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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The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1886.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XX. NO 48
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. I., NO 38

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	1 W	2 W	1 M	3 M	3 M	6 M	1 Y
1 inch	$ 75	1 25	1 50	2 50	3 00	4 50	7 00
2 "	1 50	2 00	2 25	4 00	4 75	7 50	12 00
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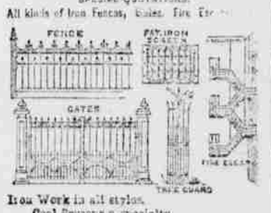

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SELECT POETRY.

A LOVE CRY.

Oh, love, the earth lies pitiless,
Serene and pure and white;
Its air is calm and passionless,
This heartless, silent night.

The moon, with passive, chilling grace
Moves slowly across the sky;
A star with stony, pallid face
Unfeeling lists my cry.

A lily colorless as snow,
Gleams coldly out at me,
A rose with frigid breast bends low
In scorn, my pain to see.

I only burn with fierce unrest,
My wild, love-tortured heart,
My longing bosom all unblest,
My crimson lips that smart.

My blood that riots mad and hot,
My pulses that beat high,
These are the things the night cools not,
Though cold be earth and sky.

Oh! pale, chill moon, why from afar
Pour down this spotless light?
Oh! passionless and frozen star,
Why smile so calmly bright?

Oh! lily, warm to crimson hue,
Oh! rose, flush passion's red,
Oh, wind, grow amorous and sue
You flower e'er night be fled.

Oh! moon, grow tender with delight,
Oh! star, your pulses move,
Oh! sweet, come warm this passive night,
And fill all earth with love.

—*Lulah Ragsdale.*

SELECT STORY.

LOVE'S WINDING WAYS.

"What a glorious afternoon! It seems as if the whole world were steeped in a dreamy enchantment, in soft golden light and delicious perfume, and yet—Oh, dear! why can't all the world be happy?"

A fluttering, dolorous little sigh has abruptly broken the soliloquy in two, as it were, and seems out of harmony with both of the scene and the speaker. Yet a troubled shadow had drifted into the bright, girlish face as swiftly as a dead roseleaf flutters downward in the wind.

Suddenly a quick step sounds on the crisp, brown grass behind her, and—

"What! Miss Amy Lester sighing, as I live!" calls out a ringing, masculine voice in playful raillery. "What unheard of thing is going to happen next, I wonder?"

She gives a slight start at first, but glances up coolly enough into the fair, handsome and half-laughing face of the intruder, who has turned out of the wide lane which intersects her path to join her.

Haven't I a right to my 'secret sorrows' as well as other people?" she retorts, with a smile and a flash of her brown eyes which leaves him in doubt as to whether she is in jest or earnest. "But really, Mr. Gaston, I didn't dream of seeing you to-day. I thought that —that——"

"Well, and what did you think, Miss Amy?" he questions softly, as she hesitates and stoops suddenly to pick up some of the gorgeously-tinted Autumn leaves lying in the path.

"That you were probably on your way to the city by this time," she finishes calmly, pinning the bright leaves—an affective bit of color—against the bodice of her dark dress.

"On my way to the city without saying good-by to you? Surely you didn't think I could do that, Amy Lester? Why, I was just going to call on you when I chanced to find you here."

His voice has all at once lost its playfulness, and, stopping in the path, he imprisoned in his own the little hands that are nervously toying with the leaves.

"I wish I knew what you were sighing for just now," he adds, after trying in vain to make her meet his earnest, impassioned gaze. "Was it—had it anything at all to do with my going, Amy—dear?"

His low tones actually tremble over that last word uttered so hesitatingly; for the heart of the willful girl standing there beside him is a sealed book to him still, and he hardly dares to venture upon even so much as that.

Will she be angry? Ah, no, not that, she merely turns a pretty, amused face toward him, flashing her brown eyes fearlessly into his, at last, full of the sauciest indifference.

"Sighing for you? Why, what an idea!" she exclaimed, lightly, while a dimpling smile, suggestive of suppressed laughter, hovers about her red lips. "I didn't think you were so vain, Mr. Gaston, though I shall miss you a good deal," she added, quite as if it were an afterthought. "This has been a pleasant Summer, has it not?"

