The Columbian.

G. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO 17
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LII, NO 8

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

J. H. MAIZE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Room No. 8, COLUMBIAN building.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 20th 1888, tf.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA
Office in Sitler'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. 4
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, Third 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.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov16 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.

ESTABLISHED 1870.
J. B. BROWN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence on Third street. Diseases of the eye a specialty.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath room hot and cold water; and all modern conveniences.

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
Oct. 24. 1"

Bloomsburg Fire and Life Ins. Agency.
ESTABLISHED 1865.
M. P. LUTZ
(Successor to Freas Brown)
AGENT AND BROKER
COMPANIES REPRESENTED:

	Assets
Ætna Fire Ins. Co., of Hartford,	$ 9,928,388.97
Hartford of Hartford	5,288,609.97
Phoenix of Hartford	4,778,402.12
Springfield of Springfield	3,069,[illegible]
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,512,[illegible]
Guardian of London	20,603,323.71
Phoenix, of London	8,934,563.48
Lancashire of England (U. S. branch)	1,647,[illegible]
Royal of England " "	4,852,500.00
Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. of Newark, N. J.	41,279,226.33

Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.

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

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, Pa
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office in Barton's building, Main street, below Market, five doors below Kleim's drug store, first floor.
To be open at all hours during the day
Nov 28-1y

Exchange Hotel,
BENTON, PA.
The undersigned has leased this well-known house, and is prepared to accommodate the public with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel.
27may87] TEMPLE DIARE, Proprietor.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts.
Orders will receive prompt attention.

J. R. SMITH & CO.
LIMITED.
MILTON, Pa.,
DEALERS IN
PIANOS,
By the following well known makers:
Chickering,
Knabe,
Weber,
Hallet & Davis.
Can also furnish any of the cheaper makes at manufacturers prices. Do not buy a piano before getting our prices.
Catalogue and Price Lists
On application.
Sept3-86tf.

Bittenbender & Co.,
WAGON MAKER'S
—AND—
BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES.
No. 126 & 128 Franklin Ave.,
SCRANTON, PA.
Iron and Steel.
[aprl1-1y.

J. W. RAEDER,
BLANK BOOK MAKER,
RULER AND BINDER.
Nos. 7 and 9 Markt St.,
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
sep16-1yc&bro.

ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH AND Scrap, a large and complete line at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Evans' Block.

ALL THE FINEST EXTRACTS—COLOGNE Sachets, Pomades, Hair Dyes and Bay Rum at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Evans' Block, opposite Episcopal Church.

ALL PROPRIETARY AND PATENT MEDICINES at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND WALL PAPER, A fine stock at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CASTILLE, TOILET AND MEDICATED SOAPS, a full line at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Upper Main street.

COMBS OF ALL KINDS, WELL SELECTED, AND at very low prices at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, third door above Iron street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CONDENSED MILK, COXE'S, NELSON'S AND Cooper's Gelatine, Tapioca, Sage, Arrow Root and all the prepared foods for children and invalids at Mercer's Drug and Book store, first door above Hess' Boot and Shoe Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

CANARY, HEMP, RAPE, MILLET, MAW AND Mixed Seed for the birds, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, first door below Creasy's Grocery Store.

FINE WRITING PAPERS, BY BOX, LOOSE OR in Tablet form, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

NURSING BOTTLES, NIPPLES, RUBBER Articles, Teething Rings and all requisites of the Nursery that will contribute to the baby's happiness, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, two doors above Evans & Eyer's Clothing Store.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY receipts carefully prepared at all hours at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

TOILET AND INFANT POWDERS, ROUGE, Cosmetics and gold and silver Diamond Dust, at J. H. Mercer's Drug and Book Store, No 68 Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

WALL PAPER—MANY KINDS AND MANY prices—at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
June3,'87.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH
NOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know. Send stamp. BAKER REM. CO., Box 194 Buffalo, N. Y.

PERSIAN BLOOM, Best Complexion Beautifier, Skin Cure and Blemish Eradicator known. Send stamp for trial package. Address as above.
nov28-n.c&eoty.

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.

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
MOYER BROS.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
sep2-1y.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
G. W. BERTSCH,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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.

