The Columbian.

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.

G. E. ELWELL, J. E. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII NO 7
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO 50

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$3 50	$5 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three inches	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	20 00
Quarter column	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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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.

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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. 5, '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.

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

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

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 16, '80-tf

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

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Newspapers. ☞ 100-page pamphlet, 25 cents. Dec. 15-4w.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

DURING COURT

There will be a Great

CLEARING OUT

OF

WINTER CLOTHING,

CONSISTING OF

Winter and Fall

SUITS, for

MEN, BOYS, and YOUTHS.

OVERCOATS,

at a great reduction.

CALL AND

BE CONVINCED.

AT

D. Lowenberg's.

BLOOMSBURG.

FALL AND WINTER OTHING.

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.	$7,075,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,916
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,062,885

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. 24, 79-1y

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 dependent, 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. 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 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, 8 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.

293 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 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

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.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

POETICAL.

ON KINGSTON BRIDGE.

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge.—Old Legend.

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone
Through hurrying mists with shrouded glow:
The boding night-wind made its moan,
The mighty river crept below;
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years—
Their hate was once too deep for tears;
One drew his rapier as he came—
Up leaped his anger like a flame;
With clash of mail he faced his foe,
And bade him stand and meet his so.
He felt a grave-yard wind go by—
Cold, cold as was his enemy;
A stony horror held him fast.
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,
And sighed, "I know thee not," and passed
Like to the mist and left him there
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years;
With grief that was too deep for tears
They parted last.
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.
"O Sweet!" he cried, "hast thou come back
To say thou lov'st thy lover still?"
Into the starlight pale and cold
She gazed afar—her hand was chill
"Dost thou remember how we kept
Our ardent vigils?—how we kissed?
Take thou these kisses as of old!"
An icy wind about him swept;
"I know thee not," she sighed, and passed
Into the dim and shrouding mist
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

SELECT STORY.

ADA CARFIT.

Ada Carfit was decidedly the belle of Sharborough: and as that small but bustling Midland town had a reputation among its neighbors for lovely lasses, the distinction was a great one.

In figure, the girl was somewhat small and slight; but in feature she had attained almost to perfection, both of outline and tint.

She had a lofty, well proportioned brow, around which rippled rich waves of auburn hair.

She had eyes of dreamy blue, checks just sufficiently tinged with delicate carmine to throw into relief the pearly whiteness of her teeth.

The worst of it was, she knew that she was beautiful, and the knowledge spoiled her.

Ada was the only child of a wealthy Sharborough manufacturer, and added to her other charms that of being an heiress.

Naturally she had suitors not a few.

But ladies Clara Vere de Vere can exist in much lower circles than that of the poet's faulty heroine, and Ada Carfit had caught the vice of a proud coquetry.

She relished her power over susceptible hearts and she did her best to extend it.

The breath of homage was a life to her.

She led her wooers gently on till the toils were all around them, and then, of a sudden, they found an impalpable, impassable barrier erected, and Ada's smiles were for new comers.

It was an amusement, half the zest of being, to her; she never wasted an anxious thought on what it might mean to her victims.

Men were strong and must protect themselves.

The last to enter the charmed circle had been a youth from the North, who in appearance and manners was certainly at a disadvantage with those whom he quickly came to consider his rivals.

Roger Herlestone was two-and-twenty; but his thick-set, burly figure, and his abundance of beard, made him look years older.

He was heavy in feature, uncertain in movements and awkward in address.

As the nephew of Mr. Marston, of Marston & Marsh, cotton-mill owners, his prospects were very good.

But the knowledge of this fact somehow failed to give him the needed self-confidence.

Roger's many blunders made him to a large extent the butt of his male acquaintance, and it was probably this that caused Ada Carfit, out of sheer opposition, to treat him with marked favor.

Philip Dare, the lawyer, had likened Rogers to the proverbial "bull in a china shop;" and Philip Dare should be made to bite his lip with vexation at her deference to the despised one.

But once again she was kind only to be cruel.

"I cannot tell whether she cares for me, or whether she does not," said Roger Herlestone to his younger brother, Martin. "Sometimes I think one thing and sometimes another. But this I am sure of, she is all the world to me."

"Then I'd ask her, old fellow."