He glanced almost angrily at the sparkling brunette face, so full of innocent unconsciousness. She had quietly withdrawn her hands from his clasp even before she answered him.

"Pleasant!" he echoed with reproachful bitterness. "Good heavens! and is that all it has been to you? You know I have loved you, Amy. You could not help knowing it, though I never spoke of it before. But I am going so soon now; I must tell you before we part. And oh! Amy!—darling!"—turning upon her suddenly again with pleading, imploring eyes—how can you help loving me a little in return?"

Her brown cheek pales at this passionate outburst, and she turns her head aside—away from the sight of that handsome, impassioned face almost too winning at this moment to be resisted.

An indignant answer is trembling reproachfully upon her lips.

"Because you are soon to marry Isabel Goldwin, a millionaire's daughter. Because you have sought to gain my love only for a Summer's pastime!"

But she is too proud to give it utterance. She will not permit him to think that he could have won her heart under any circumstances. Instead, with another light, careless laugh, that grates harshly upon his excited feelings.

"How?" she echoes indifferently. "Oh, simply because I don't choose to burden myself with anything so serious as a real love affair. I don't believe in tying one's self down in that fashion, and spoiling one's chance for just as charming a time next Summer, and the next, and so on. You know what the poet says:

"'We've spent some pleasant hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And Spring would be but gloomy weather
If we had nothing else but Spring.'"

"Come, now, don't look so savage, Mr. Gaston," she goes on, with a little rippling laugh, and a glance that is simply maddening; "there's no reason why we shouldn't be just as good friends as ever, so far as I can see."

"Friends—no!" he answers huskily, a white, stony look settling over all his handsome, bright, blonde features. "We part here, Amy Lester, and should we ever meet again, I swear to you it will be through no fault of mine!"

And without waiting for any answer—without another word or sign, save one scornful glance that was blended with a strange bitterness and heartsick yearning, he turns sharply on his heel and strides away, leaving her standing there alone in the deep golden glory of the mellow Autumn sunset.

He has not seen how his words have stricken the warm light and color from the piquant face, nor how those red, mocking lips have blanched to trembling whiteness. So, after one indescribable moment, in which she is too dazed to move or even think, Amy draws a long, tense breath and realizes that she is mistress of the situation.

"Checkmate, Mr. Owen Gaston!" she cries out exultingly. "You thought to win my heart and break it for idle pastime, did you? You fancied you would leave me love-lorn and despairing, while you went to the city to wed a high-born, fashionable bride, did you not? Ah! but I think I have avenged myself right nobly. For you love me, Owen Gaston, as you will never love her—no, never! And I—well, I have carried out my purpose, hard as it was, and he will never know that my mocking heartless coquetry was all sham, for—I—shall never—see him again."

She shivers as she walks on through the warm, golden sunshine, and despite her triumph, a great change has come over the bright beauty of her face.

Such a riante, sparkling face as it has always been—the red, curved lips smiling saucily over little pearly teeth, the witching dimpled chin, the bonnie bright eyes, the arched brows above them, and the glossy curls gathered up and knotted loosely at the back of the little graceful head, all as brown as the ripe nuts gleaming here and there among the fallen leaves.

No wonder Owen Gaston often forsook the brilliant coterie of fashion up at the hotel yonder to spend hours in the more modest but quite as charming home of Amy Lester. No wonder, either, perhaps, that his reputed fiancee—fair, haughty Isabel Goldwin—has become bitterly jealous of her lovely rival.

Certainly nothing less than jealousy of the most malignant type could have prompted any high-bred lady to do as she had done a few weeks since.

Standing on the veranda one soft September evening she saw Owen coming straight from the direction of the Lester cottage, with a look on his handsome face which she—beauty, belle and millionaire's daughter that she was—had never been able to bring there for a single fleeting moment.

Her fair face darkened with an expression which boded no good to the village beauty who had dared to rival her in the heart of the man whom she had determined, by fair means or foul, to win.

