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, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO 32
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO 23

RATES OF ADVERTISING

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three inches	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	20 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 a 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.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ent's Building.

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. 23-1y

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

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

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

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 SUMMER 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, 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 t-f

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,078,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phoenix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,585

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

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.

LEGAL BLANKS,
ALWAYS ON HAND
AT THIS OFFICE

DARBYS
PROPHYLACTIC
FLUID.
A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
Impure Air made harmless and purified.
For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.
Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.
Rheumatism cured.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use.
Ship Fever prevented.
To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.
I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—WM. F. SANDFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED
A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria Prevented.

The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.
A. STOLLENWERCK, Greensboro, Ala.

Tetter dried up.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.
In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Scarlet Fever Cured.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

Darbys Fluid is Recommended by
Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia;
Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.;
Jos. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C.
Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University;
Rev. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.
August, 4 '82 1y

SUFFER
no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. Mrs. W. J. FLYNN,
39 Maverick st., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

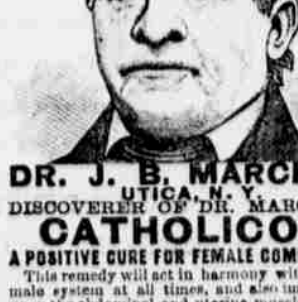
Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

March. 3, '82. 1y

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!



DR. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.
DISCOVERER OF DR. MARCHISI'S
CATHOLICON,
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
This remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.
Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Leucorrhoea, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness and is especially adapted to the change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above. For sale by all druggists. New size $1 per bottle. Old size $1.50. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
Moyer Bros., Wholesale Agents, Bloomsburg Pa.
June 23-1y.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

POETICAL.

NIGHTFALL.

Lie still, O heart!
Crush out thy vainless and unreached desires,
Mark how the sunset fires,
Which kindle all the west with red and gold,
Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow
Of the receding day, whose tale is told,
Stay, stay thy questionings; what would'st thou know,
O anxious heart!

Soft is the air;
And not a leaflet rustles to the ground
To break the calm around.
Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;
The world is full of flowers even yet,
Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest,
Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;
Day is for care.

Now turn to God,
Night is too beautiful for us to cling
To selfish sorrowing,
O memory! the grass is ever green
Above thy grave! but we have brighter things
Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I ween,
Day is for tears At night the soul hath wings
To leave the sod.

The thought of night,
That comes to us like breath of primrose time,
that comes like the sweet rhyme
Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,
And stirs the angel that is in us—night,
Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.
Hush! for the heavens with starlets are alight,
Thank God for night!

BEHIND HER FAN.

Behind her fan of downy fluff,
Sewed on soft satin saffron stuff,
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed.
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a puff.

Two blue eyes peep above the bluff;
Two pinky pouting lips—enough,
That cough means surely come and hide
Behind her fan.

The bark of Hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncertain sea of girlish pride,
A breeze! I track against the tide,
Capture a kiss and get a cuff,
Behind her fan.

SELECT STORY.

HIS FIRST PATIENT.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

Dr. Paul Ventnor sat alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, the light from the side-jet falling upon his worn, anxious face.

The room was barely comfortable. The floor was covered with matting. The wall paper was shabby, but was cheerfully relieved by a few cheap, yet brightly colored, chromos, and the heavily gilt frame which inclosed his diploma. A desk somewhat littered, a book-case but partially filled, an old fashioned sofa, and a few stuffed, stiff-backed chairs, were all the furniture visible. We say visible, because within a small, curtained alcove, were a low, narrow bedstead, and a dingy toilet stand, in keeping with the cracked wash-bowl and pitcher which surmounted it, and with the rickety towel-rack which stood beside it.

The doctor was quite a young man, prepossessing in appearance, and positive in his manner—his grave, thoughtful face indicating character and a fair degree of reserved strength. His cloths had a seedy look; they were entire, but much worn, frayed around the button holes, the faded binding rendered less noticeable by the application of ink.

In fact, the doctor was very poor, and the out look for the future was in no wise encouraging. He had been located in that quarter of the city for three months, and yet had not received a single professional call. He had spent his means, and had been compelled to pawn his surgical instruments and a few of his books; he was in arrears for boarding, while the landlord had given him notice to vacate the room.

