The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.)

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.

AT TWO DOLLARS per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

☞No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII, NO 20
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 11

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$2 50	$3 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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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ent's Building.

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AND
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Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
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GEO. E. ELWELL,
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Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe.

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KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
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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
Office in Maize's building, over Billmeyer's grocery.
May 20, '81.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
Attorney-at-Law,
ALSO
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in his building opposite Court House, 2nd floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. apr 13 '83

JOHN C. YOCUM,
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CATAWISSA, PA.
Office in NEWS ITEM building, Main street.
Member of the American Attorneys' Association.
Collections made in any part of America.
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A. K. OSWALD,
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
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Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

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Can be consulted in German. aug 18 '82

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ALSO FIRST-CLASS
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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,
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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,
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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

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W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

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25 PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 100
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Medical Superintendent of the Sanitarium.
Invalid's Home.
Bloomsburg, Pa.,
Devotes special attention to Epilepsy, Nervous Affections, and Diseases of Women.
Patients received at the Sanitarium on reasonable terms for board and treatment.
P. S.—No charge for first consultation.
apr 27, '83

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL
—:o:—
The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.
FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
FLOORING, Etc.
furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.
ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS
furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman.
CHARLES KRUG,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
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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,
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Main Street corner of East.
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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.

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS,
SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &C.
First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.

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—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. 28-1y

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 t-f

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,078,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,585

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FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY
GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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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 " "
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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.
Scars 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. SANDFORD, 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.

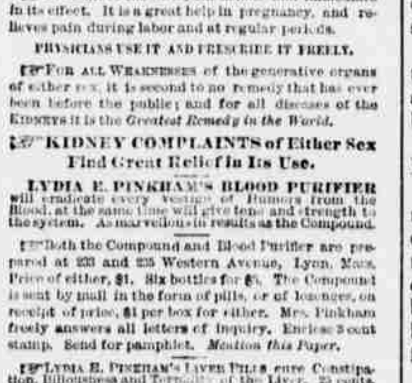
Tetter dried up.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.
In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.
The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

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.
A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.
☞Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.
PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.
☞FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.
☞KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.
☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is 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 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.
☞LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.
☞Sold by all Druggists.☜ (3)

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.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on — 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

POETICAL.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

In the quiet hush of evening,
As we watch the dying light
Fading into murky shadows,
Sinking into dusky night;
How often from our musings
Of life's sorrows and its cares,
Do we turn and mutely listen
For the footsteps on the stairs.

And when midnight's slumber gently
Calms the weary heart to rest,
And the soul in joyful visions
Of our childhood's days is blest;
When the past, with all its music
And its old remembered airs,
Wake us from our dreams, we listen
For the footsteps on the stairs.

When the heart with grief is burdened,
With its daily toil and pain,
And we feel the sun of pleasure
Will not rise for us again;
And the spirit breathes its sorrow
Forth in silent, voiceless prayers,
Then we long to hear the music
Of the footsteps on the stairs.

In the home of the hereafter,
Where their waiting spirits stands,
Watching for their loved one's coming
To that purer better land;
Then their angel lore will teach us
To forget all earthly cares;
Only then we cease to listen
For the footsteps on the stairs.

SELECT STORY.

BARRY'S CHANCE.

Miss Abigail Burr was a little brown-eyed old maid who lived in a little brown old house with her cat, Debby, and her woman-of-all-work. Prudence—sharp of tongue, long of visage, browner and older than the mistress herself. There was nothing of grace, nor beauty, nor sweetness about Miss Abigail's life; everything was dry and hard and husky. Indeed, some people were so uncharitable as to say that her heart was like a very much dried-up kernel in a nutshell, and would rattle if she were to be shaken hard enough. But I never quite believed that. I always said there was a soft spot in Miss Abigail's heart, to be found when the time came to find it.

One spring twilight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived about Caperstown, or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture for. He was an unkempt, starved looking little specimen of humanity. His coat was a world too long and patched at the elbows; and his trousers were a world too short, and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim, and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair which had once been brown, but was now woefully faded. He went straight up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting on the porch in her highbacked rocking chair, so intent on binding off her stocking heel that she heard neither the click of the gate latch nor the footsteps on the hard-trodden path; and she did not look up until the boy's figure interposed itself between her work and the fading sunset lights.

