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 no 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, NOVEMBER 2, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII, NO 44
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 35

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch.....	$2 00	$3 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 0
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	13 0
Three inches.....	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 0
Four inches.....	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	20 0
Quarter column..	8 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 0
Half column.....	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 0
One column.....	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 0

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

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

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

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L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over 1st. National Bank.

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.

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.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
NEW COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe.

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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,
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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.

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 2nd 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-La O in COLUMBIAN Building.

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
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

DIVORCES.—No publicity; residents of any State. Desertion, Non-Support, Advice and applications for stamp. W. H. LEE, Atty, 239 B'way, N. Y. r Sept. 14th 4w

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office over Bloomsburg Banking Company.
To be open at all hours during the day.
Nov. 25-1y

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at $2.25. These are all black. The colors are $2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always $1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at $1.50.

Half-wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suiting, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same at $1.00.

Another in stripes at 65 cents. Not dear at $1.00.

A quality of Lupin's Cashmere for 50 cents (all wool). The new tariff will prevent this quality from ever again selling at this price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's Hair, 46 inches wide, at 60 cents.

A good 36-inch all-wool Cashmere at 40 cents.

An excellent Black Cashmere, all-wool, a yard wide, at 45c.

A very few much admired Embroidered Robes at one-third off of usual price.

A Bleached Muslin, full yard wide, for 10c. The best we ever had at that price.

The best Twilled, All-Wool Red Flannel we ever sold for 25c.

The best Canton Flannel for 12½c. We never could get so good a quality at the price before.

An extraordinary lot of Towels at 25c.

Eight lots of Ladies' and Children's Hose that are on our counters at 25 per cent. under prices.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $4.35.

172 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, $3.25.

245 pairs Women's Curacoa Kid Button, $4.25.

186 pairs Women's French Kid Button, $5.00.

152 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, $1.25.

112 pairs Women's Kid Ties, $2.00.

110 pairs Women's French Kid Oxford Ties, $3.25.

141 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $3.25.

131 pairs Women's Front Lace Walking Boots, $4.50.

150 pairs Women's French Kid Button Boots, $5.25.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for $25.
The same goods in Cherry for $28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at $1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes

are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not a full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often done. The expense being infinitely less—$25.

Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each. $2.00 per yard.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street.

Market Street and New City Hall.

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$1,076,224
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.....	3,273,600
Springfield Fire and Marine.....	2,082,385

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 26, '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.

E. B. BROWER,
PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING & STEAM HEATING.
DEALER
STOVES & TINWARE.
All kinds of work in Sheet Iron, Roofing and Spouting promptly attended to.
☞ Strict attention given to heating by steam.
Corner of Main & East Sts.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS. 100

Jan -28, 1883

The display of Ready-Made Clothng and the Low Prices arrest the attention and wonderment of every passer by, and visitors to the city must not forget to reckon our stock among the sights worth seeing. To the can't-get-aways" we say: SEND FOR SAMPLES

A. C. YATES & CO.

Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts

PHILADELPHIA.

Sept 7

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

"You claim too much for SAMARITAN NERVINE," says a skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spermatorrhœ, or Seminal Weakness, and fifty other complaints?" We claim it a *specific*, simply, because the virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Its Nervine, Resolvent, Alterative and Laxative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It's known *world wide* as

THE GREAT

NERVE CONQUEROR

It quiets and composes the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of morbid fancies, which are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those whose sedentary employment causes nervous prostration, irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. $1.50. Sold by all druggists. The DR. S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.

Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City. (4)

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

A CLEAR HEAD.

"One year ago I was induced to try AYER'S PILLS as a remedy for **Indigestion, Constipation, and Headache,** from which I had long been a great sufferer. Commencing with a dose of five Pills, I found their action easy, and obtained prompt relief. In continuing their use, a single Pill taken after dinner, daily, has been all the medicine I have required. AYER'S PILLS have kept my system regular and my head clear, and benefited me more than all the medicines ever before tried. Every person similarly afflicted should know their value. 152 State St., Chicago, June 6, 1882. M. V. WATSON."

