PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. L. FRITZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE—Front Room, Over Postoffice.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa
Office over 1st. National Bank.

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

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,—
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on First floor, front room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room No. 2, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Browers' Building, 2nd floor.
may 1-tf

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.*

F. P. BILLMEYER,
(DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
☞Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30.86.

W. H. RHAWN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Conveyancer, Collector of Claims.
—AND—
LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES, &C.
☞Office in Dentler's building with F. P. Billmeyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, 2nd floor Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-9-86.

W. E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Berwick, Pa.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov26 '86 1y.

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

---

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.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
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Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath room, hot and cold water; and all modern conveniences.

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AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
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Franklin, " "
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Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
oct. 24, 1-

FIRE INSURANCE
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.

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	Assets
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$7,078,220
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,710
Phœnix, of London	5,266,370
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,050
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,580

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81-

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WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
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RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.
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To be open at all hours during the day
Nov 23-1y

Benton Hotel,
LEMUEL DRAKE, Prop'r.

This well-known hotel has been re-opened and many improvements made for the accommodation of the traveling public. The bar and table are supplied with the best the market affords. A large and commodious stable is connected with the hotel. Terms always reasonable.
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WILLIAM HART
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.,
AGENT FOR THE
KEYSTONE DYNAMITE POWDER CO.,
manufacturers of the celebrated Keystone Dynamite. This explosive is giving universal satisfaction. Quotations cheerfully given. [12aug6m*

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LEDGER BUILDING,

SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.
BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	NORTH.			
	P M	P M	A. M.	A. M.
NORTHUMBERLAND	5 40	1 35	10 10	6 15
Cameron	5 55	......	10 25	6 30
Chulasky	6 00	....	10 29	6 34
Danville	6 08	1 58	10 36	6 40
Catawissa	6 25	2 14	10 53	6 58
Rupert	6 30	2 19	11 00	7 05
Bloomsburg	6 36	2 24	11 07	7 12
Espy	6 42	2 29	11 15	7 20
Lime Ridge	6 50	....	11 22	7 27
Willow Grove	6 54	....	11 26	7 31
Briarcreek	6 58		11 30	7 35
Berwick	7 05	2 48	11 37	7 42
Beach Haven	7 11	2 54	11 44	7 49
Hick's Ferry	7 18	2 59	11 48	7 55
Shickshinny	7 30	3 09	11 58	8 06
Hunlock's	7 43	3 19	12 08	8 17
Nanticoke	7 50	3 26	12 16	8 22
Avondale	7 54	......	12 20	8 28
Plymouth	7 59	3 35	12 25	8 33
Plymouth Junction	8 03	3 39	12 30	8 38
Kingston	8 08	3 45	12 37	8 45
Bennett	8 12	....	12 41	8 49
Maltby	8 17	....	12 45	8 53
Wyoming	8 22	3 52	12 50	8 58
West Pittston	8 27	3 56	12 55	9 03
Pittston	8 33	4 01	1 03	9 09
Lackawanna	8 40	....	1 11	9 17
Taylorville	8 48	....	1 19	9 25
Bellevue	8 54	....	1 25	9 30
SCRANTON	9 00	4 22	1 30	9 35
	P M	P M	P M	A M

