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 n 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. BITTENSENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII, NO 28
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 19

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	M	1Y
One inch.....	$2 00	$3 50	$5 00	$8 00	$10 00
Two inches.....	3 00	4 00	00	8 00	13 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

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 over 1st National Bank.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over Moyer Bros. Drug 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. 9, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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
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-atLaw, 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'a. may 7, '80-t f

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in COLUMBIAN Building. June 24 '81.

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

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, (Office and Residence on Third street.

JAMES REILLY,
Tonsorial Artist,
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
LOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

AGENTS Wanted for hardsome illustrated standard works of character; great variety; 1/3 to price; selling fast; needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa. June 29-1y aid

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts. Jan 25, 1883

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 a great variety. All work done by
EXPERIENCED HANDS.
Main Street corner of East.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

N. S. TINGLEY,
MERCHANT and CUSTOM TAILOR,
Is now fully prepared to furnish
SUITS MADE TO ORDER,
—FROM THE—
BEST MATERIAL
IN THE MARKET AT
REASONABLE RATES
—ALSO TO FURNISH—
Ready--Made SUITS
MADE TO MEASURE, AND
As Good & Cheap
AS CAN BE HAD AT ANY
Ready-Made Establishment.
Orders taken for shirts, made from measurement.

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. 25-'79

B. F. SHARPLESS,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST.
NEAR L. & B. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturer of Plows, Stoves and all kinds of Castings. Large stock of Tioware, 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 2 1-f

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,678,224
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.....	2,067,885

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

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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 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
North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Nacens of London.
North British, of London
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. 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, 8 2 1y

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.
[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Williams—
The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings is justly fully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," because of her correspondents love to call her. She is wholly devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a womanly, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon 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 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 only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. 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. (5) 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
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts, and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.
If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
KIDNEY-WORT
Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

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.

MY ONE LOVE PASSAGE.

BY S. A. S.

CHAPTER I.

I wish I could so describe my mother that you should realize the sweetness of her nature and the pleasantness of her ways. She was of medium height, of clear complexion and soft brown hair, and a face that tapered from a broad and rather low forehead, with a small and beautifully shaped chin.

She was fair to look upon, dear mother; but her beauty was not her greatest charm. There was about her an indescribable brightness and freshness that reminded one of early sunshine and sweet morning air, and that soothed and cheered and invigorated as only sunshine and pure air can. She charmed me from my mournful grieving after my lost sisters, and made me quietly happy.

None of the gladness of her own nature descended to me—I was always calm and sedate. From a melancholy child I passed into a serious, self contained woman. Beautiful girlhood, with its wild impulses, eager friendships, erratic energy and pretty bashfulness had no part in my life. Sometimes I have grieved that it was so, for I have thought that this absence of one phase of existence made me an imperfect woman, and prevented me from possessing some of the most endearing attributes of my own sex.

But I grieve no longer, and as I think of my mother, I wonder much that with her bright face to look upon and her wise and cheerful words to listen to, I ever grieved at anything. But I suppose in every woman's life there is a time when a mother's love is but a secondary love, and this time came to me in my 26th year. Until then, although I was rich and handsome and knew all the neighborhood for miles round, nobody had come to woo me.

A small estate close to our village changed hands, and its new possessor was introduced to us.

He was of middle age, good-looking and dignified, and was often by my side He had traveled much, and for me his conversation had great interest. And there was in his eyes a glance of energy, a fire that seemed to kindle in me a corresponding energy. In his presence I could sing better than when with others; conversing with him I seemed to acquire an eloquence that at times startled myself; his well-considered opinions found an echo in my untrained mind; his lofty thoughts were my thoughts. I did not stand in awe of him, such as some women do for lovers superior to themselves. I was simply lifted above myself and placed upon the same plane with him, where I gazed upon him as equal & equal, and felt a warm and just appreciation of his talents and good qualities.

I know not when I first began to love him, but I know that one evening, as he bade me good night, my heart fluttered, and when I sought for a reason for this unusual symptom, I blushed and was ashamed. Nor was I long troubled with fears of being an old maid, for the next morning he gave me the right to love him.

We sat in the oak dining-room, the bright spring shone cheerfully in, lighting up the dark wainscoting, and placing in brilliant relief the high carved mantelpiece, where grinning goblin faces stared and leered and peeped from twining wreaths of flowers, leaves and corn.

