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 song 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. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII, NO 46
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 37

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch.....	$2 00	$3 50	$5 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	13 00
Three inches.....	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	20 00
Quarter column..	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column.....	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column.....	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	1,00 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,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over 1st. National Bank.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Sat'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. 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 Hillmeyer'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.

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. M. 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, '80-1 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.

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

DR. I. 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. E. 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 not and cold water, and all modern conveniences

$65 A month and board for 3 live young men or ladies, in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. October 19-4w d

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 $1 00, that until recently always $1.00.

Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at $1.50.

Half wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which are 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.
225 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.	$7,075,294
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,966,379
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,588

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.

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 Clothing 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 NERVINE
NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT
NERVE CONQUEROR
The only known *specific* for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured. Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
Route biliousness and clears complexion. Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it.
Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders.
Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.
Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe. Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe. Disease of the blood owns it a conqueror. For sale by all leading druggists.
The Dr. S. A. Richards Medical Co. St. Joseph, Mo.
Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
MRS. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COUGHS. "Cleveville, Ohio, Sept. 16, 1882. "Having been subject to a bronchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried.
JAMES A. HAMILTON,
Editor of *The Crescent*."

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882. "I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected.
HARVEY BAUGHMAN,
Proprietor Globe Hotel."

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.

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

"And is this the end? Can we never be reconciled, Grace?"

"No. I shall never forgive you for marrying that girl, Charles; I cannot. You are my brother no longer. Farewell."

"Good-by, then, forever, if you will have it so. I had hoped that this interview would terminate very differently," and the young man left the room and the house.

His sister made a movement towards the door, as if to call him back, but her indomitable pride intervened; she restrained her desire, and walked up and down for nearly an hour, her features hard and set, her figure drawn to its fullest height, and, when at last, overcome by fatigue, she sank into a chair, only the words "Oh, my brother! my brother!" expressed the emotion she felt.

Long she sat there in the gathering darkness, gazing into the bright fire, thinking of the happy days of childhood passed with that brother, whom she had just turned from her door; thinking how, as the years had rolled on, and childhood had ripened into youth, they had been left motherless and fatherless, and had clung to each other with increased affection, being one in all their pursuits and pleasures; now, when the great wealth she now possessed had so unexpectedly passed into her hands, all her thoughts had been for him, all her plans for his comfort and happiness.

Her face had softened as her mind had dwelt on the past, but it became dark and hard again, as she thought of the events of the past month; how he, her idol, had withdrawn his allegiance from her, and bestowed his heart upon a pretty, doll-faced girl, whom he had married without her consent. No, she would never forgive him, never, though all the light had been taken from her life, and her future appeared nothing but loneliness and gloom.

The fire had gone out; the room was cold; and in the dim twilight shadowy forms seemed to be near her; a mother's face, with sad, pleading eyes, looked reproachfully at her; a father's voice, stern and sorrowful, seemed to denounce her for so heartlessly separating herself from her beloved brother, her only near relative.

She rose and went to the window overlooking the river. The evening was starless and damp; the wind was rising, and, as it moaned among the tall trees on the bank, Grace Kingstone thought how peacefully she could rest beneath those dark waters, free from all the bitter disappointments and heavy cares of her troubled life; she was only twenty-five, she might live to be an old woman, and what did she care for, since her brother's heart was won from her? Turning from the window, she rang the bell and ordered tea to be brought in.

The fire was rekindled, the curtains drawn, and the room, with its massive costly furniture and soft carpet, was comfortable and cosy; but the cheery voice and the hearty laugh which had once made the little tea-table so delightful, were gone, and the proud woman sat alone and in silence, endeavoring to eat and drink, but everything choked her, she pushed back her chair, took a book, and, crossing the hall, went into the parlor, where she spent two intermitable hours reading, or rather appearing to read.

"I cannot stand this," she thought, as she closed the book. "I cannot stay here among all these haunting memories; they will drive me mad. I will shut up the house and go to the city to-morrow." She rang the bell for the housekeeper, and gave all the necessary orders for her departure on the following day.