ROOFING

FOR STEEP OR FLAT ROOFS
CAN BE PUT ON BY ANY PERSON
THOUSANDS OF ROLLS SOLD ANNUALLY FOR BUILDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
SEND FOR NEW CIRCULAR, CONTAINING PRICE LIST AND REFERENCES.
AGENTS WANTED.
M. EHRET, JR. & CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
423 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.
april may & sept.

$65 A MONTH and BOARD for 3 bright young men or ladies in each county. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. marsdtt.

PENNEY GOODS A SPECIALTY.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
F. F. ADAMS & CO.,
FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO
Sole agents of the following brands of Cigars.
HENRY CLAY,
LONDRES,
NORMAL,
INDIAN PRINCESS,
SAMSON,
SILVER ASH.

Alexander Bros. & Co.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
CANDIES,
FRUITS AND NUTS.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
HENRY MAILLARDS
FINE CANDIES.
FRESH EVERY WEEK.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

ANY ORDER FOR FESTIVAL will be SUPPLIED WITH THE LOWEST Market Prices, AS FOLLOWS:
ORANGES,
LEMONS,
BANANAS,
PEANUTS,
ENGLISH WALNUTS,
CREAM NUTS,
ALMONDS,
POP CORN
BALLS.

J. J. & W. H. BROWER
Have received a large stock of
CARPETINGS
for the Spring trade, consisting in part of
Velvets, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussel and Ingrains, Smyrna and Cocoa Rugs, Cocoa Mattings, and a nice line of Canton Mattings.
BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.
Feb. 10, 1888. 3m.

SELECT STORY.

THE STRANGE STORY OF GABRIEL FOOT, HIGHWAYMAN.

The jury re-entered the court after half an hour's consultation. It all comes back to me as vividly as though I stood in the dock at this very moment. The dense fog that hung over the well of the court, the barristers' wigs that bobbed up through it and were drowned again in that seething caldron, the rays of the guttering candles—for the murder trial had lasted far into the evening—that loomed through it and wore a sickly halo; the red robes and the red face of my lord judge opposite that stared through it and outshone the candles; the black crowd around, seen mistily; the voice of the usher calling "Silence!" the shuffling of the jurymen's feet; the blank pallor on their faces as I leaned forward and tried to read the verdict on them; the very smell of the place, compounded of fog, jail fever, the close air, and the dinners eaten earlier in the day by the crowd—all this strikes home upon me as sharply as it then did after the numb apathy of waiting.

As the jury huddled into their places I stole a look at my council. He paused a moment from his task of trimming a quill, shot a quick glance at the foreman's face, and then went on cutting as coolly as ever.

"Gentlemen of the jury"—it was the judge's voice—"are you agreed upon your verdict."

"We are."

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

It must have been fully a minute, as I leaned back clutching the rail in front of me, before I saw anything but the bleared eyes of the candles or heard anything but a hoarse murmur from the crowd. But as soon as the court ceased to heave, and I could stare about me I looked toward my counsel again.

He was still shaping his pen. He made no motion to come forward and shake hands over my acquittal, for which he had worked untiringly all day. He did not even offer to speak. He just looked up, nodded carelessly and turned to his junior beside him; but in that glance I had read something which turned my heart cold, then sink within me, and from that moment my hatred of the man was fixed. He knew my secret!

In the fog outside I got clear of the gaping crowd, but the chill of the night after that heated court pierced my very bones. I had on the clothes I had been taken in. It was June then, and now it was late in October. I remember that the day they caught me I wore my coat open for coolness. Four months and a half had gone out of my life. Well, I had money enough in my pocket to get a greatcoat, but I must put something warm inside me first to get out the chill that cursed lawyer had laid on my heart.

I had purposely chosen the by-lanes of the town, but I remembered a certain tavern—the Lamb and Flag—which lay down a side alley. Presently a light from its windows loomed like a beacon ahead. I pushed open the door and entered.

The small bar was full of people newly come from the court and discussing the trial in all its bearings. In the babel I heard a dozen different opinions given in as many seconds, and learned enough, too, to make me content with the jury I had had. But the warmth of the place was pleasant, and I elbowed my way forward to the counter.

There was a woman standing by the door as I entered, who looked curiously at me for a moment, then turned to nudge a man at her side and whisper. The whisper grew as I pressed forward, and before I could reach the counter a hand was laid on my shoulder from behind. I turned.

"Well?" said I.

It was a heavy looking drover that had touched me.

"Are you the chap as was tried today for murder of Merchant Todd?" he asked.

