The Columbian.

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

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

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

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

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

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

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

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII, NO 50
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 42

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	M	1Y
One inch	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	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	9 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 over 1st. National Bank. Bloomsburg, Pa.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Ext's Building. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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. 6, 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. H. 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.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH
ewing 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 not and cold water, and all modern conveniences

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. 23-1y

SUBSCRIBE FOR
THE COLUMBIAN,
$1.50 A YEAR

FALL OPENING
—OF—
Alexander & Bro.

NEW GOODS, LOW PRICES.

A full line of Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Christmas tree trimmings, and a large stock of Sugar Toys for the Holidays, at

Wholesale and Retail.

Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches and other goods suitable for the Christmas trade. County dealers should consult our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

ALEXANDER & BRO.,
☞ Next to Court House. Sept. 28-3m

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.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

This process of manufacture was invented by James Boss, who started in business in 1854, and the methods and tools used in making these watch cases are covered by patents. *This is the only watch case made under this process.* For many years the introduction of these goods was slow, owing to popular prejudice against "plated" goods, but gradually the public learned that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* was not a *cheap gold-washed* or *electro-plated* article, but was made of *genuine gold plates* of *standard quality* and *thickness*. Conscientious adherence to the determination to make the *best* watch case ever put on the market, and the adoption of every improvement suggested, has made the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* the STANDARD. (TRADE MARK) In this watch case the parts most subject to wear—the *bow, crown, hinges, thumb-catches*, etc., are made of SOLID GOLD.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet, showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

Silverware.

The present season evinces in the styles shown, a very decided return in the taste for the plain antique designs, known as Early English, Chippendale and Old French, although the rich ornate decoration known as Repoussé, still retains many admirers.

Japanese, Indian, and Oriental art has also been successfully studied by our designers, and decorations of wonderful beauty and elegance enrich the hundreds of useful and ornamental articles to be found among our table requisites.

The assortment of Dinner, Tea and Dessert Services, Bowls and Fancy Pieces, is very complete, the prices are exceedingly moderate.

Correspondence and mail orders will receive prompt attention, and careful selections of articles will be sent on approbation when desired.

J. E. CALDWELL & Co.,
902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
oct. 24, 79-1y

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,078,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,650
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,092,550

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.

25 PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts
Jan 4

Don't go shivering around this cold weather for the want of a good, warm Overcoat, It will not pay.

We have them in all grades, from the plainest—low in price—to the finest.

A. C. YATES & CO.
Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts
PHILADELPHIA.
Sept 7

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE 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.
Routs biliousness and clears complexion.
Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or cathartics.
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 50,000 thousand leading physicians in U. S. and Europe.
Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. Circulars
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co., Proprs., St. Joseph, Mo.
Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

SUFFER
no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 16, 1881.
Brown Chemical Co.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by Brown's Iron Bitters, I tried a bottle, with such surprising results. Previous to taking Brown's Iron Bitters, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking Brown's Iron Bitters, all my troubles are at an end. Convey my time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. Mrs. W. J. Flynn, 30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WORDS FAIL. "Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. SELBY CARTER, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery Sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: $1, six bottles for $5.

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.

SLAVE OR WIFE.

"Ten o'clock, and the lunch basket not ready to take to the field—as usual!" grunted farmer Brewster, as he threw himself into a rocking chair in the kitchen and fanned his flushed face with his straw hat. "A quarter of an hour wasted very likely, waiting here. Right in the midst of as fine a hay day as any man would wish to see. Now, my mother used to have her lunch ready to the minute whenever we came for it, and I don't see why—"

His jeremaid was checked by the appearance of his wife, who came out of the pantry, lugging along the great lunch basket, almost too heavy for her strength.

Farmer Brewster was a young man in spite of his grumbling. Only twenty-three, tall, straight, healthy, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair curly hair—and handsome face when it was not darkened, as now, by a scowl of discontent.

An only son, he had inherited a large and handsome farm, clear of mortgage and debt, which supplied all the wants of his household most liberally and gave him a nice little sum of money to deposit in the bank each year.

There was no reason why he should be mean, and yet miserly habits were gradually growing upon him far faster than he knew.

Nor was there need of grumbling over the household arrangements, since the wife of his choice was a farmer's daughter, who knew well how to work, and who had taken delight in setting her home in faultless order when first she came as a bride to the pleasant Brewster place.

