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.

O. E. ELWELL, J. K. MITTENDENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII NO 12
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 3

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

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

Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

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

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar 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. 4, 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. I. 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

RHAWN & ROBINS, ATTORNEYS-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. H. 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-tf

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. G. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office, North Market street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market street.

J. S. 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.

J. J. BROWER,

CARPETS

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL

The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, MOULDINGS,

FLOORING, Etc.

furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.

ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS

furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman.

CHARLES KRUG, Bloomsburg, Pa.

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING,

STOVES AND TINWARE.

E. B. BROWER

Has purchased the Stock and Business of I. Hagenbuch, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Plumbing and Gas Fitting a specialty. Tinware, Stoves,

RANGES AND HEATERS,

in a great variety. All work done by

EXPERIENCED HANDS.

Main Street corner of East. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING.

WM. F. BODINE,

IRON ST., BELOW SECOND, BLOOMSBURG, PA. is prepared to do all kinds of

HOUSE PAINTING Plain and Ornamental

PAPER HANGING,

BOTH DECORATIVE AND PLAIN.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired and made as good as new.

NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN EMPLOYED.

Estimates Made on all Work.

WM. F. BODINE.

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

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. 23-1y

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.	$7,078,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,560,050
Lancashire, Philadelphia	10,00 0,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,163,717
Phœnix, of London	2,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,109,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,092,585

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 HAVE STEPPED 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 for 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 " " "
Pennsylvania " " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of New York.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg. oct. 24, 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.
Scurs prevented.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.
I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—WM. F. SANFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED

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

Diphtheria Prevented.

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

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

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

Scarlet Fever Cured.

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

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

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME. Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA. August, 82 1y

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women, Invented by a Woman, Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

This preparation will cure entire Prolapsus, or Falling and Displacements, and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the change of life. This compound will cleanse the blood, arouse the dormant energies of the system, give vigor and tone to the stomach, relieve distention, relieve nervous prostration, headache, nervous exhaustion, sleeplessness, depression and indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (G)

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 HAS BEEN PROVED The Surest Cure for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, druggists recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. It will act promptly and safely. Either dark, sanguineous, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power. It is SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

WAINWRIGHT & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS, PHILADELPHIA.

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &c., &c.

N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.

☞Orders will receive prompt attention

SELECT STORY.

"IN THE MORNING."

"Did you see that young lady in white talking with Clarke?"

The speaker was a tall, dashing-looking man of thirty-five, in the uniform of a cavalry colonel in the Confederate service. The time was a summer night in '63; the place the hotel parlor in a small village of Middle Tennessee. The occasion a "hop" given in honor of a detachment of Forrest's cavalry, the daring riders whose names are household words in Southern homes, from the mountains of Tennessee to the valley of the Mississippi. The young lady referred to was a pretty, graceful girl, with dark grey eyes, waving hair, of dark, reddish gold and the exquisite complexion that so often accompanies it.

"Who is she?" asked the colonel's companion.

"That is Picton's sweetheart, Miss Garnett."

"Not the same one that saved his life after Shiloh?" said Captain Barclay.

"The same," rejoined Colonel Terry. "She is a little creature to do such a thing, but she did. You see, she was in the neighborhood at the time of the battle, and somebody told her that Picton was killed. She went over the field and found him badly wounded through the lungs but still alive. She sent a boy that she had brought with her to hunt up a surgeon, and she stayed by Picton. The boy found Dr. Cowan, and when they got back Miss Garnett had raised Picton up with his head on her breast, so that he could breathe more easily. Dr. Cowan examined the wound without moving him, and told her that he was afraid it was hopeless, for the least motion, even laying down again, might produce a fatal hemorrhage. If he could be kept perfectly quiet until morning, and the bleeding checked during the night, he might have a brae chance of pulling through. 'Well,' said the brave little woman, 'he shail be kept quiet for I will stay just here and not let him move.' And she did; she never stirred all night, and in the morning they carried him to the nearest house, and she nursed him until he was out of danger."

"That's a sweetheart worth having" said Capt. Barclay, with a glance of admiration at the subject of their conversation.

Half an hour later Colonel Terry was at Miss Garnett's side, receiving a warm greeting that told the two were fast friends.

"Tell me of my friends in the old battalion," she said pleasantly.

"How many?" he asked, quizzically; "more than one?"

"I meant what I said," she answered with a merry laugh and a quick bright blush; "I have heard from 'one' of them very recently."

"Does Charles know you are here?" asked the Colonel.

"No it is a week since I left Memphis. Will they join you here?"

"They?" he replied inquiringly.

"The rest of the command, I mean, she replied, blushing again.

