The Columbian.

The Columbian.

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

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

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XX NO 29
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. L. NO 29

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1 inch	$ 75	1 25	1 50	2 50	3 50	4 50	7 00
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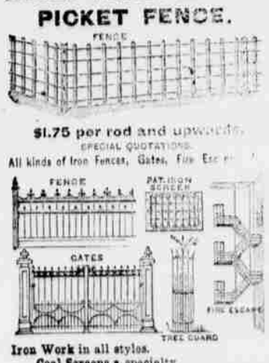

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SELECT READING

If We Had Known.

"If we had known!" How much there's in the phrase,
Though centuries ago 'twas worn thread-bare;
It rises to the lips in after days
When 'tis too late our errors to repair.

"If we had known!" Across the mind it shoots;
The lover uses it in anguish keen:
If he had known her father wore thick boots
And kept a dog, how different 'twould have been!

"If we had known!" What useless words are they!
If we had known, we mutter with a frown,
That bill collector would come round to-day,
'Tis certain we would have been "out of town."

"If we had known!" We think of daily strife,
Of walking round at night a child to please,
If we had known that this was married life,
We'd—well, least said the soonest mended is.

Lady Lillington.

"Is there anything the matter, Flo? Speak! Tell me! Why are all the windows lighted up, and the house-door open, and you running into the road to meet me? Why, child, you can hardly answer!"

"Oh, father, I am afraid some one has been trying to rob us! Susan thinks it was a ghost. It is she who has put candles in all the rooms to 'keep the ghost away,' she says."

"A ghost! What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Michael Arlington, drawing his daughter's hand within his arm. "Now, Florence, tell me what really occurred."

"Yes, father," answered she. "This is what happened: About half-past five o'clock Susan came into the sitting-room to carry away the tea-tray, and she says that she saw a lady bending over the davenport which stands unused in the corner, seemingly trying to open it. At first, though startled, Susan thought the lady was a visitor whom I had brought in, as I was then in the garden; but when the intruder perceived that there was some one looking at her she gave a scream, drew a veil over her face, and fled out at the window, which was wide open. There really must have been somebody there, father. What could she want?"

"How can I tell?" returned Mr. Arlington, and his daughter thought he was disturbed by this unusual incident. Yet she was very sure that he was not a believer in ghosts.

On reaching the house Susan was called and questioned. The old servant was still in a great state of excitement. The lady was "deadly pale," she asseverated, "with large, hollow eyes, and screamed before vanishing."

"Come, come, Susan; she ran out on the lawn, didn't she? That was not vanishing," returned Mr. Arlington.

But Susan was persistent about the vanishing, and despite her master's injunctions, the whole village, ay residents far beyond the village, soon heard of the Laurel Cottage ghost; and amongst others, Mr. Cecil Lauton—Sir Bertram Lauton's heir.

"I will tell you what, uncle," said the young man; "if the ghost is troublesome I shall make acquaintance with Mr. Arlington, and offer my services in laying the spirit. One ought to help one's neighbor in such a crisis."

"My dear boy, Mr. Arlington can hardly be called a neighbor; he lives at least a dozen miles off, you know," said the uncle.

"All the same, I should like to trap his ghost for him," rejoined Cecil.

It was the beginning of April when the rumor of the ghost at Laurel Cottage was first spread abroad. Toward the end of this month this rumor was confined in an extraordinary manner. Flo was in the sitting-room alone just as it was getting dusk; she had just come down stairs, and was going to write a letter, when something brushed by her in the gloom, and before she recovered from her alarm, she saw a dark-robed figure fly from the apartment.

By the time the young lady regained her presence of mind and pursued her strange visitor, no trace or sound of her could be seen.

"Who can it be, father?" said Florence, almost in tears. "I am afraid to be in the house now without you."

"I am puzzled too, my dear child," replied Mr. Arlington. "Does Susan know of this?"

"Yes, father; for I was startled, and called out, and ran toward the kitchen. I am afraid Susan will tell everybody, as she did before."

