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, OCTOBER 27, 1882.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3M	6M	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$3 00	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three inches	4 00	5 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
Quarter column	5 00	6 00	8 00	12 00	20 00
Half column	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	35 00
One column	20 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	100 00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before insertion except from persons with accounts.

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

Executors' and Administrators' and Auditors' notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

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

Obituaries, Notices of Meetings, Resolutions, one dollar and a half for each insertion, one dollar for each line.

Oak Hall and the Bi-Centennial.

Our exhibit in the Trades Procession of the Bi-Centennial Celebration on October 25th will illustrate the great stock of men's and boys' clothing now ready in Oak Hall. Our preparations for the trade of this Autumn and Winter already reach

One Million Dollars.

Our stock is in all respects the best we have ever offered, and we firmly believe has never been equaled in volume by any retail clothing house in America.

Do not fail to visit Oak Hall. Look at the Clothing and Piece Goods, go through the workrooms and see how the vast place goes on. We have a hearty welcome for all, whether buyers or visitors. The tens of thousands of friends we have made in the country about Philadelphia during the last twenty-two years are, we are sure, more firmly our friends than ever before. We have gained their confidence by giving them the best dollar's worth of clothing to be had anywhere, and we offer a new pledge of fidelity in our low prices and elegant Autumn stock for this year's sales.

Wanamaker & Brown,
OAK HALL,
Sixth and Market Streets,
Philadelphia.

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 Ent'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.

HERVEY E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Mrs. Ent's Building.
Sept. 15 '82-1 y.

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 News Item building, Main street.
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.

WM. H. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Orangeville, Pa.
Office in Low's Building, second door, second door to the left.
Can be consulted in German. aug 18 '81

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN, Notary Public
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second door, 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. ap-28

$72 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co. Augusta, Maine. march 31-4 y

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.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. E. SMITH,
Attorney-at-Law, Berwick, Pa.
Can be Consulted in German.
ALSO FIRST-CLASS
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
☞ Office with the Berwick Independent.

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.

DR. J. C. BUTTER,
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.

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. 16-1y

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

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

B. F. SHARPLESS,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST.
NEAR L. & B. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturer of Plows, Stoves and all kinds of Castings. Large stock of Thaware, 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, Linn centres, &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Spinders, Cake Plates, Large Iron Kettles, Sled Shoes, Wagon Boxes, all kinds of Plow Points, Moldboards, Bolts, Plaster, Salt,
—BONE MANURE, &c.—
feb 3 1-1

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

	Assets.
Aetna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,018,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,550,000
Lancashire	10,016,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,109,916
Hartford of Hartford	3,375,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,052,585

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.

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

WEDDING SILVER
In endless variety.

HOUSEHOLD SILVER
Of the most acceptable designs and superior workmanship.

SPECIAL ARTICLES
Of Silver, in tasteful cases for presentation purposes, covering every range of price and style.

OUR BOOK ON SILVER
Will be mailed to any address on application.

BAILEY BANKS BIDDLE
12th AND CHESTNUT, PHILADELPHIA.

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.

GENERAL ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

I, UZAL H. EST, High Sheriff of Columbia county, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of Columbia county that a general election will be held on

Tuesday, November 7, 1882.

(being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month) for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, to-wit:

One person for Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

One person for Secretary of Internal affairs of Pennsylvania.

One person for President Judge of the 26th Judicial District.

One person for member of Congress for the 11th Congressional District.

One person for State Senator.

Two persons for Representatives.

One person for Sheriff of Columbia county.

One person for Coroner of Columbia county.

Two persons for Jury Commissioners of Columbia county.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the county of Columbia are as follows, viz:

Beaver township, at the public house of Charles Ahleman.

Benton township, at the public house of Hiram Hess, in the town of Benton.

East Bloom, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg.

West Bloom, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg.

Borough of Berwick, at the office of W. J. Knorr, in the borough of Berwick.

Borough of Centralia, at the public house of William Peifer.

Briarcreek township, at the public school house near Evansville.

Catawissa township, at the public house of G. L. Kostenbauder & Co., in the town of Catawissa.

Centre township, at the school house near Lafayette Creasy's.