STATIONS.	SOUTH.			
	A M	A M	P M	P M
SCRANTON	6 10	9 50	2 05	6 20
Bellevue	6 15	9 55	...	6 25
Taylorville	6 20	10 00	2 14	6 30
Lackawanna	6 28	10 08	2 21	6 37
Pittston	6 36	10 16	2 28	6 45
West Pittston	6 42	10 22	2 34	6 50
Wyoming	6 47	10 27	2 39	6 55
Maltby	6 51	10 30	...	6 59
Bennett	6 55	10 34	2 47	7 03
Kingston	6 58	10 38	2 50	7 07
Plymouth Junction	7 06	10 42	2 54	7 12
Plymouth	7 10	10 47	2 59	7 16
Avondale	7 14	10 51	3 03	7 21
Nanticoke	7 19	10 55	3 06	7 25
Hunlock's	7 26	11 02	3 19	7 43
Shickshinny	7 47	11 12	3 29	7 53
Hick's Ferry	7 55	11 22	3 39	8 07
Beach Haven	8 01	11 28	3 45	8 13
Berwick	8 07	11 37	3 51	8 20
Briarcreek	8 13	......	3 57	8 27
Willow Grove	8 16	11 48	4 01	8 31
Lime Ridge	8 20	11 52	4 05	8 35
Espy	8 26	11 59	4 12	8 41
Bloomsburg	8 32	12 05	4 18	8 47
Rupert	8 37	12 10	4 24	8 52
Catawissa	8 42	12 15	4 29	8 57
Danville	8 57	12 30	4 46	9 15
Chulasky	9 03	.....	4 54	9 23
Cameron	9 07	12 40	5 00	9 28
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 22	12 55	5 15	9 45
	A M	P M	P M	P M

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren, Corry and Erie.

W. F. HALSTEAD, Gen. Man.,
Scranton, PA

Pennsylvania Railroad.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.
TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 6.20 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.53—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily, except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.20 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.55 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3:51; Wilkes-Barre, 6:00 p m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 p. m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5:05 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 5:30 p m; Sunbury, 6:25 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9:25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11:45 a. m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5:10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7:30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 37
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 26

BILIOUSNESS.

"I unhesitatingly add my testimony to the great benefits to be derived from Simmons Liver Regulator. I was afflicted for several years with disordered liver, which resulted in a severe attack of Jaundice. I had good medical attendance, but it failed to restore me to the enjoyment of my former health. I then tried the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but all to no purpose, whereupon I was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I found immediate benefit from its use, and it ultimately restored me to the full enjoyment of health." A. H. SHIRLEY, Richmond, Ky.... "I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from bilious attacks or any disease caused by a disarranged state of the liver."....
W. R. BERNARD, Kansas City, Mo.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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CROWN ACME

THE BEST BURNING OIL THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

It gives a brilliant light.
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It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON
With any other illuminating oil made.

We Stake Our Reputation,
As refiners, upon the statement that it is
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MOYER BROS.,
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Manufacturers of
CARRIAGES BUGGIES, PHAETONS.
SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS &C
First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL
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The undersigned having put his Planing Mi 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
urnished on application. Plans and specifica ons prepared by an experienced draughtsman
CHARLES KRUG,
Bloomsburg, Pa

CLOTHING! CLOTHING
—:o:—
G. W. BERTSCH,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR.
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Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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Suits made to order at short notice and a fit always guaranteed or no sale. Call and examine the largest and best selected stock of goods ever shown in Columbia county.

Store—next door to First National Bank,
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ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCES
OF CAST OR WROUGHT IRON.
Suitable for
Yards,
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The following shows the Picket Gothic, one of the several beautiful styles of Fence manufactured by the undersigned.

For Beauty and Durability they are unsurpassed. Set up by experienced hands and warranted to give satisfaction.

Prices and specimens of other designs sent to any address.
Address
S. M. HESS,
BLOOMSBURG PA.

SELECT STORY.

A BACHELOR'S REWARD.

It was a cold January day. John Steele sat alone in his office, in the midst of a deep reverie.

It was seldom that he was idle, as he was at the present time, but this evening the memories of the past came flocking upon him like ghosts from another land.

John Steele was a bachelor of forty. He had been born and reared a poor boy, in the little town of M——, and had never felt a desire to leave it. He had studied law and plodded along year after year in the dingy, grimy office, in which we find him now, and had grown rich. He had no personal friends, and lived alone in a large old frame house at the outskirts of the town with a man servant as cook and general man-of-all-work.

