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. H. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO 50
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO 41

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	M	1Y
One inch.....	$2 00	$3 50	$5 00	$8 00	$8 00
Two inches.....	3 00	4 60	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 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. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEY-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. 8, '80.

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.

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 floor, second door to the left.
Can be consulted in German. aug 18 '82

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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.

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

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.

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 6, '80-tf

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

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

IT'S COME!!
And
WE HAVE GOT IT.
AN
Immense New Stock
of
CLOTHING.
HATS,
CAPS, SHIRTS,
and
A Grand Line
OF
Gents' Furnishing
GOODS.
Fall Novelties
AT
PRICES THAT
WILL
ASTONISH YOU.
CALL AND
BE CONVINCED.
AT
D. Lowenberg's.

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

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. 25-1y

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.	$7,078,294
Royal of Liverpool	15,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,799,916
Hartford of Hartford	3,275,000
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.

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin of " "
Pennsylvania of " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of New York.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
Oct. 28, '79-1y

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 Poison, 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. SANFORD, Eyric, Ala.
Scarlet Fever Cured.
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."
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, 82 1y

STRONG FACTS!
A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.
It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.
Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.
A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.
Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1881.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the bottle I obtained, and am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it.—MRS. MARY E. BRANNAN, 173 Pratt street.
Kidney Disease Cured.
Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I used Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to retain a bit. I gave him iron bitters—with the happiest results.
J. B. VEST, Merchant.
Heart Disease.
Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
MRS. JENNIE HISS.
For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.
Be sure and get the Genuine.
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 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.
It can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.
KIDNEY-WORT

SELECT STORY.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

A STRANGE STORY.

"I tell you," cried the Colonel, growing more and more heated, as he brought his emphatic remarks to a close—"I tell you it's all of a piece—table-rapping, mesmerism, banshees, vampires, second sight—all of a piece, and all unmitigated, infernal nonsense!"

"My dear Colonel," said Mrs. Tregarthen, our hostess, "in this matter of second sight, I can say, 'I believe, for I have seen!' I was, as you know, brought up on my grandfather's estate in Northern Scotland. At this day, among the Highlands, a belief in second sight is familiar to the minds of the people, and you could hardly travel a large tract of country without meeting at least one person possessing this mysterious gift; often it was a woman, and oftenest one well past middle life.

"Such a one, named, Tibbie Hand, rented a little cottage on my grandfather's land. She was held in much respect by the servants and cottagers, not so much as a seeress, I think, as for her skill in the use of herbs and simples, and in the preparation of such sweetments and cordials as were in favor in the country side. I knew old Tibbie well, and when Marjorie Douglas, my distant cousin and dearest companion, and I came back on a long gallop across the windy moors, we were glad to stop at her little cottage for a bowl of porridge she knew how to prepare to perfection. But in her trance state I never saw her.

"Between Marjorie and I there existed one of those close and tender friendships which spring so often from total unlikeness. She was tall, and fair, and fragile; I, small and strong, and a veritable nut-browne mayde; she was the truest Celt I ever knew—imaginative, sensitive, dreamy, passionate; I was the sturdiest of persevering, humdrum Saxons.

"She opened to me the riches of the world of books, and brought me into communication with those who loved nature more wisely and as well as I. She brought poetry and romance into my life, and I into hers a certain breziness of sunshine that held the dream-mists from gathering too closely about her, and made commonplace life and work more possible to her, sweet idealist that she was!

"I passed from my childhood associations, to be a part of them no more forever, when, after grandfather's death, I went to live with my uncle, Robert Farleigh, in Kent. I was only 17, and it was hard to bid farewell to the dear old glens and moorlands; it was hard to leave the grand hills, from whose uplifted lights and shadowy silence, all unconscious to me, a sense of the infinite fatherhood and motherhood had flown down into my orphaned, childish heart. It was hardest of all to say good-by to Marjorie. We promised each other that our separation should be as short as possible. She was to come soon to see me at Farleigh Manor, and I was to pass a long summer with her at Douglas House. But, ah, me! how much had passed before I saw my sweet girl again!