The doctor was not to blame for his straightened circumstances. He had practiced rigid economy; he had nailed up his sign and distributed his circulars; he was at least theoretically well up in his profession; his address was in his favor, he had patiently waited. There was not much sickness in the neighborhood, and what little patronage there was went into the hands of the older practitioners. No wonder that the young doctor's attitude was a forlorn one, and the expression on his face almost devoid of hope.

Suddenly his countenance brightened. Some one had pulled the bell. Who else, if not a patient? He opened the door, and a lady entered. She was closely veiled, and yet he knew that she was young, because of the elasticity in her movements.

"You are Dr Ventnor?" she asked, her voice sweet and distinct, though slightly tremulous.

"At your service, madam," he answered, with a polite bow. "Pray, be seated."

She took the chair which he placed for her, and removed her veil; and as she did so, he noticed that her hand was small, white, shapely and bejewelled. Her face was exceedingly fair, though it wore a troubled look. Her eyes were black and lustrous. They made a rapid survey of the room, and then rested upon the doctor's face in such a steady, calculating, estimating way, that he felt the blood filling his cheeks.

"I wish you to call upon my father," she said.

"To-night?" asked the doctor.

"Wel—no," she debatingly answered. "To-morrow will do. I tell you beforehand, it's an odd case, and a bad one. If you succeed in relieving him you have only to name your fee."

"What is his malady?" asked the doctor.

"He's a hypocondriac," she slowly, half-unwillingly admitted, the color coming and going in her face. "He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not lifted out of it it will end in his death."

The doctor was becoming fascinated with the sweet voice, the graceful gestures, the black eyes, which grew more lustrous because anxiety had filled them with tears. He drew his chair nearer to her own.

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Quite a number," she replied, a little flurriedly. "Some of the best in the city."

"Without success?"

"Oh, of course;" and she spoke with impatience. "They had no—no—intentions. They argued, and—hooted."

There was something charming about those pauses in the choice of words.

"You think they should have humored him?" the doctor asked.

"Yes!" she answered, her face brightening wondrously. "You have caught the idea. Oh, sir, I believe that you can cure him."

In her excited eagerness, she unconsciously laid her hand on his arm, and the touch thrilled him.

"Why did you come to me?" he asked. "I am young—inexperienced—unknown."

"Why?" she inquired, with a search ing look "I do not know. Why do we *do* queer things?" and she smiled a little oddly. "They come to us like a—a—revelation."

It was an ambiguous explanation, and yet he understood her.

"Perhaps the other physicians were too old, and knew too much," she added, the odd smile again stirring her lips.

"I will do what I can," the doctor gravely said. "What is the character of the hallucination?"

"It is concerning his food," she slowly replied, the piquancy dying out of her face. "Or, to be precise, it concerns what is given him to drink. For days at a time nothing liquid passes his lips. Oh, it is just dreadful!"

"There are rational intervals?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, thank God!" she exclaimed, with sweet fervor; "otherwise he would be in his grave."

"He fancies the water to be poisoned, eh?"

"Oh, worse!" cried the lovely visitor. "Filled with the finest needles."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dr. Ventnor. He was thoughtful for a minute—then added: "Give me your address. I'll call to-morrow."

She handed him a card upon which was printed:

G. B. BRANSON,

No.—, Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

The doctor knew the gentleman by reputation; he felt sure that there was a heavy fee in prospect.

"You will be sure to come?" his visitor asked, with a delightful tremor in her voice.

She arose, and dropped her veil over her face, her diamond rings catching a thousand sparkles of light.

"Without fail," was the doctor's answer, as he accompanied her to the door. "Is your father in distress now?"

"Very much so, sir."

They had reached the doorstep. It was so early in the evening yet, that she was not in need of an escort.

"One thing more, Miss Branson," he said. "It may be best for me not to call as a physician."

"Why not?" asked she, in quiet surprise.

"He may be prejudiced," replied the doctor. "Probably you have not caught my meaning. A great deal will depend upon adroitness. Could I not come upon some pretended business? Of a kind in which he takes an interest?"

She bent her head, and he noticed how finely poised it was.

"He has houses to rent on Brandywine street," she said, after a pause. "To rent and to sell."

"Very good," rejoined the doctor, "that will serve me. Now Miss Branson, you must not be surprised if *I* cut up some queer antics." He laughted as he said that. "Watch me closely for a clew to what I would have you do or say."