For all diseases of the stomach and bowels, try AYER'S PILLS.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

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.

MEG'S ADVICE.

BY A. M. D.

It was the day after the party, and can any day ever be more utterly wretched? I mean, of course, to the people who have given the party—especially when, like my uncle and aunt, they are of quiet-going habits and moderate means, and must let their guests dance in the dining-room and have supper in the biggest bedroom.

It was the day after the party, and every individual in the house was miserable. The days before the party had not been remarkable for comfort, but they at least had been tinged with the radiance of hope and bright anticipation, while now nothing remained but the "dregs and bitterness," and to clear away and get the house into order again. This would have seemed rather a dreary task under any circumstances, I dare say, but it was greatly aggravated by the fact that we were all in very low spirits, or, to put it honestly, in dreadfully bad tempers, having each and all a special grievance of our own.

My uncle's household consisted of himself and my aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbee; their two sons, Christopher and Peter; their two daughters, Lottie and Sophy, and myself, Meg Merton, the orphan daughter of my aunt's only sister. My mother had died when I was 8 years old, and my father, whose habits were by no means of a domestic kind, sent me to school, and allowed me to spend all my holidays at my aunt's; and when he died, and my school days were over, my temporary home became a permanent one. This came to pass quite naturally, and was taken as a matter of course by my kind-hearted cousins; and Aunt Charlotte, who had always regarded me as one of her own children, never seemed to suppose that she was conferring any particular favor upon me by giving me a happy home among them all. But I appreciated it, and endeavored to prove my gratitude in every way possible.

I was older than Lottie and Sophy, and left school before they did, and I became very useful in the house. Aunt Charlotte was of a nervous, timid nature, and, as I happened to be self-possessed and cool and decided, she soon came to rely entirely on my judgment and energy, and in a year or two I was housekeeper-in-chief, and my advice was asked and pretty generally taken on matters both small and great—indeed "Meg's advice" became proverbial in the household. Naturally I grew a little dictatorial, for I often wondered what they could have done withot me. Chris was the only one I could not manage.

"Bully the others as much as you like," he would say, "but you shall never bully me," and somehow or other I never felt inclined to try.

"Tiffs" occurred among us now and then; but, on the whole, we were a very happy family until the day after the party, when, as I have said, we were each and all miserable. My uncle was confined to his room by a bilious attack, where he lay groaning and anathematizing "that campagne." My aunt looked very haggard when she first came down in the morning, and said her head ached badly; and her appearance did not brighten as she and I investigated the state of crockery, etc.

"I shall never give a party again," she said quietly, but it was the quietness of despair. "Nine champagne glasses broken, two sherries, and three of the best china plates, and a great stain on the drawing-room carpet! We might have been entertaining a set of barbarians!"

Christopher and Peter usually the most affectionate of the brothers, were now not on speaking terms with each other, as my aunt and I discovered at breakfast time; and instead of going to business together, Peter lingered until Chris had gone, and then started about five minutes afterward. This unfriendliness arose, as I well knew, because of a stylish disagreeable belle, whom some friends of ours had brought with them to the party, and who had flirted desperately, but with maddening impartiality with both my deluded cousins. Hence their coldness towards each other this morning. As for Lottie and Sophy, I wished before the day was out, that they were not on speaking terms, for they were nagging at each other all the time, and finished just before dinner with a downright spiteful quarrel, and Aunt Charlotte cried. Their grievance was about two brothers, Tom and Harry Nowill; for Lottie liked Harry best, and Sophy liked Tom; and, with the usual contrariness of mankind, Harry was desperately in love with Sophy, and Tom with Lottie; so it was usual after every merry-making we might have, for Lottie and Sophy to fall out about them.