"Well?" said I again, but I could see the crowd falling back as if I was a leper, at his question.

"Well? 'Tain't well then as I reckon, to be making so free with respectable people."

There was a murmur of assent from the gaping mouths turned toward me. The landlord came forward from behind the bar.

"I was acquitted," I urged defiantly.

"Acquitted!" said he, with big scorn in the syllables. "Hear 'im now—'acquitted!' Landlord, is this a respectable house?"

The landlord gave his verdict.

"H'out yer goes, and blame yer impudence!"

I looked round, but their faces were all dead against me.

"H'out yer goes!" repeated the landlord. "And think yerself lucky it ain't worse," added the drover.

With no further defense I slunk out into the night once more.

A small crowd of children (heaven knows whence or how they gathered) followed me up the court and out into the street. Their numbers swelled as I went on, and some began to hoot and pelt me; but when I gained the top of the hill, and a lonelier district, I turned and struck among them with my stick. It did my heart good to hear their screams.

After that I was let alone and tramped forward past the scattered houses toward the open country and the moors. Up here there was scarcely any fog, but I could see it by the rising moon, hanging like a shroud over the town below. The next town was near upon twelve miles off, but I do not remember that I thought of getting so far. I could not have thought at all, in fact, or I should hardly have taken the high road upon which the jeweler had been stopped and murdered.

There was a shrewd wind blowing, and I shivered all over; but the cold at my heart was worse, and my hate for the man who had set it there grew with every step. I thought of the four months and more which parted the two lives of Gabriel Foot, and what I should make of the new one. I had my chance again—a chance gained for me beyond hope by that counsel but for whom I should be sleeping to-night in the condemned cell; a chance, and a good chance but for that same cursed lawyer. Ugh! how cold it was, and how I hated him for it!

There was a little whitewashed cottage on the edge of the moorland just after the hedgerows ceased—the last house before the barren heath began, standing a full 300 yards from any other dwelling. Its front faced the road, and at the back an outhouse and a wretched garden jutted out on the wasteland. There was a light in each of its windows to-night, and, as I passed down the road, I heard the dismal music of a flute.

Perhaps it was this that jogged my thoughts and woke them up to my present pass. At any rate I had not gone more than twenty yards before I turned and made for the door. The people might give me a night's lodging in the outhouse. At any rate they would not refuse a crust to stay the fast which I had not broken since the morning. I tapped gently on the door and listened.

I waited five minutes and no one answered. The flute still continued its melancholy tune; it was evidently in the hands of a learner, for the air (a dispiriting one enough at the best) kept breaking off suddenly and repeating itself. But the performer had patience and the sound never ceased for more than two seconds at a time. Besides this was nothing to be heard. The blinds were drawn in all the windows. The glow of the candles through them was cheerful enough, but nothing was to be seen of the house inside. I knocked a second time and a third, with the same result. Finally, tired, I pushed open the low gate which led into the garden behind, and stole round to the back of the cottage.

Here, too, the window on the ground floor was lit up behind its blinds, but that of the room above was shuttered. There was a hole in the shutter, however, where a knot of the wood had fallen out and a thin shaft of light stretched across the blackness and buried itself in a ragged yew tree at the end of the garden. From the loudness of the sounds I judged this to be the room where the flute playing was going on. The sound of my footsteps on the thin soil did not disturb the performer, so I gathered a handful of earth and pitched it against the pane. The flute stopped for a minute or so, but just as I was expecting to see the shutter open, went on again; this time the air was "Pretty Polly Oliver."

I crept back again and began to hammer more loudly at the door. "Come," said I, "whoever this may be inside, I'll see for myself at any rate," and with that I lifted the latch and gave the door a heavy kick. It flew open quite easily (it had not been locked), and I found myself in a low kitchen. The room was empty, but the relics of supper lay on the deal table, and the remains of what must have been a noble fire were still smoldering on the hearth stone. A crazy, rusty blunderbuss hung over the fireplace. This with a couple of chairs, a broken bacon rack and a small side table, completed the furniture of the place. No—for as I sat down to make meal off the remnants of supper something lying on the line ash floor beneath this side table caught my eye; I stepped forward and picked it up.

It was a barrister's wig.