"Shall you be gone long, do you think, Miss Grace?" asked the old servant, who had been in the family for years, and who, since Miss Kingstone's lately acquired wealth, had risen to the rank of housekeeper.

"I shall not come back for a long time, Susan," answered her mistress. "I want everything kept in order while I am gone; the house and grounds must not go to ruin."

"Will Master Charlie be here or in the city, Miss Grace?"

"I do not know where he will be, and I wish you and all the servants to understand that his name must never be mentioned in my presence. He is dead to me. I have no brother."

"O Miss Grace, what would your poor mother say if she knew this?" and the old woman left the room sobbing.

The next day Miss Kingstone went to her city home. She took one last walk on the river bank, and round the house, but no mortal could tell from the cold, calm face, what was passing in her mind, as, pausing before she entered the carriage, she looked a long farewell at the large, handsome house, which had been her pride and delight and where she had spent such happy, happy hours.

Seventeen years passed by, bringing joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, bearing on their wings that inseparable companion of Time, the King of Terrors, who ruthlessly froze with his icy breath alike old and young, the beautiful, the unloved, the irreligious, and the Christian, to whom alone he was divested of his sting.

And how had Time dealt with Grace Kingstone? The freshness of youth had long departed from her face, which, never beautiful, had become almost repelling in its cold, dark expression, and her life was even more entirely lonely than on the evening when she parted from her brother forever.

Forever! The word had never sounded so dreary as when, on the seventeenth anniversary of that memorable night, she sat in her elegantly-furnished boudoir in her city home, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could buy, her thoughts wandering back to the far-distant past, and she would have given all her possessions to be once again in the little, half-shabby parlor she remembered so well, with Charlie, her own Charlie, to love her as of old. She had never forgiven him; her heart had prompted her, many a time, to go to him, and beg him to forget her pride and bitterness, but she always conquered such longings, and settled down more hardened and unforgiving than before. If her brother had been poor, or in trouble, she would have been softened, and gone immediately to him; but he had been prosperous and happy, and a few years before had gone to a distant city with his wife and two children, since when, having made no inquiries, she had heard nothing of them.

How the wind whistled, and how the rain dashed against the window panes! Why did she start and tremble at every unwonted sound? What made her so nervous to-night? Did she hear her name called, or was it only imagination? Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely light the gas; she smiled grimly. "I am growing old," she muttered, "but I did not think I was quite so weak-minded."

The door-bell rang. It was nothing unusual, but Miss Kingstone turned pale, and stood quite still in the middle of the room, till the servant entered with the information that a boy wanted to see her.

"He looks poor, and is wet and shivering, ma'am, but he walked into the hall like a real gentleman, as he is, I'm sure."

"Bring him to me," said Miss Kingstone.

The servant bowed and retired, and in a few moments she ushered into the apartment a boy about sixteen, who advanced toward the lady, and then stopped, as if awed by her silence.

Grace turned her head, looked at him, and the whole expression of her face changed; she grasped the back of a chair to steady herself, her eye dilated, and when she spoke it was in a hollow, unnatural voice:

"Charlie, my brother, is it you? No, of course, it cannot be; but oh, how like he is! Who are you, boy?"

"My name is Fred Kingstone," answered the boy politely, "and I am your nephew, Aunt Grace."

"Why do you come to me, child? Have you run away from your parents, that you are dressed so shabbily for a gentleman's son? Do you want me to help you out of some scrape or debt?"

The boy held up his head proudly, but somewhat sadly, as he replied:

"No, madam; I have come to you with a letter from my father which I found among his papers after his death."

"His death!" almost shrieked Grace. "Oh, I have not understood you! Charlie cannot be dead; it is impossible!" Then bowing her head in her hands, she murmured, "Oh! this is too heavy a punishment! and yet I deserve it, I deserve it."

The boy stood looking at his aunt for some minutes, and then, seeing she did not move, he said, softly:

"Did you love my father so much, Aunt Grace? He always loved you to the last, and moved by a sudden impulse, he put his arm caressingly around her.

Miss Kingstone lifted her woe-stricken head, and gazed at the young, handsome face earnestly and lovingly.

"I have never kissed anyone since the last happy evening I spent with your father. Will you kiss me for his sake?"