Years and years before, when a young man of twenty, poor and aimless, Steele had loved a girl whose parents would not let her marry him because he was so worthless. In his rage he blamed her for this and would listen to no reason, and from that day had hated women and had led a solitary life. It was this scene that now held John Steele in his office chair, as the mantle of night gathered over the town.

"More than twenty years ago," he mused, "and I don't believe I have ever spoken to a woman, except on business since that day. They say she married a no account wretch after all, who has sunk down to poverty and want. Well, well, I must not waste time thinking about such things now. I was only a boy then, and did not know what I wanted. I must be going." Whereupon he arose, buttoned his coat about him, locked his office and trudged on his homeward journey.

Rumor had it about town that although by her parents' influence, Katie Drew had married shortly after her refusal of Steele, that she had loved him dearly. This was most likely true, but as twenty years had past, the matter had faded from the general mind to give way to more lively gossip.

Steele ate his supper in silence. William, his man-of-all-work, had a very good meal prepared; for, though Steele was close-fisted he believed in good clothes and comfortable living.

"Now, William," said Steele, when he had finished "if you fix me up enough food to do me to-morrow, you may have a holiday. And here is your money and five dollars to have a time with. No holiday for me; I don't need any and don't want any."

"Thank you, Mr. Steele, for your goodness," said William. "But, Mr. Steele, don't you never take any little extra pleasure at all? You know I used to know you when you was a little fellow; and I can remember seeing your good mother holding you up at the old church so you could see the Christmas tree. And you was a wee little tod then, and you clapped your little hands in glee and your mother would kiss your baby face and talk baby talk to you. It don't seem like that was near forty years ago, Mr. Steele, but it was."

"Confound the fellow," grumbled Steele, as he sat down in his room that night to read. "If I should listen to him he would upset me. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening, anyhow. I never felt so queer in my life. I guess I am using too much tobacco of late."

He read until bedtime, and was in the act of taking off his boots, when he heard a knock at the front door.

"Wonder who that is," he thought. "Something unusual at this place."

He listened a moment and there came another knock.

. "What the deuce can that William be doing that he don't go to the door?" said Steele. "I want to go to bed, and it may be some one that wants me.

To borrow money, I guess. Well, unless they good security, not a cent do they get."

At this juncture William opened the door. Steele heard an indistinct conversation, and then William conducted the visitor to the kitchen. After some moments William came walking into the room.

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Steele, but there is a poor woman in the kitchen who needs some help badly. I'm sure she does, for she don't look as a common beggar. She says she has walked through the cold all the way from the last town, and is most dead."

"Yes, that is what they all say. Give her something to eat and send her on."

"But I wish you would come and see her."

"Bother these beggars," mumbled Steele. "But I guess I'll go down to get rid of her."

Steele saw a black figure sitting by the fire.

"Well," he said to her, when he entered, "what can I do for you?"

She turned toward him. Her face was not that of a beggar. Although a trifle pale, it was the face of a pretty woman of thirty-five.

"I only wished to get warm," she said:

"I was so cold that I felt as if I should freeze. I am sorry to disturb you. I have friends in the town, and am sure I can get employment of some kind there. I used to live there years and years ago."

By means of a few questions he learned that she was a widow, without any relations in the world. He was deeply touched by her story.

"What was your husband's name?" asked Steele.

"Carter," she said; "George Carter."

"Wait here a moment," he said and went up to his room.

He went to his desk and took out some money.

"I so seldom give," said he, "and can afford to be liberal to this poor woman." He took two ten-dollar bills and started back to the kitchen.

"She said her name was Carter. Carter—Carter? Where have I heard—what! Carter! My God! That was the name of her husband. She said she used to live here years ago. It must be she. It is Katie Drew! It must be!"

Steele shook like a leaf. He seemed young again. He remembered her once more as the sweet-faced girl, and the heart which had been slumbering so long seemed to spring into new life. He sat down on the stairs to compose himself, and then started again for the kitchen.

"William," said Steele, when he entered, "here is the key to my office. I wish you would go there and bring me a packet you will find on my desk."