"I spent several years traveling with my uncle and his only daughter Ethel—a fair, bright, proud girl, of whom I soon became very fond. And when at last we returned to Kent, and I wrote, beseeching an immediate visit from Marjorie, she answered that her mother's failing health kept her constantly at her side, and they were preparing even then to take refuge in Southern France from the merciless rigors of a scottish winter. And perhaps I missed Marjorie less, that I brought home with me a shy, sweet hope, that blossomed in my heart like a winter rose. I met Major Tregarthen in Italy, and not long after our return home sought out some hitherto unknown cousins of his—the Ffrench's—who had a fine old estate not many miles from us. During his visit he found frequent occasion to ride over to Farleigh Manor—a tall, dark, handsome cousin of his, Basil Ffrench by name, not unfrequently bearing him company. Major Tregarthen was ten year my senior, and my dear old uncle was so wont to appropriate his company and enjoy his visits that it was an unspeakable amazement to him when one morning the Major interrupted him in a political harrangue to ask his niece's hand in marriage, with her full and glad consent. So, when the hawthorn was white in the hedgerow, I gave Major Tregarthen then my hand, as I had given him my heart, what seemed to us both, so long ago, under the gray old walls of Rome. Immediately after our marriage we came to Tregarthen House, and in the happy year that followed there grew in my heart for the dear old place that feeling which never in all our lives cling about more than one home.

"The second year of our marriage my husband's regiment was stationed in Dublin, whither I went with him, and it was while there we began to make note of how frequent in Ethel's letters had grown the mention of Basil Ffrench, and what a matter of course it seemed to be that he should be her cavalier at ball and festival, until we came at last to feel certain that my cousin's proud heart had passed from her keeping, and her turn to be 'kissed and carried awa' was not far off. But the weeks and months slipped by, and though Captain Ffrench seemed to be still the most frequent of visitors at Farleigh Manor, the pleasant news I was eagerly looking for was still delayed.

"We had but just returned to Tregarthen House when the news reached us of my Uncle Robert's sudden death, leaving his affairs so heavily involved that when the large debts presented against the estate had been settled, Ethel was left with only a few hundreds a year, instead of the thousands she had always been led to expect.

"We wrote at once, begging her to come to us, which she did, poor child, so worn with grief and anxiety as to be but the shadow of her old bonny self.

"Before many weeks, Basil Ffrench followed her into Wales, to lay at her feet the heart, the acceptance of which he had doubted in her old, bright, careless days. But, to our surprise and sorrow, Ethel coldly refused to listen to him. 'He should not offer her now, for pity,' she said 'what long ago he might have offered her from love;' and though he pleaded, and the Major reasoned with her, and I alternately scolded and tearfully coaxed her, her determination was not to be shaken, and the man who faithfully loved her went back to his Kentish home with a heavy heart

"Though we most earnestly and affectionately urged Ethel to make our home hers, she answered, with the unyielding Farleigh pride in her clear young voice, that 'she could never feel herself dependent, even on her nearest and dearest,' and after some correspondence with an old friend of her mother's, she told us that at midsummer she should go to London, where she had found a situation as governess.

"But before midsummer—it was the year 1857—my husband's regiment was sent into the Indian service; and although for us the black horrors of Delhi and Cawnpore were not, yet I would not, if I could, have held him back. My husband's younger brother, Garth, had lately been appointed to a lieutenancy in the Major's regiment.

"There was no talk of Ethel's leaving me now. Apart from my husband's absence, there was another reason why, in days drawing near, I needed some one whom I could trust, and one who loved me.

"It was not wholly sympathy that taught Ethel what my suffering was. We had heard that Basil Ffrench had lately asked and received a transfer into my husband's regiment, and would sail with him in the early summer. I think if he had come to Ethel then, the solemn shadow of the peril into which he was going would have hushed away her pride, and she would have shown him all her loving heart; but he was not a man to ask lightly again what once had been so bitterly denied him, and he went away, and there was no sign between them.