"I'll put a stop to this little romance without delay," she muttered, clinching her jeweled hands in the folds of her silken skirt. "If the girl has any pride at all—and there is a world of it expressed in that dangerously beautiful face of her's—I'll work on it so artfully that I will come off winner in this game, and with flying colors, too."

And so it fell out that on the following morning, as early as propriety could possibly allow, a fair and beautiful lady, in a dainty walking suit of pale blue surah and modish white chip hat, took her way, with a sweetly smiling face and a cruel, unaltered purpose, to the pretty, home like cottage a mile or more down the sun-lit road.

She asked at once for Miss Amy Lester, and the two girls had a long and strictly private interview.

What was the subject or substance of their conversation nobody knew; but when, at last, Miss Goldwin stood upon the broad doorstep, bidding Amy a lingering and gracious "good morning."

"I thought it my duty to warn you, as a friend, my dear Miss Lester," she said sweetly, as she raised her elegant blue satin-lined parasol and bent her queenly blonde head to adjust the fastening of her glove. "Of course I could not well speak to him on the subject of his flirtation now, since I do not wish to quarrel with him; unfortunately I love him too well. But"—with a steady, searching look into the pale, beautiful face beside her—"when once married I shall endeavor to cure him of such disreputable folly. And, now, once more, Miss Lester, I must beg you to respect my confidence and regard this interview strictly as a secret between ourselves."

"You need not fear that I shall ever betray your confidence, Miss Goldwin, in any way," said Amy, meaningly.

And, having charmingly expressed thanks, Isabel sauntered gracefully back to her hotel, conscious that she had planted a sting in one proud, sensitive heart, and "thereby spiked the enemy's gun," as she wittingly expressed it to her own thoughts.

From that hour poor Amy has had one stern, unwavering purpose—to avenge herself upon the man who, she believed, has tried to win her love only to cast it aside unfeelingly when he is ready to return to his city home.

And she has won! No practical city belle could have led a lover on more skilfully, or refused him at the last with more finished cruelty than she. And, though her heart aches horribly with the pain of it, she is still glad that she had the courage to strike Owen Gaston's pride that crushing blow.

But, after a little, all the fuss and flutter of fashion had departed and the dull little village seems a thousand times more dull than ever to poor Amy after the bitter sweet excitement of the past season.

She knows full well that she and Gaston will never meet again, and her heart sinks with a terrible loneliness at thought of the coming years. Oh! if she could but fly away, put thousands of miles between herself and all those associations that fairly maddened her!—that is her only thought, her only wish.

"I must go—I must!" she cries, at last, in sheer desperation. "But how?"

For a long time no ray of light comes to guide her out of the loneliness and pain of the old life.

But Summer comes again, and with it the usual throng of city people, though this year does not find either Owen Gaston or Isabel Goldwin among them.

"I suppose they are married long ago," thinks Amy, drearily, with the long, low, patient sigh which always accompanied her thoughts of them.

There is one lady among the fashionable crowd to whom Amy is strongly attracted, and who, in turn, seems equally drawn to the lovely village girl. She has taken a downright fancy for her, in fact, and shows it in every way.

"Amy, dear," she says one day after the former has been reading to her for an hour, "do you know, it is my nature to delight in showering gifts and favors upon any one whom I like? But you,"—with a little half-embarrassed laugh—"you are such a proud little thing, my dear, that I can do nothing to prove my friendship for you."

Amy hesitated a moment, coloring deeply, and then:

"Mrs. Fielding," she says softly, shrinking almost painfully at the sound of her own words, "you can do me a favor—a great favor—if you will. I am longing with all my soul to leave this place and go far away, and if you would only take me as your hired companion—lady's maid—anything, so that I could go away——"

"My companion!" echoes the lady quickly. "The very thing, my dear! If your parents will trust you in my care you may consider yourself engaged forthwith."

So, when the season wanes and closes, Amy flits away with the rest, to new scenes which, she prays, may deaden that awful aching of the heart which makes her young life a torture.