William fell in the trap without suspicion, and was off.

Steele seated himself in a dark corner and looked at the woman. He could see his old love in every feature of the face. He was strangely excited and knew not what to say.

"You say you lived here once?" he began.

"Yes, when I was a girl," she said.

"And bad fortune has overtaken you since. Perhaps you knew my cousin then, John Steele?"

"Yes," she said, "I knew him. Is he not here now?"

"No, poor fellow," said Steele, feeling guilty as he spoke the words, "he is dead."

"Dead!" and she leaned her head on her hand and wept.

"Yes," said Steele, feeling like a murderer as he spoke, "but none who knew him, were sorry for it. He had no good in him, and lived a selfish life."

"Poor man!" said the sweet, sympathizing tones. "At heart he was good."

Something seemed to move Steele. He got up and stood by her chair. His hand, by accident, touched her. It sent a thrill through him that seemed to make a new being of him.

"Kate," he said, "don't you know me?"

She looked up, started, stood erect, and got a good look into his face.

"John' she said, in a scared way, and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes, Katie," he said, "it is John. I was thinking of you to-day, and it seems as though heaven has sent you."

"This is such a shock to me," and she sat down again.

Steele's heart was throbbing wildly, and he quivered with excitement.

"I am old now, Katie, and perhaps awkward in my speech, but—I—I can't help what I am saying. You have no home. I am rich, and you are the only woman I ever loved. You are welcome to all I have. My life has been very lonely. With you I would be happy. You can't love me, I know, after all this time, but I do not ask that"

She arose as if to go. Poor Steele's heart seemed to be bursting. He unconsciously put forth his arms and touched her. With a sob she fell into them and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Katie?" he cried in joy.

"Oh, John, how can I speak?"

"Say something, Katie."

"I feel so guilty. I thought you would never forgive me. But—but—but I have—"

"But what, Katie?"

"Oh, John, you know I loved you then, and it was not my fault. I have loved you all these long years. I am so happy, if you will but forgive me."

"Forgive you! Don't speak of that again. You are homeless no longer, Katie. I know what love is at least. You are in my house now, and you shall never go out of it except as my wife."

"No, John, not—"

"Yes ,don't object. I know it don't sound well, but I don't care for that. A preacher lives close. Won't you consent?"

"But—"

"Please don't refuse, Katie."

"Well, I guess—"

Just then William came in. Steele nearly ran over him. "Hang the papers?" he said, as William offered them to him.

"Here, William," he said, as he came down stairs putting on his overcoat, "fix the front room and light a fire. Don't you hear, you idiot? Don't stand looking, move about."

William did not know what was the matter. He had just got the fire lighted when Steele came stumbling in with the preacher.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The Man Who Laughs.

"I remember," said an old pyhsician of Baltimore, lately, "that I traveled in 1823 in a stage coach across the Alleghany Mountains from Cumberland to the Ohio River. In the coach were two friends, young men and lawyers, who were going out to settle in western Pennsylvania.

"We became well acquainted in the long leisurely journey. Both of my fellow travelers were men of ability and culture; both had good breeding and kindly dispositions. But their temperaments were widely different.

C—— never joked and rarely smiled. If a laughable story was told, he listened silently, thought it over for an hour, and then began to argue against its probability. If the morning was cloudy, he was sure of a storm before night; if the harness broke, he was positive we would be detained all day. If the coachman drove fast, he knew he was drunk, and that our necks would be broken.

M——, on the contrary, was a merry light-hearted fellow, full of anecdote and quick repartee. The weather was always delightful for him, the meals delicious, his companions the finest company in the world. He saw every point of interest in the landscape, every tint in the fields. He was like a bee, gathering one crop of honey here, and another there. His comrade never knew that there was honey to gather.

When they left us, I said: "There goes one man to success; another to defeat."