The same order reigned still, from garret to cellar of the old square house, but Mrs. Brewster went through her tasks mechanically now, or with nervous haste and hurry that made them almost unendurable sometimes.

The constant drop of water will wear away a stone; and the constant fault finding in which her husband saw fit to indulge had nearly worn the patience, the hope and the endurance out of the young wife's heart.

The comfort and happiness of that home hung upon a thread, which frayed more and more, hour by hour, under the pain of unmerited blame.

Yet George Brewster saw nothing of this until the morning of which I write.

"There is the lunch, and it is exactly five minutes past ten," said Mrs. Brewster, setting the basket down with some emphasis at his feet. "I was delayed that much with the butter. It had to be seen to before the sun got too high."

"My mother always churned before breakfast," observed George, rising slowly to his feet.

His wife said nothing, but the color rose hotly in her cheeks till the lost bloom of her girlhood seemed to have come back again, and she raised her eyes to his with a look that started him.

Very handsome eyes they were—dark, soft and velvety, with a world of love and tenderness in their depth.

Yet now they met his own coldly and sternly, with such an expression that he exclaimed:

Good gracious, Letty! You look as if you hated me.

"I am afraid I do," was the astounding reply.

And with a swift glance at the clock, Letty hurried down into the cellar with a knife and pan to make her preparations for dinner for six hungry haymakers.

"Afraid she hates me! My wife! She that was Letty Glover!" muttered he to himself in his bewilderment. "Why what on earth—! She must be going crazy or something or other."

"Letty!" he called at the cellar door.

"It is ten minutes past ten," she answered from the depth of her cellar. "If I don't see about the dinner it won't be on the table at twelve to the minute, as your mother used to have it. I can't come."

"Well, if this don't beat all," said he to the maltese and white cat, who ascended from the cellar and rubbed herself against his legs.

A shout from the hay field roused him to the recollection of the day's business.

He went out and dispensed the treasures of his basket among the hungry men, who praised Letty's cooking with every mouthful they swallowed.

"It's enough to make an old bachelor like me sit down and cry to eat such raspberry shortcakes as that," said Solomon Wyse, wiping the crumbs of the feast from his lips before he drank hard cider from the jug. "Tell you what it is, George, you drew a prize when you went courting."

"So he did. And here's her good health," chimed in another mower, as he took up the jug.

George assented vaguely.

They were talking of his wife—his wife who was afraid she hated him.

Never had two hours between lunch and dinner passed so slowly.

As he rode round and round the field with a sharp rattle of the mowing machine he guided in his care, his mind was continually busy with Letty's looks, and her words, and his eyes often turned toward the cream colored farm house, behind whose spruce green blinds his wife was busy preparing dinner.

"I used to think how happy I should be if I ever persuaded her to come here," he thought. "It is two years—why, I declare it is two years this very day that we were married! I wonder if she remembers it. But it isn't very likely, when she says she is afraid she hates me."

Did she remember? Ah, in that remembrance lay the sting.

All that morning while she got breakfast at five o'clock, and washed the dishes, swept the rooms, made the beds, churned butter and prepared a lunch for six men, her heart turned back to the other morning twenty-four months ago, when the bright-eyed country maiden rose at four o'clock to complete her preparations for her wedding day.

How good, how kind, how handsome her George was then. How his eyes followed her; how his love blessed her.

Was it all her fault that the bloom and beauty of life had departed in those short years?

Looking back she could see no day in which she had not at least tried to do her duty.

And looking in the glass window she saw how the light and glow of youth had passed from her face, while accomplishing the task uncheered by the approval of him she loved.

"George has kept his color and his good looks because his work lies out of doors," she mused, "but I have worked in this old kitchen until I look old enough to be his mother. His mother"—she paused with a bitter laugh—"I almost wish I was his mother, then he would be suited with what I did."

Noon came. The twelve o'clock whistle sounded sharp and clear from the factory in the village a mile away; and before the whistle ceased a little figure stepped out on the side porch of the Brewster house and blew a horn.

"There's a woman for you," said Solomon Wyse, admiringly. "Dinner to the minute—and won't it be a good one?"

The dinner was, indeed, a success, every dainty of the season and farm was there, skillfully cooked and neatly served on a table in the cool dining room—a table covered with snowy cloth fresh from its fold, and glass and china.