North Conyngham District, at the school house near the colliery of John Anderson & Co.

South Conyngham District, at the house of Mrs. Thomas Monroe.

Fishingcreek township, at the school house near C. B. Wilite's.

Franklin township, at the Lawrence school house.

Greenwood township, at the house of L. D. Patton.

Hemlock township, at the public house of Chas. H. Dietterich, in the town of Buck Horn.

Jackson township, at the house of Ezekiel Cole.

Locust township, at the public house of Daniel Knorr, in Numidia.

Mifflin township, at the public house of Aaron Hess, in the town of Mifflinville.

Madison township, at the public school house in Jerseytown.

Mt. Pleasant township, at the Millertown school house.

Montour township, at the public house of Reuben Rauch, at Rupert.

Main township, at the public house of Jeremiah E. Longenberger.

Pine township, at the Centre School House, lately fixed by a vote of the citizens of said township.

Sugarloaf township, at the house of Norman Cole.

West Scott at the public house of Theodore Heck.

East Scott township, at the public house of Jacob Miller, in Espy.

At all elections hereafter held under the laws of this Commonwealth, the election polls shall be opened at seven o'clock in the forenoon, and shall continue open without interruption or adjournment until seven o'clock in the evening when the polls will be closed.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That every person excepting Justices of the Peace and Aldermen, Notaries Public and Persons in the militia service of the State, who shall hold or shall within two months have held any office or appointment of profit or trust under the United States, or of this State, and city or corporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of any city or of any incorporated district, and also, that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, are by law incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of such election shall be eligible to be then voted for.

The Inspectors and Judge of the elections shall meet at the respective places appointed for holding the election in the district to which they respectively belong, before seven o'clock in the morning, and each of said Inspectors shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

The qualified voters of the several districts in this county at all general, township borough and special elections, are merely hereafter authorized and required to vote by tickets printed or written, or partly printed and partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of all Judges of Courts voted for, and labelled, outside, "judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers voted for and to be labelled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all county officers voted for, including the office of Senator, and Members of Assembly, if voted for, and members of Congress, if voted for, and be labelled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all township officers voted for, and be labelled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all borough officers voted for, and be labelled "Borough."

And each class shall be deposited in separate ballot boxes.

U. H. EST, Sheriff.

Sept 29-tf

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 laxness; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having neglected some duty 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, almost every malady. Several of the above symptoms attend Dyspepsia, 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., as 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 illness may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. You can use it in health or sickness, it 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 send 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.

P. M. JANNEY, 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 its 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

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters has a bearing upon the health of the entire valley the character of the manufacturer is a guarantee for its purity and medicinal excellence."

DR. JOSEPH ROBERTS, President Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"I endorse it as a fine medicine, reliable as a strengthening tonic, free from alcoholic poison."

DR. J. FAHNESTOCK MOORE, PH. D., Professor of Pharmacy, Baltimore Pharmaceutical College, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a safe and reliable medicine, perfectly free from alcoholic poison, and can be recommended as a tonic for use among those who require stimulant."

DR. EDWARD ERICKSON, Secretary Baltimore College of Pharmacy, says:

"I believe it a most excellent medicine, a perfect tonic, sweet, and a non-laxative one for the lowest scale."

DR. RICHARD SAPINGTON, one of Baltimore's oldest and most reliable physicians, says:

"All who have used it profess the standard opinion, and are well known citizens of the highest rank in this city, are the guarantees of its being all that is claimed, for they are men who would not be induced to offer anything for sale but a reliable medicine for public use."

A Druggist Cured.

Boonsboro, Md., Oct. 12, 1881.
Gentlemen: Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of a bad attack of indigestion and biliousness in the stomach. Having used it, I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, and am glad to say it gives entire satisfaction to all.
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Druggist.

Ask your Druggist for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and take no other. One trial will convince you that it is just what you need.

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 Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaints, Barrenness and especially adapted to the change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. Advice and inquiry freely answered. Address as above. For sale by all druggists. New size $1 per bottle, Oddlers $1.50. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
Moyer Bros., Wholesale Agents, Bloomsburg, Pa.
June 9-1y.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
Acts at the Same Time on Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.
PRICE $1. USE Druggists $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

POETICAL.