"I visited lately, the city in which they were settled, and asked their history, being anxious to know whether my prophecy had been correct. M—— is still living, a leading jurist, a man of great and benignant influence. C—— was dead. 'Worried himself into the grave,' said an old man who had remembered him.

The rule is unfailing—given to two men of equal talents, health and fortune; the one who laughs will live longer than the other, and accomplish more work in the world.

Gaiety of temperament usually comes at birth, but cheerfulness can be cultivated.

"It is the one virtue," the late Jas. Field used to say, "that you should effect if you have it not. So much you owe to your neighbor."

"The man," Sydney Poyntox, "who with a heavy heart, turns persistently a cheerful face to the world, will presently feel warmth and light come to his heart, which shall remain there.'
—*Youth's Companion.*

A Friend in Need.

A STORY OF MAN'S WEAKNESS AND WOMAN'S CRUELTY, WITH SEVERAL MORALS.

I.

"Did you notice that man ?" asked a leading pawnbroker of a friend who chanced to be in his shop. "Poor fellow, my heart bleeds for him. He has just left his wedding ring with me—the last tie which bound him to happier days. His is a sad story."

"I did not observe him particularly," said the gentleman addressed. "Who is he ?"

"He is the husband of a well known actress," replied the pawnbroker with some warmth ; "and he is the victim of intolerable cruelty. Would you believe it, the woman who but a few short months ago swore to cherish and protect him now absolutely refuses to contribute more than $25 a week to his support. You seem incredulous but I assure you it is true."

"Who is the man ?"

"His name is Brockholst O'Flynn, and he is the husband of Miss St. Elmo the burlesque actress."

A cry of horror escaped the gentleman's lips.

"My old friend O'Flynn !" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that he has come to this ! Strange that I did not recognize him."

"Ah, sorrow and privation have altered him greatly."

"I must hasten and overtake him ; perhaps something may be done ere it is too late."

So saying, the gentleman hastened from the shop and in a few moments had overtaken the unhappy man.

"Brockholst," he said gently, "what is all this I hear ? You reduced to poverty ; you whose wife could gratify your every wish !"

"I know not how you have learned my sad story, dear boy," said O'Flynn, brokenly, "but it is true. I have borne all patiently, uncomplainingly, for her sake ; for I shrank from the thought of exposing her to the censure of the world. This morning I pawned my last article of jewelry, our w-w-w-wedding ring," and the unfortunate man burst into bitter tears.

"Cheer up, cheer up !" cried his friend. "All will yet be well. I will see her and intercede for you."

"You—you do not think," asked O'Flynn in tremulous tones, "that she would have the heart to require me, who have been so delicately reared, to—to work ?"

"No, no, not that—not that," replied his companion, shuddering. "She is not capable of such baseness."

"You have given me new hope," exclaimed O'Flynn, "and now let us step into yon sample room, and I will set 'em up."

"Good enough."

II.

"It is useless to say any more, Mr. Maginnis ; $25 per week and his board are all I will allow my husband."

The woman who uttered these words in a cold, hard tone of voice was Miss St. Elmo, the actress ; the person addressed, the friend of Brockholst O'Flynn, to whom the reader has already been introduced.

"Come with me, then," said Maginnis, sternly.

"Where ?" demanded the woman.

"No matter ; come. I would teach you a useful lesson."

In silence Miss St. Elmo followed him from the house. He led her to a narrow, dingy street in one of the lower wards of the city, and finally paused before a building upon which was painted in large letters, "THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HUSTLER."

"We have reached our destination," he said. "Be attentive and you will gain much by this morning's experience. Come."

She followed him up six flights of stairs and into a small dingy room, where, at a desk, half buried in exchanges and MSS., sat a pale, haggard man. He did not observe their entrance, for he was writing at the rate of 100 words per minute.

"Copy !" howled a phenomenally dirty boy, rushing into the room.