She put her arms around his neck, and drawing him close to her, kissed him repeatedly, calling him her own darling Charlie, and the first tears she had shed for many years fell from her eyes when she saw how thin and worn he was, and what scanty, threadbare clothes he wore.

"You must have some supper, child," she said, "and I will send you back to your mother in my carriage, though I hate to part with you."

"My mother is dead, too," answered Fred, "there is no one left but Lilian, and I must go back to her now, she will be afraid to stay alone."

"We will both go back and bring her here," said his aunt, and while they were waiting for the carriage, she opened her dead brother's letter, which she read eagerly, her tears blinding her as she proceeded:

MY DEAR SISTER: I feel a dim foreboding to-night, that before many days have elapsed I shall be no more, and I am anxious and troubled about the future of my children, whom I leave without a protector, and entirely penniless. I am broken down in health and spirits by the troubles of the past year. First, I lost every cent I had in the world, and then my wife, whom you would have loved if you had known, died very suddenly. I have longed to see you incessantly, Grace, since we parted, and still hope we may meet and become reconciled before I die. Will you, for the sake of the old love, sister, take care of my poor children? They are good and very lovable, and I think that after my death all your bitterness toward me will be gone, and you will receive them kindly and affectionately. Forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you, and that God may bless you, Grace, darling, and bring you after this life, safe to heaven, prays your brother, who will love you through eternity.

CHARLIE.

Miss Kingstone and Fred were driven rapidly to an humble house in a narrow street. Fred ran up the stairs when they entered the house, his aunt following as quickly as she could in the uncertain light, and when they reached the landing, a door was opened, and a little girl appeared, saying:

"Is that you, Fred? What has kept you so long?" She stopped when she saw Miss Kingstone, and nestling against her brother, she looked at her shyly with blue eyes, from underneath the long lashes.

"This is our Aunt Grace, Lilian," said Fred. "She has been so kind to me, and has come all the way to see you this rainy night."

The child seemed very timid, but held out her hand to Grace, who kissed her, saying, "You are going to be my little girl now. I have been very lonely for seventeen years, and your dear father has left you both to me?"

Lillian looked up into her face and said, pressing the hand that held hers:

"Yes, for I love you, Aunt Grace."

While the children hastily gathered together their few clothes, Grace sat watching them, and thinking how little she deserved the sweet affection which these two youthful hearts were so ready to bestow upon her, and she prayed silently and earnestly that, by caring for them and guarding them, she might atone in some small measure for her sin against her brother, now so far beyond the reach of her love.

Her stately house seemed a very different place to her when, about half an hour later, she sat listening to the voices of the two children as they talked to her and to each other, over their supper, and she felt that happiness had again come into her life, though it was of a quieter, graver nature than that of her youth had been.

Her life had been very much changed since her separation from Charlie; she had lived to herself and for herself; society had no charms for her, she never visited any one, and, consequently, was rarely troubled with company; but now Fred and Lilian occupied her thoughts almost entirely, giving her no time to brood over the sorrowful past, except sometimes at night, when the wind was high, she would think of the wrong she had done her brother, but her feeling of remorse was softened by the consciousness that she was doing her duty to his children.

Lilian was very dear to her, but her affection for Fred was deeper and more tender; he was Charlie's image, and his manners and way of speaking daily so reminded her of his father, that she almost unconsciously bestowed upon the old, sacred love which had lain dormant but intense in her heart for so many years.

The winter glided rapidly by, and as summer approached, Miss Kingstone began to feel a longing for the old house by the river, which she had not seen since the morning, long ago, when she left it so sadly. The children, too, looked pale, and needed a change after their close confinement to their studies, and when she had spoke of it to them, at the breakfast table one day, their smiles of pleasure decided her. Servants were sent to put everything in order; and, by the middle of May, the city house was closed, and Miss Kingstone with her nephew and niece, started for the village of C——.