"A portion of it may, but for that part that you are interested in I cannot say. You know they are with the old general, and their movements can't be counted on with any great certainty."

"They are 'comets' of the service," said Miss Garnett. "Quite as erratic at all events."

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" said the Colonel, as the band struck up a quadrille. "I know it is useless to ask you for a waltz."

The dance over, he lead her to a chair, and after a moment's gay badinage, was about to resign his place in favor of other claimants for her smiles, when he saw a sudden, ghastly pallor overspread her features.

"Miss Alice are you ill?" he exclaimed, anxiously. "Let me get you some water."

It was scarcely a moment before his return, but even then he was shocked at her white, drawn face.

"Call my sister," she had said to another gentleman with her, while Colonel Terry had gone for the water, and both reached her at the same time.

"Lucy, take me home," she whispered, faintly, "I am dying."

"O, no, darling," said her sister tenderly; "you will be well in the morning."

As quickly as possible the carriage was called, and the sick girl placed in it.

When they were just started Colonel Terry wished them good night, expressing his hopes that Miss Alice would have recovered by morning. She put out her hand, and exerting her strength said, distinctly:

"Yes, I shall be well 'in the morning.' Tell Charley—" her voice failed, and lifting her slim, white hand, she loosened the flowers she wore at her breast and put them into the colonel's hand. "Give those to him—yes—in the morning." Her voice died away to a faint whisper, and her head fell back on her sister's shoulder. The lady who acted as their chaperon hastened to apply restoratives, and the carriage rolled swiftly away.

The next morning, when Colonel Terry called to inquire after the invalid, he had no need to ask, for from the door there floated the mournful insignia of death. Shocked beyond expression, the hardy soldier turned away, unable then to even offer his services, if they were needed. He went again after awhile and saw Mrs. Cameron, the hostess of the sisters during their visit. From her he learned the brief details of Alice's death. Her attack had been a sudden spasm of the heart, and she had never rallied. She had spoken but once; then they had caught her lover's name and a repitition of the words, "In the morning."

"Poor Charlie, who will tell him?" groaned the colonel, when the lady's voice ceased.

"You are his best friend," she answered. "I think no one else could do it so gently."

"I can't," he replied, shaking his head. "I would rather face a battery. Why, you don't know, you can't think how his very life seems bound up in her; and now"—

They buried her next day; six of Picton's friends carried his dead love to her grave, and then came sadly back, each questioning who would bear the tidings to the gallant *sabreur* far away with the old brigade.

That night the order came to join the main command, and by daylight the troops were miles away. As they reached the vicinity of the appointed rendezvous a desultory firing warned them of an approaching conflict. Presently they formed themselves in the midst of a portion of the command, drawn up in a piece of woods, overlooking a sloping field, which on the other side rose to a sharp eminence, on the brow of which was posted a federal battery.

Further to the right the firing became sharper, and soon the roll of musketry swept all along the line.

"I say, Barclay," called Colonel Terry as that officer passed him, "have you seen Picton yet?" And as Barclay shook his head, he added, "Tell the boys not to let him know yet. Wait till this is over."

"All right; I'll tell them," answered Barclay as he rode away.

"The old general will be wanting that battery the first thing they know," said one of the men, as a shell exploded over their heads, "they'd better keep it quiet."

"Thar, what did I tell you?" he added, biting off a huge piece of "long green," "thar go the Mississippi boys now."

As he spoke a tawny column moved out of the woods and swept gallantly across the field. But as they reached the centre a murderous round of grape and cannister tore through their ranks, and the column broke in confusion. Three times their leaders rallied them to the charge, and three times they were shattered by the galling fire.

"Tell you what, boys," called out the long-legged private who had before spoken, "thar's fun comin' now. That's Gans' bugle. The 'old regiment' want some of the pie."

He stopped and felt his saddle girth as he spoke then straightened himself and waited the command, for he was "one of the boys." The next moment there was a ringing cheer from the ranks as General Forrest rode up.

"Boys," he exclaimed, pointing with his sword, "I want that battery captured. One regiment has tried and couldn't take it. Now I want you, boys, to do better than they did. I am going to lead you, and I want you all to follow me."

Another cheer was his answer as they fell into ranks.

"Charge!" and down the slope rode the gallant "old regiment," never faltering as the grapeshot swept through the serried ranks, closing each gap as it was made by the deadly fire; on, on, following the lead of the tall figure at the head of the column till they rode right over the death-dealing guns, "sab'ring the gunners there," and the woods gave back the ringing echoes of the famous "rebel yell" as the victory was won.

