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, MARCH 21, 1884.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVIII, NO 12
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL XLVIII, NO 4

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	6W	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	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column.....	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column.....	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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

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

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

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. KNORR & WINTERSTEEN, Attorneys-at-Law. Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa. ☞ Pensions and Bounties Collected.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Office in Maize's building, over Billmeyer's grocery. May 20, '81.

C. B. BROCKWAY, Attorney-at-Law, ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in his building opposite Court House, 2nd floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. apr 13 '83

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

A. K. OSWALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5. May 6, '81 BERWICK, PA

RHAWN & ROBINS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Catawissa, Pa. Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

W. E. SMITH, Attorney-atLaw, Berwick. Pa. Can be Consulted in German. ALSO FIRST-CLASS FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED. ☞ Office first door below the post office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law Office, Brockway's Building, 1st floor, Bloomsburg, Penn'a. may 7, '80-t f

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

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law, Office in COLUMBIAN Building.

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

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

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

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

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

FIRE INSURANCE. CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA. HOME, OF N. Y. MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J. CLINTON, N. Y. PEOPLES', N. Y. READING, PA. These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TRIED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and are liable to the hazard of FIRE only. Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, PA. The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens. PROMPTNESS, EQUITY, FAIR DEALING.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING AT THIS OFFICE.

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.

Clothing! Clothing! Clothing! G. W. BERTSCH, THE MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN Gents' Furnishing Goods OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. CLOTHING!! Having very recently opened a new Merchant Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing 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. April 13-1

(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 plate 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 3 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.) 2

266th edition price only $1 BY MAIL POST-PAID

KNOW THYSELF. A Great Medical Work on Manhood.

Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man. Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion of excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this contry for $2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail post-paid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers of which he refers.

This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—*London Lancet.*

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—*Argonaut.*

Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successful HEAL THYSELF by without an instance of failure.

March 7-4w

M. C. SLOAN & BRO., BLOOMSBURG, PA. Manufacturers of CARRIAGES BUGGIES, PHAETONS. SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &C First-class work always on hand. *REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.* *Prices reduced to suit the times.*

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. Moyer's new building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,076,920
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,163,710
Phœnix, of London	5,266,376
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,970
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,010
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,092,560

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 23, '81-tf.

Our stock of Spring Clothin is now ready for your inspection.

It comprises such a variety of styles that we will surely be able to suit you. Prices very low.

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th St PHILADELPHIA. Feb 29 '84

Where the Fire is Out.

MAGIC NO MORE A MYSTERY—SEEN FROM ACROSS THE WORLD.

"Haroun of Aleppo," said Sir Philip Derval "had mastered every secret in nature which the nobler magic seeks to fathom. He discovered that the true art of healing is to assist Nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. His processes all included the reinvigoration of the principle of life."

In this the Eastern sage merely anticipated the practice of the best physicians of to-day. What life itself is, nobody knew then—nobody knows now. But we have learned something of the reasons why the mysterious tide rises and falls. Provided the great organs of the body are not irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve, and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adheres to the barbarous and stupid processes of depletion, such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to cure disease by reducing the patient's ability to resist it. Now-a-days we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strengthen it.

In this intelligent and beneficient work, it is conceded that PARKER'S TONIC leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of digestion, thus giving Nature the assistance she calls for. It follows that all ailments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are at once relieved or cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces similar results. It is delicious to use, and the best known anti-intoxicant. Price 50c and $1. Hiscox & Co., New York.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Fleeting Sensations. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. 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 the cause. Does billious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalized by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. ☞ Contains no drastic cathartic or plates. Relieves

SAMARITAN NERVINE

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures hypochondriasm by resting 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.

NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own its conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe. ☞ For sale by all leading druggists. $1.25. The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co. Props. St. Joseph, Mo. (3) Charles N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COLDS. "Orrville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 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 BATCHMAN, 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, SICARS SODA, &C., &C. N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets. ☞ Orders will receive prompt attentio

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS FOR THE LIVER And all Bilious Complaints. Safe to take, being purely vegetable; no griping. Price 25 cents. All Druggists. March 21-4w d

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL —:o.— The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, Etc. furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed. ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman CHARLES KRUG, Bloomsburg, Pa

SELECT STORY.