"But—but—she has always so many around her. Ada Carfit is the queen of a large circle, and I—"

"Have been the best of sons, the best of brothers, and I have no doubt, would make the best of husbands."

"And I," said Roger, musing slowly, and paying no heed to this enthusiastic praise, "am a rough and homely man, who has almost as good a right to dream of becoming Prime Minister as of winning such a wife.

"Nonsense, Roger! Don't be so unnecessarily modest. You are just as good as she, and the girl must know it."

"Then," and the elder's tone changed suddenly; "I'll put it to the test and see. If Ada refuses me, it will be just another dream dispelled, and I shall face the worst."

The opportunity soon came.

The two were thrown much together at a summer picnic party, and some malign genius made Ada more than ever gracious.

It semed to her that she had succeeded in thawing the ice of her admirer's awkwardness, and the studied compliments he paid her awoke the gleam of a sunny, satisfied smile.

She little suspected the commotion that was was working beneath the surface.

They had wandered out of sight and hearing of the rest, on pretence of examining some curiously shaped rocks.

"How still the air is, under the sun!" said Ada stopping at a low fence that crossed the hillside.

For a moment her companion did not answer, and she cast a casual glance upwards at his face.

What Ada saw there made her start and slightly shiver.

"Yes," he said with a hoarse and mighty effort, "this is just the turn of the seasons, and this hush is very frequent and suggestive then. You and I have come to a turning point, too, Miss Carfit, and I must break the stillness by a very important question. Can you not guess what this is—the story I have to tell, Miss Carfit—Ada?"

"No, no. We had better return, I think. We shall be lost, Mr. Herlestone."

Ada was keeping her composure wonderfully, and she hoped by this coldly spoken hint the confession she feared might be averted.

She did not know the speaker.

"Wait an instant, Ada," Roger cried, abandoning the last shelter of reserve; "I have this to tell, that you are more to me than anyone else in the wide world can ever be. I love you, Ada—surely you must have divined it! Can you love me back again, however little? Will you some day be my wife?"

His words were coming swiftly enough now, and his beseeching eyes emphasized their truth.

The man was transformed and a faint response of admiration was raised in the girl's heart.

But he was—could be—no more than others she had rejected.

This triumph she was used to, and gloried in; though usually she had been better on her guard, and had stopped the deluded one before this stage was reached.

"I am sorry, Mr. Herlestone, you have said such things," she replied; "I thought you were above romance. That is partly why I trusted you. You seemed so—so sensible."

"It must surely be a sign of that to admire and to love."

"Pray don't, Mr. Herlestone. It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"A mistake that you can ever care for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

There was a levity about the assurance that stung the young man well nigh into madness.

He had heard of the girls heartlessness, and had paid no heed, treating them as idle scandal born of envy.

Now he could believe.

The very reality of his own love revealed the hollowness of this maiden's smiles.

"Is it also an error that encouraged me to think differently?" he asked; "that you accept my advances!"

"It was your own fault; you did as you pleased. But you are forgetting yourself now, Mr. Herlestone."

"I admit it, and I apologize, Miss Carfit," he replied, bitterly. "It was truly my own fault that I did not understand. I do now. You will let me see you back to the party?"

The return walk was whiled away by a very constrained conversation and both were glad when it was over.

A strange silence descended upon Ada Carfit for the rest of the afternoon.

Even the mirth of her other courtiers failed to do more than galvanize her into an outward semblance of interest and good-humor.

II.

It was many months later, and the storms of, perhaps, the wildest winter within living memory had descended upon these Northern Midlands:

For day after day and week after week, there was scarcely a break in the clouds or a pause in the gale.

Wind and rain, wind and rain was the dreary record, until the lakes were swollen, the streams impassable, and miles of low-lying pasture-land submerged.

Sharborough was not a pleasant place under such circumstances.

Upon the very brighest heavens its huge manufacturing chimneys hung a yellow blot; and now the funeral like pall of fog and smoke lowered overhead in a perpetual frown.

Ada Carfit grew sick of it, and betook herself on a visit to her uncle at Baysditch, five miles away.

There it rained still, it is true, and seemed likely to rain.

But Baysditch was in the open country, and behind it were the Porley Hills.

The girl was better content, and could grumble there with a sense of less oppression.