Stephen stood by; he had been expatiating on the beauty of the workmanship. I looked at him, and I saw also the grinning heads, and their grotesqueness formed a strong contrast to the calm, manly beauty of his face. As I looked, an earnest and kindling light beamed in his eyes; instinctively I rose from my seat, attracted by that glance. He took my hand and said:

"Sarah, be my wife; I cannot live without you."

His face glowed like a cloud at sunset. I looked no more. He put his arm around me, and whispered softly:

"Sarah, you love me; your heart says so!" It was beating under his hand. "It says you love me, my own, and I worship you! Darling, speak; one little word will be enough!"

My head was on his shoulder, and I murmured "Yes."

He clasped me closer in his arms. Then I thought, "I am foolish—that is not a fitting answer;" and I freed myself from his embrace, and stood calm and dignified, and said, with all my heart in my voice:

"Stephen I love you!"

"Heaven bless you my wife!"

One kiss, and we stood silent, calming our excitement.

Presently we sat down and talked of the future, of our unchanging love, and of the great happiness the coming years promised.

When he left me I hastened to my mother. She was delighted, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. When I went to rest that night joy at being so beloved prevented me from sleeping.

We were to be married in the autumn. The days passed very swiftly; there was no hindrance to our happiness; we were both rich; the future lay smiling before us, while the present was full of delight.

I loved Stephen with all my heart. He said he loved me devotedly, and there was an admiration—a sort of worship—with his love that is so dear to woman. He said I was queenly, and that I was a glorious creature; and I held my head higher, and was more stately than ever; and when I looked in the glass I saw a beauty in my face that I had never seen there before, and I exulted in my good fortune, and thought in my foolishness that no woman had ever before been so happy.

There were festivities in our house then, and the grinning goblin faces looked upon gayeties they had not seen since the first years of my mother's married life. We welcomed all our friends and neighbors, and made merry. My mother determined that the last month of my stay at home should be as happy and beautiful and bright, as much company and a fine taste could make it, but, alas! her intention was frustrated.

A schoolfellow and dear friend of my mother's had been for some years a widow, and at that time we received a letter to say that she was dead, and had bequeathed her only child, a girl of 17, to my mother's love and care. A few days later Annie Forsyth arrived, and her grief and her black clothes threw a gloom over us that, notwithstanding our pity and sympathy for the poor child, we felt was unwelcome and oppressive.

Poor Annie cried almost incessantly at first, but after a few days she would look up into our faces with sadly mournful eyes, and say she was sorry she was so unhappy, but she would be better soon.

Dear mother charmed and consoled her as she had charmed and consoled me in the past, when my father and sisters died, and now and then there was a smile in the beautiful blue eyes, and the pale, pinched face grew pretty and youthful, and I began to hope that when her sorrow had worn itself out she would prove to be a merry little sprite, and I rejoiced that she was there to take my place in the old home when I left it for the new one. My mother loved her already, and would easily take her to heart as a second daughter

CHAPTER II

Annie's complexion was very fair, her features small and regular, and her eyes large and beautifully blue, with a timid, pleading expression in them. Her hair was of pale gold, falling in masses of curls about her neck. She was small, slight and singularly graceful, and there was an intangible something about her that claimed from every one a special tenderness.

I particularly recommended her to Stephen's kindness, and he good-naturedly told her stories and did his best to divert her mind from its sad memories, and he succeeded well. Sometimes, when he talked to her, she would look up into his face with a wondering, reverential expression in her mournful eyes, and then I was more proud than ever of his talents, and more than ever thankful that he was my promised husband.

At first, when I sent Stephen from me to talk to Annie, he went with regret; a little while, and there was no regret: and then, oh! woeful thought, I fancied he went with pleasure.

Once, as he sat by her, chatting and amusing her, I thought he looked like her father, and I pictured him in the future adapting his conversation to the intelligence of a little child who should call me mother, and bringing bright smiles into her face and overshadowing her with loving kindness and protection; and my heart grew warmer, and I loved him more fervently than ever before. And, as watching him, I wished that my love might grow as great as his goodness, he caught my eyes and his face colored.

A chill ran through me; a fear, indefinite but terrible, oppressed me. I went into the garden and walked among the flowers and trees, and let the fresh evening breeze blow upon my head.

