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

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DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
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DR. WM. M. REBER Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market street.

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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
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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CLINTON, N. Y.
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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 or the insured without delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81-

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WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts.
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Nov 23-1y

Benton Hotel,
LEMUEL DRAKE, Prop'r.

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27may87] LEMUEL DRAKE, Proprietor.

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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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COLUMBIAN,

The Columbian.

C. E. ELWELL,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 38
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 27

BEST MADE

CLOTHING

IN

PHILADELPHIA,

A. C. YATES & CO.

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
Caulasky	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 43	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 23	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 05	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 33
Shickshinny	7 47	11 12	3 29	7 55
Hick's Ferry	7 53	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, 5.20 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, 11.35 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, 9.30 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 5.10p.m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5:05 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 5:30 p m; Sunbury, 6:35 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

HOW'S YOUR LIVER ?

Is the oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy liver. When the liver is torpid the bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

As a general family remedy for dyspepsia, torpid liver, constipation, etc., I hardly ever use anything else, and have been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

W. J. McELROY, Macon, Ga.

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.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

oct-22-1y

CROWN ACME

THE BEST BURNING OIL THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

It gives a brilliant light.
It will not smoke the chimneys.
It will not char the wick.
It has a high fire test.
It will not explode.
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

THE BEST OIL

IN THE WORLD.

Ask your dealer for

CROWN ACME.

WILLIAMSPORT OIL COMPANY.

Trade for Bloomsburg and Vicinity Supplied by

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M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,

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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 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

CLOTHING! CLOTHING

—:o:—

G. W. BERTSCH,

THE MERCHANT TAILOR.

—:o:—

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

—:o:—

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,

MAIN STREET,

Bloomsburg Pa.

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCES

OF CAST OR WROUGHT IRON.

Suitable for

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Public Grounds

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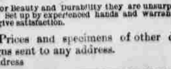
The following shows the Picket Gothic, one of the several beautiful styles of Fence manufactured by the undersigned.



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 MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The forge-fire gleamed out in lurid brightness, bringing into fine relief the muscular form of Orrin Elden, the village blacksmith, as he hammered away at a horse-shoe, striking out a shower of sparks with each stroke upon its heated surface.

He was a fine specimen of the human race, with his tall, well-knit figure, his frank sun-browned face, and bright kindly eyes, whose expression was in full harmony with the pleasant curves which softened the firmness of lips ever ready to break into a smile at the sight of a child's face or the sound of a fresh young voice.

His passionate fondness for children was well known among those keen readers of nature and one or two was always sure to be playing near his smithy.

At the time our story opens, two lads stood near attracted, first by the glare of the red-hot coals, then amused by watching the motions of the busy workman.

They were the children of a widowed mother, who had been married when scarcely sixteen, and who had followed her dearly-loved young husband to the grave when her youngest boy was but three months old. She had been called the prettiest girl in the village before her marriage, and since her widowhood her sad delicately-tinted face had seemed to gain a more ethernal loveliness. Little Teddy was now six years old, and his brother Willie was two years his elder.

After a while the children grew tired of merely looking on. and a bright idea soon entered into Willie's active mind. Quantities of old, rusty, broken nails lay scattered about, and they would form a splendid stock-in-trade.

"Ted," he asked eagerly, "let's play we're blacksmiths. We'll pick up these old nails and carry them home. I will build a bonfire, and we will have great fun!" And suiting the action to the word, Master Will commenced to fill his apron with the coveted treasures. Teddy's blue eyes flashed with delight as he followed his brother's example. At last, laden with spoils, the children started for home.

Nelly Canlis stood in the doorway of her tiny cottage, watching for the approach of her darlings. She looked almost too girlish to be the mother of the two sturdy lads who rushed towards her, pleased at the thought of their new project.

Her greeting was a smile and a kiss upon each blooming pair of cheeks. Then her eyes caught sight of the well-filled aprons. Before she had time to question them Willie commenced:

"Oh, mamma, such fun! Ted and I are going to have a make-believe forge. I am going to be the 'smith,' and Ted's going to get his horse shod."

"And I am going to blow the bellows for Willie," chimed in Teddy.

"See!" said Willie, proudly displaying his rusty acquisitions. "And Ted's apron's full, too!"