Of Roger Herlestone, since her dismissal of him, she had seen very little.

He was grown graver and more reticent it appeared, than ever.

And he had been taken in as a junior partner by Marston & Marsh.

That was all she new.

But somehow he had frequently haunted her.

He had looked so resolute and manly on those Porley Downs.

She even sighed thinking of it.

Ada's own image, despite his utmost efforts, was equally present with the young manufacturer.

"I think I despise and hate her as much as I once cared for her," he told his brother; but forget her I can't."

"Fall in love with some one else," was Martin's sage recommendation.

But Roger shook his head.

"Not yet," he said; I have not sufficient confidence in female goodness since then. That was the greatest evil the girl did me. She destroyed faith at a blow."

"A stormy afternoon, Roger," said his uncle, two days later. "Do you mind driving to North Fulton to see about those missing orders? It will be best for one of the firm to go, as it is such a delicate question."

"I am perfectly willing, sir. I am not afraid of the weather in the least."

"Better start at once."

"So I will. I shall be back then, by night fall."

North Fulton was over the hills, ten miles off.

The young man was quickly under way.

He had to pass through Baysditch, and he was aware of Ada Carfit's presence there.

But it was nothing to him whether she saw him or not.

The state of the roads was a much more serious consideration.

How high the waters were, and still rising.

Many houses in the valley were already isolated, and unless a speedy change took place—of which, alas! there was no symptom—the result must inevitably be grave disaster.

The wind lulled for an hour or two while Roger transacted his business.

But it arose in redoubled fury as he commenced his return journey.

Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route.

Turning sharply round a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a terror-stricken voice behind him.

He pulled hastily up.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes gleamed upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be bursten!"

"No!—sure?"

Roger comprehended in an instant what that message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the strangar's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through t' embankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't stop it."

"Then Baysditch must be flooded?"

"Yes. I be goin' to warn 't."

"Jump on here."

And Roger drove as if for his own life instead of other people's.

The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest. Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the onsweeping torrent grew louder every minute. Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the hill side while there was yet time.

Where was Ada Carfit lodging! Milton Villa, old Luke Carfit's home, was some distance beyond the clustering village roofs, and Roger experienced some delay in reaching it. The inmates only three in number besides the two maid-servants, were just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before even Roger was aware of it. Ada was as pale as death, but strangely calm and self-possessed. Roger remembered afterwards how, at least once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul. It was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn—now the bed of a roaring stream—the ground trended gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay. It was more than probable that the house would give way under the avalanche of water which had still to descend. "Porley Dam" was the current designation of the reservoir that supplied all Sharborough.

Roger Herlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose. Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan. There was no boat within reach. Each member of the household must trust to him; and he would return for each. It was proposed Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling. Mrs. Carfit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and nearly exhausted, Roger went back to the obstinate girl who still lingered.

"Whether I die or live, this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself.

Ada was in his arms now and the cross-current running heavily against him. It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would he succeed? How the spectators held their breath and trembled! At last with a faint "Hurrah" he made terra firma with his burden. But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded. A tree-trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head. But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay. They were outcasts, like dozens of others.

That flood will be long remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain fever supervened and Roger was ill for many weeks. Ada Carfit was his chief nurse, and her character seemed entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new light in his eye, Roger looked up and whispered,

"Ada!"

She averted her face. But he had caught the vision of a tear—one of thankfulnes and joy. He took her unresisting hand.

"I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And after all—care—a little?"

"Forgive! And I—let me tell, too," she cried brokenly, "I loved you though I didn't know it, when you asked me first, Roger."

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

J. M. Might, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "When I first commenced using your Burdock Blood Bitters I was troubled with fluttering and palpitation of the heart. I felt very weak and languid, with a numbness of the limbs; since using, my heart has not troubled me and the numbing sensation is all gone." Price $.100

In a town not many miles from Boston, a man stepped into a neighbor's house where he saw the head of the family lying upon his back on the floor, and his wife standing over him, as he thought, with a threatening air. He was about to withdraw, when the prostrate man shouted, "Come along in, Steve; she is only chalking me out a pair of pants."

MAGIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

N. McRea, Wyebridge, Ontario, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, etc., and, in fact, for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds and bruises.