I tried hard to collect my thoughts, but I could not. A strange doubt, dread and horror possessed me. I could not think—I seemed to have no mind—I could only feel.

I walked down the fir tree avenue. Its darkness claimed kindred with me. It led to an open glade, where a fountain sparkled in the setting sun; its waters fell in jewels of many colors. I saw them not, but throwing myself on the grass rested my head on the cold margin of its marble basin.

Presently my hand played with the cool water; then I bathed my forehead with it, and soon I found myself counting the golden fish that sported in its cool depths and watching their gambols. I vaguely wondered how many heart broken women had bathed their foreheads in that fountain.

Then I remembered an ancestress of mine whose betrothed had died on the eve of her wedding day.

I saw her day by day at the fountain, and each day more shadowy and etheral, until at last her soul passed from the music of its waters to the music of the beautiful spirit land; and her friends found the frail body on the turf, the head on the fountain's margin, its eyes seemingly gazing at the fish, and its long curls floating in the water

I remembered this clearly and was thankful. My mind had come back—the strange, hateful madness had passed away; but I bathed my head again and again and kept very quiet. I was afraid of myself. I knew that I had been jealous and I scorned myself; yet I was such a poor, weak thing that I must treat myself carefully, tenderly, lest I fall again into my past foolishness.

I sat by the pool looking into its waters. I pressed the green leaves of the water lily against my forehead and its gracious coolness made me more myself, and I looked still into the water, blue with the evening sky and rosy with sunlit cloud, and I felt that hope and happiness endured forever; grief might come and dim their brightness, but could do no more.

I felt the demon of jealousy had entered into me: I was humbled and ashamed, and I longed that evil thoughts might pass from me, and I grew calm and rational once more. The peace of night settled all around me. An odorous perfume filled the air, and darkness came down like a protecting genius, shrouding the earth softly.

I was at rest. The fear that had so strangely disturbed me was dead, and once again I believed that the love of my promised husband was all my own.

For some days Stephen kept always by my side, and I enjoyed again the long conversations that were so delightful to me, and the evil thought returned no more to disturb my peace.

Our wedding day was very near; all suitable preparations had been made—fair, new garments of every description were being inspected by my friends. I was to begin the new life with everything new—new clothes, new house, new happiness.

Annie relapsed into her old sadness, and grew day by day more beautiful, for her face was flushed a little, and there was mournfulness in her large eyes that touched the gazer's heart.

One evening I observed Stephen looking at her, and there was that in his glance that roused all my dread once more. Frightened and trembling at what I might learn, I yet courageously set myself to seek for information. Stephen was always kind and affectionate, but I felt, with sinking heart, that he was not the same, that the warmth of his love was less than the warmth of its expression. And once again I saw that terrible look of sorrow, regret, as he gazed at Annie, and my resolution was taken.

I suppose the first terrible shock had broken the force of my discovery, for the calamity affected me less severely than the doubt. I was rational now, and could understand my position. I saw its difficulties and its dangers, and wanted to work my way clearly through them to the end I must not marry Stephen, that was certain, and I must tell him so myself.

My own affection was my greatest danger. I felt I must show no relenting, no lingering tenderness. I must build up a barrier between us; at least around my own heart I must put a strong wall of separation through which no sound of grief could pass. His, alas! would open so readily to the new love as to need no defense from the old. I would be brave—I would! But my sorrow lay heavy upon me; the air of the house suffocated me, the dear voices seemed mocking voices, tormenting me. I went out amid the trees for rest and strength. I went up the fir-tree avenue to the fountain. The sun shone, the birds sang, the water sparkled—all around me was joy and beauty, and in my heart was a desolation as of death.

I had dreamed a beautiful dream. Oh, that I could dream a little longer—my awakening was all too soon. I lay still, wooing back the beautiful dream; but its thread had been broken. I was sad unto bitterness, but my will was strong to do right and to bear my grief silently.

It wanted four days to my wedding day. I must act promptly. I nerved myself to my great trial. I loved Stephen more than ever, and I felt that to make him happy I could lay down my life, or, what then seemed to be the harder fate, live without his love.

As I left the breakfast room mother said: "Come back soon, dear; this day week we shall be without you, so we want as much of your company as possible."

I went into the dining room; the mellow autumn sun streamed upon the grinning goblin faces on the high mantel piece, and I turned from them—they seemed to mock me.