WELL-DOING.

(From the Independent.)

Think the good,
And give the effect;
There are seeds
That grow forever,
Bearing richest fruit in life.
Still about can make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And do the clever;
Make men
The world an heaven
Even to gather up and bear off dross,
That alone remains
Of the fair
Harvests which their ripe days wave.

Do the good,
And for the reward
Fold up hope
With the dead year;
Strive to be the noblest man
Your own hands can make you,
Day by day.

—James H. Hoadley.

THE OLD PATHWAY.

The pathway led from the farm-yard gate,
Down by the apple-trees, through the wood;
The night was dark, and the hour is late,
Yet I must go—two is the moonlight hour.
Later I had not stayed, or I should be
Near enough the lane to see and hear;
For the loving words and sighs I fain would hear:
Lovers were divorced and lost, forever.

Down that pathway my soldiers went,
Up the lane, through the woods, heavy laden;
Some to return—the rest to be slain;
Among the hills, in the lonesome valleys,
I wonder if they ever come back?
Ones together with joyous laughter;
Once alone, with stifled groans;
Laden now with the dead, and now with living,
And groans and laughter mingled together.

—Sidney C. Bartlett.

SELECT STORY.

BEHIND HIMSELF'S SHIELD.

Homer Ashton, one autumn evening, in a fit of moodiness or sickness and gloom, had fancied he felt, in the twilight, a cold chill creep down his back. Not that he believed in the supernatural, but the feeling into which he sat looking grew pleasanter to him than the corners of the great room, for lamps had been banished to accord with the subject under discussion, and it seemed that the shadows lurking behind the young people grouped about the grate of blazing coals were tender and warm, and that when one glanced at them sideways suddenly, there was something around them like a ghostly vapor. If Will he faced them, to be sure, they were only ordinary shadows. Homer was ashamed of himself; he was afraid his nerves were unsteady, and resolved to be with them. He knew a way to do it.

Near the place it occurred he was saying, an English country house, near the edge of the older part of a castle said to have been built in the time of the Crusades. The whole castle was a pretty, unimaginative, but the part which had been allowed to fall into hopeless decay was the width of the courtyard away from the rest of the house. Probably it had once been connected with it by buildings which had formed three sides of a hollow square, but if so, it had been left out in the changes made at different times, since as he knew it was roofless, the walls were crumbled, and the underground portion was all that could any pretense to a habitation, and afforded a suitable home to the unhappy beings who were said to room in it, for a dungeon room, full of damp and air had a deadly chill. But these facts seemed conclusions from the nature of the place, for Homer could not find anybody who had explored it.

Ghosts might reside in the dungeon a good many fields, because they are in general so unwilling about selecting homes nobody else wants.

That evening, as Ashton connected the reports of the place itself with stories of sights and sounds around it, he found himself yielding as much to the influence of gossip that he had resolved to shake off the weakness and to try what stuff he was made of. He would stand in the haunted halls and see what would happen. It was enough that it would be nothing.

But he did not tell his plan to the others; he said merely that he was going for a walk to blow away the ghostly atmosphere by a little fresh air. Nobody volunteered to accompany him. Night had never seemed more dull and full to them all. They only looked at each other significantly and left them, and said:

"Another Americanism."

There is an unreasoning element in human nature which assumes every individuality of a foreigner to be a national characteristic. Dr. Ashton, whom the son of the house had become acquainted with in London and brought home with him for a visit, was to his entertainers an epitome of America, and it may be mentioned that at the end of a week they had come to have a good opinion of that country.

As Homer walked on rapidly he saw an occasional star in the sky, but it seemed as if heaven could not out of the depths of the earth there were too many of them.

He soon came to the ruin a mile away. He opened the heavy gate and began to descend the long flight of stairs leading into the corridors and rooms underground. What would the cold place have been in days? Hell monks, some here for prayers or penances, or were these dungeons where captives taken in the petty warfares of those times felt the personal vengeance of their captors? He thought of the one described in "Ivanhoe," into which Isaac the Jew was thrown—dark, damp, hung with chains and shackles, and where, in the ring of one set of letters were two mouldering human bones. It was no wonder ghosts were said to haunt a place like that.