"Great Scott !" shrieked the editor, for, as the talented reader has already gussed, he was one of the fraternity. "I've got to have two columns ready in fifteen minutes, and I haven't got a stickful yet. Jim, get some ice and tie it on my forehead, and then send out the growler. Quick !"

"Who is this wretched being, and what is he doing ?" demanded Miss St. Elmo.

"He is a journalist, and he is working," replied Maginnis. "This is work and this is what you will drive O'Flynn to !"

"No, no," shuddered the woman, "I did not know what I was doing. I was mad, mad !"

"Now you're shouting. You will give him an order for your entire salary every Monday in the future ?"

"Yes, yes."

"Good enough. Now let us get out of this."

Miss St. Elmo never forgot that ten minutes' visit to The Hustler office ; and to-day there is not a husband in New York who is supported in greater luxury than Brockholst O'Flynn.—*Tid Bits.*

* * *

"Yes, sir," said the real estate agent; "That piece of property on K street is just what you want."

"Seems to me it's a good ways from the center of the city, isn't it?" asked the prospective tenant. 'I'm always in my office until late in the afternoon, and it would be after 6 when I got home."

"Yes; it's four miles out, but then you are only two minutes' walk from the base ball ground."

"I wish you would make out that lease before anybody else comes in," said the prospective tenant vigorously.

* * *

Every child who does not know something of country life is deprived of its natural birthright—a birthright which once enjoyed, can never be wholly lost. Town-bred children, who are kept unnaturally clean and well dressed and taken decorously to walk once a day are pitifully ignorant of the raptures of old clothes, bare feet and absolute freedom of action in investigating every nook and corner of a large farm.—Altoona *Graphic.*

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"Elastic" starch obviates the necessity of boiled starch, and it imparts to linen a fine polish.

The Creole Planter's Home.

A SPACIOUS MANSION BUILT FOR COMFORT. BEAUTIES OF AN INTERIOR.

The creole sugar planter built his house for summer comfort. He made it with spacious chambers and wide halls, many windowed and with great doors, and then surrounded it with broad galleries to ward off the summer sun. Although these plantation mansions may not have any special architectural beauty, viewed by modern building lights, yet they please the eye, and are imposing by reason of their size and dignity. Many of them are built around an open court, insuring plenty of light and air for each room. About an old house of this kind is an atmosphere of large comfort and easy going content. There is no sparing of ground in inclosing the yard ; indeed, its dimensions are large enough to warrant the name of park. Always the house is built far back in the yard, partly to escape the tooth of the tawny lion that chafes and frets and gnaws the levees that would confine him between their banks. Every now and then the monster Mississippi makes a hideous meal of some fair garden.

These houses are sure to be well shaded with luxuriant foliage. Pecans and live oaks, orange and lemon trees, crape myrtle and oleander, and a wilderness of sweet smelling shrubs adorn the grounds while roses and jasmines riot everywhere. In the rear of this wilderness of flowers lie the vegetable and fruit gardens, the poultry yard, and dove cots musical with the soft cooings of innumerable doves. When the creole builded his house in "the city"—New Orleans—there was some difference in structure. The house opened on the street, and a gray stone arched entrance gave admission to the porte cochere, by which the interior was reached. High walls defined the limits of this territory, defying the scrutiny of possible prying neighbors. The French quarter abounds to-day in these old houses, the outside giving no hint of the beauty of the interior. The dingy desert of a flagged yard smiles and blossoms at every few steps into oases of brilliant flowers and shrubs. Along the length of the garden wall runs a raised bed of rich soil and here riot and clambor a tangle of creeping vines that thrust myriad fingers into every crack and cranny, and each in rivalry of its neighbors racing headlong to the top to wave triumphantly aloft, in token of victory, long pennons of green.

Bubbling, sparkling fountains rise and fall in the sunlight, and in sheltered nooks one catches glimpses of great yellow water jars big enough to hold the famous Forty of the "Arabian Nights." These jars were once used to hold the drinking water of the family—Mississippi water that has been filtered, and which the creole preferred to rain water.

