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Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before Inserted except where parties have accounts.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office over 1st. National Bank,

U. FUNK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Nat's Hallding.

C.R. BUCKALEW, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

office over 1st National Bank.

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*ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No.

Bloomsburg, Pa. FRANK ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. NEW COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa

PAUL E. WIRT, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Columbian Building, Room No. 2, se BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in his building opposite Court House 2nd floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. apr 13 '8

JOHN C. YOCUM, Attorney-at-Law. CATAWISSA, PA.
Office in News ITSW building, Main street, Member of the American Attorneys' Assoct tion. Collections made in any part of America Jan. 5, 1882.

K. OSWALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5. BERWICK, P.

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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, of BARKLEY, Attorney-21-law office ... Brower's building, and story, Rooms BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law

R. office, Brock way's Building list floor, may 7, '80-t f B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Phy aician, north side Main street, below Market

L. FRITZ, Attorney-at Law. Office, in Columbian Building.

M. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH ewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds re aired. Orsaa Hoose Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

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

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W. H. HOUSE,

-DENTIST,-BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. There extraors by without Pain by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.

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CHILISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA. HOME, OF N. Y. MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J. CLINTON, N. Y. PROPLES' N. Y. READING, PA.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
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E. B. BROWER.

PLUMBING,

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STOVES & TINWARE. All kinds of work in Sheet Iron, Roof

ing and Sponting promptly attended to. strict attention given to heating by steam,

Corner of Main & East Sts, Bloomsburg, Pa. Clothing! Clothing! Clothing!

G. W. BERTSCH, THE MERCHANT TAILOR.

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Gents' Furnishing Goods OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CLOTHING!!

Having very recently opened a new Merchant Tailoring and Gents' Fur-nishing Goods Store, in KNORR & WINTERSTEEN'S building, on Main street, where I am prepared to make to order, at short notice, first class suits of clothing—always in the latest styles—and prices reasonable. Fits guaranteed. Having learned how to cut garments to suit customers, and also what kind of material will give satisfaction, I would ask you to please call and examine the

BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS

Ever shown in Columbia county,

Before Purchasing Elsewhere. Store next door to First National Bank

Corner Main & Market Sts.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

(Continued from last week.) How Watch Cases are Made.

Imitation always follows a successful article, and imitation is one of the best proofs of real honest merit; and thus it is that the James Boss' Gold Watch Case has its imitators. Buyers can always tell the genuine by the trade-mark of a crown, from which is suspended a pair of scales. Be sure BOTH crown and scales are stamped in the cap of the watch case. Jewelers are very cautious about endorsing an article unless they not only know that it is good, but that the character of the manufacturers is such that the quality of the goods will be kept fully up to standard.

The James Bose' Gold Watch Cases go like hot cakes. Each one I sell sells another. Don't need to recommend them, they sell thermolyes. One of my customers has had a James Bose' Gold Watch Case in use for E0 years, and it is a good as ever. With this case I do not hesitate to give my own guarantee, especially with the new and improved cases, which seem to be overlasting. JESSU T. LITTLE, Jescier.

New Brunswice, N.J., Jan. 8, 1885.

This gold case, No. 6966, known as the James Boss' Gold Watch Case, came into my possession about 1883, has been in use since that time, and is still in good condition. The movement is the one which was in the case when I bought it, and its condition shows that the case has really out worn the movement, which is played out.

Mastria A. Howelt is off Board of Directors N.J. R. R. & Truss. Co., Seed 3 reat tamp to Keystons Watch Case Factories, Philadelphis, Pa., for handsess Hillastrated Passybiet showing her James Boss' and Krystons Watch Case are made.

(To be Cordinated)

Richly Cut Glass.

Having recently added to our business a department for the sale of Cut Glassware, we are now prepared to fill orders for complete table sets and ornamental pieces.

Controlling the production of the best makers, we exhibit special designs and cuttings in crystal of remarkable purity and brilliancy.

Our line of patterns embraces the most elaborate as well as the plainest. Prominently we may mention the following as having been received with marked favor: The Russian, the Glasgow, the Star and Rosette, the Fan and Diamond, the Hobnail, the Strawberry Diamond, and others.