"OLD MR. BINNEY."

All their friends had said, when Mrs. Binney died, "Now what a good thing it would be if old Mr. Binney would but marry Miss Bright!"

Miss Bright had not been without her troubles, and very hard ones they had been, too, but she bore them with a brave heart, and carried a smiling face, and had a thankful spirit within her, striving always to remember her blessings, and how much they outnumbered any evils she was called upon to bear.

Indeed, to listen to Miss Bright's showing you would have counted her as one of the luckiest persons ever born. She had had the kindest of friends, the most comfortable of situations, and the girls she had taught were endowed with an amiability of disposition which made it a positive pleasure to be with them. The only accusation she could bring against them was that they were all in such a terrible hurry to grow up and get married, and then Miss Bright's occupation was gone, and she had to step out in the world and find a fresh field for her labors.

As years rolled on, each one adding to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting grounds of instruction became more and more narrowed. Children of 6 began now where girls of 18 used to leave off, and history and geography, to say nothing of the parts of speech and grammar, were all so altered that poor little Miss Bright had to acknowledge that at times she really did feel quite confused. "Very soon I shan't be left with anything to teach," she would say, pathetically, and then Mr. Binney's nephew, Joe, or some other good fellow who heard her, would declare she should set up a school for wives, for there never were such wives as the girls whom Bright had brought up. She had taught Joe's wife Sally and her sister, and though since then she had other situations, at holiday time, or whenever she was seeking employment, she always returned to the house of Dr. Crendon, their father.

When Mr. Binney dropped in, as he frequently did, to inquire after his old friends, the Brendons, he from time to time found Miss Bright there, and happening, on the occasion of one of her visits, to bring the news that Mrs. Binney was ill, with no one whose business it seemed to be to look after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volunteer, and a great comfort they found her.

Sprightly, yet unobtrusive, was the cheery little woman that Mrs. Binney herself was influenced in her favor, until, with an eye to their mutual comfort, Mr. Binney proposed Miss Bright staying with them altogether. "Why no?" he said. "We could well afford to pay her a salary." But this word salary, acting like magic on Mrs. Binney, seemed to bring her to her senses immediately. She would be very glad to have Miss Bright as a visitor as long as she liked to stay, but as to living with them altogether, "No!" she would not give her consent to that; she had always objected to having in her house a third party. It was then that Miss Bright's friends pulled very long faces indeed. What would she do? they asked her.

"Oh, something is sure to turn up," she would say hopefully. "Whenever I have come to my last ebb an opening has been made for me, so I am not going to despair now."

And she said this all the more emphatically, because in spite of her confidence she could not help feeling that a voice which she could not keep still kept repeating: "What will you do when you grow older? Teaching will get harder than ever." That was true enough, but what else was there for her to do?

When Mrs. Binney died, which happened quite suddenly about a year before, there had been some talk as to Miss Bright going to Mr. Binney as housekeeper, but this proposition had been made without the knowledge or consent of the principal person concerned, who, as soon as the hint was given, negatived it.

Mr. Binney thoroughly appreciated Miss Bright, but he had lost his taste for matrimony; he remembered that he had spent forty excellent years without a wife, and, notwithstanding that he was now a widower, he could not conscientiously say that he felt his state to be very unhappy.

Susan, the cook, respectable and staid, would, he felt sure, manage his household properly, and if it proved that she should give way to extravagance, as people seemed to say, Mr. Binney fancied he could better put up with that evil than from too much of the economy from which he had suffered already.

So all the hopes that on the death of Mrs. Binney, Joe and Sally and the Brendons had cherished for Miss Bright, were ruthlessly dashed to the ground. Evidently Aunt B. was not to have a successor.

"If we could but have got her there as housekeeper," said one of those arch-conspirators, "the rest would have been easy." But though they returned to the attack several times, no good came of it. Mr. Binney shared in their regret at the loss of Miss Bright's pupils; wondered, as they did, what would become of her, and—his visitors gone—to make his sympathy apparent, he sat down and wrote a kind little note, with a check for £10 folded within it.