"In the weary weeks and months that followed the departure of Garth and my husband, two sad-eyed women moved about the house that was late so gay, and sat silently under the whispering beeches. Perhaps Ethel's burden was the harder to bear, since mine was a recognized grief, under which I might cry out, while for very shame she must hide hers in the depth of her maiden heart.

"It was just after word reached us of the regiment's safe arrival in India that there came to me a letter from Marjorie, telling me of her mother's death, after a long and wasting illness.

"'Come to me, Marjorie,' my answer said, and in the early autumn she came.

"Both Ethel and I were happier for having her with us.

"But in the early November days I noted with anxiety a subtle change in her. Her face, always fair, had now a certain transparent look; a hectic flush, which vanishing, left her deathly pale, replaced the color which had always been constant and healthful; she seemed constantly languid and exhausted, and sometimes involuntarily she would pass her hand to her forehead as if to press down a pain.

"One November twilight we were sitting together in the drawing room by the long windows that open on the terrace. We had not yet rung for lights, preferring, as our frequent fashion was, to watch the waving sunset over the hills, and the stars shine out one by one into the purple silence. A short, sharp cry rang suddenly through the silent room, and Marjorie's hand cold as a snow flake, clutched and held my fingers. I turned toward her in alarm, her face was like marble in the dim light, and her eyes looked strained and wild.

"As I turned she flung herself into my arms, crying passionately: 'Oh, Dora! Dora! I cannot bear it any longer. Don't my dear—don't,' and burst into gasping sobs.

"Thoroughly frightened, I held her in my arms, soothing and petting her, and hushing her with every tender word I knew; Ethel meanwhile closing the curtains to shut out the eerie twilight, and lighting the candles till the room was bright with their soft glow.

When at last Marjorie's sobs were hushed, and she lay, weak and trembling, I said:

"'My love, can you tell me what frightened you so, and what I was doing that you should so piteously cry out to me to stop?'

"'You would think me mad if I were to try and tell you,' she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. 'I knew—oh, how well I knew!—that you were thinking of Major Tregarthen in India, and longing to be with him, to see him, to know what he was doing; and it grew on me of a sudden that I could go there—go out of my body, and go there and seek for him—and I felt that you were bidding me to go; and I was leaving you, and there was a great mist and darkness closing round me, and the horror and the fear of it were like death; and I tried to cry out to you to hold me—not to bid me go?'

"A fine cold shudder crept like a thread of ice along my veins, but I summoned all the cheerful commonsense that was my birth-right, and cried, as I fondled and kissed her:

"'My poor child, you are nervous and overwrought; and we and the twilight are but dismal company! I shall send you straight to your bed, and bring you up a glass of hot drink; and a good sleep will soon chase away all your uncanny fancies!'

"But for all that, I promised myself that I would send for Dr. Llewellen as soon as ever it was light enough for a groom to ride. But, tired out, I was only wakened next morning by the dressing bell; and when I came down to the breakfast room Marjorie met me, looking so cheery and like her old self, and so ready to laugh at her 'twilight terror' that I thought no more of urging medical advice on her.

"That morning the Indian mail came in, and among the letters was one for Ethel, at sight of which her bonny face flushed like a sunrise sky; and as soon as might be she slipped away from us, bearing it with her unopened. Later in the day she came to my room, with her bright eyes heavy with long crying, but with the sweetest, tenderest, womanliest look I had ever seen about her proud young mouth. She could only tell me what I guessed already—that Basil Ffrench's letter, coming to her out of the shadow of peril and death, told her once more of the love that peril and death showed him to be most abiding and sure, and asked her—solemnly, as befitted one who might be beyond human words when her answer might come—if she had no other answer to him now than that she had given him under Tregarthen beeches. I did not need to ask her what reply was waiting for to-morrow to speed it on its way. I read it in her softened face.