He felt that she was keenly regarding him, in the dimness, through her veil.

"I think I understand," she simply said. "Good evening, sir."

The next morning Dr. Paul Ventnor took from a drawer a strong horse shoe magnet. He rubbed steadily upon the blade of his pocket-knife with one of the poles of the magnet, thoroughly electrifying it. He purchased a paper of very fine needles at an adjoining store; then set out for the residence of his patient.

He found the latter to be a man well advanced in life, intelligent and genial—so genial, in fact, that the doctor wondered at their being so much of the suspectful in his nature.

The room was magnificently furnished, yet without a violation of harmony or taste. The owner was evidently a man of wealth, disposed to consult his ease.

The doctor at once opened a conversation about the houses on Brandywine street, in which Mr. Branson earnestly joined, and vividly explained points in the speculation.

"Sir, could I trouble you for a drink of water?" the doctor suddenly asked.

"Certainly," replied the other. "Kate, please bring Mr. ——?"

"Ventnor," supplied the doctor.

"A glass of water," completed Mr. Branson.

He was addressing his daughter, who had called upon the doctor the evening before, and she was seated in one of the bay windows. She put aside her book, left the room, and returned with a glass of water, which the doctor accepted with a bow

He was more impressed with her loveliness than ever, now that he had a better view of her. Her hair was black and abundant, her air dignified, her manner royal; she was undoubtedly an intelligent, refined, sensible, pure minded young woman.

No glance of recognition passed between them—at least her father did not notice any; but the doctor saw a waiting, wistful, trustful, anticipating look in her eyes, which made his pulses throb faster.

He raised the glass to his lips, and then a well feigned look of astonishment crossed his face. He ejected some of the water, plucked at his mustache, then strode to the window, where he seemed absorbed in an examination of the contents of the glass.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Branson.

"Matter?" sharply repeated the doctor, as he turned from the window. "Sir, who is this *girl*?" he sternely asked.

"Girl!" exclaimed Mr. Branson, with a frown. "She is my daughter."

"I beg a thousand pardons!" humbly rejoined the doctor, seeming quite flurried. "This is remarkable! *Very* remarkable!" and he stared into the glass.

"What is remarkable?" asked Mr. Branson, with a gasp.

"There are needles swimming in the water," announced the doctor, the nonplused look still on his face. "Hundreds of them, sir! How did they get in? Why did she bring me such stuff as this?"

"Needles!" exclaimed Mr. Branson, becoming very much excited. "*There, Kate!*" he added, with an air of triumph, "What have I always told you?"

Miss Branson stared into the tumbler, her face comically demure.

"I see no needles," she said.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" sarcastically rejoined the doctor. "What do *you* say, Mr. Branson?" and he handed the old gentleman the glass.

"You are right, sir," declared he; "I see them with the naked eye; and my sight is none of the best, for I am almost seventy. But you cannot convince *her*."

"May be I can," objected the doctor. He took out his knife, thrust into the glass the magnetized blade, and when he withdrew it a number of needles were adhering to it, for he had adroitly dropped them into the water.

"What have you to say *now*?" he asked, his eyes upon Kate.

"I am convinced," she said. "Why, it is just horrible!"

The doctor turned to Mr. Branson, and said:

"You do not seem greatly surprised?"

"Well, no," replied the old gentleman, with a grin, "it is no new experience to me. For months I have found needles in the water, milk, tea, coffee—in everything served up to me to drink. I cannot begin to tell you what I have suffered I called in several physicians, but they laughed at me, and treated it as the fancy of a disordered mind. You are the only person who ever detected the needles, and I know you had no hint of the matter from me or anybody else. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance, if for no other reason than because you have convinced my daughter. She will believe, with me, that a diabolical and systematical attempt has been made upon my life."

"On *mine*, sir, in this instance," grimly rejoined the doctor. "It is an outrageous affair, and must be looked into. Who filled this glass?"

"Richard," replied Miss Branson.

"Who is Richard?" asked the doctor.

"A domestic."

"Send him here at once!" peremptorily ordered the doctor.

Mr. Branson stared with admiration at his visitor; he was a man of nerve, of purpose and of promptness; he would surely unravel the mystery.