"Have you any fresh eggs?" "Yes, mum, plenty; them with the hen on 'em?" "With the hen on them?" "Yes, mum, we always puts a hen on our fresh eggs to distinguish of 'em. Beg pardon, mum, don't think you understand. Hen the letter, not 'en the bird. Hen for noolaid, mum. Take a dozen, mum? Thank you!"—*Punch.*

Elder Moss Kite.

HIS HAIR BREADTH ESCAPES FROM SEEN AND UNSEEN FOES.

Troy Kansas Chief, Jan. 18, 1883.

Most of our older citizens well remember Moss Kite (who lived in Petersburg Bottom) the hero of our state's early political history, who was of stalwart build and powerful physique; who in 1858 led a colony of our people to Pike's Peak; who fought the Indians on the plains and was shot through the body; who on his return here after the rebellion was converted and baptized by Elder Henshall, of the Christian church at Petersburg Bottom, and became a revival preacher of celebrity all through this section. They will also recall the fact that, attacked with consumption and reduced to a skeleton, he was obliged to remove to the Rockies in the hope of saving his life. None thought he would succeed. Last fall, however, the editor of this paper met him at the head of the Republican river, bigger and more robust than ever, "Why I thought you had died of consumption long, long ago, Elder?"

"Me?" I never had consumption, man! though people thought that was what ailed me, and I thought so myself. But the doctors had sent me on a wild-goose chase after a dozen other diseases, just as fatal, and this was the wildest one of all."

The good Elder then recounted to us, in a charming vein, his many adventures in the rough and ready life he had led, "but," he said, "remarkable as you may think my warlike life has been, I have a much more interesting story to tell you."

"You know what a rough, noisy fellow I used to be; and I could stand any hardship. Why, on a wager, I have knocked down an ox and a mule with my fist, I have fought ruffians, border outlaws and Indians; but I was

DOGGED FOR YEARS

by a more dangerous unseen enemy that was ever getting me more completely in his clutches. I was shot at by an Indian in a fight on the plains, but the wound healed rapidly and gave me but little trouble. After I returned to Kansas and commenced preaching, I first began to give away. I had a dull feeling. Dr. Butler, our family physician, said my liver was out of order, caused by the malaria of the bottoms. I had always had an appetite like an ostrich, but my digestion became seriously impaired. While on the circuit preaching, I consulted a doctor, who said I had dyspepsia. After that, distressing palpitation of the heart followed, and the physician said this was caused by my indigestion and diseased liver which would probably terminate fatally. Sometimes I had a ravenous appetite, at others none at all. I was feverish and chilly. My food seemed to do me no good. A specialist told me I had a tape worm! Then I was troubled with unusual quantities of water and a frequent desire to urinate, which was done with great difficulty and great pain. The specialist said I had a touch of the gravel, caused by use of the alkaline water of the plains. I then began to suffer severe pains in the loins and the small of the back, accompanied with sudden attacks of dizziness, during which I had to sit or lie down, to avoid falling. I was forced to abandon

TRAVELLING AND PREACHING,

because I could no longer ride on horseback, or trust myself out alone. I began to be seriously alarmed, and sought the advice of the most noted physician within reach. He said that my frequent horseback riding had jolted and jarred me until the old Indian wound, which had injured my kidneys, had become inflamed. He treated me with medicines and electricity also, but gave me no permanent benefit. My painful symptoms all returned. I began to cough, got very thin and my legs were disagreeably numb. I began to despair. At each attempt to cure, my ailments became worse, with new symptoms. I next consulted a celebrated physician from the East, who, after thumping and examining me, stated that I was in an advanced stage of consumption and threatened with diabetes and paralysis! He thought I might possibly prolong my life for a year or two, by seeking a higher and drier climate. This was my condition when the people in your part of the country last saw me.