"Before I was well awake the morning of the following day my maid summoned me to Miss Douglas.

"I only needed a glance to tell me that my fears had been realized; the illness that I had dreaded was come upon her. Her face was flushed and her eyes bright with fever, and the restless hands that plucked at the coverid were burning to my touch. Though her speech was broken and incoherent, she seemed to know me, and seemed to realize her condition and the necessity of seeing Dr. Llewellyn as soon as might be.

"The dreary day wore slowly on toward noon, and there was little change in Marjorie's condition.

"Tired out, I sank down into a great arm chair by her bedside, and Ethel drew a low stool to my feet, and pillowed her head upon my knee; and so we sat a long time in silence, watching the flickering light of the fire I had kindled in the wide chimney piece. Marjorie's eyes were closed, and her breathing was more regular, and we hoped that at last she had fallen into a quiet sleep.

"And as I sat there, as in my every moment of stillness, my heart and my thoughts went out to my husband; and, as in the twilight of two days ago, a very passion of longing grew and grew in my heart to see him, though for one short moment, to know how it fared and if it were well with him.

"The longing had hardly taken a conscious form, when I began to feel a curious numb chill creeping over me from head to foot; and, without will or intent of my own, I slowly turned my gaze toward Marjorie's bed.

"To my horror, she lay like one dead—a waxen pallor on her set face and stiffened lips, through which no breath seemed to come; her eyes were wide open and fixed—only her look was alive; on every lineament was frozen an expression as of one hears, terror-stricken, something far away.

"As I watched her, her thin lips parted and through them, though apparently aided by no movement of their own, came what I can only describe as the merest echo of a voice, as though one had spoken in a hollow silence far away.

"You bade me come," it said, "and I am here. "There is a mist about me—it is pitilessly hot; a sun I cannot see is scorching up the world; there is a great roar in my ears, and shrieks and groans pierce through it, and a hissing that rises and breaks and falls. The mist is wavering, is sifting now, and parting, and I can see. There is a hillside, and on its summit are great towers and a shining dome. Men in scarlet are struggling up the hill and creatures with black faces are beating them back. There is a flash like steel! Ah, God! I see! I see!—the roar is the roar of a cannon, and the hiss is the hiss of a shell, and the shrieks are from those lying in their blood, trampled under feet in the mad struggle! There is a light yonder and I move toward it, for it marks those you have sent me to seek. He is reading a despatch, sitting erect and strong upon his black horse; now he gives him the rein, and he is gone. The mist closes, and it is dark—dark! It parts again. I can see a dark, stern man, fighting his way through a struggling mass. Some one is following him close—some one with blue eyes that flash like fire. Cannot he who follows see the black creature who is creeping up beside his friend with a drawn dagger? Ah, he does not see; and in a moment more—Tregarthen!—Garth Tregarthen, look to your friend!"

Marjorie had risen upright in bed, her long hair falling loose about her, her eyes dilated and staring, her hands clasped in passionate entreaty; and as her last words came forth in a ringing shriek, the spell that bound me snapped.

"Unheeding that Ethel had slipped to the floor, white and motionless, I rushed to Marjorie, and with a strength not my own, held, and soothed, and calmed her, till a moment later I heard the blessed sound of the doctor's foot upon the stairs.

"I need not speak of the days that followed, when Marjorie lay in the deathly hold of a brain fever, and Ethel served her like one who must spend herself beyond the power to think; and I could only wait and pray; and often Ethel and I looked into each other's eyes, and said with faltering voices that it had been terrible to listen to Marjorie's delirious raving, and knew in our sickened hearts that she had not raved when she saw Basil French in mortal peril.

"It was not long after the day when Doctor Llewellyn told us, with tears of sympathy in his kind old eyes, that our Marjorie was coming back to us, her own sweet self, out of her danger and suffering, that the hard, good, sorrowful time came when I could be with my dear girl no longer, but must myself go forth trembling upon a shadowy way.