Florence was right in her conjecture—in a day or two all the world around Laurel Cottage had heard of the reappearance of the "ghost."

Cecil Lauton was now determined to do something to unravel the mystery; so he begged a friend of his, living not two miles from Laurel Cottage, to take him in for a day or two; he also begged the said friend to introduce him to Mr. and Miss Arlington.

"Ah, take care what you are about there, Lauton," said the friend. The Arlingtons are charming people, but as poor as church mice. Miss Arlington is a beauty, and seventeen—take care what you do!"

Of course Cecil laughed, and was not deterred from naming the introduction he sought.

"I want to find the ghost," said he; "I don't want to fall in love with Miss Arlington."

"Well, I'll introduce you after church to-morrow," was the answer.

Thus it happened that next day, which was Sunday, the desired introduction took place; and something else, quite unlooked for on Mr. Cecil Lauton's part occurred also, for he fell in love at first sight with the fascinating girl, who lifted her blue eyes to his, and whose sweet voice (at her father's bidding) explained to him about the "ghost."

Yes, it was all over with Cecil Lauton from that hour. He had met his fate, and soon grew to worship the very ground she walked on. And Florence was very happy; she did not ask herself how her love-dream would end; but she had a fixed idea that it could not end happily, as she had heard Sir Bertram spoken of as being very wealthy, and Cecil was his heir. No matter. She would have this remembrance to live on when—when Cecil went away or married another.

The month of May had grown toward the end of its third week, but despite all Mr. Cecil Lauton's watching for the ghost, it never appeared. And by this time Mr. Arlington had begun to think that if all the rooms in his cottage had each their supernatural visitor, it would be better than to have this one driven from its haunt at the price of Flo's happiness. He would have to intimate to the young man that he could not come there so often—in fact, that it would be expedient to discontinue his visits, his daughter being so very young, and without a mother.

Flo's father sighed bitterly to himself as he mentally decided this; and his thoughts traveled back over his own life. Once he had loved, and lost his love solely on account of his own poverty; was the same fate to pursue his child?

Yes; the girl he had worshipped had married for gold, and left him to his poverty! She had become a very great lady, and was now a widowed countess—widowed and wealthy and childless. He wondered if she was moderately happy! And then he sighed from the depths of his soul. He had never intended to marry after this cruel desertion; yet he had done so because chance had revealed to him that a lovely orphan had become devotedly attached to him. It was thus that he had been induced to offer his hand to the gentle lady who had been Florence's mother, and who died fully eight years before.

It was on the very next day after his soliloquy that Florence came slowly across the lawn attached to their small dwelling (it was about half-past seven in the evening), and she was about to enter the sitting room through the window, when her alarmed eyes caught the view of a shadowy figure bending over the davenport in the corner.

Florence drew a quick breath, suppressed a cry, and, determined to ascertain the truth, made a step within the long window.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?" faltered the frightened girl.

The figure at the desk smothered an exclamation of fear and sped to the door, which, however, she found locked; for Susan, terrified lest the ghost should reappear, would fain have closed door and window in her master's absence; but Florence had enjoined her to leave the window open this lovely evening, so she had contented herself with closing the door of the sitting-room.

This way of retreat thus cut off, the "ghost" stopped short, attempted to pass the lady of the house, but Florence was too quick for her, intercepting the path, and hastily closing the window, for the girl regained her courage as she perceived that the intruder looked terrified and sad, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?" repeated Florence, in an unsteady voice.

It was difficult for her to imagine that the graceful, willowy form and pale, beautiful face of the intruder belonged to a thief, and certainly they were not those of a ghost.

"Hush! hush! have pity on me. Do not betray me!" implored the other.

"Betray you!" echoed Florence. "I must ask what you mean. Who are you?"

"Who are *you?*" replied the lady, in a low, agitated voice, which was yet full of melody. Florence's heart was fast melting toward her unexpected guest.

"Who am I?" said the girl. "I live here. I am Florence Arlington. Do you know my father?"

"Once I did!" exclaimed the stranger, sinking on her knees. "Oh, Florence—let me call you so—has your father never spoken to you of Ethel Lane?"

