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 18, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO 33
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO 9

RATES OF ADVERTISING

	1W	2W	3W	M	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	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 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. 6, '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, '80-1 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. 26-1y

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 1-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, of Philadelphia	4,166,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,799,976
Hartford of Hartford	5,273,000
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.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists, spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
F. M. JASNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
August, 4 '82 1y

Failing!
That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.
The only sure remedy yet found is BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.
This is why BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.
203 S. Paca St., Baltimore. Nov. 28, 1881.
I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and for several weeks could eat nothing and was growing weaker every day. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and am happy to say I now have a good appetite, and am getting stronger.
JOS. MCCAWLEY.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is *not* a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of Iron that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with 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, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hæmorrhage 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
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—
It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.
Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or nervous, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.
In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

SELECT STORY.

THE FORSAKEN.

TWO FAIR VICTIMS.

"You are rather late this morning, Bridget."

"I'm half dead, ma'am."

"What's the matter? You look tired out."

"That I am, ma'am, wid watchin' all night. Indade I couldn't get here before to commence me washin', ma'am."

"Is your little girl ill?"

"No, ma'am; ye know I live on Sullivan street. Well, t'other day I heard some of 'em say as how a poor crathur was very ill in the back basement. Me friend, Mrs. McCloud, spoke to me yesterday about the woman being a lady, and that she was a dreadful sufferer, and was without the comforts of life. So I jist made up me mind I would go in and do what I could for the poor thing."

"You have a good heart, Bridget."

"I'm glad that I'm not a heathen, ma,am, if I do live in this God for saken city. Well, I found Mrs. Lovell (that's the lady's name, ma'am) very sick and awful poor. She don't spake much; she moans all the time. I do belave she'll die."

"I am glad, Bridget, that you have told me about this poor woman. I am impressed that I can make her comfortable."

"God bless you, Mrs. Currier," quickly exclaimed the warm-hearted washerwoman.

Mrs. Currier hastened up stairs to make her street toilet. Her sweet face wore a sad, thoughtful expression. She somehow felt as though she must go and see this Mrs. Lovell; she seemed to be forced onward by a power far stronger than her generosity of heart, than her charitable inclinations. Mrs. Currier was a very benevolent lady, and took a pleasure in administering to the poor. It was only one year since she had graduated from a fashionable boarding school and became the wife of Henry Currier, a millionaire, who took his lovely and accomplished bride to his elegant home in the metropolis.

Mrs. Currier soon became a society favorite, and yet she sought out the poor and distressed, trying to alleviate their trials and wants with so much earnestness and deep feeling that one would almost imagine that she had some time in the course of her short life dwelt in the midst of poverty and wretchedness. But it was only her natural innate goodness that made her remember her duty to the unfortunate while she enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could secure.

It was a bright, lovely morning in April, 1872. Nature had donned her rich garments of tinted greens, and some of Flora's offerings had come to gladden the eye and perfume the air. The shade trees that were scattered here and there imparted to the crowded city an air of almost rural freshness, and the beauty of the little parks recalled to the passers-by the charm of rusticating country rambles, rippling brooks, and the sweet seclusion of groves musical with the love notes of a thousand feathered songsters.

It was not long before the fashionable lady and favorite child of fortune was picking her way through one of the dirtiest streets in all Gotham

Bridget led the way upon arriving at the dingy abode. The steps were broken, and the basement room contained only one small window. The soft spring never entered this wretched place—where filth reigned supreme. In a corner of the room, lying upon an old straw bed, was a woman, who looked so pale, so ethereal, with her bright golden hair falling over her alabaster like shoulders, that Mrs. Currier gazed in wonderment upon the beautiful sleeping invalid.

Bridget crossed herself and softly whispered, "The poor creatur', she's dead, for sure."

A few rays of sunlight now stole into the dingy cellar through the door that the visitors had left partly opened, and seemed to timidly creep along the stone floor up to the sufferer and exposed more vividly her pallid face.

Mrs. Currier wiped her eyes, but the tears would come. She gazed around the room—no sign of comfort was there The place had the appearance of a cave, and the dimly heard noises of the great city seemed like the distant roar of the ocean.

The invalid moved and opened her great blue eyes. Mrs. Currier stepped a little back and motioned for Bridget to advance to the bed

"How do ye fale now?" asked the washerwoman, in a pitiful tone of voice.