Without showing her secret dismay at the sight of the despoiled aprons which she had washed and ironed so carefully the day before, the little mother said pleasantly:

"Where did my pets get such a prodigious stock to set up business with?"

"From Mr. Elden, mamma."

"I hope you were particular to thank him for giving them to you."

Will and Teddy looked at each other in a shamefaced way, as though a new idea had been presented to them.

Then Teddy blurted out:

"We took them, mamma!"

An expression new to her children rested upon Nelly's face now; and Will shifted from one foot to the other, and Teddy's rosy lips began to quiver when the mother's voice gave additional meaning to the sternness which had come into the eyes that usually were so soft and tender, and both the boys began to cry.

"I had more faith in you, Willie, than to think you would either take anything yourself that did not rightfully belong to you, or suffer your little brother to do so."

"Oh, mamma! I didn't know it was wrong, and I will never do so again, if you won't be angry."

"I am not angry, Willie; I am just broken-hearted. I thought I had trained up my children to be honest;" and the mother's tears mingled with those of her boys.

"We will take them back to Mr. Elden, and tell him we are sorry, and will never do such a wicked thing again; won't we Ted?"

"Yes,' answered Teddy, contritely.

"Very well; that is the best thing you can do; and I will go with you, and help to explain how it happened. So Mr. Elden won't think you were intentionally dishonest."

It was not long before the little group reached their place of destination.

Orrin Elden looked up with a nod and a smile at the children, and a cheery "Good day, Mrs. Canlis," to their mother.

A crimson flush burned on Mrs. Canlis' delicate cheek as, taking the boys by the hand, she led them forward, and said:

"My little ones have come to tell you they are sorry for taking your nails without permission. They have brought them back and will never do such a naughty thing again."

Orrin Elden's puzzled face was a study as he looked from one to the other of the tear-stained, rosy-cheeked urchins. At last he commenced slowly and deliberately:

"Mrs. Canlis," he said, "I always thought you a woman of good sense, but either you mean to insult me, or you've lost your mind, to make a fuss over a few worthless old nails. The lads are welcome to a hundred of 'em, that is, if they can find 'em: and——"

A restraining imperative gesture from the young mother checked him.

"Boys," she said, turning to the culprits, "You may run on towards home, and wait for me at the stile."

As soon as they were out of hearing she turned to the indignant owner of the forge.

"Mr. Elden, I know it seems a trifle to you, and it is not to be wondered at that you think it very foolish until you have heard my reasons; then I am sure you will change your mind. My highest ambition for my children is that they may grow up into honest, god-fearing men. I have always tried to impress it upon them that they must not touch even a pin's worth of property that is not rightfully their own. Please do not be angry that I have done as I have about the nails, but help me to impress the lesson of honesty upon their tender minds by accepting an apology from them. When they come to you again, tell them you are glad to see what honest little boys they mean to be, and that you will forgive them. Don't undo the effect of what I have said my making light of it, will you?"

It was not in man's nature to resist such an entreaty, especially when a pair of supplicating blue eyes, which were looking at him through a mist of tears, aided the effect of her words.

In a dazed sort of way he put out his hand, only to withdraw it again as suddenly.

What right had such a toil-blackened palm to hold those tiny white fingers in its grip.

"You're in the right, Mrs. Canlis, as sure as my name is Orrin Elden, though it didn't strike me that way before. I'll do just as you say in the matter. Send the lads along, and they sha'n't know but what I value the old rusty things as if they'd been pure gold out of the mine."

"Thank you, Mr. Elden," was the low-toned response.

Then Mrs. Canlis turned away and hastened after the children.

"If there were more women like her, we'd have more honest men," thought the smith, as he watched the slender black-robed figure as long as he could see it.

Then as he went on with his work, and hammered away at the glowing surface of the iron he was moulding into shape, a fancy came to him, as bright but more enduring than the glittering sparks which flew from the anvil at every resounding clang of his ponderous hammer.

He did not act upon it, however, for several weeks.

Then one afternoon he took a holiday from work, and, dressed in his Sunday suit, walked to the door of the widow's cottage, and without giving himself time to hesitate, seized the handle of the polished brass knocker, and gave two or three blows with it upon the oaken door.

