The Columbian
—AND—
Bloomsburg Democrat.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
IN THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.
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JOB PRINTING
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Executor's or Administrator's Notice, $3.00, Auditor's or Assignee's Notice, $2.50.

Local notices, twenty cents a line; by the year ten cents.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, $2.00 per year for the first two lines, and $1.00 for each additional line.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

M. RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, Rupert block, Main st. west of Market. vl-n43

JOB METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware Main street, above court house. vl-n43

CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., 2d door above American House. vl-n43

M. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor and Agent for the New Perham Sewing Machine, corner of Iron and Main sts., over Miller's store. v3-n35

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st., below the Post Office. vl-n41

DYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries, Brower's block Main st. vl-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American Hotel. vl-43

CHRIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-43

HENRY ZUPPINGER, Watches, Spectacles & Jewelry &c., Main Street near West st. v3-n15

CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main. vl-n43

BOOTS AND SHOES.

M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Centre street, rear of Robbins & Eyer's Store. vl-n43

DAVID RETZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market. vl-43

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, Bloomsburg. vl-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., above the Court House. vl-n43

WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's bookstore v3-n28

B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain: Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church, vl-n43

R. IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d door in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange hotel." v3-n1

B. EARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d door in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange hotel." v4-n3

S. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Northside Main st., below Market. vl-n43

H. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, South side Main street, below Market. vl-n43

C. RUTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main. vl-n43

R. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street. v2-n20

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Opposite Episcopal Church, Main st. vl-n44

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey Building Main street, vl-n44

MRS A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, Books, and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main st. vl-n43

MRS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market. vl-n44

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street below Market. vl-n43

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' Cloaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts. vl-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House, vl-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

COLUMBIA HOTEL, by B. Stohner, Main st., above Court House. vl-n

BEES HOTEL, by T. Bent, Taylor, east end of Main street. vl-n

DEMYER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery and Oyster Saloon, Wholesale and retail, Exchange Block, Main street. vl-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

C. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

H. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and Market streets. v3-n36

A. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books & stationery, Main st., below Market. vl-n43

JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron vl-36

MENDENHALL, General Stock of Merchandise and Lumber, corner of Main street and Creek road, vl-n43

EX & WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, Wholesale and retail, Exchange Block. vl-n43

C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

J. BROWER, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., corner Main st. and Court House alley. vl-n43

ROBBINS & EYER, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., cor. Main and Centre sts. vl-n43

J. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main street below Market. vl-n44

E. EYER, Groceries and General Merchandise. Main st., above West. vl-43

McKELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, N. E. cor. Main and Market sts. vl-n43

H. MILLER & SON, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Hats, etc., Exchange Block, Main st. vl-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

WITMAN, Marble Works, one door below Post Office, Main Street. vl-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing near the railroad. vl-n40

FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. vl-n47

M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. vl-n40

W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from Northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

M. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. n2v19

J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and Fixtures, Rupert Block, Main st. vl-43

W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story Brick, Main Street, west of Market st. vl-n43

ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st. vl-43

A. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chemklin's alley, rear of American House. vl-n43

JOHN A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash fire insurance companies, Brower's Building, Main street. vl-n43

TOBIAS DIEFFENBACH, Broom Factory, Orders left at his residence or at Miller & Son's store promptly filled. Best green Western brush vl-n43.

MYERS CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

W. SAMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Bloomsburg, near Lock. R. R. Castings made at short notice. Machinery made and repaired. v2-n20

H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms vl-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n40

E. PEACOCK Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market sts. vl-n43

JOHN BABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar willow ware, near the Forks Hotel. v4-n43

Buck Horn.

G. & W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise, Store in south end of town. v2-n18

Orangeville Directory.

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the Brick Hotel. vl-n47

A. B. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine. vl-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. vl-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Rohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine sts., vl-n47

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel. vl-n47

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl n47

H. & C. KELCHNER, Blacksmiths, on Mill Street, near Pine. vl-n47

L. EDWARDS, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., first door above M'Henry's Hotel. vl-n23

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine. vl-n47

J. M. HARMAN, Saddle and Harness maker. Main st., opposite Frame Church. v2n11

SCHUYLER & LOW, Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St. vl-n4

MILES A. WILLIAMS & Co., Tanners and Manufacturers of leather, Mill Street. vl-n47

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n5.