We guarantee careful and prompt attention in filling orders by mail. Designs and estimates furnished on application. Samples sent on approval.

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

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M. C. SLOAN & BRO.

BLOOMSBURG, PA. Manufacturers of CARRIAGES BUGGIES, PHAETONS

SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &C Pirst-class work always on hand,

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. Prices reduced to suit the times.

B. F. HARTMAN REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

Climbing the Spiral Stairs. Invisible Archithcture in a New England Par-

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire much as we did before the little ones came to widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral staircase; we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up the stairs."
"That is a pretty illustration," remarked her

"That is a pretty illustration," remarked her friend, musingly, gazing into the glowing coals which radiated a pleasant heat from the many-windowed stove. "You know we cannot stop tolling up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity provided the advance in life is not attended with calamity of suffering, for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health utterly broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even my light household dutes. Medical treatment filled to reach the seat of the trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute chyestio of the stomach. The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to d'z. As the crists had partially passed, my husband heard of the merits of Patkick's TONIC as an invigorant in just such cases as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. If appeared to pervade my body, as though the biessing of new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and am now in better health than I have been for a long time."

[Extract from interview with the wife of Rev. P. Ferry Paster of Baptist Church, Coldbrook, Mass.



Oplum Eating, Rhenmatism, Spermator-rine, or Seminal Weakness, and 1.7 y other complaints? We claim it a see sit, sim-ply, because the virus of all diseases arises from the blook. Its Novine, Resolvent, Allacette. () THE GREAT ()

NERVETCOMQUEROR orb I fancies, which are created by the scalore referred to, clorgymen, havyers, hiterary men, Mer-s, Bankers, Ladies and all times whose sel-ventsloyment causes nervous prostration, thrilles of the blood, stomach, howels or yapowho require a ifregularities of the blood, Stormen, law kidness or who require a nervelous, enret stimulant, Samantan Nigyties is large Thomsands proclaim if the most wonderf. I orant that ever sustained the sinking as \$1.50. Sold by all Druggists. The late, a MOND MED. CO. Proprietors, size Chas. F. Critteries, Agest, N. v. Val. 1.

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. Com-mencing 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 atomach, hearthurn, and dyspepala in its worst form. Nearly verything 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 get no relief until I took Brown's I ron Bitters. I feel mone of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much atronger, 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.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COLDS, "Greville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882.
"Having been subject to a bromchial affection, with frequent colds, for a number of years, I hereby certify that Aven's CHERRY PERFORAL gives me prompt r list, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried.

JAMES A. HAMILTON,

Editor of The Crescent."

" Mr. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882. COUGHS. "Ma Gilead, Obio, June 26, 1882.
"I have used Avan's Chrimay
PECTOBAL this spring for a severe cough and lung trouble with good
effect, and I am pleased to recommend it similarly affected.
Hanvey Baughman,
Proprietor Globe Hotel."

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

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS, PHILADELPHIA

RICE, SPICES. SICARE SODA. &C., &C. N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.

PRAS, SYRUPS, COPPER, SUGAR, MOLASSES

orders will receive prompt attention

VIIIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE FILLS And all Billous Complaints.

POETICAL.

A PORTRAIT. Sunlight falls on her pictured face, Rimmed in a frame of gold : The self-same pose of careless grace, That I remember of old. 'Twas here we stood, long years ago, She in that very dress ! And I heard this syliable-sweet and low

From her rose red mouth, 'twas-"Yes ! So many years ! And yet I'll swear-Now, standing in this place— I can smell the rose she hath in her hair, While I look upon her face! I feel the clasp of her slender hand, Gentle, yet clinging fast, And I almost feel I am young again, Tho' so many years have past

And yet, could I live over the space Of those Indian summer days, Bring back to my life this sweet face, The canvas here portrays, Were it wise to lose the peace that is mine For the restless hopes that have fled ? Not so ; whatever is—is best, "Let the dead past bury its dead !" AN IRISH LOVE SONG.

