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 Printer 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, JUNE 22, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII, NO 25
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL XLVII, NO 16

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	M	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	00	8 00	12 00
Three inches	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches	5 00	7 00	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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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.

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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 Ext's Building.

C. R. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over 1st National Bank.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

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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.

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
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,
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 first door below the post office.

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's. may 7, '83-1 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,
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 18, '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

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles
Prices in price; selling fast; needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 707 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
June 8-1y 410

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
SURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS. 100
Jan 25, 1883(y

L. A. SHATTUCK, M. D.
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
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 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.

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.

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. 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 1-f

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,078,924
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	1,109,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,279,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,585

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81-tf.

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOME, OF N. Y.
MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J.
CLINTON, N. Y.
PEOPLES' N. Y.
READING, PA.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TRIED 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 despondent, 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. JASONY, 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, 82 1y

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors—
The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings is universally called the "Dear Friend of Woman," a name of her correspondents love to call her. She is entirely devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a lifetime, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which they report to her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.
On account of its proven merits it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says "it works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."
It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.
It costs but $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by drug'sts. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.
For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.
"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.
All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.
Philadelphia, Pa. (X) Mrs. A. M. D.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!

DR. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.
DISCOVERER OF DR. MARCHISI'S
CATHOLICON,
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
This remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.
Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness and is especially adapted to the change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above. For sale by all druggists. New size $1 per bottle, Old size $1.50. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
Moyer Bros., Wholesale Agents, Bloomsburg Pa
June 23-1y.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE FOR
RHEUMATISM
As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.
Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
PHILADELPHIA
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES,
RICE, SPICES, SICARS SODA, &c., &c.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention

SELECT STORY.

THE MINISTER AT SCRAGG END.

Scragg End suddenly awoke to the knowledge that it was a village. Hitherto it had clung to the skirts of Ponkapawket and had never thought of the possibility of a separate existence. The soil was poor in that part of the town, and it had been a hard struggle to wring a living from it; the place was unhealthy, too, and "as spindlin' as a Scragg Ender" was a household saying at Ponkapawket.

They had a school at Scragg End at certain seasons of the year, because Ponkapawket built them a school house and appropriated to their use a certain part of the school money, but they did all their shopping in Ponkapawket and relied upon that village for those servants of society generally regarded as indispensable, the doctor, the lawyer and the minister. Rather strangely, it was the want of the last mentioned of these servants that awoke Scragg End to a sense of its rights.

Old Miss Critchett, who had been in ill health for several months, suddenly discovered that she had a spine in her back, and was not long for this world, and wanted Gospel privileges before she died. Miss Angella Lawton, who was held in high esteem because her father had been the minister of Ponkapawket, declared that she didn't think Mr. Ericson, the present minister of Ponkapawket, who now and then preached in the Scragg End school house on a Sunday afternoon or evening, was "spiritual," because he wore a ring on his finger, and she "didn't feel to sit under" him any more. And good old Mrs. Simmons, who walked all the way to Ponkapawket to church every pleasant Sunday, said she had always known that "until it was watered by the droppings of the sanctuary, Scragg End would not prosper."

And Scragg End suddenly decided that instead of occasional preaching by the Ponkapawket minister it was entitled to "a stated supply." No longer would it go without regular Gospel privileges. Adoniram Hewitt, whose father had been a deacon, was deputed to make application to the proper authorities in that denomination to which Scragg End almost universally belonged for a minister to supply the Scragg End pulpit, or rather a school desk, until a church should be built.

Adoniram Hewitt received an encouraging answer to his application. A very earnest and talented young preacher, lately graduated from a theological seminary, would at once be sent to Scragg End. Some of the older people demurred a little; they "didn't think much of 'prentice hands," but the people generally thought a young minister was much more interesting.

Interest and curiosity were at their height in Scragg End on the day when Lysander Hewitt, Adoniram's son, drove over to Ponkapawket Station to bring back the new minister. Innumerable guesses had been made among the younger portion of the community concerning the appearance of the new parson. It was generally agreed upon by the young ladies that he would be slender, with dark eyes, a melodious voice, and very white hands, and they embroidered several very handsome book-marks for the Bible and Hymn Book, which were purchased for the desk—Mr. Ericson had been obliged to bring his own—and an elegant satin cushion to rest them on.