"Never, that I remember," replied the wondering Florence.

"Nor of Lady Lillington?"

"I have heard that Lady Lillington has bought a house in this neighborhood—that is all I know of her," answered Florence, wondering more and more.

"I was Ethel Lane—now I am Countess of Lillington—the woman whom your father first loved and who has always loved him. Florence, I have come here to ascertain if he has quite forgotten me. If he has not I will venture all; I will let him understand that I have never forgotten him!"

By this time Florence's heart was beating fast and she stretched out her hands to Lady Lillington, though she could not speak at this moment. Ah, now she comprehended the meaning of one or two remarks her mother had let fall from her dying lips relative to her father.

"He has made me so happy! He has been always so tender and so noble, though I was not the woman he loved."

She had learned the sad romance it the life of her dear father, just as she had begun to realize that the romance of her own life would be sad; for she could never hope to marry Cecil Lauton—she had heard that his uncle was a stickler for his own dignity and for wealth on both sides of an engaged couple, or poverty on both sides; that made the match equal. Even if Cecil ever declared the love which shone in his eyes, how could she accept it, when it might bring him to poverty? But he would go away and never declare it.

"Speak to me! Do not turn against me!" entreated Lady Lillington, and then the next moment Florence was weeping in her arms.

It was some time before she grew composed enough to question Lady Lillington about what she wished to get out of the davenport.

"Florence, that will settle the question!" was the reply. "Your father told me eighteen years ago, when he was but twenty-three, and I not quite your age, that he loved me so foudly that even my desertion would not quite kill his love—that he would guard forever a little water-color I had given him, a likeness of myself. 'See here,' he said; 'I put it here, Ethel, and there it shall stay till it is buried with me or till I joyfully place it where my eyes can quickest meet it upon our wedding day. Florence, is it there now? If so, it is a gage that he loves me still; if not, I dare not ask him to forgive the past, and to share my fortune!"

"And this is why you came!" cried Florence, throwing her arms around Lady Lillington.

It was agreed between the loving confederates that the countess should pay one more visit to Laurel Cottage for the purpose of ascertaining whether the shabby little davenport contained her likeness; but that this time Florence should lend her aid by obtaining the key of the escritoire, and by admitting her herself to the sitting-room early one morning, long before any of the inmates of the cottage were astir.

Mr. Arlington was to be absent for a couple of days in the beginning of the ensuing week; that was the time selected for the trial.

The day dawned which was to have taken Flo's father from home, but a telegram received unexpectedly caused him to defer his journey.

There was no possibility of letting the countess know of this change of plans, but Florence strengthened herself with reflecting that so long before breakfast her father would not be down stairs.

Very softly the girl descended—very gently she unfastened the long shutters to admit Lady Lillington, who came in, her feet all wet with dew.

"Have you the key, my darling Florence?" whispered the agitated lady.

"Here! here!" whispered back the excited Florence; "and the portrait is there—I have searched!"

Hardly had she spoken the words when the door unclosed, and Michael Arlington, her father, walked in. Some restless memory had kept him wakeful; he had detected the noise of Florence's opening door; imagining that something was the matter, he had gone to his daughter's room and found it empty, then he had followed down stairs, and had come face to face with Ethel, his lost love.

With one faint cry the latter had thrown herself into Florence's arms.

"Father! oh, father, she loves you so!" said the young girl, disengaging herself from Lady Lillington, and stealing from the room.

* * * * * * *

All the country was soon afterward electrified by hearing that Mr. Michael Arlington was going to marry the still lovely Countess of Lillington, and that Miss Arlington and the countess were inseparable.

It was in the loveliest glade of Lillington Park that Cecil Lauton told his tale of affection to the happy Florence; nor had the lovers anything now to fear from Sir Bertram's refusal to consent to their bridal, for it is a wholly different thing to wed the daughter of a man who has just married a very wealthy widow, holding a high position in society, from that which is involved by wedding the child of a penniless man.