"He's an old stupid," said Sally, "and now she is going away altogether, ever so far"—for Miss Bright had had another piece of news to tell. An old pupil of early days had been recently left a widow; her health was as delicate as her heart was kind, and when she made the proposition that Miss Bright should come and spend the remainder of her days with her, it was not entirely of her own comfort she had been thinking. Miss Bright had readily accepted her offer, and she had written to tell Sally that the next week she should come up and see them.

She could only stay a few hours with them when she came. The farewell visit was to be paid later. "But I think," she said, as she was going, "I will call on my way home and say good-bye to Mr. Binney, in case I might not have another opportunity."

"Do," said Sally, and away she went.

Mr. Binney was at home. He had not been quite well lately; nothing more than a cold, but it had kept him a prisoner. To-day he might have gone out, but he had not felt inclined to, and he gallantly said he was glad to be in, as he should have been sorry indeed to have missed seeing Miss Bright.

"And so you are really going to leave us?" he said, and almost regretfully too. "Well, you will be very much missed. I don't know what the Brendons will do."

"They will not miss me more than I shall them," and the brave little woman made an effort that her voice should not sound shaky; "but you know, Mr. Binney, I am not growing younger, am I?"

"No," he said, "that is true. I was saying the same to myself of myself only to day."

"Yes, only with men it does not seem to matter, but with women the thought always comes with a little shudder, that when we get old and want quiet and rest and a comfortable arm-chair by the fire there is a doubt whether we shall be able to get them."

Mr. Binney did not answer, and fearing she was saying too much about her own feelings she altered her tone, which had been a little sad, and went on in her usual cheerful way: "But then I ought to feel so thankful that this opening has been made for me. I told them that I knew something would come; it has always done so; I have always been so lucky."

"It's your happy disposition makes you say so, my dear Miss Bright; a cheerful spirit shortens the longest day. I wish I could follow your example. I often feel condemned at my want of contentment—of gratitude, I ought to say."

But that Miss Bright would not allow; she reminded Mr. Binney of the many kind actions he had done, and in her own quiet way thanked him for the thoughtful present he had sent to her.

"No, no, no, now you must not speak of that," Mr. Binney hastily interrupted her; and to give a turn to the conversation he said "she must have some tea," and ringing to order it, he hoped she would stay.

Well, yes, she thought she could spare the time for that—indeed, to be plain, she was not in such a very great hurry. The fact had been that Joe had had an unexpected holiday; and she saw that, only for her being there, he had come home to go out somewhere with Sally.

"So I hope the little fib I told you will be forgiven me, for when I said I was wanted at home, although it was quite true perhaps, I need not for that have left quite so early. But it was so nice of Joe to come home. I love to see husbands and wives companions to each other."

"Ah, indeed, yes; that is the object of matrimony, too often, I fear, lost sight of in our day by the young and the old too."

But Miss Bright did not agree.

"No," she "knew so many united couples. There were the Brendons now—" but at this moment the tea was brought in, and Miss Bright asked should she pore it out. Her offer was accepted. "Only," said Mr. Binney, "you must take off your cloak, or you won't feel the good of it when you go; and your bonnet, too. Wouldn't you be more comfortable without that?"

Miss Bright said "No," she would not take her bonnet off.

"Haven't a cap with you, I suppose?" said the old gentleman, slyly.

"Yes, indeed I have—a present from Saliy—and a very becoming one, too."

"Put it on, then, and let me pass my opinion."

Miss Bright hastened to obey, and when she came for his inspection the smile on her face and the soft pink in her cheek made her look ten years younger.

"Well," she said, "now what do you think of it?"

"I think if you take my advice you will never wear any other."

"Really," and she laughed softly; "but it is for high days and holidays, you know!" And she tip toed to look in the chimney glass, saying that it certainly was a very pretty cap, and then she sat down to pour out the tea. "The best tea things!" she said, admiringly; "I am so fond of pretty china!" And then searching in the sugar basin, she added: "I have not forgotten that you like two lumps of sugar, you see."

Mr. Binney smiled complacently; a feeling of well-being and comfort took possession of him.

Of a certainty it was very pleasant to have a congenial somebody to bear one company, one who could talk well, listen well and hold her tongue well, if necessary. Experience had assured him of that. Miss Bright possessed each of these good qualities. When she had stayed there when Mrs. Binney was first ill, their evenings had passed very pleasantly, and recalling the things they had done, he asked:

"Do you often play chess now?"