The minister was to board at Adoniram Hewitt's, the Hewitts being well-to-do beyond the majority of Scragg End people, and being regarded as possessing book learning, which would make them congenial companions for a minister, for Adoniram in his youthful days had been sent to an academy where Latin was taught, and Lysander, his son, had fitted himself for college, and only been prevented from working his way through by the illness of his father, which made it necessary for him to remain on the farm. Moreover, the Hewitts kept a "hired girl"—a very useful luxury at Scragg End; and both Mrs. Hewitt and Roxy, the girl, were famous cooks, and ministers were but men in the matter of eating, however spiritually-minded they might be; indeed, Miss Hepsy Jackson, who was greatly given to attending county conferences, had observed that "the piouser they were the more they ate." But this was generally regarded as sacrilegious, and it was remembered that Miss Hepsy was not a "professor," though she had such zeal in the matter of county conferences.

Adoniram Hewitt's house presented a holiday appearance on that summer afternoon when Lysander drove over to Ponkapawket Station to bring back the minister. The best room was thrown open, there were flowers everywhere. Mrs. Hewitt had on her best cap, and the pantry shelves were lined with good things to eat, in such quantities as to lead one to the belief that Mrs. Hepsy Jackson's words had had their weight. All Scragg End was at its windows and doors. Mrs. Hewitt stood on her door-steps, her cap strings fluttering in the breeze.

"I do hope Lysander hasn't forgotten to get a new box of blacking. Of course the minister will want his boots very shiny," she said to herself.

Just at that moment Lysander drove up with only a girl beside him. What could be the reason that the minister had not come? The young lady was a stranger. She had probably come to visit some one at Scragg End, and as there was nobody to meet her at the station Lysander had brought her over. But he was helping her to alight at their own gate. She was walking up the path. Mrs. Hewitt adjusted her glasses and satisfied herself that the face was unfamiliar. She was a grave and dignified young woman, with a self-possessed manner, but with a bright flush on her face. Why didn't Lysander come up and introduce her instead of attending to the horse?

"I suppose you were expecting me," said the young lady, extending her hand in a friendly way. "I am the new minister—Miss Barton."

As Mrs. Hewitt afterward declared, "you could have knocked her down with a feather." And her overwhelming astonishment was so plainly shown that the new minister became very much embarrassed.

"Of course you knew—certainly you ought to have been told that—that I was a woman," she said.

"We didn't know. Why we never thought of such a thing. They didn't say a word about it," exclaimed Mrs Hewitt, and in her astonishment and dismay she utterly ignored the outstretched hand.

The young lady had a strong and resolute face, but Mrs. Hewitt suddenly became aware that the corners of her mouth were drooping, and there was a hurt as well as a weary look in her eyes, and all her motherly compassion was aroused.

"But it don't make any difference, child—I mean ma'am. I've no doubt you can preach as well as half the men. We know what is going on in the world, if we do live a good ways out of it: only there never did happen to be a woman preacher anywhere about here, so it took me by surprise. We believe in giving women a fair chance, here in a Scragg End, I can tell you."

"I was afraid you might have objection," said the young lady, a smile chasing the weariness out of her face.

"Oh, we shall think everything of you, I've no doubt—after a while. You don't know what it is to be without regular preaching as long as we have. Come right in and get rested and have a cup of tea, for I expect you have had a hard journey."

Before escorting her guest to her room, Mrs. Hewitt managed to slip up stairs and slyly abstract Lysander's new shaving set from the toilette table, where she had placed it for the convenience of the new minister.

It is undeniable that at the first receipt of the news a general dismay overspread Scragg End. The older people were disposed to consider that a trick had been played upon them, and were angry accordingly, some even going so far as to wish to have Miss Barton told that her services could be dispensed with. But nobody seemed willing to tell her, and there was a great curiosity to hear her preach. There were a few courageous spirits who openly avowed that they saw no reason why a woman should not preach, and they were glad to have one for a minister. Many complained of Miss Barton's youth, but acknowledged that they would not have objected on that score to a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, which was her age.

There was some who thought she was too handsome for a minister, and others who thought that since she was going to set herself up for everybody to look at, it was a pity she was not handsomer; some who thought women ought not to preach at all, others who thought some women might be allowed to, but that Miss Barton was not of the right kind. It was tacitly agreed that she should be given a hearing, but a woman minister as a stated supply was not what was wanted.