He doffed his tattered hat crown. "If you please, ma'am, will you—may I have something to eat?"

It was not at all a tramp's manner of asking; there was a manliness in the voice which Miss Abigail could not help but notice. Perhaps that was the reason she looked at the boy sharply for a moment before she answered. At that moment, Prudence, tall and angular, stood in the door, with a shawl thrown over her head, and her right hand swathed with soft cotton.

"I'll have to git Jonas Barrow's man to do the milkin', Miss Abigail," said she. "I can't. I've burnt my hand that bad."

The boy looked up quickly; "Can't I—could I milk for you?"

As I have intimated Prudence did not like boys; and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner, many of the village urchins could testify. Now, she surveyed this boy, standing by the porch steps, from his bare brown head, not forgetting the faded little tuft, in dumb astonishment.

"You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking rather dubiously of the nervous, mouse colored Alderney in the yard.

"I chored on a farm all last summer," explained the boy, eagerly, glancing from mistress to maid. "I want some supper, and I'll be glad to do something to pay for it."

"Well, you kin try it," said Prudence, after a momentary deliberation. "It's better'n beggin' a favor, anyhow."

She led the way to the kitchen and took a shining tin pail from the dresser.

"Here's the milk pail," said she to the boy, who stood waiting; "an' the cow's in the yard yonder. Pay day comes when the work's done."

And Prudence smiled grimly as she went about setting out a lunch of bread and butter and cold meat. She felt morally certain that the flighty Alderney heifer, used only to womankind, would be much more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away than allow herself to be milked by a boy.

"He can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who presently brought her knitting-work into the kitchen. "The heifer'll send him sky-high!"

But he could and he did. Soon he appeared in the doorway, his pail brimming with snowy foam.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Prudence.

"You didn't think I could?" said the boy, smiling benignly.

"No, I didn't," admitted Prudence, and straightway, in her astonishment, she added to his fare a segment of rhubarb pie.

"Wasn't there a bit of cheese left from tea?" asked Miss Abigail.

Prudence thought there was, and while she was fetching it from the cellar the boy gave himself a healthy scrubbing at the pump, coming in from his ablutions fresh and ruddy as a rose. He was very hungry; there was no doubt of that. He looked at Miss Abigail with a deprecating smile, as Prudence carried off the bread plate for a third replenishing. "I'm pretty hungry," said he. "This is the first bite I've had since morning, and it tastes good."

To be sure it did, poor soul. Miss Abigail thought of a little brother who died years and years before, ere his tender feet began to feel the pricks in life's path. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant satisfying his craving at her kitchen table should bring to her remembrance the child who had so early put off the mortal for the immortal!

Presently, when the boy had finished his repast, he laid his knife and fork across his plate with a methodical precision which it pleased Miss Abigail to see; and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near with her arms akimbo, to Miss Abigail.

"Thank you for my supper," said he. "Maybe I'd best be getting along. You don't want a boy to work, do you?"

"A boy—to work!" echoed Prudence. "Did I ever!"

"No, we don't," said Miss Abigail, shortly. And then it was strange enough that she could not help thinking again of that frail little life which had blighted in the bud so long before!

"How far are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am."

"And where have you come from?" proceeded Miss Abigail.

"Trescott, ma'am. Mother died there three months ago."

There was a pathetic quiver in his voice. And then, with a little questioning, he told his simple story. His name was Barry Olmstead, and he was twelve years old. He had lived in Trescott a long time, he and his mother; they were very poor, but they had kept a little home together. His mother had taken in sewing and he had worked for neighboring farmers summers and gone to school winters. And he had been happy, for all they were so poor, until—mother died.

"Then I stopped with Dea Staples a spell; he said he wanted to try me. But they were going to bind me out to him, so I run away."

"None to blame, nuther," interposed Prudence, with a great deal of emphasis. "I've seen old Staples down to Trescott. He's that mean that he'd skin a mouse for the hide and taller."

"I've been trying along for a chance to work," continued the boy, smiling faintly. He was very near to tears now, but he held them back sturdily. "But there don't anybody seem to want me."