In the midst of these thoughts the gate he had left open swung to with a clang, shutting out earthly things behind him. Step by step he went down the strange stairs into blackness to which the night outside was twilight. Some times he seemed to hear a sound, but when he stopped to listen it was the beating of his heart. When he reached the foot of the stairs he still went on, every foot that his outstretched hands struck against a wall or pillar, or he was passing through an arched hall that ended in a narrow passage. He next entered what he thought must be a large room, for the air had an indefinable difference, and the blackness seemed that of space. Instead of substance. As he stood there, uncertain which way to move and the very echo of his footsteps ceased, the horror of darkness and silence which had been growing upon him, reached its height. He tried to utter his challenge, but his dry lips would give fourth no sound, an abyss of night seemed to swallow him up.

Suddenly he fancied he heard a movement, he thought that something like palpable blackness flitted about him. He turned to fly and took a few hurried steps in the direction of the entrance. Then he stopped. It was no ghostly presence that arrested him, but the iron hand of his resolution; he had come here to do a certain thing and was not to be cowed by a feeling which he would be ashamed to own to himself in the daylight. He faced about and went foward quickly a few steps.

"If there is any ghost let him now appear," he called loudly.

The dreary walls answered his cry with dull reverberation.

With arms folded he stood a moment—the hardest thing of all to do—awaiting results. If there had not been a roar in his ears, if the beating of his heart had not made even his vision unsteady, he would have said that he heard subdued laughter, or moaning. It was impossible to tell which as the sound rolled toward him from the hollow sides, and that he saw something like whiteness in the distance, while a sense of presence made him cold with horror.

He had done all he had resolved to do and was free to get out of this dreadful place. He hurried toward the entrance, urged on by the unreasoning sense of pursuit that comes over one when he turns his back upon danger. And all at once he lost footing and lay full length upon the slippery floor. The shock, however, only jarred and bewildered him. As he put out his hands to rise he touched something from which he drew back instantly with a stifled exclamation; he thought it must be one of the reptiles. Likely to be anything in this place. But he recollected that it was a curious stone which would prove his night's excursion if the strangers he was with should be tempted to doubt it. After a little groping he found it again; it felt like a stone with slimy moisture, and putting it into his pocket he made his way out of the ruins as best he could.

When he returned to the house his friend was alone waiting for him, and sleepy. As Homer could see, consequently a little annoyed at being "kept up so late." The guest said nothing that might of where he had been.

In his room he took out the stone. It was not a pebble or a piece of the pavement, as he had supposed, but an oval of yellowish lava that had once been a brooch or part of a bracelet. As he cleared it with his penknife and pocket handkerchief he saw that the work upon it was beautiful; it was a figure of Minerva, the very folds to her robe carefully cut, and, as he saw by his magnifying glass, with a light graceful carving on her helmet and shield. On the opposite side, just under the shield, was the word "Violet."

It was evidently the owner's name, but who was she? Where did she live, and when? The ghost, if were the ghost, had no claim to its last hiding place long he thought, it was not enough stained by the damp ness, yet he was not sure about that. "Violet" might belong to a former generation, or might have been sleeping the sleep of the just for a century. But suppose not—suppose she were a young lady beautiful as her name, wealthy and high born? Well, what then?

Homer put out his light and went to bed, but not immediately to sleep. The affair seemed to promise an adventure; as such it would have been interesting to any young person. But Ashton, in addition to being barely 25, had been obliged to make his way for the last ten years; for, though he was of good family, Dame Fortune had started him in life with no more than one of her gewgaws, which, however, every time it was turns it, as in the legend, leaves a golden piece in his hand.

The next morning but one a tall young man with dark hair and eyes and an expression amused yet resolute, handed in his card at Grantham Hall and asked for its owner, Sir Gresham Lund.

"Is Homer Ashton," cried Sir Gresham, looking up from his letters displeased at the interruption. "Who's he? I don't know any such person. Boy!" to the servant, "what does he look like?"

"A swell, Sir Gresham, only sprucer."