Jewel of Joys, arise ! The little red lark, like a rosy spark
Of song, to his sunburst files;
But till you are risen, earth is a prison, Full of captive sighs.
Then wake and discover to your fond lover The mourn of your matchless eyes. The dawn is dark to me ! hark, oh ! hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I pray, And gently gliding out of thy hiding, Dazzie me with thy day! And oh : I'll fly to thee, singing, and sigh to thee

Ah ! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness.

Passion so sweet and gay. The lark shall listen and dewdrops glisten, Daughter on every spray.

SELECT STORY.

THE BAR LIGHT HOUSE. Government had for several years been sadly neglecting a job of mending in the case of the Bar Lighthouse bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring suspiciously beneath unwary tootsteps; then the wind had begun to tear them off, and the rain to rot and moulder them down. What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to in terfere with the province of that abstract millionare, the United States Govenrment. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Jackson Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concern-ing the holding out of the structure than any one else, had wildly and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, on and after a "Northeaster," when he awoke more keenly to the exigencies of the case, and the hopeless dila toriness of his taskmaster. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made something more than mere patching necessary. Now the quartermile bridge leading to the Bar Lighthouse, if not in an absolutely unsafe condition, was not calculated to inspire any degree of confidence in the accustomed crosser, at least. It was not quite so bad at low tide, or on a mild still day. There was not much to fear then beyond a little fall and a ducking: that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night, with the winds howling under it, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was a sort of a bridge that only a disembodied spirit could cross

with any degree of nonchalance. The lighthouse itself was only an ordinary dwelling house, strongly built, with a tower for the light. stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the clifts. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland, for a little patch only a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in a fruitless struggle with the broken bridge, he was engaged in a fruitless struggle with his garden. A pottering old man was Jack son Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out, and the only thing that is absolutely required of a lighting for the sailors who steer by it.

house keeper is to keep the light burn-The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person, not of a different mould, but of a different kind; not of different species, but a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she recived with shrill

emonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she railed, as she watched him. at the neglect of the government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little, puny, struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind

that east it there. In both the religious element or cast of the mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plain, incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his lit tle wind-swept, sand-strewn garden patch, and God in heaven. Neither proved the other or bullified the other. They were simply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out upon the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the mighty, sense-less sea which had swallowed up her father, and a brother whom she idolized, and the poor tender little green things trying to live under her window, had seen in them so many dumb de-nials of either God's love and mercy, or His existence. She was a rheumatic old woman now, almost helpless, in fact, and unable to step without the help of her husband. As she sat day in and day out at one of the sea win dows of her sitting-room, knitting, and holding her defiant old heart persist-

ently against the pricks. The minister at Rye, a zealous young man, with an innocent confidence in his powers of holy argument, had visited her repeatedly, with the view of improving her state of mind. She had oined the church over which he presided in her youth; indeed it was the church nearest to the lighthouse, and that was three miles distant. The minister had heard from one of his parishioners, who was a connection of hers, that Mrs. Reed had lost her faith, and straightway he was fired with holy ardor to do something for her spiritual benefit. But even his tonguey confidence and ingeniousness could glean but little satisfaction from his inter views with the rheumatic and unbe-

lieving old woman. "No, Mr. Pendleton," she used to

in the pulpit, "it am't no use. You kin talk about seein' with the spirit, an' worshippin' with the spirit; anybody needs a little somethin' to catch hold on with the flesh; when it's all spirit, it's too much for a mortal bein' to comprehend; an' the Lord knows I ani't never had any evidence, so to speak; I ain't never had a prayer answered in my life. If I have, I'd jest like to know how. You say, mebbe, they've been answered jest the same, only in a different way from what I asked for. Ef you call it answerin' prayer to give one thing when you ask for another, I don't. An I'd ruther not believe He'd do a thing like that. That's jest contrary to what he said about Himself, an' the bread, an' the stone, in the New Testament. It's worse to think He'd cheat anybody like that than to think He ain't anywhere, accordin' to my He ain't anywhere, accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human He ain't anywhere, accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human few shells on the shelf, a lamp mat bein' needs a little human evidence once in a while to keep up their faith, wreath which had lain on William bout a mile from Rye. I've just come once in a while to keep up their faith, an' I ain't never had any. I'll jest let you know how it's been a leetle. Here ornrments. Take a room like that I should die when I thought of Wilam, an old woman, an' me an' Jack son lived here on this rock for forty year. An there's been things I've wanted different, but I ain't never had livening about it.