In the centre of the table stood a great china bowl full of red roses that perfumed the room. Her cheeks were red, her eyes shone dark and bright, her words and smiles were ready for every one save George.

As she sat grave and silent at the foot of the table, he looked at her wonderingly.

She wore a dress of silver gray alpaca that had been her traveling dress when they were married.

A large white apron, with a bib, shielded the glories of the costume. But why did she put it on? Surely she could not think of "going visiting" that afternoon, with six haymakers to get tea for and the milk of eight cows to attend to afterward.

But he finally went out without asking it. The wife who was afraid she hated him, seemed almost like a stranger, although she looked so much on this occasion like the girl he had married two years ago.

As George neared the woodshed, where the men were lounging away the rest of the nooning, he heard his own name uttered by Solomon Wyse in tones of anger.

Involuntarily he stayed his steps.

"Yes, I knew George from a baby up, and I always said he'd make a likely man. But I vow it is a shame to see how he treats that pretty little creature! Such a lunch this morning and such a dinner this noon, in such a nice cool room, with the red roses and all the rest of it; and she is just as pretty as a picture, with her red cheeks and bright eyes, and wavy hair, and dressed as neat as a pink, too. And he sitting there as glum as a cross old man of ninety. I was ashamed of him."

"Ive heard he does nothing but find fault with her all the day long," said a second voice. "My wife says if I threw my mother into her teeth, as George does his in Letty's, she'd run away from me before she was a day older."

"And serve you right chimed in a third. I tell you what my wife says: She says it is confounded mean and small of George not to keep a woman here to help his wife. And when I saw the dinner to-day, the pretty little thing had got for us all alone, I thought so, too. Hang me if I hadn't half a mind to stop here this afternoon and help her wash up that great pile of dishes, and let the haying go to thunder. It's enough to kill the woman to have all that work to do. And George is rich. What on earth is he thinking about? But he'll be sorry for this in a year or two hence, when we have to come here on a different errand."

"To carry her out in a coffin?" said Solomon Wyse, "Yes, I suppose it will come to that if some of us don't talk seriously to George. She don't look at all strong now, and her hands trembled when she changed my plate. It's a burning shame—and if none of you will talk to George about it, I will."

But when George Brewster joined them, Solomon Wyse deemed it prudent to defer the proposed "talking to," for his brow was black as night, and he had no more to say to his neighbors now than to his wife at the dinner table.

This, then, was the way in which they spoke of him behind his back, these men who labored beside him, and took their wages from him and pretended to be his friends.

And his wife she was afraid she hated him. To whom could he turn for comfort—with whom could he expect true friendship, if she who should have been nearest and dearest was an enemy in disguise? Lost in moody reverie he paid little attention to his work.

And at three o'clock in the afternoon there was a sudden uproar in the hay field—a tramping of hoofs, a rush of terrified men, a confusion of voices, and among them all George Brewster lying on the ground beneath the mowing machine, his right arm and leg broken by the wheels, his head cut and bleeding with his heavy fall.

Meanwhile Letty, in the cream-colored house, had not been idle.

Tying on a great calico apron in place of the white one, she had quietly washed and put away the dinner dishes and reduced the dining room to order.

Tea was easily arranged, since it was to consist of cold dishes, with glasses of milk for the men.

She threw a clean table cloth over the whole as soon as it was finished, and went up stairs into the spare chamber to pack her trunk.

Yes, Letty had made up her mind at last. She was going away.

Life had degenerated into slavery, unbrightened as she fancied, by a ray of love.

"And slavery will support one anywhere," thought Letty, as with trembling hands she locked and strapped her trunk and fastened her few lines to George upon the lid.

At the porch door she paused for one last look around the house that might have been so happy.

She did not intend to glance toward the hayfield.

Yet in spite of her resolution her eyes turned that way to single out the tall figure that guided the rattling, clinking mowing machine.

"I wonder if he will miss me a little—just at first?" she mused. He can get a divorce, I suppose, if I desert him, and then he will marry again. I hope he will be kinder to his next wife than he has been to me."

With tears that rose to the thought of her successor blinding her eyes, Letty failed to see the figure that she sought.

"I am foolish to look at him again. I have never been more than a housekeeper to him from the first," she thought, stumbling blindly on toward the gate and opening it to find herself in the centre of an excited group.

"There, don't ye take on like that?" said Solomon Wyse, who came first and saw the tears upon her cheeks before she could wipe them away.