"The same," answered Mrs. Lovell, again opening her eyes.

"I've brought somebody who'll be a friend to yees," said Bridget.

"I need no friends," answered Mrs. Lovell, sighing.

Mrs. Currier now approached the sick woman, and taking her thin hand into her soft palm, said, in a gentle, sisterly manner.

"You are very ill, and I have come here to befriend you, to have you removed, if possible, to a comfortable place."

The sick woman opened her eyes and earnestly gazed at Mrs. Currier. A faint smile played around her delicately formed mouth; she raised her right hand, and slowly gathering up her golden hair, in a low voice said:

"It is too late to make me comfortable, but I thank you for coming. Please cut off my hair."

Mrs. Currier was somewhat startled on hearing this strange request, and, glancing at the beautiful tresses, she kindly said:

"It seems a pity to cut off your lovely hair; when you are well you will need it."

"I am done with it. O, how proud I was of it once."

Again the invalid slowly ran her fingers through the golden tresses, and then reaching out her hand she drew Mrs. Currier close to her and whispered:

"Please send Bridget away; I would like to say something to you. The woman is kind to me, but I do not care for her to learn my secret."

When Mrs. Lovell saw that she was alone with Mrs. Currier, she wildly pressed her hands together and said:

"How kind my God is to send you here! I have long wished to meet with some one whom I could trust who would send my hair to England. You look surprised at my request. Alas! you don't know my sad history."

"I know that you are very ill, dear, and I am here to befriend you."

"I thank you—thank you. How beautiful you look! A real lady and come to this wretched place! Will you do me a great favor?"

"I will try to; confide in me. What do you wish?"

"Cut off my hair first please, and then I will tell you who I am."

Mrs. Currier took the scissors from the stand and gathered up the rich tresses. Her eyes filled with tears; she hesitated, and holding the scissors half open, she feelingly asked:

"Do you really wish me to cut off your hair?"

"I do," answered Mrs. Lovell, firmly.

"There it is off, and I am sorry," said Mrs. Currier, laying the hair down on the bed.

The sufferer gently raised her hand and tenderly smoothed the disheveled locks, exclaiming in a childlike manner:

"How much I used to think of you! and dear grandma, she loved you too! And how he worshipped your beauty—many times his delicate fingers have fondled you!"

Mrs. Lovell's voice became choked with weeping. She pressed her small, shapely hands to her forehead and groaned aloud.

Mrs. Currier exerted all her influence in soothing the poor woman.

"I do believe I could die in peace if I could tell my sorrows to some one!"

"I deeply sympathize with you," said Mrs. Currier.

"I appreciate your kindness," said Mrs. Lovell; "and I will trust you with my story."

"Mrs. Lovell looked wildly around the room. For a moment she seemed greatly excited. With an effort she partially controlled her feelings, and speaking in a low tone, said:

"I was born in Manchester, England. My parents died when I was an infant. My grandma cared for me. She gave me a beautiful home, where I lived very happily. I loved her, and yet I wronged her. It is just two years ago to morrow that I was married to an American gentleman. I was 16 years old. Ah! how my dear grandma cried when I told her I was married. She never liked my husband. In three weeks time he was obliged to return to this country. He promised to come back in two months, and said we should never again be parted. The two months at last expired, but without bringing the beloved one. Oh, how anxiously I watched for him, and how dear grandma tired to comfort me. Months passed, and no tidings came of the wanderer. I could bear the suspense—the dreadful waiting—no longer. I stole away from home, came to America, and searched everywhere for Harry. All my trouble has been in vain.

"As a last resort to find my dear husband I inserted an advertisement in the Herald's personals, and so worded it that if it meets his eye he cannot fail to recognize it as coming from his wife. I hope he'll come before I die. I must see him once more and learn from his own lips why he has deserted me. Oh, I would like grandma to have my hair. Please write to this address, and say that I am sorry for the heartaches I have caused her. Tell her that my great love for Harry made me more wretched than happy. Do not let her know how wretchedly I die."

Mrs. Lovell was very much exhausted by the exertion of talking. She closed her eyes and gave her hand to Mrs. Currier, who assured the poor woman that she would carry out her request, and would also have her properly buried if she died. At this moment the door was hurriedly pushed open and a gentleman quickly walked up to the bedside.

Mrs. Lovell started up, and screamed out in a wild, frantic tone, "Harry! my Harry!" and threw herself into the gentleman's arms.