Won! Yes, but at a fearful cost. That fatal slope was drenched with the blood of the South-land's bravest.

After the charge Colonel Terry found himself face to face with Charles Picton. "My God, how can I tell him" muttered the colonel to himself, as the gallant young fellow rode toward him holding out his hand.

"It takes the 'old regiment' to do things up in style!" he said, grasping the colonel's hand. "Say, Terry, did you see Miss Alice? Coleman has just got back from Memphis, and he told me she had gone on a visit to some friends in C.

But as he spoke he suddenly put his hand to his side. "I am shot!" he gasped, faintly.

It was true. A stray bullet had struck him in the side, and Colonel Terry caught him as he reeled in his saddle, and rode with him to the field hospital.

When the surgeon examined his wound he shook his head doubtfully.

"I know a nurse worth twenty doctors," whispered Picton with a smile, "Terry can't you fetch her to me?"

Through the night the colonel stayed with him. Once he wakened and repeated the question he had asked before he was shot.

"I saw her, yes," the colonel answered huskily, "she sent you some flowers."

The blue eyes lighted up with a tender glow, and Picton held out his hand.

Silently Colonel Terry took from his breast-pocket the withered flowers, a spray of ivy and a half-opened white rose, and laid them in the outstretched hand.

Then the wounded man slept, but in a couple of hours awoke much worse, and the surgeon in his rounds told the bronzed watcher that the end was very near.

"Terry," and the colonel bent his head to catch the faint accents, "I'm dying. I wouldn't mind—only—poor Alice. Tell her gently, please—she loves me, you know and I—O, Terry! it is hard to leave her. My poor darling!"

For a moment the colonel could not answer. Then, choking back a sob, he said slowly and distinctly:

"Charley, Alice is waiting for you. You are not leaving her, but going to see her."

A bewildered troubled look came into the wistful blue eyes.

"Don't you understand me Charley? She is dead. We buried her there in C. I couldn't tell you before, dear old boy. But now you will be with her. She died with your name on her lips, murmuring of meeting you 'in the morning.'"

He understood now, and a smile of relief flitted across his pale lips. "Dear girl" he murmured, "I am so glad she will not have this grief to bear."

Then he slept again, and the hours passed on until the eastern sky brightened with the solemn dawnlight.

"Terry!" the word was but the faintest whisper, but the watcher instantly bent his head to listen.

"It is morning," came the faint, gasping accents; and again the white lids drooped over the blue eyes. Five—ten minutes passed. Then Colonel Terry lifted the dead hands and crossed them over the pulseless breast, reverently covered the still white face, and turned away.

His two friends had met once more "in the morning" of a fadeless day.—*Courier-Journal.*

Probably the largest kite in the world was recently made near Rochester, New York. The frame was of lumber two inches wide by half an inch in thickness, and was covered with manilla paper. The surface contained nearly 250 square feet. The string by which the kite was flown was of three-inch rope, and 5,000 feet in length. It shot into the air like a balloon, and after floating a mile high for two hours was only brought down by means of a pulley and team.

A Kentucky Wild Man.

A MAN COVERED WITH THICK HAIR, WHO REFUSES BREAD, BUT VORACIOUSLY EATS MEAT AND RELISHES FRUIT, LIVING AS A HERMIT FOR TWELVE YEARS.

Among the passengers recently bound for New York from the West was a wild man, who occupied a seat in smoking car 153. He was accompanied by James Harvey and Raymond Boyd, his captors, both of whom belong in Paducah County, Kentucky. They had three second-class tickets to New York, which privileges them to three seats in the smoking-car of any first-class train. They were on their way to Bridgeport, Connecticut, to make arrangements with P. T. Barnum to exhibit their prize in conjunction with his circus.

When the day express arrived at the Broad Street Station, at 9 o'clock, James Harvey ran down the platform, into the restaurant and purchased a box of sardines and some sandwiches for the wild man's supper. His companion remained in the smoker in charge of the wild man.

He was dressed in citizen's dress and wore big cloth shoes. His hair reaches nearly to his waist and falls over his shoulders, completely covering his back; his beard is long and thick, while his eyebrows are much heavier than those of an ordinary human being. There is nothing imbecile in the wild man's manners or actions. He cannot talk and seldom makes any sound whatever except a low howl like a leopard. His actions are as much like those of a hyena in the Zoological Garden as it is possible for anything in human form to be.

Raymond Boyd, who seemed to have perfect control over the wild man, said his body was covered with coarse, brown hair as thick as the hair on a horse's hide. The palms of his hands looked like the paws of a bear, and his finger nails, which were over an inch long, resembled the claws of an eagle.

THE DISCOVERY AND CAPTURE.