"This is a queer business," thought I; and I laid it the table opposite me as I went on with my supper. It was a "gossan" wig, as we call it in our parts; a wig grown yellow and rusty with age and wear. It looked so sly and wicked as it lay there, and brought back the event of the day so sharply that a queer dread took me of being discovered with it. I pulled out my pistol, loaded it (they had given me back both the powder and pistol found on me when I was taken), and laid it beside my plate. This done, I went on with my supper—it was an excellent cold capon—and all the time the flute upstairs kept toot tooting without stopping to change the tune. It gave me "Hearts of Oak," "Why, Soldiers, Why," Like Hermit Poor" and "Come Lassies and lads," before I had fairly cleared the dish.

"And now," thought I, "I have had a good supper; but there are still three things to be done. In the first place I want drink, in the second I want a bed, and in the third I want to thank this kind person, whoever he is, for his hospitality. I'm not going to begin life No. 2 with housebreaking."

I rose, slipped the pistol into my tail pocket, and followed the sound up the ramshackle stairs. My footsteps made such a racket on these old timbers as fairly to frighten me, but they never disturbed the flute player. He had harked back again to "Like Hermit Poor" by this time, and the dulefulness of it was fit to make the dead cry out, but he went whining on until I reached the head of the stairs and struck a rousing knock on the door.

The playing stopped. "Come in," said a cheery voice; but it gave me no cheerfulness. Instead of that it sent all the comfort of my supper clean out me as I opened the door and saw him sitting there.

There he was, the man who had saved my neck that day and whom most I hated in the world, sitting before a snug fire with his flute on his knee, a glass of port wine at his elbow and looking so comfortable with that knowing light in his gray eye that I could have killed him where he sat.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said, just the very least bit surprised, and no more. "Come in."

I stood in the doorway hesitating.

"Don't stay letting in that monstrous draught, man; but sit down. You'll find the bottle on the table and a glass on a shelf."

I poured out a glassful and drank it off. The stuff was rare (I can remember its trick on the tongue to this day), but somehow it did not drive the cold out of my heart. I took another glass and sat sipping it and staring from the fire to my companion.

He had taken up the flute again, and was blowing a few deep notes out of it, thoughtfully enough. He was a small, squarely built man, with a sharp, ruddy face like a frozen pippin, heavy gray eyebrows and a mouth like a trap when it was not pursed up for that everlasting flute. As he sat there with his wig off, the crown of his bald head was fringed with an obstinate looking patch of hair the color of a badger's. My amazement at finding him there at this hour, and alone, was lost in my hatred of the man as I saw the depths of complacent knowledge in his face. I felt that I must kill him sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

Presently he laid down his flute again and spoke:

"I scarcely expected you."

I grunted something in answer.

"But I might have known something was up if I'd only paid attention to my flute. It and I are not in harmony to-night. It doesn't like the secrets I've been blowing into it; it has heard a lot of queer things in its time, but it's an innocent minded flute for all that, and I'm afraid what I've told it to-night is a point beyond what it's prepared to go."

"I take it it knows a d—d deal too much," growled I.

He looked at me sharply for an instant, rose, whistled a bar or two of "Like Hermit Poor," reached down a couple of clay pipes from the shelf, filled one for himself and gravely handed the other with the tobacco to me.

"Beyond what it is prepared to go," he echoed quietly, sinking back in his chair and puffing at the pipe. "It's a nice point that we have been discussing together, my flute and I, and I won't say but that I've got the worst of it. By the way, what do you mean to do now that you have a fresh start?"

Now I had not tasted tobacco for over four months and its effect now upon my wits was surprising. It seemed to oil my thoughts until they worked without a hitch, and I saw my plan of action marked out quite plainly before me.

"Do you want to know the first step of all?" I asked.

"To be sure; the first step at any rate determines the direction."

"Well, then," said I, very steadily, and staring into his face, "the first step of all is that I am going to kill you."

"H'm," said he, after a bit, and I declare that not so much as an eyelash of the man shook, "I thought as much. I guessed that when you came into the room. And what next."

"Time enough to think of 'what next'" I answered; for though I was set upon blowing his brains out, I longed for him to blaze out into a passion and warm up my blood for the job.

"Pardon me," he said as coolly as might be, "that would be the very worst time to think of it. For just consider; in the first place you will already be committed to your way of life, and secondly, if I know anything about you, you would be far too flurried for any thought worth the name."