Stephen came soon. I said, as he entered, "Stephen, I have something of importance to say to you."

His face grew pale; he was about to speak, when I said quickly:

"Listen to me for one moment."

To my own ear my voice sounded dismally hollow, but by a great effort I spoke calmly.

"Stephen, I love you dearly. I love you far too well to cause you one regret, or to cloud your life with one shade of sorrow. I have felt proud and happy in the thought of becoming your wife. But I am not so now. I must have the whole heart of my husband I could not be content with his esteem and affection. You have changed, Stephen! I do not blame you that it is so, but I must not shut my eyes to the consequences of such change. I must not bring sorrow upon you and remorse upon myself, so I say from my heart, let us bury the past and be friends, only good friends, for the future."

"Sarah, have pity!" he said.

"I have pity," I resumed—"pity for myself, and pity for you. I am saving us both from misery in the future."

"I love you earnestly, soberly!" he replied, sadly. "I have always loved you! If once or twice my fancy has changed, pardon me, Sarah! It will not do so again. I have resisted the temptation. Forget and forgive! Our wedding day is very near. I will love you faithfully, and guard you with a husband's fondest care!"

"Stephen," I continued, "your heart is cold to me still. You would wreck your own happiness to try and insure mine, and to keep plighted troth. Take back that troth—be free! Go; live where you will, and be happy! It would break my heart to be your bride now! I could not live to be coldly loved! I must be the joy of my husband, not the cloud that shadows his life!"

"Sarah—" he began.

"Hush!" I said. "I will tell you all. I have looked into your eyes and read there what you had not the courage to read in your own heart. I have read there that you love another. Your heart was never wholly mine, and now it is not your own; It has gone from you to Annie."

His face was blanched; his strong hand, that rested on the back of a chair, trembled.

"Hear me, for Heaven's sake!" he cried. "I have never spoken a word of love to Annie! Her sorrow, her beauty, her childishness touched me; but that is past. We will see her no more, and you shall be as happy as you ever dreamed!"

"Never!" I said, fiercely; for I felt that he was not thoroughly frank with me; that his love for me was weak; and that he was only maintaining an engagement for the sake of his honor—"never! Our engagement is at an end! We will go our separate ways! Heaven grant that yours may be a happy one!"

And I turned to leave the room.

"Pause—consider!" he cried.

"I have considered. My decision cannot be changed. I will tell my mother. Bless you, Stephen, you shall always be my best friend!"

I offered him my hand.

"Bless you, he replied, and kissed my hand.

That kiss made me shiver, it was so cold.

As I went up to my room I met Annie.

"I am not going to be married, Annie," I said. "I have changed my mind."

"I am so sorry! I thought you would have been so happy!" she replied, and began to cry.

"She does not love him yet," I thought, and was pleased.

I sought my mother and told her what I had done; and then her bright, cheering eyes were dull with tears, and soon she wept as she had not since my lost sister's death.

"Mother, mother, do not be so distressed!"

"You suffer so, my darling.

"Yes," I said, sternly; "it is hard to bury my love—to bury it deep, that none may see its grave, and to hold no thought of it in my heart—to put it from me forever—to be as if it had not been! Oh, mother, I cannot!"

"Patience, darling. Soon you will gain the power. My heart grieves for you, my dearest. We will try to forget him," she said, gently, "we will learn the task together. I, too, have made a loss. I thought I had gained a son and had bright visions of the future. We will put him from our minds, and go back to the old, quiet life. We will each be all to the other, as in the old time."

"It shall be so," I said "My love is buried. It may rest in peace; our tears have watered its grave. I will put it from my thoughts. But there is a love that lives, and is fresh and strong, and vigorous—a love that cannot die, and that knows no change—our love, my mother."

She held me in her arms; she hushed and soothed me as though I were a child once more, and I wept away the great bitterness of my grief.

We sorrowed long—my mother, myself and the gentle Annie, who grew very dear to me, with her earnest sympathy and pleading, child-like love.

Stephen had not touched her heart, and I was glad of this, although I settled that he should do so in the future.

We sorrowed, I say; yet it was hardly so, for we each tried to cheer the other and forget the past; but a settled depression was upon us, and we decided to enneavor to dispel it by change of scene.