He held her close to his breast, fondly kissing her brow, cheeks, and lips, and then smilingly gazing into her pale face, he exclaimed in loving tones:

"Dearest Fanny, O, forgive me. I have not seen one happy hour since we parted. Tell me, darling wife, that you forgive me and love me still."

Suddenly the gentleman grew pale; he stared wildly at the sufferer, and quickly laying her back on the pillow, he cried out:

"Great Heaven! she is dead!" He turned to gaze about the dismal room, when his eyes glared wildly, his face became more pallid, his whole body shook with fright. There stood his gentle wife a witness to his crime—the living and the dead—victims both—there they were before him to appal his guilty soul.

Mrs. Currier was shocked, grieved, and absolutely terrified. In a second all the sunshine of existence was forever darkened.

The golden tresses again crossed the ocean, but when they arrived in England the old grandma was dead.

Mrs. Currier never reproached her husband with words, but her pale face and wasted form censured him more than language could have done, and when in six months' time after this sad exposure Harry Currier laid his wife away to rest among the dead, his heart bade farewell to all happiness. He still lives surrounded by wealth, but no riches can erase from his memory the evil that he has committed. He often repeats to a near friend who knows his history, "the wages of sin is death."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—To an old time farmer the helps modern farmers have in the way of machinery and aids from scientific men seem wonderful. Much of the aid from improved machinery is due to the war of the Rebellion. Help was scarce, and a great demand for farm products existed, calling out the skill of the inventor, and well that call was responded to. A great deal of help, too, has come from scientific men, such as entomologists and bontanists. The former tells of the insects injurious to the farm crops. To the science of botany we owe the introduction of many new and profitable crops—plants brought from all parts of the world, and distributed everywhere. We owe also to the practical bontanists, the improvement of old crops, through the arts of hybridization or crossing, and also great improvement through selection and high breeding, which have increased the yield of all our standard crops very greatly. This is well understood by us all, and every enterprising farmer or gardener watches for the new products, knowing that many of them will prove profitable in his hands.

The Petroleum Fields of Pennsylania.

Practically, petroleum has become the light of the world in the broadest sense, being found in the cabin of the pioneer, in the subterranean haunt of the miner and in the mansions of the refined and wealthy. Even the barbarians and half civilized races have adopted it because of its excellent illuminating qualities and its marvelous cheapness. American petroleum lights the dwellings of Jerusalem, the rock temples of the Upper Nile, the Indian bungalow and the homes and temples of China and Japan.

Some idea of its relative cheapness when compared with the old illuminators may be obtained when it is stated that it can be bought at retail of the ordinary grocer at from ten to fifteen cents per gallon, whereas in the old days sperm oil and camphene sold at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty per gallon. This cheapness has driven out of the market every other form of illuminating fluid, and it is of great importance to the world that has become so accustomed to its use that the supply shall be maintained or something equally cheap and available be found as a substitute. Its annual production has arisen from a few hundred barrels in 1859 to thirty millions in 1882. Yet in all that time the demand has so near kept pace with the supply that the immense surplus of upwards of thirty million barrels now above ground would not answer for two year's supply if the production were cut off. It ranks third in value as an article of export from the United States, breadstuffs and cotton alone exceeding it. When we reflect that wheat and cotton are the productions of a vast expanse of our territory and that petroleum is the product of half a dozen counties in one corner of our own State the forty millions annually which our own petroleum exports represent simply seem astonishing.

How long can this immense supply be kept up? This question is being asked with a good deal of earnestness and anxiety by the thoughtful men who have embarked their all in the business. While it is quite possible that petroleum is being constantly generated, yet the process is so slow as to be of no practical value in keeping up the supply. The history of the petroleum developments teaches that the rich fields are practically exhausted in from one to five years after being opened. There are many of the richest oil farms along Oil Creek and its tributaries which at present are not producing a single barrel of oil, while many more furnish only the smallest modicum of their former production.

It is only a question of time when the Pennsylvania oil fields will be among the things of the past. How much time will be required to exhaust them at the present rate of production? This cannot, of course, be answered with any degree of certainty, but there are many of the veteran oil men who do not believe it will take near as many years to deplete the balance of the Pennsylvania oil deposits at the present rate of production as it has taken to bring that production up to its present status.