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl-n49

Catawissa.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St. Robbins' Building. v2-n18

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main. v2-n18

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street v2-n12

J. B. KISTLER, "Cattawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n15

L. KEILER, Billard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main St. v2n12

M. M. BROEST, dealer in General Merchandise Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n18

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbander Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2n12

S. D. RINARD, dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware, Main Street. v2n12

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St. v2n12

Light Street.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House. vl-n49

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, vl-n49

J. J. LEISER, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2n27

PETER ENT, dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., Main Street, vl-n43

R. S. ENT, dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches. vl-n46

Espy.

B. F. REIGHARD & BRO., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise. v2n11

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n16

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n1

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n11

Business Cards.

M. M. L'VELLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Ashland, Schuylkill County Pa.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. Sep. 20'67

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bloomsburg Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan 1,'67.

E. J. THORNTON
would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,
and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment. mar.5,'69-tf Main St. below Market.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS,
BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &C.,
which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in the county. Examine for yourselves.
Shop third door below the Court House, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.
nov. 15,'67.

PIMPLES.
The undersigned will cheerfully mail (FREE) to all who wish it the Recipe and full directions for preparing and using a simple and Beautiful Vegetable Balm, that will immediately remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and all eruptions and impurities of the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.
He will also send (FREE) instructions for producing, by very simple means, a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face in less than thirty days from first application.
The above can be obtained by return mail by addressing THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, P. O. Box 5125, 195 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 6,'69-1y.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodat their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
HAY RAKE
IN THE MARKET.
MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY
N. W. SAMPLE & CO.,
COLUMBIA IRON WORKS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
CALL AND EXAMINE IT.
Bloomsburg, June 10, 1870-tf

WIDMYER & JACOBY
EXCHANGE BLOCK, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
are agents for the sale of "Brockway's" justly celebrated Cream and old stock Ales, which they will sell as cheap as country brewed ales, whole and half barrels constantly on hand. This ale is brewed by William E. Brockway, 215 to 225 East Eleventh Street, New York City.
Bloomsburg, June 10, 1870-tf.

Philadelphia Directory.

EAGLE HOTEL.
227 NORTH THIRD STREET,
R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED 1793.
JORDAN & BROTHER,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in
SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE
No 240 North Third St.
Philadelphia.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. B. SEYBERT.
HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
No. 421 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA.
Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.
January 3, 1868.

H. W. RANK'S
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
No. 146 North Third Street,
Between Cherry and Race, west side.
Philadelphia.

FRANK & STRETCH,
(Successors to I. H. Walter,)
Importers and Dealers in
QUEENSWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS,
No. 231 N. Third Street,
Between Race and Vine Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.
S. FRANK, C. H. STRETCH, } Gen'l Partners.
L. H. WALTER. Special Partner.
je2'70-tf.

J. M. KEPHEART,
WITH
BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,
No. 240 Market Street,
(above Fifth,)
PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 24 North Wharves and 25 North Third St
Philadelphia.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
oct. 22,'69-1y

WILLIAM FISHER
WITH
THOMAS CARSON & CO.
WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN HOSIERY,
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
LINENS & NOTIONS
NO. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET
Philadelphia.
June 4,'69-6m

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
may 19,67-tf.

Hotels.

COLUMBIA HOTEL.
BY
BERNARD STOHNER.
Having lately purchased and fitted up the well-known Robison Hotel Property, located a
FEW DOORS ABOVE THE COURT HOUSE,
on the same side of the street, in the town of Bloomsburg; and having obtained a license for the same as a
HOTEL AND RESTARANT,
the Proprietor has determined to give to the people visiting the town on business or pleasure,
A LITTLE MORE ROOM.
His stabling also is extensive, and is fitted up to put buggies and carriages in the dry. He promises that everything about his establishment shall be conducted in an orderly and lawful manner; and he respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. (my 17'67-tf

THE ESPY HOTEL.
ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned would inform the travelling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the perfect convenience of his guests. His bar will be stocked with the best the market affords. The choicest liquors, wines and cigars always to be found in his bar.
WILLIAM PETTIT.
Apr.23,'69-tf Espy, Pa.