Then I started for the Rockies but liked this country, and settled here. At first the change helped me, but about three years ago the benefit ceased. Then I failed so rapidly that I could be out of bed only part of each day. All my old symptoms returned. At this crisis, a party of Eastern gentlemen,

ON A BUFFALO HUNT,

made my house their headquarters. In the party was a Dr. Wakefield, who informed me that I had a bad case of incurable Bright's Disease, and gave me a preparation which might, he said, ease me for a few weeks or months, but that was the best that could be done. Around the bottle was a newspaper. Now a newspaper was a rarity in our home, and I sat in my chair looking it over when my eye providentially fell upon an article relating a most wonderful cure of Bright's Disease—the very malady that was killing me—by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, (of Rochester, N. Y.) Convinced that further delay would be fatal, and everything else failing, the next morning, I dispatched one of my boys to the nearest railroad station, many miles distant, to obtain a bottle of the Safe Cure. The druggist said the demand for the Cure was so great he could not keep it in stock, and he had to send to Kansas City for more. It was more than a week before it arrived, and I was daily getting weaker. But it came at last, and I at once began to take it. When I told Dr. Wakefield what I was taking, he gave me a look, half of scorn, half of pity, as much as to say,

'POOR FELLOW!

he is putting his trust in a humbug.' Nevertheless I persevered and for the past year and a half I have been as stout and rugged as I ever was in my life. After escaping the attacks of Indians and a half a dozen doctors, I was lying at the mercy of a still more dreadful foe that was about giving me the finishing blow, when that great remedy stepped in, slew my adversary, and placed me firmly on my feet once more. I have commenced preaching again; for I look upon the circumstances and manner of my cure as a direct interposition of Providence and to Providence are my services due. That is my story. I think it is as good as a romance—and much better, for it is true."

Such is the substance, and very nearly the language of Elder Kite's narrative. Those who read it, and are suffering, may benefit by his experience, if they will follow his example.

The State College.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE BASED UPON CAREFUL INQUIRY.

One hundred and forty students now attend the State Agricultural college in Centre county. Quite a number are ladies. The institution has not been a success since its establishment and in order to ascertain the cause of failure, and also to investigate certain alleged abuses, the legislature two years ago appointed a special committee to examine into the charges. On this committee are Messrs. Mylin, Newmeyer, Colburn, Norris and Alexander—senators and ex-senators, and ex representatives Millham, Byerly, McClure, Mapes, Findlay, Judge and Roberts, with Representative Hall. The report has been brought before both branches of the legislature. As it covers only 1,122 pages it is not likely to be read. The special committee have signed the same with the exception of Mr. Byerly, late of Williamsport. He did not sign because he is now in Texas, interested in cattle droves and not in colleges in Pennsylvania.

The committee reports that they find all the vouchers of the trustees correct. This is the usual preliminary to a white-wash. Yet they do not use this purifying political compound any further. They censure the old board of trustees for neglecting to give proper attention to the college's concerns, and state in the report that neglect nipped the college's best interests in the bud. They censure the agricultural societies of the State for never selecting or electing one of the thirteen trustees to which they are entitled Action of that sort threw the government back upon the local management and General Beaver, the report says, was compelled to take entire charge. Much credit is given him for his action in the premises. One of the recommendations calls for the abolition of the State experimental farms in Chester and Indiana counties, and the establishment of a central station similar to the 127 stations in Germany, which have been patterned after with much success in Ohio.

The committee makes the report a complete history of the college. It gives the protest of the State Grangers, which protest was made on the grounds that the neglect was in teaching the classics to the detriment of farming. Hon. Victor E Piollet specially referred to that exception in his testimony. Another abuse referred to at length is the Westgrove farm, in Chester county, where a State appropriation of $5,000 made the total amount of inaugurating the experiment $18,000. This farm, the report says, has been a great drain on the college and much help to the farmers of Chester when they wanted blooded cattle. The Chanceford Farmers' Club, of Chester county, have referred to this farm largely in their discussions.

The committee, in closing its report, expresses the opinion that the trusteee made honest mistakes of judgment, but the statement is made that the failure is largely due to the lack of interest taken by the agricultural classes in the State.

Banqueting General Lee.

The banquet to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and the other visiting Virginians in the Mansion House in Brooklyn last Friday night was attended by a large number of military guests in uniform. The dining hall was hung with flags, including banners from the Virginia National Guard stores. An orchestra played Southern tunes, and when the strains swelled into "Dixie" there was a loud applause. When the smoke of cigars began to curl, Col. Austen rapped for order and said that in the gathering of old soldiers who had met on the field of Battle as foes, there were new emotions which betokened in this country a fraternity and spirit of reconciliation