He was first seen in Paducah county thirteen years ago, and was known as "Mum, the Hermit," because whenever anyone accosted him all he would say was, "Mum's the word." He lived in an old pine hut in the woods for five years, and was seldom seen by anyone. Finally he abandoned the hut and took up his abode in a cave under a ledge of rocks known as "Lizard Rock." A little over six years ago two or three citizens of Paducah county, while out hunting, saw him running into his cave, without a stitch of clothing on him. He was seen several times after that wearing no clothing. Three years ago it was discovered that a thick coat of hair had grown all over his body.

Boyd and Harvey built a big mantrap for him over three weeks ago, and placed a big piece of freshly killed beef in it. They watched the trap for three days before he entered it. He was not afraid of any bird or beast of prey, but ran terrified away from any human being who approached him. It took two days to accustom the man-beast to their presence. The tinkle of a small dinner bell they used had a great influence over him. He watched the bell intently but would not touch it.

EATING A LIVE CALF AND TWO SHEEP.

Some time ago a farmer missed a calf and two sheep, which had strayed off. They were tracked to "Mum's" cave; here all trace of them was lost, and it was supposed he devoured them.

In his cave, which he had occupied for the last seven or eight years, Boyd and Harvey found the skeletons of small animals and the skins of over fifty snakes. Some of the skins belonged to the most venomous species of reptiles. The floor of the cave was alive with red and green lizards, and hundreds of toads hopped about.

The wild man ate the box of sardines voraciously, and the two sandwiches which were handed him were greedily pulled apart. He ate the ham and threw the bread away. Whenever a train passed on the opposite track he crouched down in the corner of the seat terror stricken. After the train had passed he would put his hand to his ear and listen with a look of animal cunning stealing out of his restless eyes like a panther about to pounce on its prey.

Every time the engineer blew his whistle the wild man would grab the back of the seat with both hands and hold on until the whistle ceased blowing.

Boyd had a little tin music box which he manipulated with a crank. The one tune of "Empty is the Cradle" was ground again and again to the great satisfaction of the ex-hermit who sat and looked at it silently, but would not touch it

AFRAID OF THE CONDUCTOR'S PUNCH.

When Conductor Harry Smith took out his glistening nickle-plated punch to cancel the tickets the wild man watched the punch intently until he heard it snap. Then he got down in the corner of the seat, fairly shivering with fear, and set up a low howl supposing, evidently, that Conductor Smith was about to wing him.

Boyd and Harvey said that there was a story to the effect that the wild man had originally come from North Carolina, and that during the war he had been sharp-shooter on Bald Mountain, and that shortly after the war he had murdered a whole family of settlers in the mountain and fled.

Both Boyd and Harvey appear like shrewd fellows, and expect to make a fortune out of their prize. Their great anxiety and fear is that the authorities will interfere with them, and claim that the man is simply a lunatic, and place him in some institution. They had the snake skins in a box in the baggage car, together with some other curiosities found in the cave. Boyd said the wild man will not touch anything but fruit and meat, which he eats ravenously, and much the same as a wild beast. Segar smoke bothered him a good deal, and he kept driving it away from him with his clawy hands.

When the train arrived in Jersey City the men took a carriage, and said they were going to take the New Haven night boat from the foot of Peck's Slip, and avoid a daylight crowd in New York. In case they cannot make satisfactory terms with Barnum, or some other prominent circus man, they intend exhibiting their prize themselves as soon as they can extensively advertise him, beginning in New York City some time in May.

In the meantime they are going to keep him in some secluded place on Long Island.

How Kid Gloves are Made.

The kid glove is a simple but very important article of dress. Of the millions of persons who wear gloves, how few ever give the subject of their manufacture a passing thought. The best skins generally come from middle and sutheastern France. Fine seasons improve the quality of the skins greatly, as the animals are kept in the open air. In wet weather it is necessary to keep the kids housed. The confinement, if lengthy, causes heating, and produces fever spots on the skins. The animals on the Tyrol mountains furnish good leather for men's wear. South American kids being more or less wild, their coats become scratched and torn by contact with bushes, briars, etc., and are not desirable.

PREPARING THE SKINS.

The pelt as taken from the animal is dried; then, through a series of baths, the hair and grease are removed and the skin cleansed thoroughly. A most difficult stage of the business is tanning and dyeing the leathers; so much skill being requisite to obtain the desired shades and colors. This is accomplished with the best success in France, as the French possess the art of leather dyeing to a degree not yet attained by other nations. In order afterwards to make the skin soft, full and flexible, it is fed with—actually absorbing quite a quantity of—a preparation of wheat flour and egg yolks. Subsequently the parts around the neck and shoulders, where the skin is thickest, are shaved with a sharp knife to render it uniform in thickness throughout

CUTTING OUT THE GLOVE.