BRICK HOTEL,
ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
ROHR M'HENRY, Proprietor.
This well known House, having been put in thorough repair, is now open to the travelling public. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table will be, at all times, supplied with the delicacies of the season. No pains will be spared to insure the comfort of guests.
Orangeville, dec. 10,'69-tf.

MONTOUR HOUSE
RUPERT, PA.
WILLIAM BUTLER, Proprietor.
This House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to ensure the perfect comfort of the travelers. The Proprietor solicits a share of public patronage. The bar will be stocked at all times with fine liquors and cigars. mar13'70-tf.

BENTON HOTEL.
W. F. PIATT, Proprietor,
BENTON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
This well known House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains have been spared to ensure the perfect comfort of guests. The proprietor also runs a Stage from the Hotel to Bloomsburg and intermediate points on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday of each week. [may 6'70-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES.
CLARK M. BROWN,
CENTRE STREET, ADJOINING THE STORE OF ROBBINS & EYER.
A full and complete assortment of ready made boots and shoes for men, women and children just received and for sale at reasonable rates. Varieties to suit all classes of customers. The best of work done at short notice, as heretofore. Give him a call. [ap 28'70-tf.

DENTISTRY.
H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.
Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.
Bloomsburg, Jan.31,'68 tf

PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.—A NEW COURSE OF LECTURES, as delivered at the Penna. Polytechnic and Anatomical Museum 1205 Chestnut St., three doors above Twelfth, Philadelphia, embracing the subjects: How to Live and What to Live for; Youth, Maturity and Old Age; Manhood Generally Reviewed; The cause of Indigestion; Flatulence and nervous Diseases accounted for; Marriage Philosophically considered. These lectures will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents by addressing: Secretary of the PENNSYLVANIA POLYTECHNIC AND ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 1205 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
je2'70-1y.

NOTICE.
All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the Estate of Jacob Eyer, deceased, are hereby notified to settle their accounts at once, otherwise they will be collected according to law.
S. H. MILLER,
Bloomsburg, May 6, 1870-tf Administrator

Choice Poetry.

Farmer John.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound.
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself;" says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate, to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him:
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get feed when I'm away?

'You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!"
We'll wean the colt next week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough.
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray;—
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

'For, after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of a journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights,—but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Parts and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare.
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away;

"There Money is King," says Farmer John;
"And Fashion is Queen: and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John,
"You see, old Bay,—
You see, old Gray,—
I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent.,—
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray.
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
O, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John; "I'll take you, too,—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away!"

—*Our Young Folks.*

Miscellaneous.

THE DEBUTANT.

BY J. MADISON JEITLES.

The low, soft breeze of an Italian noon came stealing through creeping vines and odorous flowers that grew about the window of a room in which lay a sick man, tossing in the extreme restlessness of a mind ill at ease, or perhaps fretful under the fever that lent to his eye an unusual brilliancy.

The room was luxuriously furnished, the truly artistic arrangement of which betrayed an eye for the beautiful, as well as useful, while the rich profusion of flowers, exquisitely grouped, told, if even the presence had not been there, that woman's hand had lent to all around the charming effect.

Bending over the invalid's couch, stood a lady of rare beauty and grace, whose absorbed manner and assiduous attentions proved how deep was the interest she felt in that prostrate form, while the light from her large, dark eyes, beamed down upon him with all the wealth of a true woman's love.

Moving around the room, with noiseless tread and respectful manner, was the valet, who likewise manifested the utmost interest, as well as sympathy in the scene before him. It was enough for the faithful fellow to know that his master suffered, and seemingly it lay beyond his limited power to afford even the slightest aid.

Since early morning had the invalid thus wrestled with the burning fever that consumed his veins, and yet the disease seemed not to decrease, but on the contrary, as night drew near, the flush upon his broad, high brow, and the brilliancy of his large blue eye, grew deeper and more brilliant still.