"The Christmas sunshine was bright on the snowy lawn the first time I came down to the drawing-room with my son in my arms; and it was Marjorie's dear self, with the rose of a new health budding in her delicate face, who met me at the door, and with loving words, and a mist before her eyes, led me in.

"We had told Doctor Llewellyn the story of that terrible afternoon, and he listened with a grave and musing face.

"He warned us earnestly that it was never to be mentioned before Marjorie.

"'If she remembers it at all, it will be as a part of her delirium," he said; 'and I would not even now answer for the consequences if that impression were to be disturbed.'

"So we never referred to it; not even when, long after, the Indian mail brought us news of the second siege and taking of Lucknow, and how Garth was in the hospital with a slight wound in the shoulder—'a mere scratch, just enough to insure his being petted and lionized to his heart's content by-and-by,' he wrote to gaily assure us; and how Captain Ffrench was disabled also with a serious wound in his sword arm. 'And there might have been another and a sadder story to tell,' my husband's letter said, 'had not Garth seen in time the dagger an Indian would have sent home in another second to Ffrench's heart. He turned aside the blow it was too late to beat down. And, apropos of this, Garth tells a curious experience of his that day, which I have no time now to repeat, but which Garth himself shall tell you some day when we are sitting together under the dear old beeches.'

"When I gave this to Ethel to read she turned a little pale and her lips quivered, but neither of us spoke a word.

"In the early spring Marjorie went home to the stern, loving old father.

"I could not tell you of my sorrow, do you think I can tell you of my joy, when my husband, bronzed and safe and strong, stood by me one midsummer twilight by the cradle of our first-born son?

"In the first days of autumn Ethel Ffrench left us, with her husband, for her happy home.

"Basil had pleaded, with a masterful tenderness, that his leave was short. 'And can I do without you, Ethel?' he said.

"So one September morning she stood beside him in gray Tregarthen Church, and the trustful hand in his did not tremble while the solemn words were said that gave them to each other.

"Just before they left us, as we were sitting together here one golden twilight, Garth told us the story of his strange experience in the fight below Lucknow.

"'Certainly the last place,' he said as he drew near the end of his story, 'and the last time in the universe, when it would seem natural for a man to become conscious of a woman's near presence; and yet I declare to you, Dora, that in the midst of all that roar and tumult, and fire and blood, I felt an utter certain consciousness that a woman whom I had never known, but whose fine and delicate individuality made itself keenly felt by me, was following me in our mad charges from point to point, keeping always at my right hand.

"'I had no time to think of this, I tell you. I had only time to feel it; and feel it I did with such intensity that I dared not for my life look beside me lest I should see a woman there in the midst of that struggling hell!

"'Ffrench had been fighting near me; but I had fallen somewhat behind him in the last forward rush, and I had no more thought or memory of him than of anything else. But just as I had seen what I had fancied a thin place in the Sepoy column, and was rushing wildly toward it, shouting to my men to follow, I felt a sort of numb coldness thrill through me from head to foot; and, at the same second, a woman's voice, clear and agonized, shrieked beside me, "Tregarthen!—Garth Tregarthen, look to your friend," and, without will of my own, I rushed forward and to the left just in time to turn aside that dagger from Ffrench's heart, and send the black who held it bleeding to the earth; and from that moment I had no more sense of a woman's presence near me than I have ever had at any other possible place and time.'

"It was fully a year later that we were obliged, on business connected with my grandfather's estate, to take a journey into Scotland; and Garth, whose imperfectly healed wound still furnished him with a pretext for following us wherever we went, on the plea of 'needing to be taken care of,' accompanied us. The night after our arrival I begged him to be my escort in the three miles over to Majorie's home.

"We were shown into the drawing room, where Marjorie's maid told us her mistress would immediately join us. We had not waited five minutes, when Garth, with a strange look I had never seen before on his frank and merry face, rose and began to pace the drawing room with long, nervous strides.