As he waited for it to be opened, he soliloquised half ruefully:

"One would think I had forgotten that that door wasn't an anvil instead of a piece of wood. It is a lucky thing it didn't fly to pieces before my eyes. Oh, good day, Mrs. Canlis; it's a fine sunny afternoon."

"Yes, the shower has left very pleasant weather after it. Will you walk in, Mr. Elden?"

He accepted her invitation, and followed her into the sacred precincts of the "best room," and seated himself on the edge of a chair, while Mrs. Canlis threw open the carefully closed blinds and let in a flood of light, thinking meanwhile:

"What can Mr. Elden be coming here for at this time of day, and dressed up in his best, too!"

"All well at home, Mr. Elden?" she asked with a sudden thought that something might have happened to the aged grandmother, who was his only living relative.

"Yes; as well as usual."

An embarrassed pause followed. Then Orrin Elden commenced hesitatingly:

"I've come over to see you on a matter of business, Mrs. Canlis—that is, about something which is of great importance to me, though I don't know what you'll think about it. The fact is, I've come to ask you to marry me."

The little woman was so taken by surprise that she first turned red, and then pale, and then red again as she stammered out an almost inaudible:

"Oh, Mr. Elden——"

But, the ice once broken, Mr. Elden did not give her a chance to conclude her sentence. All awkwardness and hesitation vanished under the influence of his intense earnestness.

"You know my history," he said, in a manly and straitforward way which arrested and held Nelly Canlis' attention, and did much to calm the agitation his abrupt offer had created in her mind, "and you know why it is that I have remained a single man to this day, and thought to have gone down to my grave without ever giving another woman the chance to jilt me. But I've altered my opinion of the sex lately. I've had my doubts about any good looking of the bright but (as I've believed till within a short time) false faces of any one who could claim a sisterhood with—well, with the girl who played a game of fast and loose with a true heart years ago. You know who I mean, though I'll not mention names. I nigh worshipped the ground she walked upon, and she made believe to return my love, and all the time was angling for higher game—the squire's son. Well, rest her soul; I forgave her long before the daisies grew over the grave her highborn husband's neglect dug for her. Poor thing, she suffered enough! But from that day to this I haven't seen the woman who has had the power to attract my love until that morning when I saw unflinching honesty look at me out of a pair of blue eyes, and they were set in your face, Mrs. Canlis. I've seen them shining since then everywhere I've looked—in my forge-fire, in my walks, and in my dreams. If you'll marry me I'll try and make you as happy as you deserve to be, and I'll be as good to your children as though they belonged to me by ties of blood. I don't expect you to love me all at once, for I know how true you've been to poor Tom's memory; but in time——"

A mingling of emotion had been contending for the mastery in Nelly Canlis' mind as she had listened. Surprise and indignation, however, were the most prominent ones. How did any man dare to ask her to marry him?

It seemed like a species of sacrilege to even broach such a thing to her. But at the mention of that name a keen pain drove all other thoughts away. With a little cry she put out her hands.

"Please stop! You mean well, but it hurts me here."

And she pressed her hands convulsively over her heart,as though to still its wild beatings.

"I will say no more now, Mrs. Canlis; and I'll go away, but I shall not give up hope. It is sudden, and you are taken by surprise;and as to that, I am as much surprised at my own feeling as you are, but if a life's devotion counts for anything, I'll win you yet—if I wait years. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

The next moment he had gone, leaving the sound of his impassioned words ringing in Nelly's ears.

He kept his word. Never did olden knight pay more chivalrous devotion to the lady of his love than did Orrin Elden to Nelly Canlis. He never let her forget that one heart beat for her alone. Constantly recurring little acts of kindness touched the lonely woman, and at last paved the way to friendship. He won the boys' affections, so that his name became a household word, so often was it upon their lips. Then as they grew older and more difficult to manage, the little mother used to go to Mr. Elden for advice, and at last, in trusting confidence and respect, if not with the first fresh love she had given to the lover-husband of her girlhood, she consented to marry him.