"No, never."

"Cribbage, backgammon?"

"I've no one to play with. That is one thing in my going away," and she swallowed a sigh—"my evenings will be less lonely."

"Ah, yes, I find the time very long after dinner. I don't like to go to bed before 10:40, although I often feel inclined to."

"And the days draw in so quickly now, there is no afternoon—it is all evening, which reminds me that it is getting time for me to go, for it takes me quite an hour to get to the station."

"Not in a cab?"

"No, but I am going to walk; it is quite fine and dry, and if I feel tired at the Conway road I shall wait at the corner for the omnibus passing."

Miss Bright began to put on her bonnet. Mr. Binney walked to the window; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the bell.

"I shall go as far as the Conway road with you."

"Oh, Mr. Binney! No, pray don't think of such a thing; it might give you cold, and there isn't the slightest occasion—I am so accustomed to go about alone."

But Mr. Binney remained firm; his hat and coat were brought to him, and away the two set off together. They chatted pleasantly as they walked along. "I shall hope to come and see them all sometimes," Miss Bright said. "I know as long as the Brendons have a home they will take me in."

"And remember that so long as I have a house there will be room for you in it."

"That is very kind of you Mr. Binney," she said softly. "I am sure I do not know why people are all so good to me."

Mr. Binney apparently was no better able to inform her, and they walked on silently until the Conway road was reached.

"Now, then," said Miss Bright, "here we say farewell," and she held out her hand, but Mr. Binney did not take it; he was engaged in hailing a cab he saw; then he drew out his purse and Miss Bright knew that he intended settling with the man for the fare. She shook her head at him reprovingly.

Mr. Binney gave the directions to the driver and then he held out his hand, hesitated, opened the door and said, "I don't see why I should not go with you as far as the station."

At the railway station they had but a very short time of waiting. Miss Bright stood near the carriage which she had chosen; nothing remained but to say good-bye and enter.

"And you will let us hear how you get on?" for she had not said she was coming up again.

"Oh, I shall often write to the Brendons and Sally. You will hear of me through them."

"And I hope so very much that you will be comfortable and happy."

Miss Bright tried to smile, but her eyes filled rapidly, and to hide the tears she half turned away.

"I wish that you were not obliged to go away. Couldn't anything be managed for you?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she said; "I tried everything I could," and here a sob would come, "but nobody seemed to want me."

"I—I want you." Mr. Binney was stammering out his words excitedly. "Miss Bright, can you—will you stay for me? Could you consent to become Mrs. Binney?"

"Mrs. Binney!—I!"—everything seemed to swim around her—"but, Mr. Binney, such an idea never once occurred to me."

"I am very sure of that, my dear," he said earnestly, "and it has taken some time to come to me, or I should have made the offer long ago; however, better late than never—that is, if you will accept me."

"Oh, but I think it is so good of you—and you feel sure that I can make you happy. What will the Brendons and Sally say?"

"Say that I am more lucky than I deserve to be for not asking you before. Now I understand why I wouldn't consent to your being my housekeeper. I was wanting you for my wife, you know."

Miss Bright held up her hands in dismay.

"Oh, my!" she cried. "There's the train off—gone, I declare!"

"What of that if it is?—another will soon follow, and while we are waiting for it, we can arrange our plans and fix the day."

And if any one wishes to know how it all ended, I can satisfy their curiosity by telling them that a more happy, cheery couple never were seen than the present Mr. and Mrs. Binney.

Mr. Springer gives Statistics.

HE SAYS THAT THE COMMON TALK THAT TARIFF ONLY TAXED LUXURIES IS "GAMMON."

Congressman William M. Springer spoke in Brooklyn lately on "Workingmen and their Wages. He said:

"Government can help the laborer by removing oppressive taxation, by stopping official peculation, by regulating commerce, and by abolishing the special privileges of the few. When a tax is laid on any article the price is increased. The people say. If tax is laid on blankets, and the increase in price inures to the benefit of the maker of blankets, that increase is paid by all who use blankets, and thus the many users are robbed to pay one class.