The two children ransacked the house almost immediately upon their arrival, and were enthusiastic in their exclamations of delight over the grand old rooms, the garden, and the river; keeping their aunt so busy answering their many questions that she found the return to the old associations which she had dreaded, in reality was not fraught with pain, and though her tears were often ready to start at the sight of some familiar, favorite nook, the old bitter feeling was gone. Charlie seemed nearer to her in heaven than on earth, when a wall of coldness and anger stood between them. Quietly the time glided away, and quietly, almost imperceptibly, but surely as the river flows into sea, Fred and Lilian Kinstone were passing from early youth towards manhood and womanhood, little dreaming, as they gazed with eager eyes into the future, of the temptation, the sin, the disappointments, the heavy trials, that awaited them in the world to which distance lends its brightest enchantment, letting the golden hours slip unheeded from their grasp, pressing onward, ever onward, never pausing one moment to breathe a sigh of regret for the receding shores of childhood, already becoming dim, and fast fading from their view.

"Forever with the Lord—
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

Ten years later our story ends. In the library of the old house by the river, Miss Kingstone reclined upon a lounge drawn close beside the fire, her only companion being a young lady, who, seated upon an ottoman at her side, reads aloud and talks to her.

"How the wind howls to-night, Annie! It never before sounded so mournful but once, long ago. Don't you think Fred is very late? I suppose it is foolish, but since I have become so feeble, I am always imagining that some evil has happened to my boy. There! was not that his step? No, it was only the dried leaves falling on the path. I never used to be so fidgetty; it has all come to me since old Susan died. Poor old Susan! She was the last link that bound me to my old life, and now she is gone. I feel strangely to-night, Annie. I am not so very old, but I have a presentiment that my life is drawing near its close. But there is Fred at last. Go meet him, dear. His voice is music to me," she murmured, as Annie left the room; "like Charlie's; oh, so much like Charlie's! I have never forgotten it."

Fred stamped into the hall, tossed his hat upon the table, threw off his overcoat, and turned just in time to catch Annie in his arms and kiss her.

"Well," he said, "have you missed me to day, my darling little wife? and are you glad to see me?"

"Of course I am glad to see you; you know I always am; but listen to me one moment before you go into the library. I am afraid Aunt Grace is not quite so well this evening. She is very pale, and her eyes are hollow and unnatural."

A shade of anxiety crossed Fred's face, and he hurried into the library where he found Miss Kingstone sitting up, with a bright smile of welcome ready for him. Kissing her affectionately, Fred said:

"I have some pleasant news for you, auntie. Philip is going to bring Lilian up to see you this evening. They intended coming this morning, but Phil could not get off."

Miss Kingstone seemed pleased, and said, looking thoughtfully into the fire:

"I am glad, very glad, to have all my children with me to-night. I almost feared I would never see Lilian again."

"Oh, nonsense, auntie!" said Fred, trying to hide his anxiety. "You will see her very often yet, I don't doubt, but you are nervous, and no wonder. I never heard the wind roar so tremendously. It is a dismal sort of night."

Lilian and her husband Philip arrived half an hour later, in time for tea, and when the little group gathered around the table, Aunt Grace lay on her lounge, watching them closely and earnestly, with a grave, almost troubled look on her countenance, which, however, gradually gave place to one of peace and trustfulness, as she banished all anxious thoughts of those dear ones, and resigned them into the hands of the Lord, knowing that He would not chasten nor afflict them unnecessarily, but would guide them safely through "The vale of tears" into their everlasting home, where sorrow, pain and death should be forever unknown.

She closed her eyes, and her mind wandered back to the far-off past—back to that night when she had voluntarily bidden a long farewell to Charlie; and as she recalled his parting words, so sadly spoken, the old bitter remorse returned fourfold, and in vain she endeavored to still it by thinking of the kind, forgiving letter her brother had written just before his death; of the care she had taken of his children; of their love and gratitude to her—all but intensified her pain. She turned restlessly on her lounge and heaved a deep sigh.

"Grace," said a voice close beside her, "Grace, my sister."

The tones of that long silent voice thrilled her to her inmost soul; she seemed oppressed, as if by a weight: but at length, with a great effort she slowly opened her eyes.