'em—things that I've cried, and Mrs. Reed had been rather good come to light it Sarah?"

one night, an' my father an' my broth-er was out yonder in it. I staid on my knees all night, prayin'. The next mornin' their two darlin' bodies was washed ashore. My brother had only been married a few months—the sweet-est, lovingest, little thing, she was. She there, and the old lighthouse keeper been married a few months-the sweet-

baby."
"But you had him, for your own, did you not to interrupted Mr. Pendleton, yet; and still she sat there alone, her desperately. "He has been a comfort to you. God has displayed His love o'clock, and quite dark now, and a ter-

to you."
"Mr. Pendleton"—and the rheumatie hand went up again—"I ain't never asked to have been different. I ain't got through yet. Thar's been lots of other things, big one's, that I might jest as well not speak of, an' little ones. Look at that bridge! I'll venture to say that you shook in your shoes when you came over it, an' wouldn't be sorry this minute ef you was safe back. Whenever Jackson goes over it my heart is still and cold till he comes back, for fear he's fell through. I've prayed to the Lord about that. Then —you may think this a little thing—but thar is Jackson's garden. He set out a rose bush in it fifteen years ago. Well it ain't died. Thar ain't never

can hold on."

So the pretty, rosy-faced young minister would go away, picking his way cautiously over the unstable bridge, af-ter a somewhat nonplussed prayer, which Mrs. Reed, incapacitated from kneeling by her rheumatic knees, had sat and listened to grimly. The Bar Lighthouse was three miles from Rye. A sandy, desolate road, almost as bil owy as the sea, stretched between. The only house in the whole distance was a little brown one, just at the other side of the bridge. The Weavers lived there, a mother and daughter. They supported themselves by sewing her name was; but a month ago he had brought a wife from the city. He had rented a pretty little tenement over in Ryc, and gone to housekeeping. Abby Weaver had tied up a few little notes and keepsakes in a neat parcel, and put them away out of sight. Then she went on with her work. She was a plain, trust-worthy-looking girl, with no show about her, as different as possible from the one her recreant lover had married. She was pretty, with an entrancing little air of style about ev-erything she wore. Abby had seen her go by a few times in a jaunty black velvet jacket and kilted petticoat, with the fair round face with its fringe of fluffy, blonde hair, smiling up at her husband out of a bewitching little poke. Then she had gone and looked at herself in her poor glass, taking in the old

with the dull hair combed back from her forehead.

in the breaking off the engagement. In the first place, she had liked Abby. In the second place, this new matrimonial arrangement had taken the darling of her heart from under her immeall his life, or in her mother's cottage. idea of the lighthouse terrified her. Sarah Reed's frame of mind had not ain't right to drown him for that! Oh een improved since her marriage. One afternoon, a few weeks after the

an unexpected deficiency in some house hold stores sent Jackson Reed to Rye, where the nearest markets were. the lamp. It'll be pretty near dark enough for it then, I reckon, ef it keeps

on this way, of it is June." She sat at her window with her knitting after she had gone and watched the storm roll up. She had taken a fancy lately to a tittle landward window, the one with the poor little garden patch under it, and the rose bush that had never blossomed. The bush really looked wonderfully, considering

don't. An I'd ruther not believe He'd have dreamed that it was not the field later when he staggered, pale as death do a thing like that. That's jest con- of action of a tidy housewife. It was and drenched to the skin into the

and set it on a rock in the ocean, and liam. The bridge is pretty well broke the wind and waves howling round it, and there is not anything especially en-

me was just married an' set up house-keepin' here, thar was an awful storm dent saw. In repose she would have dent saw. In repose she would have been a sweet old lady. Now she looked, and was, as people said, hard to get along with. Jackson Reed's light "Yes; I went up to light the lam; burning meant more to the Lord, per-haps, than it did to the sailors.

began to pine. I prayed to have her spared. She died, an' left her little twilight was settling down, and it was it?" she asked, looking at him with almost time the lamp was lit.
Six o'clock came, and it was darker

and mercy in this case in sparing him to you."