Their home was a happy one, for industry and honor joined hands in it. Some fifteen years later we will look in upon them. The youngest son, Teddy, has just returned from a theological seminary. He is fitting himself for a missionary, and his whole soul is in his intended work. Willie, the elder, has a different turn. He has risen rapidly from the post of office-boy in the bank, until now, at the age of twenty-five, he has the position of cashier. He has held it for some three months, but, short as that time has been, it has given his principles a test. To-night, as he sits beside his mother, his face is bright with some pleasant intelligence he has to communicate.

"Mother," he said, "do you remember the time you made Ted and me eat 'humble pie' for taking some old nails?"

Nelly looks at her husband and smiles.

"If she don't remember it, I do," Mr. Elden responded, before she had time to reply.

"Well, mother, you made my fortune by the lesson you gave me at that time."

"And gained you a father, too," said Mr. Elden; "for that's the date of my first fancy for the present Mrs. Elden," he continued, in response to Willie's look of surprise. "And a pretty chase she led me, too; but I won the day at last. But tell us, lad, how you've made your fortune."

"Just this way: An eccentric and careless old gentleman paid some money into the bank last week. The bills were all of a large denomination—five thousand apiece. By some means two of them had become so firmly fastened together that they appeared like one. As I passed them through my fingers, I noticed a difference in the feeling, and with some surprise, found the two bills counting as one. They had passed through other hands, and had not been separated. The thought never came to my mind to appropriate the money, thanks to your teaching, mother, and I returned it, as a matter of course. Mr. Gilbert chose to make a great thing of it, and has offered me a position as his private secretary, at a salary double that I am getting now. So, you see, I can ask Alice to be my wife at once, instead of keeping her waiting, as we expected, for years; for I never would have taken her from her luxurious home until I could have given her one as comfortable, if not as elegant."

"So, you see, my boy, that 'Honesty is the best policy.' Well, you couldn't help doing as you have, with your mother's blood in your veins. Could he, Ted?" said Mr. Elden, proudly.

Ted was seated on a low stool, with his curly head upon his mother's knee. He looked up in her face, and smiled, as she passed her fingers through his brown locks.

"Mother knows what we all think of her, don't you dear? If you were not so good, we'd surely spoil you with flattery."

The mother's eyes were suspiciously bright, and Will began to rattle away some nonsense. He was determined that the tears should not fall on such a happy occasion; for though they are ever "akin to joy," Will had the usual masculine dislike to them, and he soon had the party laughing merrily at his gay sallies. Thus we leave them, happy and respected by all who know them.

The Ministerial Stranger.

It was on a Northern Pacific train the other day. A quartette of travelling men, two from Chicago and two just from St. Paul, started a little game of poker. Just as one of them finished dealing the first time he happened to notice that a man toward the end of the car was watching them with a pained expression. He was tall and very solemn looking, was dressed in faultless black with a long tailed coat, a high hat, snow white collar and wore a fine black silk cord around his neck connecting with his watch. Evidently the man was a minister.

"I guess we hadn't better play while he is on," said the dealer.

"He does looked pained about it," said another.

"I don't think there is anything wrong in card-playing," said one of the Chicago men, "but I never like to play when it offends any one else. I have respect for every man's feelings on any subject."

"We might play a simple game of euchre," said one of the St. Paul men.

"That wouldn't be any better," said the other Chicago man, "he wouldn't know the difference."

"That's so. Well, let's play a little while and keep quiet and perhaps he won't care much about it."

They played some time in silence but could not help noticing that the good man occasionally glanced over the dark-covered book he was reading with a sad, melancholy expression. After awhile he laid down his book and they saw him coming toward them. They threw down their hands and one of them began to gather up the cards.

"Gentlemen," said the tall man, "what's the game?"

"Well, we were playing a little game of poker, but we are going to stop."

"That is right," said the tall man as he sat down on the arm of a seat, gathered up the cards, ran rapidly through them and selected three. "Poker is a poor game. You see those three cards, now I shuffle them up, so—throw them around so. Now I'll bet any one of you $50 that you can't pick up the jack of diamonds!"—*Dakota Bell.*

Wages in Japan.

THE PAY ASKED BY JAPANESE LABORERS FOR AN INFERIOR KIND OF WORK.

Since the table of wages in Tokio given in the third report of the royal commission appointed to inquire into the causes of the depression of trade and industry, is apt to be taken as it stands by the outside world, I shall give a few facts of such tradesmen as I have had dealings with.