The balconies of such a house are transformed into cool arbors by vines which lay their long fingers upon everything within reach. Behind the vines, in improvised beds, grow and blithely bloom many bright hued flowers. Caged birds trill and pipe and chirp and warble, seeming to have lost all sense of having once been free wild things. The salons which open upon these galleries are lofty, spacious apartments, shut off from each other by means of great mahogany folding doors. The door knobs of quaint design and curious tracery of surface are of pure silver. Much handsome wainscoting of rare woods is to be seen, and the beautiful floors of black cypress were the pride of the creole housekeeper, who in the old days rarely used carpets, but preferred handsome mats and rugs of rich, brilliant colors. The furniture of these old houses was costly and handsome, the most of it having been imported, as the owners held the American taste of that day in contempt. Some families yet retain their old furnishings, but poverty has forced many to sell them.

Nowhere else in America are to be found the spacious canopied beds, the vast armories with mirrored doors, the quaint spindle legged dressing tables, the massive sideboards and carving tables, the huge dining tables, the antique cabinets, rich with carving and dark with age, mosaic tables and drawing room suites of the time of Louis Quatorze, as are to be seen in some creole houses in town and country. These memorials are dear to their possessors, who cling to the fashions of their ancestors in a wholly un-American way. Their homes handed down from one generation to another, with such changes as are only absolutely necessary to the inmates, are their most sacred possessions, about which cluster their fondest memories and hopes. Even the creole who lives in a rented house merely makes the acquaintance of the mover's cart, clinging with limpet like tenacity to its walls, sometimes even unto the second generation.

The creole housekeeper drapes her windows and doors with soft flowing curtains, rarely using the stiff, hideous, Holland shades. She believes in portieres, and by means of these a large room can be cunningly furnished with the most private little nooks imaginable. She has not yet been converted to the passion for bric-a-brac, and her walls are not tattooed with the multitude of meaningless decorations that strain the eye in the average modern drawing room.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fastidious Mexicans.

The livery stable business in Mexico is conducted on a more magnificent scale than in American cities. You can only keep the very finest carriages ond horses that must be the equal of any held by private owners. Your patrons only come from the wealthy classes, who entertain the greatest contempt for cheap things and will insist on the finest equipages. Then we are obliged to supply a driver and footman in full livery, such as are never seen in cities this side of the Rio Grande. When Patti was in Mexico she hired a new carriage, upholstered in silk, and accompanied by driver and footman dressed in gorgeous colors. That was a sad mistake, for ever since the general public has demanded turnouts equal to that display.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

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It is said that 8,000 Boston servant girls carry books or music rolls on the street when they go out, thinking thus to deceive the people as to their occupation.

A Japanese Magician.

Stories of oriental magic have always their own fascination. One is half inclined to credit wise men of the east with possessing a tradition of occult science long lost among the restless changes of the west. Such a story now came under my notice. The khedive sent for me one evening, and said:

"I have something curious to tell you. There is a Turk here in Cairo who wears a ring which he pretends is gifted with magic virtues. I have seen him and the ring—it is a plain hoop of gold set with a red stone, which is said to have come from Mecca. The Turk also showed me a plate of silver engraved with verses from the Koran. He explained that he could not work the charm himself, but required a child under 10 years of age. The child takes the ring, the silver plate is put on his head, and in a little while the color of the stone changes to white. Thereupon the child looks into the stone, and sees in it visions, and can answer any questions."

The khedive went on to say, that, being quite credulous, he asked for permission to take the girl home and try it in private, The owner consented. So the khedive took the ring to Ismailia palace, where there happened to be a little girl 10 years old belonging to the nurse—an ignorant child, unable to read or write. When the plate of silver was laid on her hand, almost immediately she cried out, "The stone has turned to white." The khedive then asked questions about persons whom the child had not seen, and received correct descriptions. Another person present asked:

"How many children have I?"

"Two sons and a daughter."