But in two Sundays Miss Barton conquered Scragg End, except a few of the most prejudiced, who would never own themselves conquered. She was so simple, so earnest, so sympathetic. There were no long words, no far-fetched analogies, such as Mr. Ericson used; there was no rattling of the dry bones of theology; she touched the chords that vibrated in their every-day life.

"She comes right home to you, that's a fact," said Joshua Ring. "She's scriptooral, too, and she makes as feelin' a prayer as ever I heard. I don't like to see a woman in the pulpit, and I ain't a goung to say I do, but she's edifying and no mistake."

"I never went to meetin' before when I didn't have terrible hard work to keep from noddin', but somehow her talk is plain and sensible and keeps me awake," said Luke Pettingill, who was wont to disturb the congregation by audible breathing.

People flocked to Scragg End from far and near to hear the new minister, at first with much the same curiosity that they would have shown to see a white elephant, but soon for the sake of the preaching. Nobody could quite explain Miss Barton's popularity. Perhaps old Mrs. Simons came as near to the the truth as anybody when she said, "she wasn't any smarter than anybody else, but someway she seemed just like our own folks. And she knew just how folks felt without being told."

Ponkapawket was scandalized. It was a disgrace to the whole town to have a woman preacher holding forth every Sunday, and drawing such crowds—drawing half the congregation away from the Ponkapawket church, too. The deacons requested Mr. Ericson to preach a sermon from the text, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." Mr. Ericson was known to hold the Woman's Right movement in contempt; but he had been twice to hear Miss Barton preach, when there were no services in his own church, and he had also called on her several times, and when the deacons conferred with him about preaching that sermon they found it impossible to obtain any satisfaction; he was very polite, and he did not say that he would not, but, "he, smiling, put the question by."

One day he surprised Miss Barton by inviting her to an exchange of pulpits for the following Sunday; but that was in harvest time, and she had come to Scragg End in June. Even Ponkapawket had become accustomed to the idea of a woman preacher, if it did not approve it.

He had found her sitting on the piazza on a warm afternoon in late September. She had a large basketful of stockings beside her, and was darning them diligently. Some were her own, some were Adoniram Hewitt's and Lysander's, for Roxy had gone away on a visit, and Mrs. Hewitt's hands were more than full. She looked as housewify as if she had never aimed at any wider sphere. The shadow of a smile flickered about Mr. Ericson's mouth as he observed her employment. Although Miss Barton looked up only as much as politeness required, she saw the smile, and it brought a flush to her cheek. Though she looked so strong and resolute, it was evident that Miss Barton was keenly sensitive. He sat down beside her and immediately proffered his request, perhaps as an antidote to the smile.

"Your people would be shocked. They don't approve of me," said Miss Barton. "And I shouldn't have the courage."

"I never suspected you of any want of courage," said Mr. Ericson.

"I am a dreadful coward. I don't think I fully realized it when I began. If I had been sent anywhere but to Scragg End, I don't know what I should have done. Here they are all humble-minded people, without strong prejudices, and I do seem to have found the way to their hearts. But I am afraid I should never dare to enter another pulpit—certainly not yours at Ponkapawket."

"You would soon conquer there as you have conquered here," said Mr. Ericson.

"I couldn't endure that unfriendly gaze. I should display all my womanishness. I should blush, I should tremble, I might faint. I should be a stumbling block to the women who are following in the same pathway. I don't mean to be that. My work in Scragg End suffices, and I am so thankful for it."

"I am sorry you feel so about Ponkapawket, because I have a proposition in my mind much more audacious than the one that I made," said Mr. Ericson.

Miss Barton raised her eyes inquiringly, and dropped them again instantly under the minister's gaze.

"I thought we might unite the churches," Mr. Ericson's voice trembled a little, as if he were afraid.

I don't see how it could be done," said Miss Barton frigidly.

"Of course there is but one way," said Mr. Ericson, quietly. "I dared not ask you to be my wife without suggesting to you the fact that your work need not be given up."

The girl rose to her feet. Lysander's stocking fell from her hand and was blown away by the wind unheeded. "I don't know what I have done to deserve this—this insult. I thought that at least you respected me, and I thought my calling made me sacred from such—such attacks altogether.