"Oh, spruce," is he? In his head or his heels, I wonder? Well, I suppose I must see what he wants; one of these genteel sponges came to suck up as many guineas as I'll give to their denoed charities," he muttered. By which speech it is fair to conclude that Sir Gresham had been sponged in this way more than once.

But when Homer, who was admiring the view from the drawing-room window, turned and bowed as the baronet approached, Sir Gresham perceived nothing of the suppliant about him, and began to doubt whether this elegant stranger did mean to make him a few pounds the poorer by his visit. He came forward and requested his visitor to be seated. Ashton spoke of the beauty of the country and Sir Gresham answered him; but at the moment curiosity was his ruling passion.

"You are wondering why I came," said Homer. "Certainly it was not to tell what everybody knows—that is the finest situation about here. But I have in my possession part of an ornament which, I believe, belongs to "Miss Lund."

"You! What is it?"

Ashton bowed and smiled also, so he handed the other his discovery of the night but one before. "Does it belong to your daughter?" he said.

But Sir Gresham was too bewildered to answer him.

"That?" he cried. "Good heavens! that? Where did you find it? It's a clue."

"A clue to what?" cried Homer eagerly. He felt on the brink of discovering how a lady's ornament could come in so strange a place.

But Sir Gresham was too excited by some suggestion awakened by the sight of the stone to have an idea of trying to satisfy any curiosity but his own.

"Where did you find it?" he repeated.

"Is it your daughter's?" returned Homer.

"Yes, it must be her's!" and remembering at last to thank the young man for returning it, he stood with the stone in his hand waiting impatiently for a full account of its recovery.

"Does Sir Gresham Lund suppose that I came here for the purpose of telling a midnight adventure to him?" thought Homer, as a look of amusement flitted across his face. "If you will be so kind," he answered, suavely, "as to ask Miss Lund if she will do me the favor to indentify her ornament, I shall be most happy to tell you and her, if she cares to know, how I came by it."

Sir Gresham hesitated only an instant. "Assuredly he said, and sent for his daughter."

The young man's heart beat faster at the sound of light steps behind him. I suppose Violet were plain and heavy-looking, yet suppose—he turned hastily, but not too soon for the "beautiful face that was coming toward him. "She was named for her eyes," thought Homer; and there was something else he thought too, but no more could be spoken for a moment. She greeted him, but when she saw the medallion in her father's hand she cried:

"Oh, papa my bracelet clasp; where did you get it? Have they found out the robbers?"

Homer's eyes opened wide at her words.

"Robbers? he repeated. "There it, then? Perhaps I really did wrong and see something after all." And after a moment, in which three people stood facing each other with looks of inquiry, he began an account of his expedition to the ruin. He was truthful in every detail, yet the story sounded remarkably well as he told it, watching Violet's face and seeing her shiver and grow pale in imagining the dreariness of the old cellars. If she would but "love him for the danger he had passed" he knew nothing of wars, "to be sure, except of personal struggles with misfortune, out of place to be told here, yet having left their mark upon him in a consciousness of power to dare and conquer adverse circumstances."

"I've no doubt they carried their booty there," cried Sir Gresham, his thoughts still in the ruins of an infinite distance behind the young man's winged fancy and supplementing the narrative which Ashton had just finished. While Violet was listening to her father's account of a daring burglary committed the winter before while the family were in the house, Ashton had an opportunity to study her face more critically, or rather more admiringly. It was possible he did not drop all the admiration out of his expression as from time to time she turned to him to explain more fully something that her father was saying.

"I've no doubt the villians bring their booty miles to hide in the ruins," said Sir Gresham. "This medallion was the clasp of a heavy gold bracelet. It was given to my daughter by a friend, and she is much obliged to you, I am sure, for finding it."

"Indeed I am," said Violet, coloring a little as she spoke.

"It is I who am under obligations to fate," answered Homer; "I have found something that Miss Lund values."

"The rest of the bracelet has been melted down long ago," persisted Sir Gresham. "That place ought to be searched."

"Yes," said Homer, "shall you do it?"

The baronet looked somewhat taken aback at this energetic suggestion.