"That is right. What is the elder son like?"

"He wears a coat with a row of buttons down the front, and striped trousers, and has a sabre?"

"What is the second son like?"

"He has a coat with two rows of buttons in front, little gold cushions on his shoulders and an anchor embroidered on his cuffs.

The one was in the Turkish army, the other in the Turkish navy, and both were absolutely unknown to the child. Collusion was impossible; for even a wizard would find it hard to penetrate into the ladies' apartment of the khedive's palace. Moreover the questions were too rapid and too varied to admit of shuffling or guessing answers. The khedive's conclusion was: "I cannot believe it, and yet I cannot understand it."

After some talk about English mesmerists and clairvoyants, the khedive related that once, before he came to the throne, he consulted a soothsayer in company with the minister of war.

"What is the news for Egypt?" he asked.

The soothsayer demanded two minutes delay, and then replied: "War with Abyssinia."

"Will the Egyptian army conquer?"

"Give me six minutes," replied the sorcerer.

At the end of that time his face became very troubled, his voice faltered, and his whole body shook as he ananswered: "The Egyptians will be defeated and their army destroyed; only a small remnant shall be left." The prince laughed at the prophecy and forgot it; but two months later the same minister of war showed him a dispatch from upper Egypt stating that the army had been utterly routed, and four battalions out of six annihilated. After showing the dispatch the minister remarked: "Do you remember our friend the sorcerer?" and the prince recollected. Now as khedive he regards the thing as a curious coincidence.—*Court Life in Egypt.*

At the Stamp Window.

Just before twelve o'clock yesterday forencon there were thirteen men and one woman at the stamp window of the post office, most of the men had letters to post for the outgoing trains. The woman had something tied up in a blue match box. She got there first, and she held the postition with her head in the window and both elbows on the shelf.

"Is there such a place in this country as Cleveland?" she began.

"Oh, yes."

"Do you send mail there?"

"Yes."

"Well, a woman living next door asked me to mail this box for her, I guess it's directed right. She said it ought to go for a cent."

"Takes two cents," said the clerk, after weighing it. "If there's writing inside it will be twelve cents."

"Mercy on me, but how you do charge!"

Here the thirteen men began to push up and hustle around and talk about one old match-box delaying two dozen business letters, but the woman had lots of time.

"Then it will be two cents, eh?"

"If there is no writing inside."

"Well, there may be. I know she is a great hand to write. She's sending some flower seeds to her sister and I presume she has told her how to plant 'em."

"Two threes!" called out one of the crowd, as he tried to get to the window.

"Hurry up!" cried another.

"There ought to be a separate window here for women!" growled a third.

"Then it will take twelve cents?" she calmly queried, as she fumbled around for her purse.

"Yes."

"Well I'd better pay it, I guess."

From one pocket she took two coppers, from her reticule she took a three cent piece, from her purse she fished out a nickle; and it was only after a hunt of eighty seconds that she got the twelve cents together. She then consumed four minutes licking on the stamps, asking where to post the box, and wondering if there really was any writing inside,—but woman proposes and man disposes. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of business was being detained by a twelve cent woman, and a tidal wave suddenly took her away from the window. In sixty seconds the thirteen men had been waited on and gone their ways, and the woman returned to the window handed in the box and said:

"Them stamps are licked on kind o' crooked, but it won't make any difference, will it?"—*Ex.*

The Chinese Wall.

An American engineer, who has made the subject a special study on the spot, has calculated that the Chinese wall contains 18,000,000 cubic metres (6,350,000,000 cubic feet). The cubic contents of the Great Pyramid is only 241,200 metres. The material used in the construction of the Chinese wall would be sufficient to build a wall round the globe 1.8 metres (six feet) high, and 0.6 metre (two feet) thick. The same authority estimates the cost of the Chinese wall to be equal to the railway mileage of the United States (128,060 miles). The stupendous work was construced in the comparatively short period of twenty year.—*Iron.*