Carpenters 40 to 60 cents. The first figure is out of all question. For about a year I employed a carpenter off and on at 50 cents a day—that is when time permitted. He would begin work at 9 a. m., "work" till 6 p. m. and devote about three hours a day to smoking and thinking—he was a great thinker in his way—and eating, and the work he did in the remaining six hours with the awkward toys that pass for tools here, an English or an American carpenter would do in one hour, which brings a Japanese carpenters wages to 60 cents per hour,or taking the day at eight working,hours to $1.80 per day. And I have employed carpenters at 75 cents and $1 per day with the same result.

Plasterers, 45 to 55 cents per day; to be had at that rate at about a week's notice. The year before last I had to employ two plasterers to repair a place in the wall of a house where a piece of plaster of about two feet square had fallen out. The two artists turned up at 10 a. m., and, sitting down upon a couple of empty wine-cases, lit their pipes. At about 10:30 a. m. one of them approached the damaged place within a yard, took a mental photograph of it and sat down. At 11 a. m. a mutual friend appeared, who was warmly welcomed, and, after smoking a pipe or two, amused them by standing on his head, and by that time they had got very hungry and made a pause of two hours for tiffin. Pipes again. Then the one who had carefully sounded the wall knocked another piece of plaster down. Pipes again. By 5 p. m. they had made the hole about three times its original size, and were so thoroughly exhausted that they left off. Next day a stray drop of water, whereever it may have come from, lighted on one fellow's nose and make them conclude it was going to rain, so that no work could be done in the afternoon. Well, to cut matters short, those two square feet of plaster—that is river mud—cost me $3. An English or American plasterer would have sent one of his boys and boxed his ears if he did not come back in an hour.

Painters—space will not permit to go through the whole list—25 to 35 cents per day. I have some work for a painter at present, and am willing to give 40 cents per day, but the man will not work under 50 cents, and says it will take him eight or ten days to do the job. Now, I estimate the time in which the work can be done and should be done—and there are but few things but that I have done myself—at two and one-half or three days time of nine working hours, so that I would be paying at the rate of $1.50 to $1.66 per day, and have things at sixes and sevens for more than a week.

I could give instances of the same kind ad infinitum, but then the courtesy of newspaper editors does not and can not extend to writing books in the columns of their papers, and if I have thrust forward a few hard facts here, I have done so from from the reason that those who contemplate trying their chances in this country in the near future may not be misled and afterward cry out in the bitterness of their disappointment that they have been deceived, and become blind to much that is good and to be appreciated in Japan. I am not thus disappointed—this to guard myself against any such suspicion—for I have returned to Japan of my own free will, knowing all this, and much that I have said here and much of similar import I have said to those whom the King has delighted to honor; yet I am as welcome at their palaces or residences as ever I was. I may hope, therefore, that the reason I have just given for making these remarks will be accepted, all the more as my bread would very probably be buttered much thicker on the other side.—*Japan Mail.*

Yacco Shaves Herself.

A MONKEY THAT IS RAPIDLY ADDING TO HER STOCK OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Adolphe Beyer, of No 19 Fulton street, Brooklyn, has a monkey which, though young and comparatively untutored, is learning a thing or two. Yacco, says the New York *World*, was bought from a ship carpenter who brought her from Brazil six months ago. Mr. Beyer has allowed her the run of the sheds and back yard. When the warm weather came, Yacco selected to live on the sloping roof of the shed and watch the movements of the men as they came into the yard. After awhile she could imitate a drunken man to perfection, even to the hiccoughing and the leaning against the wall with closed eyes.

A few days ago some one threw a piece of a broken mirror to Yacco, and she clutched it and ran with it to the highest point her chain would permit her to reach, where she examined it closely—as she does every thing. She was not long in seeing her own sweet face, much to her surprise. She then sat on her haunches, held the bit of glass between her fore paws and glanced cautiously over it at the back in the expectation of seeing another monkey, but she did not. She did this several times, and at length, judging from the ray of intelligence that swept across her expressive countenance, realized the truth. She held on to the mirror like grim death, however, and gazed at herself every spare moment. Those who knew Yacco assert that there is a kind of proud, intellectual look on her face not observable there before the looking-glass came into her possession.