"I am sorry that you should think it an insult. I can hardly see how a man could give you a better proof of his respect than to ask you to become his wife. And as for your calling making you sacred, we don't believe in the celibacy of the clergy, you know." In spite of this evident mortification and distress, there was a sly twinkle in Mr. Ericson's eye as he said that.

"But I—I am a woman;" said Miss Barton, sitting down again and covering her face with her hands.

"The more reason why you should be married," said Mr. Ericson, calmly. you need a protector."

"I am perfectly sufficient for myself. And I shall never care for anybody—anybody—but my work."

Mr. Ericson arose. "I am sorry to have troubled you," he said, gently. "I love you, and I have never known what it was to love a woman before; that is all my excuse."

Miss Barton watched him as he went down the road, with the yellow leaves falling upon him. She observed as she had never done before, how finely his head was set upon his broad shoulders, what a manly grace there was about his strong, well-knit figure.

"But he has no business to love me," she said, drawing her brows into a tight frown.

Then suddenly she remembered Lysander's stocking, and went down in the grass to look for it. It had blown over the fence into the field. She stretched her arms between the slats and drew it back. As she did so she caught sight of Lysander. He was gathering squashes and pumpkins on the little south hill; she saw his figure in silhoutte against the sky. He started to come toward the house, and she waited for him—waited until a sudden thought sent a flame of color over her face.

"It can't be—" she said, half aloud, inquiringly. "I will keep that out of my life. I won't be a failure! I won't be!" And she rushed up to her room and locked herself in.

She came down as grave as ever when the tea bell rang, and after the tea she and Lysander read their daily quantity of Greek, for Lysander was pursuing his studies with renewed avidity since he had a companion to help him, and had not yet given up his long cherished hope of studying for the ministry, though there seemed no prospect of his being able to leave the farm.

After that day Miss Barton devoted herself more zealously than ever to her work. She darned no more stockings When she was not writing her sermons, she was visiting the sick and the poor, and making or suggesting and inducing others to make improvements, sanitary and moral, as well as religious.

"She was as practical and efficient as if she was not a woman," many people said; and old Jeremy Grimes, who had wished to tell her when she came that they didn't want a woman preacher, said, "they couldn't have had such women in St. Paul's time, or he would never have written what he did."

But Mrs. Hewitt had a grievance. Mrs. Barton didn't seem to make herself one of the family as she used to. She was shut up in her own room almost all the time now, and she and Lysander didn't seem to get along as they used to. She never came into the kitchen and wanted to help make cake now, or sat with them around the fire in the evening while Lysander read aloud. She didn't seem to have anything against them, but she wasn't free and sociable any more."

Lysander was teaching school this winter and attending to the farm work in his leisure time. His habit of studying with Miss Barton had gradually died out. To his mother's persistent questionings Lysander replied that neither of them had any time for it now.

Mrs. Hewitt could not make it out. "Pa," who prided himself upon being long-headed, hinted that he could, but he would not say outright what he thought, and his wife regarded his hints with lofty scorn.

One afternoon, after school hours, Lysander went down to the woods back of the house to superintend the operations of some men who were cutting timber. Just at dusk Miss Barton, coming home from a visit to a sick parishoner, encountered four men carrying on an improvised stretcher Lysander's apparently lifeless body. He was lying white and rigid, and there were scarlet spots upon the snow all the way that he had come. Down on her knees in the snow fell Miss Barton and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, my love! my love! have you gone so far away that you cannot hear me say I do love you?" she cried. "I was cold and hard because I thought it was my duty, but if you only could come back—."

And then they had to raise Miss Barton and carry her into the house, for she had fainted.

"That's just what I could have told you a good while ago if I had a mind to," said "Pa," as he rehearsed the scene to his wife an hour afterward. "She's a terrible site like a woman if she is a minister. And Lysander—well, I calculate he won't complain of having his foot cut, if it does lay him up for a while. I can't say whether she'll let him do the preaching or whether they'll both do it, but you'll see them both married before summer."

"I don't want anybody to think it's because I'm a woman," said Miss Barton, rather inconsequently, when Lysander lead her, blushing and tearful to his mother's arms. "But I didn't seem able to help it. And Lysander said I needn't give up my work."

He Shoved Off.