"The actual operation of the tariff on wages is shown in boots and in cotton goods. In 1872 91,000 hands made 829 pairs of shoes each, and received $463 each for the year's pay. In 1880, 111,000 hands made 1,129 pairs each, and received only $387 for the year's pay. In 1870, 135,000 hands produced 2,580 pounds of cotton goods each, and received $288 each for the year's work. In 1880, 175,00 hands produced 3,500 pounds of goods each, and got only $243 each for the year's work. Improved processes and growth of knowledge had increased the power of individual production but the individual wages had been decreased $76 in one case and $45 in the other. The protective tariff on boots and shoes was 35 per cent., and on cotton goods 50, and under this system the capitalist had added to his capital, while the employee had his wages cut down."

"The common talk that the tariff laws taxed luxuries was gammon." Mr. Springer said. "Woollen goods of clean grade, four ounces to the yard, are taxed 110 per cent. The fine grades, which only the rich can afford, are taxed 58 per cent. Silks pay 60 per cent. Cheap woollen dress goods are taxed 99½ per cent. while the fine goods beyond the reach of the poor are taxed only 43 per cent. These goods before the war were taxed 19 per cent.

While some men were at work at a bridge over the Truckee river, in Nevada, recently, a piece of casting weighing four tons was being hoisted, by means of a derrick, to be placed in position. By some means the mass of iron slipped and fell when at a considerable elevation and struck the end of the platform on which five men were standing, throwing them into the air to the height of fifty feet and landing them at a distance of eighty feet from their starting point. They fell where the snow was very deep, which saved them from instant death, but three of them were seriously injured,

It would probably surprise many to be told that the sun is a thousand times as bright as the moon, as the unaided eye gives us little idea of the real difference in the brightness of the two bodies. According to very careful determinations by Zollner, the sun's light is 619,000 times as great as that of the full moon. The heat received from the two is not in the same ratio, that emitted by the sun being only 82,600 times as much as that of the full moon, as found by Lord Rosse and Mons. Marie-Davy.

Wedding Ceremonies in China.

HOW THE RESULT OF FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS OF ALLEGED COURTSHIP ARE CELEBRATED.

For a few days before the wedding day the young lady, who has already been told of the approaching event, gives vent to her anger in orthodox fashion by loud bellowing night and day. The weeping damsel expresses at intervals in conventional phrases the sense of desolation she feels at the near prospect of being torn forever from her parents and her childhood's home. It is on the last night that the maiden tries on her bridal dress, lights incense before the shrine of her ancestors and prostrates herself in farewell worship before her assembled parents, uncles and aunts. At last the dreaded day arrives. The fair one rises early, bathes perhaps for the first time for two or three months, arranges her hair in matronly style, puts on her bridal garments of gorgeous red silk or stuff, sometimes richly embroidered, and a heavy coronet-like head-dress brilliant with real or imitation pearls and precious stones, velvet tassels and fringes and gold or gilt trappings, which jingle at every step she takes. Her toilet is completed by the large red veil of silk or cotton, which completely covers her face from view. It is considered good form to resist the services of her attendants with loud screams and expostulations, any such thing as submission on her part being sure to be construed by her chaffing bridesmaids into an immodest joy at the near prospect of wedlock.

The bride groom remained at home with his friends. He is arrayed in silks and satins, embroidered according to his rank, a red scarf crossed his breast and a brilliant wedding cap is worn on his head. He seats himself in glorious state awaiting the coming of the bride. He has already dispatched an elegant bridal sedan, richly gilded and enamelled, decorated with king fisher's feathers and ornamented with gorgeous carvings, which he has hired for the occasion. It is carried by a half a dozen men in red tunics and follows in the rear of the procession. It is preceded by gilded pavilions and canopies, red boards with gilt characters representing the academical degrees and imperial honors conferred upon the bridegroom or his ancestors; grand languages, splendidly carved and painted banners, huge fans and state umbrellas according to the rank of the bridegroom's father. The bearers, equerries and musicians that swell the train are all draped in red robes and the whole procession marches along amidst the beating of drums, the clash of cymbals and the screams of clarionets. The procession arrives at the bride's house and is greeted by the dismal howls of the females within. A letter written by her husband is now handed to the bride, informing her that the flowery sedan is waiting at her door and inviting her to set out for her new home. Then come sundry exhortations from her parents, the exchange of good wishes protracted partings, choking sobs and vehement protestations from the bride against being taken from her home. This hollow farce is broken up by a bridesmaid casting a veil over the face of the lugubrious bride, while an old hag takes her upon her back in ignominious fashion, carrying her out of the door and setting her down in the sedan chair. The door of the conveyance is then locked and the key handed to the bridegroom's friend. The bands then strike up and the procession returns amidst farewell salvos of bombs and fire crackers, the wonder being that any bride can survive such an infernal din.