"This man Richard," the doctor asked, "is he a colored man?"

"A mulatto."

"Compos mentis?"

"A trifle simple minded, I suspect."

"How long has he been with you?"

"Three years."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor. "He must be sent away at once."

The servant came into the room, preceded by Miss Branson.

"Did you fill this glass with water?" the doctor sharply asked.

"Yes, sah," answered the mulatto, a harmless-looking fellow, with high cheek bones and watery eyes.

"Did you drop any needles into it?" asked the doctor.

"Golly, no!" exclaimed the man. "Dar's no needles in it. It's an old cranky notion of Mr. Branson's. He keeps us all on an edge about it."

"Oh, he does, eh?" frowned the doctor. "Well, it is *no* fancy."

"Dar's no needles in the water," declaired the man.

"We'll, see," said the doctor, as he thrust the magnetized knife blade into the glass. "What are these, pray?" indicating a number of dangling needles.

There was something comical in the way the man's eyes dilated.

"Dey is needles, sah, sure as you live!" he exclaimed. "Dey must jist been in the cooler. I didn't put 'em in; I swear I didn't, sah!"

"Your services here end with to-day!" the doctor sternly said. "If there is any money due you, Mr. Branson will pay it."

A dumb-founded look settled upon the servant's face, and he was about to protest with vehemence, when Mr. Branson sternly seconded the doctor's order.

"I owe you a week's wages, which Kate will pay you at once," he said. "Now go, and be thankful I didn't have you up before a magistrate."

The man bestowed a fierce, angry glance upon the doctor, and then slowly and sullenly left the room.

Mr. Branson and the doctor conversed for an hour upon various topics. The old gentleman was wonderfully pleased with him, and cordial in his invitation to him to call again.

Miss Branson accompanied the doctor to the door.

"Your father is cured," he said.

"Do you think so?" she asked, her handsome eyes on his face. "We will wait a week. That was an admirable ruse. Take this, please; it is simply a remembrance."

A roll of something was placed in his hand.

"Thank you!" he gratefully said.

"You were rather hard on Richard," reminded Miss Branson, with a smile.

"I wronged him," admitted the doctor. But—I had to assail *some one.* Can you not explain the matter to him, and procure him a situation elsewhere?"

"I will try," she replied.

The doctor bowed, and then hurried back to his office. He paid the debts which annoyed him most, and felt like another man. At the end of the week he received a second voluntary fee from his fair friend.

The tide turned; patients called on him or sent for him; his practice became assured; he was on the high road to competency.

He became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Branson, and finally married the fair, dark eyed young girl who had brought him his first case.—[Oriental Casket.

A Remarkable Scene.

A middle aged man and a 3-year old boy were seen sitting together on a doorstep in Portland, Me., one day last week. The man was smoking a strong pipe and the child was eating bread and molasses. Their relations were evidently of that intimate character which does not impose the necessity of conversation. Neither said a word, but presently the man passed his pipe to the infant, who at once laid down his bread and molasses and began to smoke in the most natural matter-of-fact manner imaginable. Having satisfied his desire for tobacco the 3-year-old handed back the pipe and went on eating bread and molasses.

Cleaness and purity make Parker's Hair Balsam the favorite for restorting the youthful color to gray hair.

How He Played it on the Old Man.

A boy went into a store the other morning, limping, and seemed to be broken up generally. The proprietor asked him if he wouldn't sit down, and he said he couldn't very well, as his back was lame. He seemed discouraged, and the proprietor asked him what was the matter.

"Well," said he, "there is no encouragement for a boy to have any fun nowadays. If a boy tries to play an innocent joke he gets kicked all over the house. You see, my old man is no spring chicken, and though his eyes are not what they used to be, yet he can see a pretty girl further than I can. The other day I wrote a note in a fine hand and addressed it to him, asking him to be on a certain corner at 7:30 on Saturday evening, and signed the name of Daisy to it.

"At supper time pa was all shaved up and had his hair plastered over the bald spot, and he got on some clean cuffs and said he was going to the lodge to initiate some candidates, and he might not be in till late. He didn't eat much supper, and hurried off. I winked at ma, but didn't say anything. At 7:30 I went down town, and he was standing there by the Post Office corner, in a dark place. I went by him and said:

"Hello, pa, what are you doing there?"