Miss Abigail was moved more than she would have cared to own by this recital. Even to her, who had lived for self so long, there was something indescribably pitiful in the thought of this little wanderer battling along with the world, buffetted by fortune, drifting here or there, as chance might dictate.

It had grown dark now—the lamps had long since been lighted, and there were mutterings of distant thunder in the air. "It's going to rain," said Miss Abigail. "You needn't go to night; you may sleep in the stable loft."

Barry thanked her.

The storm broke with great violence. And while Abigail listened to the sharp peal of thunder, and the pouring of the rain against the windows, she thought of the lonely little wayfarer in the stable loft with a new, strange throb of pity.

Morning came, merry with bird-song, and glistening with myriads of rain drops. Prudence was up betimes, but early as it was, she heard the sound of an axe in the wood shed; and when she opened the door Barry smiled at her from his post by the chopping block.

"I don't think I paid enough for my supper—I eat such a lot," he said; "so I've split some kindlings; and I'll milk for you this morning if you want me to."

Prudence brought the milk pail without a word. But when she had prepared Miss Abigail's morning meal she made ready a good substantial breakfast for Barry also. When he had eaten it he took up his hat crown.

"Go out the way you come in," said Prudence, "'relse you'll bring back bad luck."

Barry gave a little incredulous laugh, but he went out to the porch. Miss Abigail was there, taking deep breaths of the fresh air, and she bade him a kind "good morning" as he went off the step and down the path again between the lilacs, exuberant in growth but meagre in bloom.

"I wonder why my lilacs do not flower more freely." This Miss Abigail said to Prudence, who had followed to the door.

"I dunno," answered Prudence.

Barry heard and turned. "I guess it's because you leave the old blossoms on," he said, hesitatingly. "My mother used to say I must pick the blossoms off one year, if I wanted any the next."

And then he went out of the gate, closing it carefully behind him, and along the moist brown highway.

"That is a very uncommon boy," said Miss Abigail, looking after him with serious eyes.

"Yes," assented Prudence, "he's a cleaver 'nough little chap—for a boy."

"To think of his knowing about the lilacs," continued Miss Abigail, meditatively. "I must cut off all the flowers this spring."

"And he got as good a mess of milk from the heifer as I could have done myself with a well hand," Prudence went on.

"Yes, he would have been handy about milking and getting the wood for you," said Miss Abigail.

"An' bringin' the letters from the post office," proceeded Prudence. "It's a good piece over to the village, in muddy walkin'."

"So it is," said Miss Abigail. She gazed reflectively along the road which wound, serpentine, to the little hamlet a mile away. Barry was climbing the hill, a mere, pitiful, lonely insignificant atom in the great body of humanity Miss Abigail's eyes filled.

"We might have kept him," she said.

"Tain't any too late yit!" put in Prudence.

The two women looked in each other's eyes.

"If you could make him hear," began Miss Abigail.

For answer Prudence strode to the road, and sent a long, quavering cry after Barry.

"Bo-o-o-y!"

But the little figure they were watching plodded steadily on.

"Gimme the old tin horn outer the kitchen, Miss Abigail!" called Prudence, excitedly. "Quick!"

Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was, without a thought of the ludicrousness of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to her lips and blew a blast so long and so loud that it startled the birds into silence and sent the echoes ringing from hillside to hillside.

"He c'n hear that if he c'n hear anything," she muttered.

He did. He stopped Prudence flourished the horn in frantic excitement. There was a moment of suspense, and then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail standing by the gate.

"He's a-coming back," she said.

When Barry, breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was waiting on the porch.

"We've made up our minds to keep you," said she, "as long as you don't give too much trouble."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Barry. "Indeed I'll try to please you."

I am sure he has succeeded, for the lilacs have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail yet, growing tall and strong and manly as the years go by. He tills the bit of a farm, which had so long lain unimproved, and in winter attends school at the village, where he is in excellent repute. He is, withal, so faithful and helpful and kind that Prudence is fain to apothegmatize the horn after this fashion: "Harnsome is as harnsome does, an' you're deservin' of a bed o' velvet, old horn, for the good deed you done that day."—*Good Cheer.*

Lightning Strikes Oil.