"Mr. Pendleton"—and the rheumat thousand the results of the rheumat through the results of the rheumat through the results of the rheumat through the rheumat thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild lighthouse window, and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was, her husband had a "turn" somewhere on that lonely road er one too. from Rye. "Turns," as she called them, Jackson Reed had once or twice by Weaver, looking out of her window, before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensible, and lain so for two or three hours. This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was, her darling, William Barstow, was out on that dreadful sea, and there was

silly enough to pray about that. I hev. It's fifteen year, and thar ain't never been a rose thar. No, Mr. Pendleton, it ain't no use. You mean well, but it lays with God, cf He's anywhere, to show Himself to me in a way that I she would have, and he promised to used to recline after the day's fatigue bring her home a new bonnet to con-sole her. Yes, it was Tuesday, and Jackson Reed had told Abby Weaver may be seen in a lamasery on the Monabout it yesterday—that was on Mon-day. He had forgotten that she was

him for his thoughtlessness. Yes, it was Tuesday, and he was out on that sea, and there was no light lit. Nothing to keep him off those terrible is a little to the west of the Ch'ien rocks that the light had been set there thrown dumb and cold, where she on the south side, is the great recepfor a shop in Rye. Jackson Reed's could almost see him from her window. nephew, William Barstow, had been engaged to marry the daughter—Abby, with his father and graufather, and could almost see him from her window. tion hall. When ministers of state maybe with his wife as it had been cording to custom, they have to go on with his poor young mother. All the foot to the centre of the palace, over strong, baffled, but not suppressed na half a mile, if they enter by the east or ture of the woman asserted itself with terrrible force.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! my darling!" she shrieked, in a voice which was in itself both a prayer and a curse. "You out there, an' all the love in your mother's heart can't light ye home! Oh, the black water rollin' over that beautiful face, an' those laughin' blue eyes that looked at me when you was a baby, an' those black

curls I've kissed—puttin' out that lov-in' soul! Oh, Lord! Lord! Lord!" "He's been a good boy," she went on in a curious tone, as if the mighty ear of the inexorable God she had half believed in, was become now a reality to black alpaca, the plain, common face, her, and she was pouring arguments, unavailing though they be, into it; "He's been a good boy; never had any "No wonder," said she, "an' I'm glad its so, for I don't think that the Lord can blame him."

Sarah Reed had found a double trial in the breaking off the engagement. In the first place, she had liked Abby.

"He's been a good boy; never nad any bad habits, an' what's worse than bad habits, never had any mean little actions. There's Abby Weaver, I know; but look at the face of the girl he married. Oh, Lord, love is the same behind a homely face as a handsome one. But while you keep on makin' folks think roses is prettier than potatoes, an' pearls than oysters, the love that looks diate supervision. If he had married out of a pretty face will hold the long-Abby Weaver, he would have lived est and the strongest. He wa'n't to either in the lighthouse, as he had done blame—Oh, Lord, he wa'n't to blame. Abby was a good girl, but you made But nothing could suit his pretty city this other one as pretty as a pictur' lady, but to live in Rye. The bare He wa'n't to blame, Lord, he wa'n't to blame. Don't damn him for that.

She sat there, shricking on in a young couple had set up housekeeping, strained, weak voice, half in pray er, half in expostulation. The The wind rose higher and higher, and It the sea thundered louder and longer. was the middle of the afternoon when A new terror seized her. If her hushe went and there was a storm com- band should recover from the bad turn which she suspected he had had, and "Don't worry, Sarah," were his last attempt to cross the bridge now, he words, "an' I'll be back by 5 to light would be killed, too. God only knew what new rents might be in it. her sitting room clock clanged out 9 above the roar of the storm, she wen above the roar of the storm, she went into a perfect fury of despair. Down she sank on those old rheumatic knees that had not bent at her bidding for the last five years, and prayed as she never had before.