We went to the seaside and the great ocean gave us strength, and my mother was fresh and bright as the morning sunshine once more, and she cheered and cherished me until I was happy in a subdued fashion and could almost forget the past.

Annie grew strong and merry, but her figure was still slight and fragile, and her eyes kept their sadness, and her manner was still simple and pleading like that of a timid child. She would never grow womanly, my mother said regretfully. It was best she should not, I thought; the clinging plant always finds the strong support. And I went to my music; I could not be idle or have reveries yet; my cure was not quite complete. I had to keep my mind well occupied, to fill it with plans, hopes, and ideas; to bar entrance to thoughts that should not have admittance. And well my good mother helped me! Love has its instincts, and told her always when my mind was straying, and when it was partly empty, and forbidding remedies were stealing in, and she would rouse me with cheerful words of ordinary conversation and a look that spoke her heartfelt sympathy. Oh! blessings on thee, my mother; thy love was the joy that knew no change: it was strong, it was steadfast, it was invigorating, it cheered me, it kept me firm to do right, it made my happiness.

We had been from our old home a year, when it was decided that my mother and Annie should return there, while I still remained with some friends.

Three months later I received a sweet letter from Annie, saying that she had accepted Mr. Hawthorn. Stephen and I had met as friends—rather distant and unceremonious friends, I am afraid, for we could not quite forget the past—its shadow seemed to linger over us.

And thus Annie went from us, and I remained always in the old home, and my dead love ceased altogether to trouble me, and if my dear mother grieved that the bright hopes she cherished at the first were not realized, she never let me guess her secret sorrow.

We were very happy; we did all the good in our power with our wealth, and we brightened the lives of many of our poor neighbors and soothed the last hours of many a poor woman by promising to take an interest in her children. And as I grew older I thought I knew why Annie had won Stephen's love from me. The shy, winning, girlish ways that had never been mine were her chief charm.

The Power of Love.

While on their way home from a mite society the other night, old neighbor Wickle and wife became somewhat displeased.

"Iam not going with you any more, Samuel," said Mrs. Wickle. You are too old a man to cut up the way you did to-night. The idea of any old man who has the rheumatism so bad that he can't put his socks on mornings, going to a mite meeting and cavorting and romping as you have done to-night. I say it's a shame.

"I may have rheumatism," said the old man, "but I haven't got dyspepsia. I don't growl and snap at everybody. You have been growing worse for the last ten years. If you didn't have me to pick at I believe you would die.

"I won't walk with a man that acts like a rhinoceros.

"How does a rhinoceros act?" asked the old man, thinking he would catch her on natural history.

"Acts like a fool, that's how he acts," and Mrs Wickle walked rapidly away, leaving the old man several paces behind. He finally caught up just as a young man came walking along.

"You are walking pretty fast," said the old gentleman.

His wife didn't say anything.

"It's clouding up," he remarked, "it must be going to rain."

The old lady made no reply, but the young man took in the situation.

"You are a villain!" he exclaimed addressing Mr. Wickle. What do you mean by attempting to thrust your company upon a lady who does not want you? It is becoming too frequent for ladies to be insulted on the streets by loafers. Get back."

The man struck at Wickle. The old lady clubbed her umbrella, and exclaiming, that's my husband, gave the young man a very undignified blow.

The old man, encouraged by his wife's strike for the union, jumped on the young man and held him while the rattling ribs of the old umbrella fell on the youth's head with a sound like the falling hailstones.

"Samuel, no one can break up our domestic felicity," said his wife after the battle.

"No sir," said the old man. "When a man tries to destroy the domestic happiness of my household he catches my consolidated power of wrath.

The Tendency to Slander.

Surely among the weaknesses of the human heart there is none so utterly despicable as the disposition to depreciate the character of our acquaintances. There are many persons who go through life under the (false) impression that the surest way to build up your own reputation is to pull down the reputation of others. Some persons never, under any circumstance, have a good word to say for another. If it is praise, it comes with such hesitation as to be half-blame; bet if it is blame, it comes right from the heart, and leaves no doubt of it is sincerity.

I met a Mason at my railroad station the other day, who wore a Masonic emblem. I spoke to him as a Mason, and he responded in an appropriate manner. This is one advantage of presenting a breastpin, ring, or other badge having our mystical characters upon it, that the wearer claims to be a Mason, and challenges your approach. When opportunity offers, I always greet such an one as a Brother, and often make pleasant