I felt vexed with everybody, but I think I was quite justified in being so, for they would all persist in believing—or saying they believed—that I was in love with ridiculous John Howarth, just because he happened to be in love with me, and took care that every one should know he was, too. I did think some of them at least, might have had more sense; and now this fine London belle had appeared on the scene—oh, I felt tempted to break another best china plate and all the remaining sherry glasses as I thought about it! And if aunt had only known the state of mind I was in, she would never have trusted me to wash them up and put them away. Even our Newfoundland dog seemed to share the general dissatisfaction, and kept coming from his kennel as far as the chain would permit, and uttering long and dismal howls. The cook said that it was the sign of a death, but the house-maid persisted that it foretold a wedding. I did not feel as if I cared much which it was or what happened—only I think I felt more inclined for a funeral than a wedding, especially if the wedding entailed a breakfast—and another party.

My aunt and I had been up as usual this morning—we had too much to do to be able to lie in bed. Chris and Peter, of course, wanted their breakfast at the usual hour, and their lunch cons—which they always took with them and ate in a little back room at the office—put up; and then, when they had started for business, we commenced our dismal investigations through the house. We always dined at 6 o'clock, and it was nearly that hour before we succeeded in reducing the house to anything like order. Then Lottie and Sophy had their quarrel, in the midst of which Chris and Peter arrived and we went to dinner.

Chris folded his arms and put on a dogged and determined look as he took his place at table.

"I breakfasted off cold fowl," he said, gloomily—"I lunched off cold fowl—I refuse to dine off it."

My aunt grew tearful again.

"This is not cold fowl," she answered; "it is turkey; and you might eat it. Cold beef will keep a day or two—fowls and turkeys with some sauce over them will not. But"—turning to me resignedly—"ring for the beef to be brought in, Meg; we have had enough unpleasantness for one day."

"How is it there is a whole turkey left?" inquired Chris, somewhat mollified as the beef appeared.

"It was Meg's fault," replied Aunt Charlotte, "she put it on that dark shelf behind the cellar door, and I found it there this morning, quite forgotten. But I wonder Meg, you did not notice that there were only two turkeys at supper; this would have been eaten if it had been there."

"I did not have any supper," I said, "for I thought there would not be room."

"That is merely an excuse," interposed Lottie; "you were spooning with John Howarth in the conservatory all supper-time."

I meant to look defiant, but I may have looked guilty.

"Did he propose to you?" asked Sophy, staring at me.

"I will put a stop to this nonsense about John Howarth," I said, determinedly. "You shall all know exactly how the case stands, and then there will be no excuse for any further display of stale wit at our expense. As Sophy supposes, Mr. Howarth did propose to me last night."

"Oh, Chris," interrupted Lottie, "how could you hit my cat in such a savage way? Come here, Tip—poor pussy!"

"You should teach your cat not to stick claws into one's legs at dinner time" retorted Chris; "then he wouldn't get hit."

"He was not touching you!" returned Lottie, warmly. "He was begging quite inoffensively."

"He was sticking his claws into my leg," reiterated Chris, with quiet and most aggravating obstinacy.

"Now, don't you two begin quarreling," said Sophy, impatiently, "but let Meg tell us about John Howarth. I have often read about proposals in tales, but I have never heard a real bona fide one described. Do tell us every word he said, Meg!"

"Did he go down upon his knees?" asked Chris. "For if he did, I wish I had been there to see him."

"I shall not tell you whether he went down upon his knees or not," I answered calmly; "nor shall I tell you what he said. But," I added, with sentimental meditation, "he said some very nice things, indeed, to me—nicer than you could put together, Chris, if you tried for a hundred years."

"I can assure you that I am not going to try, even for a minute," answered Chris, giving me a most savage look.

My aunt suddenly burst into tears.

"This is the finishing blow," she sobbed. "Meg going to be married! I will never give another party as long as I live! It was against my better judgment that I yielded this time. I did it to please you all, and this is the result—furniture ruined, eatables wasted, your father ill, you all quarreling like this, and Meg going to be married! No, never another party in this house!"