Only to Cecil, and under promise of secrecy to Susan, was the solution of the ghost story revealed; but it was many a day before the village folks ceased to declare that Laurel Cottage was haunted.

VALUE OF ARABIC NUMERALS.

Few people, probably, have any adequate idea of the great difficulties in which arithmetic would be involved were it not for the happy invention of the Arabic numerals. Here is a very simple little sum in addition put Roman fashion. The reader will find it "a nice amusement," as the model papa always tells his daughters, to work it out as it stands without having resource to Arabic notation.

MDCXLVIII
MCCXLIV
DCCXXXIX
MDCCCLXXXIV

None of these figures reaches two thousand, and yet what a hopeless task to sum them up without an abacus! But that is, indeed, a small matter. Here are two better tests of the impossibility of arithmetic without Arabic notation. Multiply (all in Roman figures) MDCCXLIV by DCLXXXIV, and divide MCCXLIII by XLV. Nothing could be simpler than those two sums, and yet it requires considerable intellect and very close attention to work them out on paper with the Roman Symbols.

LOVELIEST SPOT ON EARTH.

Washington has one of those cemeteries pronounced by people with that taste for gruesome things to be "the loveliest spot on earth," and to which strangers are carried and expected to rhapsodize over the forest of monuments, with all their painful and unpleasant recollections. But in Oak Hill there is at least the interest attaching to the resting-place of the distinguished dead, and as such is worth visiting. This cemetery is in Georgetown, which is technically a part of Washington, and is four or five miles as the crow flies from the Congressional Cemetery.

Here lies the body of Chief Justice Chase. No man, so honored in life was ever more neglected in death. When he died he owned not a foot of ground suitable for his burial place, nor did his daughter, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, buy it for him. Ex-Gov. Henry D. Cooke, the Washington banker, owned a lot in Oak Hill, and offered a resting place to the dust of the great jurist. There was he buried, and for years his grave remained unmarked and except, for the attention bestowed on it by Ex-Gov. Cooke's orders, quite neglected. Some of the friends of the Chief Justice in Ohio hearing that not even the plainest stone commemorated his grave, combined and bought a block of plain granite, with the name and age of the Chief Justice on it. It got lost on the way to Washington and remained for several years boxed up in a freight warehouse. At last curiosity moved some one to open the box, and it was discovered to hold this memorial stone. It was then forwarded, and certain persons, rather than apply to Mrs. Sprague for money, paid out of their own pockets the small cost of putting the stone in position.

Here also lies buried the body of John Howard Payne, the author of Home, Sweet Home. More than fifty years ago he had been the friend of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the George Peabody of Washington. Payne, it will be remembered, died and was buried in Tunis. He had often expressed a wish that his bones might rest in his native land. Three years ago Mr. Corcoran carried out a long-cherished design of bringing Payne's body back to this country and erecting a monument over it. It was placed in Oak Hill cemetery, near the main entrance, and on the noble monument is inscribed: "John Howard Payne, author of Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. Corcoran himself has a plot here, where lie the remains of his only child, who died in her early womanhood. A circular temple in the severest style of Greek art, is the family monument of the Corcorans, and under the floor lie the coffins. Gen. Reno's tomb, is conspicuous and also that of Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War. Whether Mr. Stanton committed suicide or not has never been conclusively proved. His wife did not long survive him, and they lie in the same grave, covered by a plain block of colored marble, with a simple inscription. Lorenzo Dow, the Sam Jones of a by-gone day, also sleeps in Oak Hill. The strength of the ruling passion in death was exemplified by his directions to have an eccentric epitaph on his tombstone, but instead is put a commonplace verse from a common-place hymn. Among the last to be placed there is the wife of ex-Attorney-General Brewster, who left Washington only a year ago, the picture of health and beauty, to be brought back to tenant a grave in the old cemetery.

HANDS REVEAL HABITS.

In a capital article on hands, the writer says that the sleight-of-hand professor is a man of long finger. A conjuror with a slow and chubby hand would betray the awful secrets of the plum-pudding that is taken from the depths of your best hat.

Hands