From below the murmur of the great city came up, mingling with the sounds of busy city life within the great caravanserie in which the sick man lay, lending an additional grievance to the already highly strung nerves of the patient.

"Listen how the world goes on and on, while I am chained to this bed, like some criminal to the hulks!" sullenly exclaimed the invalid, as with an impatient gesture he turned to the wall as though to shut out sounds.

"Have patience, De Beriot," soothingly replied the lady, as she gently stroked the mass of clustering hair about the sick man's forehead.

"Patience! patience! I am more than weary of the word. How can I be patient, when so much is depending on this night?" and De Beriot's voice had the sharp, petulant ring, that can alone be heard from a sick bed.

"Well darling, I have sent for Dr. ——; he will soon be here, and perhaps, he may suggest some solution of this seemingly difficult problem," said the lady.

"There is but one solution," exclaimed De Beriot. "He must put strength into his arm, and abate the rush of this burning fever through my brain, or else he and all his medicaments cannot minister successfully."

"Ah! I hear his footsteps now," eagerly exclaimed the lady. "Now you will be patient and abide by the decision made. Will you not?" and again the soft, white hand caressed the burning forehead.

In an instant the sick man glanced upward into the beautiful eyes that looked down upon him. And then, as the physicion entered the room, he gave her a gentle pressure of the hand and a look replete with love and obedience.

With professional rapidity and unerring skill, the medical gentleman surveyed, or diagnosed the case before him.

He found his patient suffering from the prostrating effects of a low fever, to which was added intense mental excitement, which, as a matter of course, aggravated the original disease. The latter must be removed before the former could be touched. Such was the physician's judgment, and a command was also given, that the patient must be kept absolutely quiet for two days at the very least. The last sentence seemed to act upon the invalid with the force of a galvanic shock.

Starting up, and resting upon an elbow, he glared at the medical attendant with something like downright anger in his looks.

"Why, sir, I had you brought hither to get me upon my feet and give me strength by to-night. Instead of this you coolly tell me that I am to remain tied to this bed for a number of days. I tell you, sir, I must be out of this bed and room to-night. My fortune—yea, my very life—almost depends upon it."

"Yes, sir," coolly replied the Doctor, "Your last remark is more true than you really are aware of. Your life would, indeed, depend on your going where I suspect you desire to go.

"Yes, doctor," gently interposed the lady, "his engagement to-night is before the royal family, and hence his extreme disappointment."

"Well, it is a very, very vexatious case," said the doctor, with more of sympathy in his voice than he had yet shown. "But I really do not see the slightest hope of your getting to the theatre in condition to do your great fame justice."

"Well, then, most heartily do I curse the fate that has willed it so," exclaimed De Beriot, savagely.

"Stop!" exclaimed the physician. "Is there none that can take your place?"

The change that came over the sick man's face was positively ludicrous in its expression of surprise.

The lady likewise slightly elevated her delicately arched eyebrows, in somewhat of disdain. Not so the valet who had been all this time noiselessly engaged about the room, but, of course, servant-like, allowing not one word of all that was uttered to escape his keen ears. Before De Beriot could speak, being engaged for a moment in swallowing and digesting his surprise, Bastian came forward, and with respectful salutation, said:

"If one so humble as I may speak upon a matter of so much importance, I would beg you, my master, to try and let me find one who will in some measure fill your place before the king."

"Find!" exclaimed De Beriot, in anger. "Whom? Are you acquainted here?"

"No, good master," responded Bastian. "But, allow me to suggest something. Last night, as I was passing a rickety house, in a narrow street not far from here, I heard some one playing on a violin, most beautifully. I stood spell-bound until those sweet and wonderful tones had ceased. Good master, none but you have I ever heard play so finely."

Charles De Beriot paid great attention to the statement of his servant. Knowing him to have been fully competent to judge, and trusting greatly to his criticism, he assigned much consequence to the received information, and determining to discover who the player was, said:

"Bastian, find out for me who this artist is."

"I was very much interested last night," said Bastian, "to find out the name of the person who played so heavenly, but nobody could tell me. All I could learn was, that he was from the North—a stranger here—very poor—and kept himself at a distance from all people."

"I should think," interposed the doctor, "that somebody in this house may know him."