"He said he was waiting for a man. I went down street, and pretty soon I went up on the other corner, and he was standing there. You see, he didn't know what corner Daisy was going to be on, and he had to cover the whole four corners. I asked him if he hadn't found his man yet, and he said no, the man was a little late. I went up street, and I saw pa cross over by the drug store, and I could see a girl going by with a waterproof on, but she skited along, and pa looked kind of solemn, the way he does when I ask him for new clothes. I turned and came back, and he was standing there in the doorway, and I said:

"Pa, you will catch cold if you stand round waiting for a man. You go down to the lodge and let me lay for the man.

"Pa said: 'Never you mind; you go about your business and I will attend to the man.'

"Well, when a boy's pa tells him to never mind, my experience is that boy wants to go right away from there, and I went down street. I thought I would cross over and go up the other side, and see how long he would stay. There was a girl or two going up ahead of me, and I see a man hurrying across from the drug store to the other corner. It was pa, and as the girls went along and never looked around, pa looked mad and stepped into the doorway. It was about 8 o'clock then, and pa was tired, and I went up to him and asked him for half a dollar to go to the theatre. I never knew him to shell out so quick. He gave me a dollar, and I told him I would go and get it changed and bring him back the half dollar, but he said I needn't mind the change.

"It is awful mean of a boy that has been treated well to play it on pa that way, and I felt ashamed. As I turned the corner and saw him standing there shivering, waiting for the man, my conscience troubled me, and I told a policeman to go and tell pa that Daisy had been suddenly taken sick and would not be there that evening.

"Well, when I went home the joke was so good I told ma about it, and she was mad. I guess she was mad at me for treating pa that way. I heard pa come home about 11 o'clock, and ma was real kind to him. She told him to warm his feet, 'cause they was just like chunks of ice. Then she asked him how many they initiated in the lodge, and he said six; and then she asked him if they initiated Daisy in the lodge, and then she began to cry.

"In the morning pa took me into the basement and gave me the hardest talking to that I ever had, with a bed slat. He said he knew that I wrote that note all the time, and he thought he would pretend that he was looking for Daisy, just to fool me. But what did he give me that dollar for?

"Ma and pa don't seem to call each other pet names anymore; and as for me, they both look at me as though I was a hard citizen. I am going to Missouri to take Jesse James' place. There is no encouragement for a boy here."

And the boy limped out to separate a couple of dogs that were fighting.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Colonel, who lives in the South, was finding fault with Bill, one of his hands, for neglect of work, and saying he would have no more preaching about his place—they had to many protracted meetings to attend. "Bill ain't no preacher," says Sam. "He's only a 'zorter." "Well, what's the difference between a preacher and an exhorter?" "Why, you know, a preacher he takes a tex', and den he done got to stick to it. But a 'zoter—*he kin branch.*"

There are six million miles of fencing in the United States, the total of which has been more than two thousand millions. The census reports show that during the census year there were expended $78,689,000 alone. Of this amount the largest contribution was from Illinois; the second from Pennsylvania.

Jesse James once thought seriously of going through college; but the idea of howling around nights, changing signs, disconnecting telegraph wires, and greaisng railroad tracks was so repugnant that he concluded to go West and become a respectable highway man.

LIQUID GOLD.

Dan'l Plank, of Brooklyn, Tioga Co., Pa., describes it thus: "I rode thirty miles for a bottle of Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which effected the *wonderful* cure of a *crooked limb* in six applications; it proved worth more than *gold* to me."

People look upon things very differently and according to circumstances. When a boy who could play baseball longer than he could study arithmetic was asked how he liked his teacher, he replied: "I don't like him at all. Why he does nothing in the world but stand up there and ask us fellows questions all day. One would think he didn't know anything at all.

Incubators.

A year or so ago we were led to inquire whether any incubators were in successful and profitable operation. As we received no response, we suppose that nothing yet of any consequence has been found out of the knowledge that eggs may be hatched by artificial means. We are the more inclined to believe that no practical use has been made of the idea to any extent, from seeing in the schedules of some of our leading poultry exhibitions, handsome premiums offered for successful incubators, while so far as we have been able to see, no reports of anything valuable being offered has appeared. Taking it for granted, therefore, that to a considerable extent incubators have been a failure, it is worth while inquiring why they should be so and whether something cannot be done to remove the difficulties.