"Were you coming out to meet us? We were in hopes you didn't see anything of it. Its a bad accident, but George is so strong and hearty that he will be up and around again almost before you know it. We've sent Ben Hill off on one of the colts for the doctor, and if you will only tell us where to carry him—"

"Carry him?" repeated Letty.

Solomon stepped aside. She saw behind him a litter roughly made of hay rakes and covered over with coats and on that litter George was lying pale and bleeding, with his eyes closed.

"Oh, Mr. Wyse, is he dead?" she asked, turning even paler than George.

"Not a bit of it! Worth twelve dozen dead men yet. Only a bit of a break in one arm and one leg, and a knock on the head when he fell. The horse didn't kick, and he'll be all right as soon as the doctor sees him. Shall we take him up stairs or where?"

"Bring him in here," said Letty recovering herself.

She led the way to the bedroom on the ground floor and helped to shift the maimed figure from the litter to the bed. Her soul was dying within her for fear, yet not a word passed her lips.

When the doctor came in he found a capable nurse, dressed in a dark print who listened intelligently to his directions and promised to carry them out fully.

And it so happened that as George Baewster returned to life the first words that fell upon his ears were uttered by the doctor outside the window as he mounted his gig:

"Yes, he will do, Mr. Wyse, he will pull through nice if his wife nurses him. And she can do so nicely, if some of you will send some one to take charge of the house. She is a woman in a thousand. I hope he knows how to value her."

Letty bending over the bed absorbed in the invalid, had not heard him.

"What is it dear?"

"The doctor is right. You are a woman in a thousand! I always knew it, Letty, if I never said it. So I tell you of it now, before I die," he added, going off into another faint.

It was all that Letty's sore heart needed. Beside the bed of suffering she spent two of the happiest months of her life. The first act of George Brewster on his recovery was to secure help for his wife, so that she now has plenty of time to get back her lost color and plumpness. They are one in heart, as one in home and name now. And Solomon Wyse has never seen occasion to administer the "talking to."

"Somehow or other," drawled Solomon, "getting ran over by the mowing machine was the making of George Brewster."

And Letty and George thinks so too.

What is the Cause?

There is something wrong somewhere. The telegraphic columns of *The Daily Democrat*, as well as those of all great newspapers, are almost daily filled with the details of revaulting murders, killings, accounts of domestic infelicities, bank stealing and the shortcomings of humankind generally.

For instance our telegraphic columns this morning give an account of a murder and suicide at Chicago; of an attempted bank robbery at Des Moines; of a clerical book thief at Boston; of another Rose Ambler case; of a christening tragedy at Philadelphia and one at Goconia, N. H. All this gives one an idea that honest men are uncommon, virtuous men are dying out and that a race of brutes is growing up. But this is not so. There are just as many honest men, as many happy homes, as many virtuous men, and more, than there ever were. But of those we scarcely hear. The people who represent the world's happiness are quiet unassuming people, who never get into public print and who never create a sensation. How many such can we not count in our own little city.

The Democrat has often thought that if, once in a while, the dailies of our larger cities could send their emmisaries to the quiet, and happy homes of some healthy minded man and substitute for the details of a crime a description of his life and habits, that some would appreciate the change. There is an undoubted demand, we admit, for sensational literature. There is a class of readers who want to know all about the murders and crimes that occur. This taste, is we fear, too much flattered and nurtured. It is an unhealthy taste. It belongs to unhealthy minds.

We trust that the time is coming when public sentiment will demand something better. We should be told more of the happy side of life and not so much of its wickedness. For the good of humanity *The Democrat* earnestly hopes that our large and influential dailies will soon be forced to do this.—*Lock Haven Democrat.*

Before one of the Justices of the Peace the lawyer for a defendant in an assault and battery case desired to prove that the plaintiff was a woman of temper. He therefore asked;

"Didn't you throw a kettle at one of the water-works' men last spring?"

"Yes and what of it!" she snapped. "Didn't the neighbor on one side strike at him with an axe, and the one on the other snap a shot-gun at him six or seven times before it went off and tore five pickets off the fence.

An authority says: "Fashion's latest requirements in ball-room costumes call for the finest products of the loom, long, sweeping trains of court days, and a return to the decidedly immodest corsage."

JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE.

THE NEXT SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVS.