There was a twinkle of humor in his eye as he said of this, and in the silence which followed I could hear him chuckling to himself, and, tasting the words over again as though they were good wine, I sat fingering my pistol and waiting for him to speak again. When he did so, it was with another dry chuckle and a long puff of tobacco smoke.

"As you say, I know a deal too much. Shall I tell you how much?"

"Yes, you may if you'll be quick about it."

"Very well, then, I will. Do you mind passing the bottle? Thank you. I probably know not only too much, but a deal more than you guess. First, let us take the case for the crown. The jeweler is traveling by coach at night over the moors. He has one position only, Roger Tallis by name, and by character shady. The jeweler has money (he was a niggardly fool to take only one postilion), and carries a diamond of great or rather of enormous and notable value (he was a bigger fool to take this). In the dark morning two horses came galloping back, frightened and streaming with sweat. A search party goes out, finds the coach upset by the Four Holed Cross, the jeweler lying beside it with a couple of pistol bullets in him, and the money, the diamond and Roger Tallis—nowhere. So much for the murdered man. Two or three days after, you, Gabriel Foot, by character also shady, and known to be a friend of Roger Tallis, are whispered to have a suspicious amount of money about you, also blood stains on your coat. It further leaks out that you were traveling on the moors afoot on the night in question, and that your pistols are soiled with powder. Case for the Crown closes. Have I stated it correctly?"

I nodded; he took a sip or two at his wine, laid down his pipe as if the tobacco spoiled the taste of it, took another sip, and continued:

"Case for the defense. That Roger Tallis has decamped, that no diamond has been found on you (or anywhere), and lastly that the bullets in the jeweler's body do not fit your pistols, but came from a larger pair. Not very much of a case, perhaps, but this last is a strong point."

"Well?" I asked, as he paused.

"Now, then, for the facts of the case. Would you oblige me casting a look over there in the corner."

"I see nothing but a pickaxe and shovel."

"Ha! Ha! very good; 'nothing but a pickaxe and shovel.' Well, to resume. Facts of the case. Roger Tallis murders the jeweler and you murder Roger Tallis; after that, as you say, 'nothing but a pickaxe and shovel.'"

And with this as I am a living sinner, the rosy-faced old boy took up his flute and blew a stave or two of "Come Lassies and Lads."

"Did you dig him up?" I muttered hoarsely; and, although deathly cold, I could feel a drop of sweat trickling down my forehead and into my eye.

"What, before the trial? My good sir, you have a fair, very fair aptitude for crime; but, believe me, you have much to learn both of legal etiquette and of a lawyer's conscience." And for the first time since I came in I saw something like indignation on that ruddy face.

"Now," he continued, "I either know too much or not enough. Obviously I know enough for you to wish, and perhaps wisely, to kill me. The question is, whether I know enough to make it worth your while to spare me. I think I do; but that is for you to decide. If I put you to-night, and in half an hour's time, in possession of property worth ten thousand pounds, will that content you?"

"Come, come," I said, "you need not try to fool me, nor think I am going to let you out of my sight."

"You misunderstand. I desire neither; I only wish a bargain. I am ready to pledge my word to make no attempt to escape before you are in possession of that property and to offer no resistance to your shooting me in case you fail to obtain it, provided, on the other hand, you pledge your word to spare my life should you succeed within half an hour. And, my dear sir, considering the relative value of my word and yours, I think it must be confessed you have the better of the bargain."

I thought for a moment. "Very well, then," said I, "so be it; but if you fail—"

"I know what happens," replied he. With that he blew a note or two on his flute, took it to pieces and carefully bestowed it in the tails of his coat. I put away my pistol in mine.

"Do you mind shouldering that spade and pickaxe and following me?" he asked. I took them up in silence. He drained his glass and put on his hat.

"Now, I think we are ready. Stop a moment."

He reached across for the glass which I had emptied, took it up gingerly between thumb and forefinger and tossed it with a crash on to the hearthstone. He then did the same to my pipe, after first snapping the stem into halves. This done, he blew out the candle and with great gravity led the way down the staircase. I shouldered the tools and followed, while my heart hated him with a fiercer spite than ever.

We passed down the crazy stairs and through the kitchen. The candles were still burning there. As my companion glanced at the supper table, "H'm," he said, "not a bad beginning of a new leaf. My friend, I will allow you exactly twelve months to get hanged."