"'Dora,' he said, suddenly pausing before me, 'do you know that I believe I'm going clean daft? Ever since we struck into the approach to this house, and tenfold more strongly since we've been in it, I have felt that woman at my right hand, and I could swear that in another moment her voice—'

"He did not finish the sentence.

"A joyous cry from Marjorie rang through the garden window, as she came flying up the broad path.

"'You blessed Dora Tregarthen!" she cried; and springing over the low sill on the way to my outstretched arms, stood suddenly still, almost crouching, staring at Garth with a whitening face.

"He had clutched my arm with a pressure that was pain, and his face was almost as white as hers.

"'Dora,' he gasped, 'I told you I should hear it. That is the voice that cried to me before the walls of Lucknow!"

"And then Marjorie, shivering from head to foot, crossed the room and stood awed before him.

"'I saw you there,' she said, 'and I warned you to turn to save your friend. You are Garth Tregarthen.'

"After that, what formal presentation was possible? Before we left her that night, we had talked of the matter to its strange end from its stranger beginning. Marjorie told us how that first afternoon of her illness had always stood out in her memory, sharp and clear, from the delirious dreams that followed it; that she had felt sure it was not a dream, but a 'seeing'—a confirmation of what had been to her all her life a dread terror, unconfessed even to me, her dearest friend; that on her had descended the terrible gift of the second sight, which from unrecorded times had belonged to one of the Douglas women of each generation. She had hoped, as time wore on and we never alluded to it, that it might have been, after all, but a feverish dream, more vived than the rest; and now to find her fear a fact was almost more than her brave new strength could bear.

"And now, Colonel, my story is all done; and, as I promised, I have said to you, 'I believe, for I have seen!'"

Wm. McCartney, 88 Lloyd Street, Buffalo, N. Y., fell and sprained his ankle. His employer, H. Anderson, 94 Main street, procured some Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and he says that a few applications enabled him to go to work as usual.

Great Men of Genius.

AND THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT SOME OF THEM ATTAINED—HEAVY MEN WHO WERE DISTINGUISHED AS AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

Fat is by some considered an indication of laziness. Physically, this is to a certain extent true, but not mentally. Some of the greatest men the world ever saw were plump even to obesity. Napoleon was decidedly embonpoint. Some one says that men of genius had a parchment look formerly, because being underpaid, they were constantly underfed. That type is now, however, as extinct as the dodo or megotharus. There are no literati now, who, like Saudery, flavor their crust with a piece of bacon stolen from a mouse trap. Dr. Johnson was fleshy, even to clumsiness. So was his biographical shadow, Boswell. William Wirt, the great orator of the early part of the century, and attorney in the Burr trial, laced with corsets so that he was frequently carried fainting from the court room. Balzac, the French novelist, was so stout that it was a day's exercise to walk around him; and he was encircled with bandages, as if he were a hogshead. Rossini, the musical composer, was a regular Jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees. The small boys called him a hippopotamus in pantaloons. Jules Janin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he sat down upon; his chin and cheeks protruded beyond his beard and whiskers. Lablanche was charged three fares when he traveled. Dumas the elder was stout. Saint Beuve was cursed with the stomach of a Jack Falstaff. Eugene Sue, the author of the *Wandering Jew*, as well as Lord Byron, so dreaded becoming fat that he indulged in vinegar and lemon. It is generally considered, when speaking of people remarkable for flesh, that Daniel Lambert leads the list. He was an Englishman by birth, born in 1770. Up to the age of 19 he was merely a muscular fellow, able to lift great weights and carry 500 pounds with ease. He succeeded his father as keeper of a prison, led an easy, sedentary life, which soon told upon his bulk. In 1803 he walked from Woolwich to London to reduce himself. He weighed at that time 148 pounds. He grew so fat that he could no longer attend to the duties of his office, and the magistrate retired him on a pension of $200 a year. Fat as he was