The other day a young man, about 20 years of age, accompanied by a girl two or three years younger, reached the city by a Bay City train, and after looking around for a few hours returned to the depot and bought some sandwiches for lunch. The fellow was heard bragging a good deal as to what he had done and could do and cities he had visited, and by-and-by he walked up to the depot policeman and handed him four five cent cigars and said:

"That's my girl in there."

"Yes."

"She just thinks her eyes of me."

"So?"

"I've never had a chance to show her how I'd die for her if necessary, and it seems to me we might put up a little job right here."

"How?"

"Well, suppose me and her walk out to see the river. I leave her for a moment. Some chap comes along and begins to chin her. I rush back and knocked him into the middle of next week. She'd want to marry me within a week. Girls of her age just dote on heroes, you know."

"Yes, they do."

"Well, you help me. You pick out some chap around here and tell him what I'm up to, and I won't mind standing treat for all hands. When I rush on him he'd better run.

Five minutes later the girl stood on the wharf alone. A fellow big enough to pitch a barrel of flour over a freight car approached in a careless way and observed:

"Fine day, mis."

"Yes, sir."

"Nice view of the Canada shore,"

"Yes, indeed."

"May I offer you some peppermint loz——."

Just then the young man came rushing down. When he came within ten feet of the pair he cried out:

"Villain! take your leave, or I'll toss you into the river."

"Oh, I guess not," carelessly replied the other.

"Base scoundrel! I am here to rescue this young girl from your clutches."

"Don't bust any buttons off, my young cub!"

"The young man made a dash. He had to, or wilt. He rushed at the big chap with his arm upraised and heroism in his eye, and the next minute he was picked up and tossed over among a lot of green hides as carefully as if he had been glass. Then the big man raised his cap to the girl, smiled sweetly as he bowed and scraped his foot, and he was out of sight before the young man recovered sufficiently to call out:

"Minnie, did I kill him?"

"No, Henry."

"Thank Heaven that I am not guilty of murder! Let him beware, however. Another time I may not be able to restrain myself."

Oyster Propogation.

Prof. Ryder, of the United States Fish Commission, is very hopeful that this season's experiments will prove the feasibility of oyster propagation and cultivation by artificial means. He proposes to continue the work this year at some place in or near Chesapeake Bay. The deterioration of the natural oyster beds of that bay and the adjacent waters awakened the solicitude of the Maryland legislature, and has created a commission to inquire into the condition of the oyster beds, and report to the next General Assembly, with a view to legislation for the peotection and increase of the oysters in Maryland waters. Prof. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, is president of the commission. In conversation recently Prof. Brooks said: "I discovered five years ago that it is possible to hatch oysters in unlimited numbers from eggs, and to keep them alive for a few days and for some time after they have developed their shells. If these young oysters could be reared until they are large enough to handle and plant, the supply of oysters would be increased indefinitely. There would be none of the uncertainty which attends fish-hatching, for the young oysters would stay where they are put and would be as tangible as potatoes. The great importance of the subject has led many naturalists to experiment within the last five years, but they have not advanced beyond the point where I left the subject."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A country grocer may dislike dogs and yet tolerate a dozen "setters" in his store every night.

It is said that kissing cures freckles, but every red headed girl in the country knows better.

Said the teacher to the scholar: "What is the largest city in the world?" And the child replied: "Chicago." "No," said the teacher, "Chicago is not the largest city in the world." "Well," said the child, "anyway a Chicago man told me it was."

The man who carried the mail from the state lunatic hospital to the Harrisburg postoffice and back was murdered by an inmate, and the state was asked to pension him because "he had been a soldier. Could anything be more ridiculous? And yet the bill actually passed both Houses and had to be vetoed by the governor, who, of course, made no hesitancy about thus disposing of it.

The Aim of Exercise.

It should be understood of the public, as is known to the profession, that the aim of exercise is not solely to *work* the organism which is thrown into activity, though that is one, and a very important, part of the object in view, because as the living body works it feeds, and as it feeds it is replenished, but there is another purpose in exercise, and that is to call into action and stimulate the *faculty of recuperation.* Those who believe in the existence of a special system, or series, of tropic nerves will not object to this designation of the recuperative function as a separate "faculty," and those who believe nutrition to be effected in and by the ordinary innervation will recognize the sense in which we employ the term in italics. It is through defect or deficiency in the vigor of this faculty that unaccustomed feats of strength, whether