I made no answer, and we stepped out into the night. The moon was now up and the high road stretched like like a white ribbon into the gloom. The cold wind bore up a few heavy clouds from the Northwest, but for the most part we could see easily enough. We trudged side by side along the road in silence, except that I could hear my companion every now and then whistling softly to himself.

As we drew near to the Four Holed Cross and the scene of the murder I confess to an uneasy feeling and a desire to get past the place with all possible speed. But the lawyer stopped by the very spot where the coach was overturned and held up a finger as if to call attention. It was a favorite trick of his with the jury.

"This is where the jeweler lay. Some fifteen yards off there was another pool of blood. Now the jeweler must have dropped instantly, for he was shot through the heart. Yet no one doubted but that the other pool of blood was his. Fools!"

With this he turned off the road at right angles and began to strike rapidly across the moor. At first I thought he was trying to escape me, but he allowed me to catch him up rapidly enough, and then I knew the point for which he was making. I followed doggedly. Clouds began to gather over the moon's face and every now and then I stumbled heavily on the uneven ground, but he moved along nimbly enough and even cried "shoo!" in a sprightly voice when a startled plover flew up before his feet. Presently, after we had gone about 500 yards on the heath, the ground broke away in a little hollow, where a rough track led down to the lime kilns and the thinly wooded stream that washed the valley below. We followed this track for ten minutes or so, and presently the masonry of the disused kilns peered out, white in the moonlight, from between the trees.

There were three of these kilns standing close together beside the path, but my companion, without hesitation pulled up almost beneath the very arch of the first, peered about, examined the ground narrowly and then motioned to me.

"Dig here."

"If we both know well enough what is underneath, what is the use of digging?"

"I very much doubt if we do," said he. "You had better dig."

I can feel the chill creeping down my back as I write of it; but at the time, though I well knew the grizzly sight which I was to discover, I dug away steadily enough. The man who had discovered my secret set himself down on a dark bank of ferns at about ten paces distance and began to whistle softly, though I could see his fingers fumbling with his coat-tails, as though they itched to be at the flute again.

The moon's rays shone fitfully upon the white face of the kiln and lit up my work. The little stream rushed noisily below. And so, with this hateful watcher, I bared to the light of heaven the remains of the comrade whom, almost five months before, I had murdered and buried there. How I had then cursed my luck because forced to hide his corpse away before I could return and search for the diamond I had failed to find upon his body! But as I tossed the earth and lime aside, and discovered my handiwork, the moon's rays were suddenly caught and reflected from within the pit, and I fell forward with a short gasp of delight.

For there, kindled by her broad glory into countless shafts and points of color—violet, green, yellow and fiercest red—lay the missing diamond among the bones of the man who had committed murder to possess it, and had been murdered for its sake. As I clutched the glorious gem a black shadow fell between the moon and me. I looked up. My companion was standing over me with the twinkle still in his eye and the flute in his hand.

"You were a fool not to guess that he had swallowed it. I hope you are satisfied with the bargain. As we are not, I trust, likely to meet again in this world, I will here bid you adieu, though possibly that is scarcely the word to use. I owe you a debt to-night for having prevented me from committing a crime. You saw that I had the spade and pickaxe ready in the cottage. Well, I confess I lusted for that gem and I was arguing out the case with my flute when you came in."

"If," said I, "you wish to share—"

"Another word," he interrupted, very gravely, "and I shall be forced to think you insult me. As it is I am grateful to you for supporting my flute's advice at an opportune moment. I will now leave you. Two hours ago I was in a fair way of becoming a criminal. I owe it to you and to my flute that I am still merely a lawyer. Farewell."

With that he turned on his heel and was gone with a swinging stride up the path and across the moor. His figure stood out upon the sky line for moment and then vanished. But I could hear for some time the tootle-toodle of his flute in the distance, and it struck me that its note was unusually sprightly and clear.—*Press.*

Insurance Commission.

CIVIL SERVIC REFORM NOT REGARDED BY THE REPUBLICANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The term of Insurance Commissioner Foster will expire on the 1st of May and if an overwhelming preponderence of party sentiment shall prevail Colonel Grimeson will be appointed to succeed Commissioner Foster. Foster has held the position ever since it was created fifteen years ago; indeed it was created with the general understanding that he should fill it, although always and yet a moderate Democrat, and Governor Hartranft appointed him. Since then he has been reappointed from time to time by both Republican and Democratic Governors, but the movement for Colonel Grimeson has developed such proportions that Governor Beaver will find it difficult to disregard it.