The drill has pretty effectually defined the extent of the field in which productive territory may be hoped for. The southern limit of the oleaginous belt may be said to be fixed by a line drawn from Kittanning, in Armstrong county, to Saxonburgh, in Butler county. The oil bearing rock at this southern extremity of the field dips so far below sea level that the oil was either never generated here or else it has been forced to higher levels by the salt water contained in the rock. A cordon of wildcat wells which failed to find anything but gas has been drilled at various times and places in Western Butler, Mercer, Central and Western Crawford and Erie counties. These experiments may be said to have practically defined the Western limits of the oil field. Coming East, a line drawn from Smethport, on the north, to Leechburg, Armstrong county, on the south, will nearly outline the general course of a cordon of dry holes and gas wells which have been drilled near Wilcox and Millstone in Elk county, Stump Creek in Jefferson and Leechburg in Armstrong and which clearly limits the extension of the field to the eastward. These experiments, then, confine the productive territory to the counties of Butler, Armstrong, Clarion Venango, Eastern Crawford, Forest, Warren and McKean. The available territory in the first five named counties has already been practically exhausted, although it is quite probable that a number of small pools of the Pithole and Bullun order may yet be found in either of them. McKean is on the decline, its productive territory being clearly defined and much more than half exhausted, leaving only Warren and Forest to yet be tested for virgin territory. The great deposits just being opened in Cherry Grove township, Warren county, are now supposed to comprise about 2,500 acres, leaving a good deal of lighter territory to be tested in Southeastern Warren and all of the Eastern Forest practically undrilled. But at the rate at which drilling is now prosecuted it will take less than two years to drill over the whole field sufficiently to tell pretty near what is there. In Forest the Grandins, L. F. Watterson, the Enterprise Transit Company and other wealthy land-owners hold large tracts, which they can keep from the drill for a long time if they see fit, which they will probably do if the price remains as low as at present. There are, therefore, not a few old operators who are confidently counting on the present Cherry Grove developement as the last big field that will ever be opened up to the drilling public, they expecting, of course, that the large tracts in Forest county above described will be held and operated leisurely by the present proprietors. Civil engineers like Whigley and Opperman have already undertaken to furnish approximate figures showing the remaining supply of Pennsylvania petroleum and indicating that much more than half of it has already been exhausted. This, of course, is very uncertain, but there are many things to indicate that they are right in their conjectures and that the end of these marvelous supplies of oleaginous wealth is not far off.

But the world must have petroleum or its equivalent. When the Pennsylvania fields are exhausted, can the supply be made good from all other fields? This question is hard to answer. New York has some rich deposits, which are being rapidly exhausted. The belt however, may extend much farther north and new fields be opened in that quarter. The wild-cat drilling has not yet been thorough enough to finally determine the extent of the New York petroleum deposits. There is known to be oil in West Virginia, Kentuckey, Tennessee and California, but the richness of the Pennsylvania fields has prevented anything like an exhaustive test of the extent and value of these deposits. Russia has some very rich territory while several of the European countries lay claim to large deposits of oleaginous wealth. But whether any or all of these prospective fields shall be able to fill the demand made upon their resources when the Pennsylvania deposits are exhausted can only be determined when the energetic Pennsylvania oil operator is forced to leave his favorite fields and begins to bounce the busy drill in the new districts. If the oil is there he will find it, for he is untiring in his search, being possessed with a sort of mania for the discovery of the greasy fluid, without regard to whether it pays or not. In the meantime the consumption is constantly on the increase, stimulated by the fabulous cheapness of the article, and as long as it can be profitably produced at the present prices is likely to be extended indefinately.—*The Times.*

The Colorado Canon.

Captain Dutton's Report, just now published, illustrates the features of the region, portraying the magnificence of its various parts by remarkably effective views and word-pictures, besides describing its geological structure and history.

It has nowhere a width less than its depth, and is generally of much greater width; and over part of the broad area are crowds of mountain towers and temples, 3,000 to 5,500 feet in height, with combinations of amphitheatres, alcoves, buttresses and towers along the sides; and all is open to the sunlight.