"Amy dear," says Mrs. Fielding on a certain day (they are in Paris now), "I am expecting a call this evening from an old friend of mine, an American. And—let me whisper this secret in your ear," she adds, with a bright, merry laugh, "I would give anything in the world if you and he would only fall in love with each other. There! that isn't a wise confession from a would-be match maker, I know, but I am thoroughly sincere."

"Mrs. Fielding," begins Amy, blushing painfully, but the lady checks her with a gesture.

"There! don't say a word about your 'position.' You are quite worthy of him, or any other man, my dear, in every way. To be sure, you are not rich, but he is, so that would make all things even."

And with her gay laugh she sails out of the drawing room, leaving poor Amy to recover from the shock as best she can.

She is looking very sweet and lovely this evening in a soft rose silk, with foamy lace relieving it at throat and wrists, and the wistful sadness which has taken the place of the old piquant sauciness in her brilliant brunette face, seems only to enhance its touching beauty.

She is half reclining upon a sofa, her eyes gently closed, lost in old-time reveries. She hears no visitor announced, no sound of footsteps on the rich, thick carpet, but, when her eyes fly open suddenly, in obedience from some strange thrill passing through her nerves, they rest full upon the face of—Owen Gaston.

There is a moment of shocked, unbroken silence. The hot blood rushes wildly into each startled face, then both grow white as death.

"Pardon my intrusion," he begins coldly, recovering himself, but Amy stays him with an impatient motion of her hand.

"It is of no consequence, I assure you," she says indifferently. "I presume you desire to see Mrs. Fielding; she will be here directly. Pray be seated." Then, calmly, without an outward tremor: "I may be somewhat tardy in the matter, Mr. Gaston, but still, I trust you will accept my congratulations upon your marriage."

"My marriage!" His handsome blonde face is as sturdy as he echoes her words. "Really, you have the advantage of me there. To whom have I been married?" and a slight tinge of his old familiar roguishness steals into his voice and manner.

"To—to—why, I suppose—I always thought"—she is somewhat bewildered now—"O the beautiful belle to whom you were engaged two years ago—Miss Isabel Goldwin."

"She is married long ago, but not to me. And I—why, I never thought of being engaged to her; I never cared for her. Who could have told you this?" his manner softening strangely. Of all women—"

He stops suddenly, for he has been gazing straight into Amy's beautiful face (more beautiful now than ever, he thinks), and something he reads there makes him say, with an indignant face that compels an answer:

"Is it possible that she could have told you that?"

Amy hesitated for one moment, the rich color coming and going painfully in her dusky cheeks. Then, raising her sweet, wistful brown eyes to his, she frankly answers:

"Yes,"

When Mrs. Fielding enters, a few moments later, she is quite surprised to learn that her two favorites are already acquainted.

But judge of her amazement when she finds, before Mr. Gaston takes his leave, that the match upon which she has set her heart is already arranged, and that, too, without a particle of assistance, which she would so willingly have volunteered.—*Clyde Raymond.*

Last of the Molies.

ONLY TWO STILL IN PRISON OF THE FORTY THAT WERE ARRESTED.

POTTSVILLE, Nov. 22—But two of the once famous band of Molly Maguires now remain in this region, and they, like martyrs to a despised cause, remain in prison here doing penance as much for the sins of others as for their own. True, twenty-one were hanged, a number served short terms and were long ago released and quite a lot who turned State's evidence were pardoned, and have found elsewhere a sympathy they could not get here. They were despised by good people for their bad deeds, and by a certain other element because they peached on their pals.

The two men who remain incarcerated here are Christ. Donnelly and Mike O'Brien, both of them at one time "body masters" of the branch of Mollies at their old homes. They are serving two terms of seven years each. They have frequently but vainly applied for pardons, and have now given up hope of escaping the judgement pronounced on them by the Court. Donnelly lived in New Castle, three miles from here. He was a young man, and an active politician of more than ordinary intelligence. He had a wife and six children. O'Brien had a wife and family. He is not a man of as good intellect as Donnelly, but, by reason of a certain native talent, became the leader of his branch at Mahanoy City. He never held any municipal office, as