A STATESMAN AND PARLIMENTARIAN—ELEVATED BY HIS PARTY FROM THE LOWER HOUSE OF THE KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE TO THE HIGHEST OFFICE OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Hon. John G. Carlisle, representing the 6th district of Kentucky in the present Congress, is now forty-eight years of age, seven years of which he has served in Congress with increased distinction each term. Soon after entering upon his first term in 1876 it was conceded by the older members of the House that Mr. Carlisle was destined to become a central figure in national politics, and time has verified the wisdom of their prophecy by his elevation to the speakership of the body in which he has so brilliantly figured.

The contest from which Mr. Carlisle, has just so successfully emerged is a victory that brings him into formidable prominence as an excellent probability on the Presidential ticket of 1884. Within an hour after his selection by the caucus for the speakership there were not a few emphatic in their opinions that the present honor was only a step to the Presidency of the Senate in 1885.

In other words it is claimed that Carlisle will be the Democratic nominee for Vice-President next year in combination with some northern men for the Presidency, thus uniting the two great sections of the party North and South. The northern gentleman to complete the ticket is not named.

MR. CARLISLE'S VIEWS ON TARIFF.

Your correspondent sought an interview with the new Speaker and found him willing to frankly express himself on subjects for future legislation.

"Mr. Carlisle, do you consider your selection for Speakership an endorsement by the Democratic party of your reformatory views on the tariff.

"Most emphatically yes. I was the only candidate for the honor representing my party's policy on tariff, Messrs Randall and Cox both holding views inconsistent with our position on the purposes of a tariff."

"Do you mean 'tariff for revenue only'?"

"That is the constituent principle, to be regulated, however, so as to protect our home industries without fostering monopolies For instance, we should have a high tariff on manufactured products coming in competition with home industries, with a low tariff on raw materials not attainable in our own country."

"Do you anticipate any attempt in the present Congress to revise the existing laws on this subject?"

"There will probably be no effort of the kind until a change in the political complexion of the Senate occurs. I believe, however, that the question will be approached sooner or later intelligently and for the best interests of the country at large."

ECHOES FROM THE CAUCUS.

"You had quite a walk over in the caucus, Mr. Carlisle?"

"Just what I knew would take place, sir. Mr. Randall's argument for supporters was based on so-called 'business interests.' Heavy Pennsylvania capitalists and high protectionists came down here and sold to their representatives: 'You must vote for Randall or the mercantile interests will suffer. Our workingmen, and we as the employers expect you to do it.' It was the threat of the ballot box that holds the votes that the workingmen casts to elect a Congressman, and it worked very nicely with about fifty members, but over one hundred of my supporters and thirty of Mr. Cox's thought differently and the result is what has been a certainty for several days."

"In courtesy to your antagonists will you place Mr. Randall and Mr. Cox on the most important committees?"

I have not given the subject of committee organization much thought, but my distinguished competitors will receive due recognition in that matter. In my canvass for the Speakership I refrained from making any promises and I shall recognize the committees with material that will inure to the good of the country without partisan benefits."

"What have you to say about the sectional cry that was raised against you during the canvas?"

"Nothing more than the day is past when such tactics in politics will aid the cause of any faction springing it. The war is over and the public are satisfied that Mason and Dixie's line has long been obliterated."

A SKETCH OF CARLISLE'S LIFE

Mr. Carlisle was born September 5th, 1835, in Kenton county, Kentucky. His early days were spent in securing an education such as the country schools of those days afforded, at the same time supporting himself by his own labor. An opportunity was presented and young Carlisle began the study of law in Covington. At the end of two years he was admitted to the bar, in 1859, and so rapid was his rise in the profession and so great his popularity with the public that he was elected a member of the Lower House of the Kentucky Legislature in 1864, a state senator in 1866, and again in 1869, lieutenant governor in 1871, serving until September, 1875.

Mr. Carlisle was then relieved from the lieutenant-governorship by his election to the Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. He was returned to the Forty-seventh Congress, in which he became a conspicious figure, and now he is Speaker of the Forty-eighth.

Personally Mr. Carlisle is quite dignified, yet very courteous in manner, and impresses one with the opinion that he is a character of more than ordinary ability, by nature and tact a brilliant leader and conscientious politican. The country at large will anticipate his career as Speaker with considerable interest.

Burdette on Home.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE HAWKEYE DROPS INTO THE SENTIMENTAL.