The scenic effects of the out-cropping formations depend greatly on the horizontal bedding; but also largely on the unequal spacing of the beds, the variations in hardness tending to make cliffs to alternate with taluses, at longer or shorter intervals; and on the diversities in shade and brilliancy of coloring. The architectural forms, though on a mountain scale, are literally architectural, and different in type for the different formations. We quote a few paragraphs from the descriptive part of the Report:

"In an hour's time we reached the crest of the isthmus, and in an instant there flashed before us a scene never to be forgotten—that of the temples and towers of the Virgen. At our feet the surface drops down by cliff and talus 1,200 upon a broad and rugged plain cut by narrow canons. The slopes, the winding ledges, the bosses of projecting rock, the naked, scanty soil display colors which are truly amazing. Chocolate, maroon, purple, lavender, magenta, with broad bands of toned white, are laid in horizontal belts, strongly contrasting with each ether, and the ever-varying slope of the surface cuts across them capriciously, so that the sharply-defined belts wind about like the contours of a map. From right to left across the farther foreground of the picture stretches the inner canon of the Virgen, 600 feet in depth and here of considerable width. Its bottom is for the most part unseen, but in one place it is disclosed by a turn in its course, showing the vivid green of vegetation. Across the canon, and rather more than a mile and a half beyond it, stands the central and commanding object of the picture, the western temple, rising 4,000 feet above the river. Its glorious summit was the object we had seen an hour before, and now the matchless beauty and majesty of its vast mass is all before us; yet it is only the central object of a mighty throng of structures wrought up to the same exalted style, and filling up the entire panorama. Directly in front of us a complex mass of white towers, springing from a central pile, mounts upward to the clouds. Out of their midst, and high over all, rises the dome-like mass of the temple which dominates the entire landscape. It is almost pure white, with brilliant streaks of carmine decending its vertical walls. The towers which surround it are of inferior mass and altitude, but each of them is a study of fine form and architectural effect. They are white above, and change to a strong, rich red below. Dome and towers are planted upon a substructure no less admirable. Its plan is indefinite, but its profiles are perfectly systematic. A curtin wall, 1,400 feet high, descends vertically from the eaves of the temples, and is succeeded by a steep slope of ever-widening base-courses leading down to the esplanade below. The curtain wall is decorated with a lavish display of vertical mouldings, and the ridges, eaves, and mitred angles are fretted with serrated cusps. This ornamentation is suggestive rather than precise, but it is none the less effective. It is neither repetitive, nor symmetrical. But though exact symmetry is wanting, nature has here brought home to us the truth that symmetry is only one of an infinite range of devices by which beauty can be materialized."—*The Am. Journal of Science.*

INK ERASER.—The great lightning ink eraser may be used instead of a knife or scraper for erasing ink in order to rectify a mistake or clean off a blot, without injury to the paper, leaving the paper as clean and good to write upon as it was before the blot or mistake was made, and without injury to the printer's ink upon any printed form or ruling upon any first-class paper. Take of chloride of lime, one pound, thoroughly pulverized, and four quarts soft water. The above must be thoroughly shaken when first put together. It is required to stand twenty-four hours to dissolve the chloride of lime. Then strain through a cotton cloth, after which add a teaspoonful of acetic acid (No. 8, commercial), to every ounce of chloride of lime water. The eraser is used by reversing the pen-holder in the hand, dipping the end into the fluid, and applying it, without rubbing, to the blot required to be erased. When the ink has disappeared, absorb the fluid into a blotter, and the paper is immediately ready to write upon.

Vigor, strength and health all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

A Strange Story.

A young man by the name of Micah Sherman, the oldest son of a widow living in the town of Hampden, on the Penobscot River, had been in failing health for some time, and thinking that a sea voyage might be beneficial, he started in the barque *Templar*, Captain S. Bartlett, for a voyage to Liverpool and the Chincha Islands and from there home.

His half-brother, Mr. Joshua Sherman, now of Bangor, was first officer of the ship. It was from him we had this singular story.

It seems that the poor boy derived no advantage from the voyage, but steadily grew worse until at last, when near Cape Horn, he seemed to be in the last stages of consumption.

He lay in his bunk the greater part of the time in a sort of drowsy state. One day when his brother visited his sick-bed he suddenly said—

"Joshua, I have been home and have seen mother, and don't yo think, she is married again!"

"Why," replied his brother, "you have only been dreaming."

"No," he said, "I have surely been home, and mother is married again and the house is full. Her husband has brought his family there, and one of his children, a young girl, is sick."

A day or two afterward he said he had been home again, and added that the sick girl coughed all the time.

After a number of days had elapsed he said, "Well, I have been home again, and they have moved the pig stye and some of the other out-