Lord! Lord! Lord!

In the midst of her agony a great calm suddenly fell over her. really looked wonderfully, considering its very many drawbacks to growth. But it was in a sheltered corner, and had all the warmth and mildness that strong on feet that had not born her could be had in the place. It was three | weight for four or five years. Every

wanted different, but I ain't never had 'em—things that I've cried, and groaned, an' prayed to the Lord for—big things an' little things, it seems to me that I might have got a feeling that he was here.

"Forty years ago, when Jackson an' "Forty years ago, when Jackson an' "Reed had been rather good looking now. She had bright, alert, blue eyes, and pretty, soft, gray hair. But there was an air of keen unrest about her, which of keen unrest about her, which seen asking the Lord all these years for something to show me that I'we cried, and Mrs. Reed had been rather good looking in her youth, and was even again. "Don't you ever say it ain't so, Jackson; don't you ever dare to try to make me stop thinking it's so. I've been asking the Lord all these years for something to show me that He was could ha' come over on a cobweb. Who for something to show me that He was

> "You went up them stairs Sarah?" "Yes; I went up to light the lamp, an' it was lit. The Lord had been thar. It's true 'bcut Him." The old man went up to his kneeling wife and raised her tenderly.
>
> "Don't you believe that his angel lit

> anxious intensity.
> "Yes, Sarah, I do," replied Jackson

The next morning, Sarah Reed, looking out of the window, saw a litbeasts. Suddenly an awful thought the pure white rose on the bush beneath struck the wretched old woman at the it. "Yes, I meant it had budded," said

her husband, when she exclaimed, "I found it thar, yesterday. Thar's anoth-

The Emperor of China. The ruler of the 250,000,000, of Well it ain't died. Thar ain't never been a rose on it, though. An' it seems to me sometimes that if thar should be only just one rose on that bush, that I should believe that the Lord had been thar. You wouldn't think I'd been silly enough to pray about that. I hev. It's fifteen year and thar ain't never in the Lord had been that. I heve the sometimes that if the same apartments in the Lord had been to Lockport with Johnny Sower. He was out on that sea somewhere in a boat, which could not live in it a min. There he eats with gold-tipped chop-live fifteen year and thar ain't never in the Lord had been was out on that sea somewhere in a silly enough to pray about that. I hev. golian plateau, he is knelt to by all his attendants, and honored as a god. no longer so interested in Willie Bar- There is this difference, that the restow's movements. And when he told spect felt for him is more profound his wife what he had done she scolded than for them. The seclusion in which

he is kept also is far more complete. The building in which the Empero resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and Ching Meu in the middle of the palto show. In the morning he would be ace. At the back of the central gate, and others enter for an audience at with his father and granfather, and four, five, or six in the morning, acyears they can appreciate the Emperor's favor, which then by a decree al-

> deep, and are divided into three sepa- not live beyond seven years. rate apartments, the throne room being the middle one. Folding doors ten feet in height open into each of these trousers done a week ago," said the apartments to the north and south in exquisite youth to his tailor.

> the centre of each. The pillars shine with fresh vermillion, both within the rooms and on the main breeches of promise. steps outside, and are decorated with sculptured work, partly gilt and partly varnished. The Hoppo, who lately returned from Canton, gave the Emperor a present valued at \$8,000. It consisted of chandeliers, holding 500 wax is to hang them low enough for the candles each. His majesty has also women to use them as some electrical machines and number to hang their washing. less foreign curiosities.

There was a time when you could hardly go amiss of it, but now it is only once in a while that you catch the wrangle of voices from some back

"It's my knock !" "It isn't." "You missed the arch!" "I hope to die." "You moved your ball !"

"I never did." "I don't care! You are a great heat ! "And so are you! "I won't play !"

"Don't then." "And don't you ever speak to me again as long as you live !"
Pooh! Who wants to ?'—Detroit Free Press.

It is said that a hot shovel held over furnituer removes white spots. It will also remove young gentlemen callers when they stay too late.