Last Friday morning, while a fierce thunder storm prevailed, lightning struck an oil tank at the works of the National Storage Company, at Communipaw, causing the most disastrous fire that has been seen in many years. The tank struck stood among a number of others, and, when smitten by the bolt, exploded with a deafening roar, scattering the oil in all directions. The burning petroleum poured forth in a fiery stream and flowed down toward the river. Three huge tanks, each holding 20,000 barrels of oil, stood in the way, and as the burning fluid reached them they exploded simultaneously, with a report that was heard many miles away. Pieces of iron were thrown far across the river, and the flames raged with a fierceness that promised to destroy the entire works.

Tank after tank was fired by the blazing oil, and a dense black smoke arose, enveloping the city and attracting thousands of spectators to the scene. The storehouse, an immense brick building, was soon wrapped in flames, and after it the engine house, the oil and water pump houses, two underground tanks, the machine shop, carpenter shop, two warehouses, and the cooper and blacksmith shops were attacked. The tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which run close by the works, were soon on fire, and several oil tanks on cars were only saved by the expedients of covering them with a thick layer of dirt. A long trestle, belonging to the railroad and running to Black Tom's Island, was entirely destroyed, and the surface of the bay was covered with burning oil.

The fire departments were quickly upon the scene of the fire, but a few minutes' work sufficed to show that nothing could be done toward extinguishing the flames, and all efforts were turned to preventing their spread. While thus engaged near to tank No. 7, it exploded with a deafening report, and blazing oil was thrown for a great distance in every direction. The Chief Engineer and a number of men were within ten yards of the tank when it exploded and were only saved by the fact that the burning oil passed over their heads. They succeeded in escaping unharmed, but six men, who are supposed to have run toward the river when the explosion occurred, were caught by the flames.

The loss, as well as it can be estimated at present, is about $1,000,000. Ten tanks, eight containing oil and two naphtha; a number of buildings, five lighters loaded with oil, 60,000 empty barrels, and several hundred tons of coal were consumed. Fortunately the flames were confined to the South side of the railroad track. Had the tanks on the North side caught fire the loss would have been enormous. The National Storage Company lose on the buildings and tanks, on which they estimate their loss as about $200,000, fully covered by insurance. The oil was owned by different parties, and some cars which were burned belonged to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The works were the largest of the kind in the United States, and covered forty acres. Half of the space was burned over. It is not thought that the bodies of those burned can be recovered, as they must have been utterly consumed in the intense heat.

Deserted Oil Towns.

Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

But if there is a picture of desolation it is an oil town that has been left; that has gone off by itself and died. The dismantled derricks stand about like so many tombstones. The deserted houses, with their shattered windows, look as though the crowd, flying away to the new oil fields, had cruelly put out the eyes of the old town lest it should follow. The doors hang in crippled fashion on paralyzed hinges; they have forgotten their old hospitality of the "flush times;" there is neither welcome or rejection in their half open attitude but they look as though they stood ajar to save the ghosts the trouble of hunting for the keyhole. The dismal creak of the walking-beam is succeeded by a quiet infinitely more dismal. The merry song of the rigger has ceased, and the voice of the nomadic singger mingles no longer with the defiant shout of the rustler. The gin-mill has passed away, and no longer runs even on a single shift. The chimneys topple over and wear the disheartened look of a hat out of season. Even the tramps shun the town, and there is a general look of a linen duster in December about the settlement. Usually one or two of the poorest houses are inhabited by one or two dejected families, who seem to wonder what they are staying there for. I have often wondered why the few people who remain in the deserted oil town did not move in the best houses, but they never do. They are usually people who are too dolefully poor to follow the crowd to the new oil fields, and they stay behind, they remain in their own houses. They take the fences and the soutters and the porches and floors from the property of their absent wealthier neighbors for fire wood, but it never seems to occur to them to move into the mansions and burn up their own hovels. I don't know what they do for a living. I often wonder they don't start a saloon. That flourishes where any other business fails. And it requires so little furniture; just a picture of George Washington and a half bushel of sawdust.

Useful Information.

If you will cut this out and stick it in your memorandum book, you will find it convenient for reference, and be spared the trouble and expense of writing letters of inquiry to the newspapers.

On and after October 1, 1883, letter postage will be two cents for each half ounce or fractional part thereof between all points in the United States. The rate will then be the same on drop letters and all others. No changes have been made in rates on other classes of matter.