"What—not even when Meg marries John Howarth?" sneered Chris.

"No, not even then," replied aunt, redoubling her sobs.

"Well, don't cry, auntie," I interposed, "for I am not going to marry him. I gave him a very decided 'No.'"

Chris here gave a quick, covert glance in my direction; after which his assumption of perfect indifference seemed to me a trifle over-acted.

"Oh," laughed Lottie, "that explains why the poor fellow ate truffle instead of fowl with his boiled ham, and never found out the difference! I thought what a curious taste he had."

But aunt refused to be pacified; she had reached that state of mind when troubles are positively preferred to blessings.

"Saying 'No' to Mr. Howarth will not buy a drawing-room carpet," she said, "or eat up all the tarts and custards and cakes. I am sure"—warming to her subject—"the waste has been shameful! When the confectioner's man came this morning I had not a single cake or jelly or blanc-mange to send back, for every one had been broken into. And I saw you, Chris, take just a spoonful of that expensive porcupine, when a plainer cake already commenced was close by you."

"Oh, don't blame Chris for that, auntie!" I exclaimed. "It was done for Miss Jones, no doubt. If he had the power Chris would cut a bit off the Koh-i-nor itself if she asked him."

"I would," said Chris; "she is worth a hundred Koh-i-noors."

"Really!" observed Peter, aroused at last from the gloomy lethargy that had possessed him all dinner-time, and addressing Chris: "What a pity she does not regard you in the same light! She told me last night how she hated dancing with you, saying you were so clumsy you were constantly getting your feet on her dress."

"Indeed!" retorted Chris. "She told me the very same thing about you."

"I don't believe it, said Peter.

"Do you mean to say that I am telling lies?" demanded Chris.

"Another quarrel!" cried my aunt.

"Oh, dear, dear, what will be the end of it all?"

"The end of it all might be pleasant enough," I replied with energy, "if only every one of you would display a little common sense. I am out of patience with you all!"

"Well, Meg," said Lottie calmly, "you generally seem to consider yourself capable of setting the world to rights, so can you set our little world straight? It seems to me we are all miserable. What can you suggest to make us happy?"

"Common sense," I repeated—"only common sense. Take my advice, and peace will be restored at once."

"Let us have it then," said my aunt querulously.

"Oh, let us have 'Meg's advice' at once!" sneered Chris again. "How is it we have not thought of this panacea earlier?"

"I will commence with my uncle," I began firmly. "Let him—at least, make him see the doctor to-night, and he will be better before morning."

"That is good advice enough," said aunt, and I will tell him."

"As for you, aunt—go to bed at once and forget your worries. We will start a subscription list for you, which I will head with five shillings, and if the others give with equal liberality according to their means, you will be able to replace all the broken crockery and have the white hearth-rug cleaned also."

"That is good advice, too, and I will do my part by going to bed immediately," said aunt, meekly. I am much obliged to you, Meg."

"As for you, Peter," I continued, severely, "I think instead of quarreling with Chris about Miss Jones, you had better turn your attention nearer home. I know poor Kitty Reynolds nearly cried her eyes out when she got home last night, or rather this morning."

"You know more than I do, then," returned Peter.

"Yes, I do, for I am in Kitty's confidence and you are not, and I know what Kitty said to me when she was going home, and you do not. And my advice to you, Peter, is, make it up with Kitty, and leave Miss Jones for those who want her."

"Capital advice! But I never asked you for it you see; so I don't consider myself bound to take it," and he went on eating tarts.

"And now, girls, I continued, looking at Lottie and Sophy, "make up your minds to the inevitable, and change lovers. They are twins, and so much alike you cannot tell which is which; and I think it must be merely contrariness in you two to pretend you like either one better than the other, and"—with just a careless glance at Chris—"contrariness never pays in the end. So take my advice—transfer your affections quietly, and say no more about it.

Then I helped myself to some blanc mange, and went on eating my dinner.