Nothing is so great an instance of



VICE-PRESIDENT PRO TEM HE SENATE, AFTER TENDERING THE HON OR TO SENATOR ANTHONY, RE-ELECTS MR. EDMUNDS PRESIDENT PRO TEM.

Geo. F. Edmunds, the subject of our sketch this week, was re-elected as President Pro Tem of the Senate on the fourteenth inst, after Senator Anthony of Rhode Island had been elected and had declined because of continued ill

health. Mr. Edmunds, of Burlington, was oorn at Richmond, Vermont, February 1, 1828. His education consisted only of that afforded by the public schools, after graduating from which he began the study of law and at an early age became a practitioner of considerable ability. He soon drifted into politics, and successfully, as he was elected a member of the Vermont Legislature in 1854, 55, 56, 57, 58 and 59, serving three years as Speaker. He was then elevated to the State Senate and was its Presiding officer pro tempore, in 1861 and '62. Soon after this Hon. Solomon Foote, one of the U.S. Senators from Vermont died and Mr. Edmands was appointed to fill the vacancy and he took his seat April 5,

1866 Mr. Edmunds has since been continued in the Senate, his present term, which expires March 3rd, 1887 being his fourth election. He was a mem-ber of the Electoral Commissioner of 1876, and was first elected President Pro Tem of the Senate immediately after the resignation of David Davis,

last year. Senator Edmunds is a fine Parlimentarian, his rulings while in the chair being unbiased by any political preferences he may entertain as a Republican. He is well liked by all Senators, and graces his position with all the dignity and ability becoming the Vice President of the United States.

Sing a Song of Sixpense.

You all know this rhyme : but have you ever read what it is meant for ? The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The pottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds began to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king. The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold-pieces that slip through his fingers as he ounts them are the golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey,

with which she regales herself, is the moonlight. The industrious maid who is in the garden at work before the king-the sun -has risen, is the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird, who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

The Origin of the Potato.

The potato, originally a South Amehalf a mile, if they enter by the east or rican plant, was introduced to Virginia west gate, and when they get on in by Sir John Harvey in 1629, though it was unknown to some counties of England a hundred and fifty years lows them to be borne in a chair in later. In Pennsylvania, potatoes are stead of walking.

The rooms of the Emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan of k'ang, the peculiar institution of North China. The culiar institution of North China. l'angs are covered with red felt of nathis province. Potatoes were served ive manufacture, and the floor with perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Har-European carpets. The cushions all have embroidered on them the dragon and the phænix. Pretty things seatture in New England at the arrival of tered through the rooms are endless in the Presbyterian immigrants from Irevariety, and are changed in accordance land in 1718. Five bushels were account with any wish expressed by the Emperor. The rooms are in all thirty tient farmer; for it was held that, if yards long by from eight to nine yards a man ate them every day, he could

> "You promised to have my new know it," was the reply; "but until you pay your old bill they will still re-The people of all the large cities in-

sist that the telegraph wires should go

under ground, and the only way for

the companies to effect a compromise women to use them as lines on which Prof. Kedrick, of the Michigan Agricultural College, who is making experiments with growing plants in a lose room, thinks the notion that it

s unhealthy to sleep in a room containing plants is sheer nonsense. The largest locomotive ever built is now being built at Sacramento by the Central Pacific Railroad. The engine and tender will weigh 105 tons, and

will be 65 feet 5 inches long. The lathe was, it is thought, invented by Talus, a grandson of Daedalus, about 1240 B. C., but Pliny ascribes it to Theodore of Sames, 600 B. C.

When you ask the old gentleman how his daughter is coming on and he irrasicibly snaps back at you, "Well enough," take our advice and let well enough alone.

pleasing and making one's self loved is to be elicerful; joy softens far more hearts than tears.

One of the most effectual way of

say, shaking a thin, rheumatic, hand, with an impressiveness which her hearwith an impressiveness which ber hearer might have copied advantageously

son why it should not blossom, but as it were, the separateness of her soul

in-manners as nattery. If you flatter
movement was exeruciating torture, all the company you please none. If
you flatter only one or two you affront
than seven minutes to reach a verdict
when there is a horse race in town.