On and after the 1st of July, 1883, you can obtain at any money order office postal notes in sums of $5 and under by a fee of three cents. These postal notes will be made payable to bearer without corresponding advices. They will be made payable at any money order office within three months of the date of issue. After the lapse of that time the holder can obtain the par value only by applying to the post-office department at Washington.

On and after the 1st of July, 1883, you can obtain a postal money order for as large a sum as $100. The present limit is $50. The rates on and after that date for orders will be as follows:

Not exceeding $10	8 cents.
From 10 to 15	10 "
" 15 " 30	15 "
" 30 " 40	20 "
" 40 " 50	25 "
" 50 " 60	30 "
" 60 " 70	35 "
" 70 " 80	40 "
" 80 " 100	45 "

The postal notes will, no doubt, be found more convenient in one respect than the fractional currency was, since they can be obtained for any number of cents under $5. There will also be less liability to loss by theft than there was when fractional notes were used for transmission through the mails, especially if the department uses judgment in prescribing the size and form of the notes and in selecting the paper on which they are to be printed. On the other hand, they will be less convenient in that they can only be obtained at money order offices at a considerable sacrifice of time, especially in large cities. It will be observed that after the first of October the cost of sending any sum under $5 by postal note will be 5 cents—2 cents postage and 3 cents fee.—*Chicago Times.*

Newspaper Growth.

According to the George P. Rowell & Bo.'s American Newspaper Directory for 1883, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds published in the United States, the Territories and Canada have reached a total 11,802. This is an increase of 584 over the total for the preceding year. The publications issued in the United States and Territories, exclusive of Canada, number 11, 106, of which the Territories possess 324. The total for the United States, exclusive of the Territories and Canada, exceeds the corresponding total for 1882 by 494, and the total for the Territories, given above, shows an excess of ninety-one over the number reported twelve months since. A comparison of the present totals for each State with the totals furnished in the edition of the Directory for 1882, shows that in thirty-two States, and in the District of Columbia, there was an increase, while a slight decrease in three other States the newspaper suspensions exactly balanced the newspaper births

Taking the States one by one, the newspaper growth in some is very considerable. The present total in New York State, for instance, is 1,399—a gain of eighty in the past year. The increase in Pensylvania is forty-eight. Nebraska's total grew from 175 to 201, and Illinois' from 890 to 904. A year ago Massachusetts had 420 papers; now the number is 438. In Texas the new papers outnumbered the suspensions by eight, and Ohio now has 738 papers instead of 692. The most remarkable change has occurred in the Territories, in which the daily papers have grown from forty-three to sixty-three, and the weeklies 169 to 243—Dakota being the chief area of activity. The number of monthlies throughout the United States and Territories grew, during the year, from 976 to 1,034, while the dailies, in that time, have added sixty-six to their total. In the Dominion of Canada the number of dailies has increased from sixty-four to seventy-four, although the total of weekly papers exhibits little change.

The Pianoforte.

Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, in a recent lecture on the pianoforte, states some interesting facts: The modern pianoforte was born in 1771, in the mind of Christofofori of Padua, Italy, and is a successor of the instrument known in Nebuchadnezzar's time as the dulcimer.

The first piano seen in England was made by Father Wood, an English monk of Rome; and it was for a long time without a rival, the wonder and delight of all who heard it; but about the year 1760 some ingenious mechanics came from Germany to England in search of employment as pianoforte makers, and this gave the instrument an impetus; it was a party of twelve, who were hence called the apostles. The demand for pianos has constantly increased. Better music has been written for the pianoforte than for any other instrument. We need only to study the works of Bethooven to be convinced of the wealth of harmonious combinations which have been the means of improving the tastes of the people, besides the exquisite enjoyment which the music directly dispenses. Years ago pianoforte music constituted a very modest portion of a music seller's stock; now it fills three-fourths of his shelves, and makes his chief business. Over two thousand compositions of this instrument have been published in America alone. There are ten million families in the United States, and it is speaking within bounds to reckon upon a quarter of a million instruments stationed in these homes, and one can estimate, by the knowledge he may have of family life in America, how largely the amusements of these families are at home and within the family circle. where music on the piano contributes the greater portion of their enjoyment. Could anything else be substituted to promote the home life in America.