I talk about home because I am rarely there—and men like to talk most of what they know least about. "There is no place like home." Even those who live in boarding-houses touchingly warble that song. Home is more to a woman than it is to a man. A man who has no home is a social tramp. With a woman it is different; she wants a home but does not always have a chance to get it. Woman feeds upon affection. She is never happy until she gets her ideal man; and then she is cast down to find another woman's photograph and love letter in his overcoat pocket.

But a man gets his home—lot, house, mortgage, mechanics lien and all He has all but the mortgage, and the mortgage has him. All of a man's life, except what he spends at the store, club, caucus, lodge or prayer meeting is spent in his home. Man is great in his own house; if he is not a king, he is at least a prince consort. Many are like the man who, on being nominated for lieutenant governor, said: "You have nominated the right man for the right place. I have been a lieutenant governor ever since I married."

It is said that every home has a skeleton; but I don't believe it. It is only a thing of the imagination. Some regard a poor relation as a skeleton but that is wrong. No man is poor for fun; he cant help it, and is entitled to your sympathy. Homes are brighter and better than they used to be. Our wives make them so. When a wife buys her husband a diamond pin for Christmas, it brightens home; and the husband is made happy by receiving the bill ten days before Christmas. Husbands, take your wives into your confidence; it will help you to success.

What is home without a dog? It is altogether too quiet. I took a dog from Philadelphia to Burlington once, and rather than try it again I would take a pair of twin babies to San Francisco. That dog wound a six foot chain around my legs and around the legs of other men, in ways that were unaccountable. Some men are fond of dogs. They will pay $400 for a Gordon setter and never shoot anything but the setter.

Lodges are useful; but too many of them do not make a home happy. A man in Iowa joined so many that it took him and his wife all night to count them. He slept in his regalia, called his wife Worshipful Master, and his son, Junior Warden. He spent a great deal of his time marching in processions and in visiting the sick—especially ladies of sixteen and upward. He was taken sick himself, and he was visited by so many committees that his wife was glad to get him well.

Fill your home with beauty. People ought to live in every room in the house. I have built a great many houses—on paper—and I am at it yet. I would avoid the spare room. It is cold and damp. There is nothing in a spare room that will burn. I have often tried to warm a bed in a spare room, but always failed. If you have any doubt about the spare room, ask your pastor, he knows all about it.

We live in brighter homes now, and live in better houses than kings formerly lived in. I can say, with Talmage, that I was glad to be on hand when this planet came along. Our fathers were a lot of scalawags. Clothed in tin and steel they would go into a neighbor's castle, and rob and destroy. But now things are better. If a man sees another with anything he wants, he makes a deal with him in stocks, in oil, or cotton or what, and he gets the property—but he don't disfigure the corpse. Only 160 years ago the last witch was burned in Scotland for getting up a thunder storm by pulling off her stockings; now a man won't get shot if he pulls off his boots in a parlor car. What man is there who would like to have lived in 1776? Eighteen suits me better than seventy-six. The world is better than it used to be and it is going to be still better when you get out of it.

Every man should have a den—a room or closet—in his house, sacred to his own use, in which no wife has a right to go tearing around—a den full of precious letters, photographs and unpaid bills. In your homes you must expect troubles—it is troubles that make home happy. Troubles make better men and women. Enjoy your troubles as they come along. Fill your home with music. Buy your boy a fiddle, even if you have to stop your ears. Buy a piano for the girls, even if you have a dozen of them, and you have one, two, three—one, two, three—all the day long.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Indignant Mormons.

The *News*, the Mormon organ, says: "The Presidents message will be hailed by the hireling clergy with pleasure, and will receive an amount of popular support. The plural marriages of the Mormons are not recognized by the territorial laws, and could not be dissolved by commissions, by edicts, by armies or other earthly power. They are ecclesiastical, perpetual and eternal. Until the Mormons become recreant to their faith with high heaven, these unions will be recognized by the Almighty being who established them for the benefit of His people and the fullness of His glory. The President's remarks on Utah polygamy will not add force to his message nor credit to his statesmanship. They are a sop to bigots and breath to the flame of popular passion. It is doubtful if it will have a practical bearing on congress. It will certainly create no commotion among the God-fearing people of Utah.

Rich men are often very tight, but the man who is often tight seldom becomes rich.—*Boston Transcript.*