosts. Happy, thrice blessed are they whose lot is cast where happiness is so lightly wooed and won! Here in mid December the company's rose gardens are a sight to charm the eye when, day by day, children gather ever blooming flowers for extraction of perfume for the toilet. At Kezanlik, in the foothills of the Balkan range in Roumelia, South Turkey, north latitude 42½ degrees, is a valley devoted to rose culture exclusively for like purposes, but there the sale of nosegays to many villages is extra profitable. There, as here, the hair and the clothes of all who work among the roses retain the perfume for a week of absence from the valley.—*San Francisco Letter in the Baltimore Sun.*

The Morey Letter Conspiracy.

The origin of the Morey letter has at last been discovered. The ringleader in the conspiracy was H. H. Hadley, a prominent officer in the Hancock Republican Club, New York, the organization that embraced within its membership a number of Republican politicians who foolishly jumped into the Democratic ranks at a time when they imagined Hancock would be elected. Hadley has told the story of his connection with the forgery. While the details of the statement are suppressed, it is known that Hadley and his associates palmed off the letter as an original document upon the Democratic National Committee. John A. Davenport, of New York, who deserves the credit of having unearthed the fraud, is still engaged in following up the trail, with the expectation of running the game into the Democratic camp. Senator Barnum is suspected of having had knowledge of the forgery, and it is claimed by those who have investigated the matter that subsequent developments will lay a large share of the blame very close to his door. The investigation already made completely exonerates Representative A. S. Hewitt of any knowledge of the forgery. It is reported as gossip, that ex-Congressman H. G. Worthington, who was