The Country Press.

The Milwaukee *Sun* says:—"We desire herewith to renew our pledges of devotion to the country journalist of the state that we have known in other days, and assure them that our heart beats warm for our native land. When we think of the hard drudgery most of these enterprising, indefatigable workers do in a week, and the small amount of thanks and cash they receive in return, we feel as though something was wrong somewhere. Why it is that in some localities the people do not appreciate the importance of a good newspaper, and sustain it by a liberal patronage, thus making it a better paper, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. We have no urgent call now to say what we do, but we tell the people of every locality where a paper is published, no matter how small and insignificant the paper may be, that every dollar they pay for subscription or judicious advertising puts two dollars in cash in their own pocket. We have figured on it, and we know. It may not look so on its face, but it is very deceiving. Lots of schemes that look as though they had millions in them, like the man who is sure he can pick out the right card in three-card-monte, fail to return anything like millions. while other schemes that do not seem to amount to anything scarcely pan out whole handfuls of nickles unexpectedly. And the country newspaper is of this class. We are not at liberty to give the whole thing away, by explaining the particulars, but country people may rest assured that we understand the matter, and that we are not steering them into any trap door game, that will let them down out of sight. Subscribe for your local paper and pay for it in advance, and if you feel at the end of the year that you haven't got your money's worth then your fortune is made. You can go to any museum and get a salary of $5,000 a year as a curiosity.

Seven hundred millions of dollars are annually spent for intoxicating drinks in the United States, exceeding by nineteen millions of dollars the sum spent for food, and nearly one hundred and fifty millions of dollars more than is spent for clothing. We have more than twenty-five times as many drinking saloons as there are Churches and school houses, Nearly nine-tenths of the inmates of our alms houses, from eighty to ninety percent of our criminals, and about one-third of the patients in our insane asylums are the victims of intoxicating drinks.

ODD ITEMS.

Funny! One of the hottest places on this hemisphere is Chili.

It's a matter of opinion whether or not Roscoe Cokling is a dude.

A commercial reunion—The return of a pawned watch to the owner.

Louisianna is cheered by the prospects of big orange and sugar crops.

If you want to see a man indulge in the maizy dance, tread on his pet corn.

The first train passed over the Suspension bridge at Niagara March 14, 1855.

Let a woman be ever so ugly it is the duty of a conductor to count her fare.

Out in the world men show us two sides in their character; by the fireside only one.

A woman may get to love by degrees; the best fire does not flare up the soonest.

Where there is much pretention much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.

It is not what you see that makes you popular among your friends; it is what you don't tell.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.

It is well said that a man is not always making a point when he gets off a sharp thing.

Musicians are in the habit of slurring some notes; but they all speak well of greenbacks.

When a married man finds himself locked out at 2 o'clock a. m., he yearns for a key to the situation

"A great change has come over me," sighed the small boy as he lugged home a bag full of pennies from the bank.

The latest fashion craze is to take a salt codfish, paint it full of flowers and nail it to the wall as a parlor ornament.

When a man is at the foot of the hill in his fortunes, he may stay a long while there in spite of professional accomplishments.

"Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

The largest man in the British service is Lieutenant Southerland, of the Fifty-sixth Regiment. He is six feet four inches high and weighs about 364 pounds.

"I have no wealth," she said; "I can give you only my hand and heart." And then he thought that if her heart was as big as her hand she was indeed wealthy.

A poet asks: "Where are the springs of long ago?" The probabilities are that they have followed the winters of the tenth century.—[Norristown Herald.

A recent trial has elicited the fact that many German girls cultivate their hair for sale. American girls do the same thing, but the girl always goes with the hair.

Horace Greeley once declared that "bolting is the purifying principle of our politics." But he hadn't consulted Roscoe Conkling before delivering the opinion.

The great mortgage recently given by the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company, for $160,000,000, has just been recorded at Norristown. It covers two hundred and two pages of the docket, each page containing fifty-two lines.

The *American Agriculturist* says: "In order to keep crows from pulling the young corn, the grain should be rolled in tar, and afterwards in plaster. The tar can be most easily applied by mixing it with hot water, and stirring in the corn."