"But you have forgotten me," observed Chris, "pray, have you no advice for me?"

I hesitated a moment, then looked at him defiantly.

"Well," I said, "I think the advice I have given Peter might also apply to you; instead of making yourself ridiculous about Miss Jones, I think you might find some one to admire nearer home."

Then, owing to Peter's delighted "Bravo, Meg!" and Chris' steady stare, I had a sensation that I had never experienced in all my self-possessed life before—I think it was embarrassment—and I rose hastily from the table and left the room, presumably to see "why that dog howled so." And Chris must have felt curious on the point, too, for he also left the table and followed me to Nero's kennel.

When we came in again Peter was standing in the hall with his top coat on, brushing his hat very carefully.

"Why, Peter," I exclaimed, "where are you going? I should have thought you would have been more inclined for bed than a walk. Where are you going?"

Peter looked at us with a curious mixture of defiance and sheepishness in his expression.

"I am going to see Frank Reynold's," he said. He told me last night that he has a little terrier he thinks I shall like, and he said he would let me have it cheap, so I am going to look at it."

"But," remarked Chris, pitilessly, you know that Frank has gone away from home to-day, and won't be back until Monday, and your journey will be utterly fruitless, will it not, if you find only Kitty in?"

"I shall see the terrier," muttered Peter, putting on his hat, "and shall leave word whether I will have him or not."

"Oh, I have no doubt it will be all right?" I remarked with an innocent air.

Heter looked at me, and then said: "What was the matter with Nero,?"

"Oh—his chain—I think—his collar!" I stammered, taken aback by the sudenness of his question, and ending by an appealing glance at Chris.

"Never mind, never mind!" cried Peter, waving his hands. "As you said, Meg, I have no doubt it will be all right; it's leap year, you know, and Chris has only acted as any other man——" Here Peter darted through the hall door, and slammed it after him, otherwise the hat brush would have struck him.

When Chris and I entered the dining room, aunt was there.

"Your uncle has just seen the doctor," she said smiling a little as she kissed me before saying good night; "and, if any of the others have been as ready to act upon your advice, you can let us know in the morning. I think we are all ready for bed to-night."

"I shall have to sit up for Peter," said Chris.

"One of the servants can do that," said aunt.

"No, they are all tired out," answered Chris; "and I shall like to sit up, just te see poor Peter's bewilderment when I ask him what is the color of the terrier."

"Oh, he won't be bewildered at all!" I put in. "He'll answer, in all simplicity, 'Plum-colored' or 'Navy-blue,' and then wonder why you look surprised."

When aunt had retired, I noticed that Lotty and Sophy were busy doing something to their photograph albums, and observing them quietly, I saw them exchange two photographs. I said nothing; but, when we all went up stairs together, they were merrier than usual, and quite friendly again.

Thus the day begun so dismally, ended right happily; and its results were happier still—for Peter and Kitty are happy and married now; Lotty and Sophy are whispering together about a forthcoming "double-wedding," and Chris—having also condescended to tak Meg's advice for once—has a wife who worships the very ground he treads on—and he deserves it, too.

David Davis says a man will never sit long on a barbed wire fence unless there are bad dogs on both sides of it.

The Reading Public.

WHAT MAY BE GATHERED IN READING ALL A PAPER CONTAINS.

We very often hear people complaining of their county papers, and saying that "they contain nothing worth reading;" and we are all sometimes inclined to think, (like some men do of the weather,) that if we had the management we could improve it in many respects. But we find, on looking around that those very persons who complain the most, are the ones that read the least. A dandy—or a "dude," we would call him now—might travel all over the American continet, and when he came back, could tell you nothing worth listening to, much less remembering; while a Franklin, a Humboldt or a Newton, in taking a morning walk, would make some observations and select some good things from nature's page that would be useful to science, and worthy a place in history. So it is with the reading public. One man picks up *his paper*!—for which, perhaps, he is in arrears for ten years, at least—glances over it hastily for a few minutes, throws it down and showers a volley of curses upon its editor for inserting some enterprising business man's advertisement; which, were he as tardy in paying for as our self-constituted critic is for his paper, its editor might be in a fit condition to walk the streets with a bundle of old umbrellas under his arm, or a scissor-sharpener's grindstone on his back. We have a case in point which serves to illustrate our meaning better than anything else which we can think of now, and we will give it—not as a reproach to any one—but as showing how much a man may gain in general knowledge by reading *all* that a paper contains—no matter how insignificant it may appear at first sight—as showing also how many useful things are lost by persons who will not learn when they *have* the opportunity, yet are ever ready to sneer at those who, by reading and study, have gained a little more than they have required.