Colonel Grimeson's graceful acceptance of defeat in the last contest for Auditor General was understood at the time to be an announcement of the purpose of himself and friends to make a claim for the Insurance Commissionership, and since then his lines have been well fortified. He is strongly supported by Senator Quay. Stone, Kirkpatrick and Hastings of the Cabinet look upon his application and a strong and positive pressure comes upon the Governor from almost every section of the State for Grimeson. General Cameron was the main pillar in support of Foster when he was first appointed and he and his son, the present Senator, have uniformly stood by Foster. Whether they will do so now in an aggressive manner has not yet developed. If they enter the fight in dead earnest they might save Foster again; but unless they throw themselves into the breach Colonel Grimeson will be appointed. It is admitted by all that he is specially fitted for the position, as his long public service in the revenue department of the general government gives him the pratical experience necessary to fill the Insurance Commissionership very creditably.

Danced With a Corpse.

From the Referee.

Burials alive are far more common in hot countries, where the burial takes place within twenty-four hours after death, than they are here, where one gets, as a rule, a week's grace. In Spain the body is frequently removed to the undertaker's shop a few hours after death. In one of the largest of these establishments in Madrid, some years ago, an extraordinary sight was witnessed. A gentleman was brought in his "casket" one afternoon, and placed in the room set apart for that branch of the business. The proprietor lived over his premises, and on this especial evening was giving a grand ball. When the ball was at its height, a gentleman in full evening dress suddenly joined the company. He danced with the wife of the undertaker, and he danced with the undertaker's daughter, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. The undertaker thought he knew his face, but didn't like to be rude and ask him his name; but by and by all the guests departed, and the strange gentleman was the only one left. "Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last. "No, thank you," replied the gentleman; "I'm staying in the house." "Staying in the house!" exclaimed the undertaker; "who are you, sir?" "What, don't you know me!—I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon."

The undertaker, horrified, rushed to the mortuary room and found the coffin empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse. An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman who had only been in a trance, had suddenly recovered, and, hearing music and revelry above, and having a keen sense of humor, had got out of his coffin (the Spanish coffin closes with a lid, which is only locked just previous to interment) and joined the festive party. He was quite presentable, as in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.

A Gold Mine in a City.

The residents of Providence, R. I., are astonished at the fact that people are digging for gold right in the heart of their city. On the 15th of February last a large fire occurred in Providence and among the buildings destroyed was that of a large manufacturing firm. The mass of rubbish and earth that covered the site of the building has been carefully guarded ever since, and now the firm has begun to mine for its gold and silver after the old California method of sluice washing. An engine pumps water for the sluiceway from a pond a few hundred yards up the Woonasquatucket river. The sluiceway is about 100 feet long and is made up of boxes or sluices each about ten feet long. They empty into a basin which contains the quicksilver necessary for securing the washed gold and silver.

The earth and rubbish are thrown in at the head of the sluiceway and washed and sifted by each sluice until nothing but the finer particles float onward to the basin. The scene is almost as picturesque as some of Bret. Harte's descriptions. This novel "claim" is expected to yield $7,000 or $8,000 worth of the precious metals.

Fourteen Husbands. All Living.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

McKean County's record breaker is a she, and her experince in the "silken bonds of matrimony" would fill a book as big as a dictionary. She lives in Smithport, the county seat of this county, and is known as Mrs. Ida Hoosted. Her chief attraction is her Juno like form. She is tall and magnificently proportioned, and looks as if the winds of thirty-eight Winters, more or less, might have toyed with her abundant dark-brown tresses. When scarcely out of her short dresses she contracted her first marriage. She has been after men ever since, and is now living with husband No 14. The other thirteen husbands are all in the flesh, and all are on good terms with the marrying woman. She has been legally separated from all her alliances, and was married a few months ago to No. 14.

The Poison of Human Teeth.

The poision conveyed by human teeth is reported one of the most annoying that physicians have to deal with. One of them says: "I have under my attention severe and most complicated cases of blood poisoning, in which the patient had but slightly abraded the hand in the course of a fight by striking the knuckles against the teeth of his opponent. I have known hands thus poisoned only saved from amputation by the application of all the resources of science. Tobacco or whisky or derangement of the stomach from many other causes may be responsible for this poisonous conditions of the teeth."