We know of nothing more likely to be profitable; for surely a regular succession of good young chickens, through all seasons of the year, would bring with it a sure market; and unless the losses should be very large in some unaccountable way it could not but pay well.

We suspect that the trouble must be that the young chickens are not raised as easily without as with a mother's care. Even when the chickens are brought up by the hens that hatch them, it is by no means a certain business. Very few are the persons who can boast at the end of a season of having raised all the chickens hatched; while it is not at all uncommon for people to lose a third or even a half; and we suppose that under absolutely artificial treatment the loss would be greater still. Nevertheless, those who have had experience in this practice could perhaps tell us exactly how it is. We like to hear the details of failures, as well as to have accounts of success. Very often when one reads of the failure of another, the cause occurs to him when it may never strike the one who fails; and in this way the one who tells of what he has failed to do, often does as much or more good than one who shows what he has successfully done. Indeed, it is more often than not that people think they can succeed where another fails, and some even, who could never think to try what some one else has done, will at once think they can do what no one else can. If incubators have anywhere proven profitable we should like to know about them; and if they have been tried, and failed, we should like to hear of the failure also.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Deadly Fly Poison.

Whatever the annoyance of flies in a house, never use fly poison. This is sold under the deceptive name of "cobalt," to be mixed with sweetened water and set around the rooms to attract the flies. It kills the flies—but it kills children also. We have known of two distressing deaths from this cause, and it should be generally known that powder sold under that name is not cobalt at all, but is really metallic arsenic, and a most deadly poison. There should be a severe penalty for selling this most destructive agent under the false name of "cobalt." Do not use it either as a "cobalt" or in the shape of "fly paper." A dark paper is sold, labelled "fly paper," with directions to put a piece in a plate and keep it moist. This paper is impregnated with the same deadly arsenic. In Europe a still more deadly fly-paper is sold, which has been soaked in the deadly cyanide, of potassium. Avoid them all. The sticky fly paper which the makers call "catch 'em alive, oh," is any common paper upon which is spread a thick varnish made by melting together rosin and linseed oil; it is not dangerous, and acts only mechanically, by cruelly holding the insects fast until they die. Quassia is stated to be poisonous to flies; we have not had occasion to try it, but have no doubt of its efficacy. A strong tea made of this, sweetened with molasses, may be exposed in plates without fear or danger. It is said that strong tea, well sweetened, will act as a poison to flies. With regard to the destruction of the mosquitoes that may enter the house, we should be disposed to make a trial of the Persion insect powder, pyrethum. A small quantity of this burned in a closed bed-room has been found to destroy every mosquito. In France pastilies made of this powder are used for this purpose. The same end may be accomplished by sprinkling some of the powder upon the live coals, on a shovel or in any safe vessel. The powder is perfectly harmless to all but insect life.—*Eastern Agriculturist.*

At a German church a new organist had been engaged, who was fond of adding some improvisations to every piece he played. On the first Sunday, when he had finished the "Gloria," he wished to add a few bars of his own, but the blower suddenly ceased to work. "Go on," the organist cried, angrily; don't you see I am still playing?" "Playing, indeed," said the blower, "I have been in this business for the last thirty years, and I know just exactly how much wind is required for a Gloria. I don't see why you should have any more than your predecessor."

IT IS NO JOKE

To suffer constant headache, depression of spirits, longing for food and not being able to eat when put before you, gnawing pains in the stomach, lassitude and general feeling of *goneness*; but a capitol joke to find the Burdock Blood Bitters remove all these symptoms and only costs $1,00.

CURRANT CATSUP.—Three pounds of sugar, five pounds of currants, one tablespoonful of cloves, one of allspice, one teaspoonful each of black pepper and salt, one-half pint of vinegar. Stir the currants and strain them, then boil all together fifteen minutes. Grapes and raspberries are good in this way.

TO KEEP CHEESE MOIST.—Many housekeepers complain that their cheese becomes dry, and some use a kind of a bell-glass to put their cheese in. A very simple expedient will keep cheese in the best condition. Take a linen cloth, or cheese cloth, dip it in white wine, squeeze out excess of wine, and wrap up the cheese in it. By doing this the cheese is not only kept moist, but its flavor is improved.