The leather fully prepared is carefully examined for imperfections; perfect skins are retained, imperfect ones laid aside. The cutting of material for kid gloves can only be done by hand, each piece being carefully measured in order to allow the proper stretching space. The stamping, which comprises cutting out the form of the glove, is done by machinery rapidly, as three pair are usually "stamped" at one time. From the cutter they pass to the embroiderer, thence to the sewer, then to the buttonhole maker, afterwards to the finisher, who binds the wrist, and finally to the person whose business it is to pair and press them. The long mousquetaire gloves generally consume the entire skin of one kid. These are ordinary gloves ten different sizes for ladies—5½ to 8; thirteen different sizes for men—7 to 11; for misses the sizes are from 4½ to 6½, and for boys the cadet sizes range from 6½ to 7¾.

THE MANUFACTURING CENTRE.

The great manufacturing centre for gloves is Grenoble, in the south of France, where several thousand persons are engaged in the factories. This firm, having to supply so many markets—the United States, through its office in New York; Canada, through its representatives in Montreal; France, through its headquarters at Grenoble; England, through its branch house in London; Australia, through its connections in Melbourne—recently made a single purchase of eleven thousand dozen skins, to be dyed and prepared as wanted. Rat and dog skin gloves exist only in imagination. What is called dog skin is really lambskin, and the advertised dog skin gloves are made of skins that no respectable dog would ever recognize as having belonged to any inhabitants of the dog world. New designs in embroidery for gloves, recently invented, will shortly be introduced; they surpass in appearance, design, colors and finish anything yet shown, and must become, as they deserve to be, immensely popular with all classes of glove wearers.

Samuel J. Tilden's Mansion.

The exterior of the mansion of ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden, which is now being finished in Gramercy Park, is almost completed, but inside considerable work remains to be done. One year ago, when Mr. Tilden decided to transform the buildings, Nos. 13 and 15 Gramercy park, into one house it was his intention to spend about $50,000, but it is said that before the work is finished several hundred thousand dollars will have been spent. Traces of the Gothic style of architecture are noticeable in many parts of the structure, no conventional rules having been followed. The work has been done under the personal supervision of Mr. Tilden, who several times a week visits the mansion and carefully examines the work, often suggesting alterations. The house has a frontage of 60 feet and a depth of 110 feet. The front is based on Jersey brown stone, with a superstructure of delicate pink Scotch sandstone. Narrow belts of Maine granite separate the native and imported sandstone. The Maine stone is highly polished. There are two entrances to the house, the main one being that which formerly led to Mr. Tilden's old building. At this entrance four columns of polished granite support a handsome porch. Above the columns are four half length figures, representing the season of the year. A slab of polished granite forms the top of the porch. Between the two bay windows which run up to the third floor, in a large panel of brown stone, the heads of Shakespeare, Milton, Geothe, Dante and Franklin are cut, the latter occupying the centre, while the others are at the corners. The inside of the building is very attractive. The parlor and library occupy the centre between the two halls on the first floor, one of the bay windows affording light for each of the rooms. The library—the largest room in the house—is 20 feet wide and 60 feet long. The twenty thousand volumes which constitute Mr. Tilden's library will fill this apartment. The parlor is 30 feet long and 20 feet wide. The dining room is in Mr. Tilden's old house, back of the parlor. It is 35 feet square. The structure will probably not be completed before May.

Ben. Franklin in France.

HOW KING LOUIS REQUIRED FIFTY ASSISTANTS TO HELP HIM CHANGE SHIRTS.

This entertaining picture of Franklin as the American representative to France and the French court is given in an article entitled "One hundred years ago," in the *Manhattan:*

Louis XVI, when Franklin came to France to stay, was in his twenty-third year, and had been king less than three years. He had not yet shown that tendency to gain flesh which was hereditary in his family, and which makes him appear in portraits and on coins of a later period as a corpulent person, with hanging cheeks and double chin. He was slim and appeared boyish. In fact, he appeared hardly a day older than when he was married and he was married before he was sixteen. The queen, a twelve month younger than her husband, had ripened earlier than he, and looked fully her age. The sorrows which darkened her after years, and which have made the name of Marie Antoinette synonymous with misery, had not yet overtaken her. In 1786 she was still as Edmund Burke described her, "a delightful vision, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she moved in, full of life and splendor and joy."

The court was a pompous parade and conducted with all the ceremonies which had come down from the fourteenth Louis. The nobles filled the king's drawing room or his ante-