A few months ago we happened to be present when Mr. "Faultfinder" opened his mail, adjusted his spectacles and began looking over his papers. One happened to be a "Circular"—nothing else; designed merely as an advertising medium—was sent to him free, postage paid. He was only asked the favor of reading it. Looking at it about half a minute he threw it on the floor with an oath, and kicked it away from him. Thinking there might, perhaps, be something in it worth reading, we picked it up and pushed it down in our pocket. When again alone we took it out and read it; and while it was nearly all made up of clap-trap advertisements, there was one very notable exception. In one little corner was a table containing the names of all the crowned heads of Europe, with the dates of their accessions, and also their ages. By looking over it carefully we were enabled to gain the following historical facts, viz: In Europe there are 41 monarchs and 42 crowns; King William, of Germany, wearing 2—that of the German Empire and the smaller kingdom of Prussia. He is also the oldest of all, being 85 years of age, while Alfonso, of Spain, is the youngest—being but 25 years of age. Dom Pedro, of Brazil, and William, of Brunswick, each ascended in 1831—they being the longest reigning of all—while Alexander, of Russia, is the shortest—having ascended in 1881. We considered this table worth preserving, and taking it home we carefully inserted it in our "scrap book" and waited to meet Mr. Faultfinder, which was not long—and the following conversation took place, as near as we can recall it at present:

Q. Mr. F——do you not know how many crowned heads there is in Europe?

A. No; how do I know.

Q. Do you know the oldest Monarch in Europe.

A. No; and I don't care a d——n either.

Q. Can you tell me the name of the only woman that wears a crown?

A. Now you think you're smart. My father didn't send me to school like yourn did. If he did, I might a knowed a d——n site more nor what you do.

We merely cite this one case to show what flimsy excuses some men will sst up for knowing nothing. Here was a man who shifted his responsibility upon his father when the information was thrust under his very nose, and he was too proud to read it because, forsooth, it was surrounded by advertisements. Now there is no paper, however insignificant it may appear, or however crowded with advertisements, but may contain something worth remembering, if we only take the trouble to search for it. Then read your papers. Don't throw them aside because some one advertises in them. You may miss something worth more than your whole year's subscription—for truly

"There is many a rose in the path of life,
If we would but stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
There is many a gem of rarest worth
Which we pass in idle pleasure;
That is richer than the jeweled crown,
Of the miser's hoarded treasure."

It is estimated that in 9,500 of the 9,000 bar-rooms in Philadelphia free luncheon is provided. The quality of the food varies according to the location of the bar room, where the soup made of a half-pickled beef bone, a few scraps of fat and lean meat, a small measure of potatoes, turnips and tomatoes, and two gallons of Schuylkill water, to the spread consisting of Boston baked beans, boiled and baked macaroni, broiled reed birds in season, choice breakfast bacon, "and a variety of other dainties that would probably cost from 40 to 60 cents were the patron to get the same thing in a regular restaurant." The daily cost of providing the luncheon first described is only a few cents, while the barkeepers who go to the other extreme expend about $10 a day for food which is free to their customers. The hotels generally refrain from infringing upon the domain of the dining-room by offering their customers in the bar room any food more tempting than stale crackers and dried-up cheese.

A quart of good milk should weigh nearly two pounds two and one-half ounces.