On Saturday she surprised herself. She had, through a window, been watching her master shave himself. When he was through she retired to a quiet corner of her shed, procured a piece of hoop, rubbed her face with the back of a feather, and then calmly began shaving herself. When discovered Mr. Beyer says her face was suffusen with a blush, which, however, he admits may have arisen from the friction caused by the scraping process.

Umbrella History.

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN WHO CARRIED ONE OF THESE USEFUL PROTECTORS.

In Queen Anne's time it is mentioned both by Swift and Gay as employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752, describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not yet penetrated to England. Hanway, the famous traveler and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch footman named John MacDonald, who had traveled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778 and persisted in carrying it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?" In about three months, he says, the annoyance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners, then some Englishmen, followed his example. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas were in consequence at one time called "Robinsons." They were long looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson, in 1782, is said to have been the first person who used one at Glasgow, and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when any one would have been hooted who carried one in the streets of Bristol. A single coarse cotton one was often kept in a coffee-house to be lent out to customers, or in a private house to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob, and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney-coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the manifest convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.—*Lecky's History of England.*

Worms That Eat Steel Rails.

The existence has just been discovered of a detestable microbe which feeds upon iron. Some time ago the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by the accidents occurring always at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails. The German Government directed an inquiry to be made, and a commission of surveillance to be formed for the purpose of maintaining constant watch at the spot where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken, and it was literally hollowed out by a thin gray worm, to which the qualification of "railoverons" was assigned, and by which name it is to be classed in natural history. The worm is said to be two centimeters in length and of the size of the prong of a silver fork in circumference. It is of a light gray color and on the head carries two little glands filled with a corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes upon the iron. This liquid renders the iron soft and spongy, and of the color of rust, and then it is greedily devoured by the insect. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report of the commission, "in the assertion that this creature, has devoured thirty-six kilogrammes of rail in a fortnight."

Love Letters by Typewriter.

The typewriter will never be a universal favorite. It may be and doubtless is a good thing to grind out an editorial on finance or to flay a man whom you don't like. Likewise a good invention to turn out all sorts of commercial correspondence. But there are fields where the pen—the old fashioned pen—is still mightier than the typewriter, and ever will be, world without end. Fancy a man making love to his sweetheart on a typewriter. And fancy a sweetheart breathing her heart's secret—pouring out her passionate yearnings and fond expressions on a sheet of paper where you have to ring a bell at the end of each line. Love can never get used to any such mechanical apparatus as that. You might as well expect to pound out an opera on a sheet-iron boiler with a sledge hammer. Imagine your sending a sentence of this sort to your best girl: "My typewriter fails to express to you the feelings of my heart." What would a bundle of typewriter letters look like tied up in a faded ribbon? Do you think any sensible girl would keep a love letter turned out by a typewriter? Would you? A typewriter letter, to use a theatrical sentence, is good enough for a one-cent stand, but no one ever reads it over. Besides, it is perfectly useless in a breach of promise suit.—*Chicago Herald.*

Oughtn't to Bleed on the Carpet.

From the Omaha Herald.

Husband—"I can't stand this any longer. You make me desperate."

Wife—"So you have said before."

Husband—"I'm going into the next room to kill myself."

Wife—"The spare room! I guess not. If you want to kill yourself, the wood shed is plenty good enough."

The Editor Takes His Vacation.

From the Nashville American.

A Tennessee country editor who went off for his summer vacation left the following note on his office door: "Will be gone for several days and have left matters in charge of the office boy. People who wish to pay subscriptions will see our wife. Those who have complaints to make will please go to the devil."

* * *

It is a mighty easy thing for the government agents to put 1,000,000 trout in a small lake or river, but it is a much harder job for a plain and honest man to pull a single one out on his his fish line.—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

Creditor—What are you going to do now? Jeweler (who has just failed in his wife's name)—I am going out to Utah. Creditor—What do you mean to do 'way out there? Jeweler—Marry again and start my second wife in business.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

* * *

Religion is within a man, even as he is gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice.

* * *

The tallest man in Washington Territory is John Hutchison. He stands seven feet four inches in his stockings.