"No doubt," he answered, "and perhaps, Dr. Ashton, you would like to be one of the party if I go with some of my neighbors? I suppose it ought to be done as soon as possible, within a day or two," he went on, as the other assented, "lest they would take alarm at your intrusion upon them. When should you advise going?"

"This moment," cried Homer. "It is a wonder that we Americans have now grass in our country," he added, smiling, "we are so averse to letting it grow under our feet."

He met Violet's eye as he finished, and read in them an admiration not to be mistaken. In another moment she had turned away of some trifling pretext; but, undoubtedly, she was blushing. How was Homer to know that she had once declared she would marry the man who brought her back her bracelet? That, however, was when she was quite sure it would never be found.

"Not until after breakfast, pray, you?" she said. "You'd better take Dr. Ashton (well, after that)."

"Several years later, when the medallion had led to more than the finding of stores of plunder in the old ruins which a gang of thieves had taken care to make appear haunted, Homer Ashton, a physician of high standing, was living in a large American city. A school mate whom he had not met for years said to him one day at dinner as they were talking of marriage and death among their former comrades:

"By the way, Ashton, you never told me where you first met your wife. I only know that it was in England."

He laughed.

"I first met her," he said, "behind Minerva's shield. Did I not Violet?"—*Our Continent.*

Dutch Bulbs For Winter.

At the September meeting of the New York Horticultural Society, an essay on the care of bulbs for house decoration in winter was read by Mr. John Thorpe, one of the members of the society, which we give in a condensed form. Many of our readers will find its suggestions helpful in preparing and caring for their bulbs for winter and spring flowering. The greater portion of bulbs used for house decoration are what are known as Dutch Bulbs (not that they are Dutch, but from the fact that Holland, with its low sandy soil, was identified for centuries as the most suitable place for their production.) These are Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus Crocus, with a few other kinds not used in such large quantities. The importation of this year is the largest ever known, and is ten times larger than ten years ago. One of the first and most important principles is to obtain *good*, sound bulbs. These are easily to be had from reputable dealers during September, October, and November. Another principle is good soil. The best soil is what is known as sandy loam. Rich garden soil with a sprinkling of fine bone meal, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each two quarts of soil, is good.

Bulbs must have good drainage. For all bulbs are great lovers of water, they will not bear anything like stagnation or putrid soil.

Do not subject bulbs to extremes of temperature; never water them with cold water, if you have them in a warm room; never set them near a heater, or on the mantlepiece above a fire; do not bring them into too warm a situation until they show signs of growing rapidly; and remember to give them all the air and sunlight possible. Put them as early as possible, and keep them out of doors in a situation, where the water can drain away, covering the pots entirely to the depth of four for five inches with ashes.

Hyacinths require pots of five inches in diameter, one bulb in each. The pots must be well drained, with either pieces of broken pots or charcoal. One-third or more is not too much. A few rough pieces of soil to be put in first, then fill up two-thirds with finer soil. On this a pinch of sand; then press on this the bulb rather firmly, leaving one-third within an inch of the top. Water thoroughly. Then place out of doors; or where it is not convenient to place out of doors, a dry, cool cellar will do, and answer the same purpose. Hyacinths in glasses are easily managed and require but little attention. To be successful, bulbs should be placed in glasses not later than the end of October, choosing single varieties only and using clear water. Drop in one or two pieces of charcoal as large as a hickory-nut. Allow the water just to touch the plate or bottom of the bulb. Place the glasses in a dark, cool, dry cellar, occasionally examining them, and when the water has evaporated filling up as required. They should remain until the roots have nearly reached the bottom of the glasses, when they can be brought to the light. The most airy and light part of a room is the best position for them. As the bulbs make growth, more evaporation will take place; therefore the water should be replenished at intervals. When the flower spikes begin to show color, the glasses should be kept full to the brim, as at the period of flowering the bulbs require a great quantity of moisture.

Tulips follow Hyacinths very closely in popularity for house decoration. Next in order are the Narcissus, of several species requiring about the same treatment as Tulips and Hyacinths. The next to be mentioned is the exquisite scented and elegantly shaped Crocus. These have considerably smaller bulbs, with their five to seven flowers each. They can be grouped quite close, either in vases, boxes, or baskets, using the soil recommended previously. They require to be kept in a r