Her nephews and nieces were gone; a subdued, silvery radiance shone about her, and, at the foot of the lounge stood Charlie, gazing at her with a face expressive of the deepest, holiest affection. Just as she had last seen him, save that the glorious purity of immortal youth and beauty were now his, and that all traces of sadness had departed from his brow, which beamed with sincerity upon her. "Charlie, my darling," she murmured, "oh, tell me, is there forgiveness for me?"

The vision pointed upwards to a cross suspended in the air and answered:

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

Grace's eyelids drooped irresistibly, and she sobbed aloud for very joy, till she was conscious of some one bending over her, bathing her head, and begging her to speak. Loving faces were gathered around her, and Lilian told her, gently carressing her, that she had frightened them very much by talking and crying in her sleep.

Grace took Fred's hand in one of her own, stroked his hair softly with the other for awhile, and then said:

"O Fred, my darling child, don't grieve so! Think what an old woman I am, and what a fair country I am hastening to. You have been good children to me, you and Lilian, and my best comforts, but I have reached the end of my journey, am weary, so weary! My life has been sadly marred by mistakes, unkindness and bitter feelings, but I trust it is all forgiven and blotted out by the blood of the Lamb. Kiss me good-night now, all of you, my children, and receive your old aunt ies last blessing."

There was an empty lounge standing in the corner when the four met again next morning, and many were the tears shed as their glances wandered in its direction, but their grief was chastened and softened by thoughts of the happiness of that redeemed soul in Paradise, and there was not one heart that could not say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

And thus it came to pass that the house by the river, once the scene of a heartless separation, caused by pride and prejudice, became the witness of a grand reunion, over which the angels might have bent in holy joy, and contemplated with ineffable love.—*Lady's Magazine.*

A Wicked Joke.

HOW AN OIL EXCHANGE DUDE WAS IMPOSED UPON.

The members of the New York Oil Exchange are a rather swell set of young men, but the lead in the matter of clothes is taken by a youth known as "the dude," whose name is witheld for the sake of his relatives. This dude strolled into the Exchange during a dull hour yesterday, and Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of him. To begin near the bottom his feet (the dude's, not Solomon's) were encased in the glossiest of patent leathers; his trousers fitted like the paint on a lampost; his coat had never a crease from tail to top; his linen was startched until it shone, and his collar was perfection itself, and raised his chin so that he could only gaze at the floor at the hazard of cutting his throat. But his tout ensemble, so to speak, was completed and set off by the darlingest silk hat imaginable, with the broadest and most curling of brims and a beautifully bulgent top. Altogether he was radiantly, dizzlingly beautiful. The dude stopped near the middle of the floor, struck an attitude much affected by garden statuary, and gazed serenely and pityingly upon his commonplace fellow brokers. But, horror of horrors! A rude man came behind him and jerked the silken tile from his head, and the next moment it was thrown to the floor, had received a vicious kick, and a dozen brokers were running after it. They surrounded it, and away it sailed again toward the ceiling with the entire membership of the Exchange, save only the owner, in wild pursuit. Round and round the floor gamboled the merry brokers with the hat before them. Now it was suffering in their midst, then it shot over the floor with desperate efforts to escape, only to be overtaken again, trampled, kicked, and trodden until it presented an appearance as if it had been laid down on by a cow and then spent a summer under a dust-heap, and the gay brokers were tired out and perspiring. The dude during this terrible period stood agast, and, with horror depicted in every feature, turned in frozen despair as the gambols of his wicked associates led them to the four cardinal points of the room's compass. But when a grinning messenger brought him the battered corpse of his precious dicer he forced a smile which was only a desolute mockery of happiness and remarked: "Aw dawn't care anyway. It was an old hawt." Then the rude man who had torn the tile from the unhappy adolescent's head approached and handed the silken hat uninjured, and the dude learned that he had been the victim of a wicked joke. An old hat had been substituted on the floor, while the joker held the victim's tile behind his back. And it came to pass that the noise of unholy laughter was so great as to jar the ticker into the tape-basket, and the dude will wear a Derby hat to-day and forever after while on the floor of the Exchange.

A cat's cries wakened a canal boat captain and family at New Haven. The boat had filled and was sinking. Sixteen lives were thus saved.

The farmer makes hay, while the son shines behind a dry goods counter.