Arriving at the door of her new home she is saluted with more firecrackers. The bridegroom now comes forth with all that dignified bearing and easy insouciance so natural to a well-bred Chinaman and taps the door of the chair with his fan. The door is then opened and the bride, still thickly veiled from profane gaze, is again carried on the back of a female attendant into her husband's house. She is now a wife, the simple ride in the flowery chair having the mystic power of transforming her into a married woman. The bridegroom now seats himself on a high chair and receives the homage of his dutiful spouse. He then descends, raises her heavy veil and for the first time gazes on the face of the girl to whom he has been engaged for the last ten or fifteen years. There follows no rapturous embrace, no word of tender endearment, no look that speaks of love. He simply inspects her for a few moments as he would some piece of furniture, for she is nothing more to him. Sometimes this ceremony of unveiling takes place in the bridal chamber, where they seat themselves side by side, he contriving to sit upon part of her dress, signifying his control and her submission. We take one glimpse of the nuptial couch, hung with slips of paper with such inscriptions as "May you have 100 sons and 1,000 grandsons" and adorned with orange trees and strings of cash, the symbols of fruitfulness. Heaven and earth, household goods, family ancestors and the parents of the bridegroom are then worshipped by the wedded pair.

The wedding feast begins in the afternoon and extends over two or three days. Invitations have been sent out weeks before, the guests responding by forwarding a sum of money varying from $100 cash to twenty ounces of silver. This is sent the day before the wedding and goes to defraying the expenses of the feast. The banqueting halls are lighted up with scores of prism-fringed chandeliers, tables are spread with all kinds of delicacies, hundreds of invited guests, grandly dressed, throng the room, garrulous groups surround the bridegroom, offering their congratulations, a band of music strikes up and the bride in her wedding robes and tasseled head-dress enter the room, supported by two matrons, while she bends with speechless reverence to her husband's guests, offering them sweetmeats, wine and tea. Men and women never feast together and the most trying ordeal of all her wedding duties comes when her husband leaves her in the gentlemen's room. She waits upon them in silence and they in turn chaff her with coarse jests, criticise her appearance aloud and play practical jokes upon her person, often of so cruel a character that if she emerges from the room unscalded or unscarred she may consider herself lucky. She must submit to all this ribaldry and persecution with a calm, placid, unmurmuring demeanor, and any show of either resentment or mirth would be remembered to her discredit for years to come. When the guests have departed she may retire.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Girl that Everybody Likes.

She is not beautiful—oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her, they would only say, "She is just right," and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye, and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!" The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her flirt; no, indeed, the young men all deny such an assertion as quickly as she. Girls—wonderful to relate—like her, too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings, or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans and assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter, and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie, until their little difficulties are patched up, and every thing goes smoothly again—thanks to her. Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch—she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured. But she cannot always be with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time, and marries her. The villagers crowd around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face. So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the woman everybody likes. — *Christian Advocate.*

Sure Cure for Snoring.

There is precisely one cure for snoring, and it is to Sir Humphrey Davy that we owe its discovery. That eminent scientific person ascertained that snoring is due to an abnormal vibration of the cords of the larynx, and that this vibration occurs only when the surface of the larynx has become dry. A man who sleeps with his mouth open until his larynx has become dry by contact with the atmosphere is sure to snore. Sir Humphry saw at once that in order to cure a snorer his larynx must be kept moistened or relaxed. He found by a series of experiments upon a Methodist minister of unusual snoring powers that a piece of castile soap inserted in the open mouth of the snorer effected an instant cure and wards off any further