De Beriot at once gave orders to his servant to call the porter to his room, that if possible he might receive some information respecting the mysterious violinist. The porter came, and related a lengthy tale all of which we already know.

"I deem it most prudent," said Felicita Malibran, turning to her husband, "to send Bastian and the porter to the unknown artist, tender him an invitation to our rooms, in order that you may hear him play, and satisfy yourself of his competency to represent you at the concert to-night."

De Beriot consented to the proposition of his wife.

Bastian, accompanied by the porter, at once set forth, and in a few minutes reached the quarter of the city in which dwealt the unknown musician. Before the door of a wretched, tumble-down tenurment-house they paused, and knocked for admission. They were admitted, and ascending the ill-shaped stairway, were shown into a small, dingy room, opening upon the landing. Though in some degree prepared for misery and poverty, the sight that met their gaze caused an involuntary exclamation of sympathy.

Upon a broken chair, the only article of furniture in the room, near the window, was seated a frail, delicate form, the head bowed forward upon his hands as though to shut out a world of bitterness, the long, fair hair hanging in disheveled masses down each side of his face, while ever and anon, a deep, heavy sigh would break forth with startling emphasis. The whole was the picture of a man utterly crushed and despairing.

In strange contrast was a violin and a bow, lying on the floor, the instrument betraying by its neatness and tidiness of appearance, how much care had been bestowed upon it.

The young man, having been aroused out of his brooding state by the intruding strangers, sprang forward, shook back his curling hair, thereby displaying pallid and starved features, at the same time regarding the comers with an interrogative look.

Bastian addressed him in Italian, but finding he did not comprehend him well, proceeded in the French language of which he was found to be a master.

In concise terms, the valet made known the object of his visit, and then awaited a reply. When the name of Charles De Beriot was mentioned, a quick flush suffused the pale, sad countenance of the young man, and his large clear blue eye sparkled as with pleasurable emotion.

For a moment he stood gazing on his instrument, and then quickly, as though prompted by a sudden determination, he grasped the violin and bow, at the same time exclaiming:

"I will go with you! Lead the way!"

Arriving at the hotel, De Beriot was found to be insensible, and raving under the burning heat of the fever. With ready tact his wife received and entertained the stranger, in the meanwhile writing a hurried note to the director, informing him how utterly impossible it was for De Beriot to fulfill his engagement that night, by reason of his sudden and alarming illness. In this note she took the responsibility of recommending the stranger as one suitable to fill the sick man's place.

Evening came. The immense theatre was crowded from pit to dome. Charles De Beriot had been announced to play, and hence the musical world of Genoa had thronged to hear the great violinist bring from his instrument those strains which have rendered his name immortal.

When the curtain rolled up, the director appeared, and in a faltering voice announced the illness of the great master, and his inability to appear.

Without allowing time for an expression of feeling, he rapidly made known that, under the sanction, and by recommendation of Felicita Malibran, he had secured a substitute, and begged the audience to at least have a moment's patience.

Wide-spread murmurings ensued, but finally order resumed its sway, and in happy mood the perplexed director disappeared to bring in the substitute.

A moment, and there stood the pale-faced young man, of the wretched tenement-house, before that grand and majestic audience!—his bow self-possessed—but there was a strange, wild look in the large, full eye, that told of thoughts far away.

But suddenly he awakens to the reality around; the violin and bow are placed in position, with an easy, graceful motion.

Listen! oh, listen! Now the bow glides slowly, and strange, weird sounds are stealing throughout the vast auditorium. How sweet—how plaintive, seeming to carry with the story that some have already read in those large, soft eyes, that are looking far beyond any present. And then the mood changes, and like lightning the supple arm drives the quivering bow across the strings. But description fails to convey a just impression of that wonderful performance.

De Beriot is forgotten. A death-like silence reigns; tears have started unbidden to the eyes of strong men long used to such scenes; emotion, intense sympathy, open admiration, are depicted upon every countenance.

The strains grow weaker and weaker; the wearied arm can no longer perform its duty—and the story of silent, uncomplaining suffering, of want and gaunt starvation, of disappointed hopes and blank despair, has been told, been wrought out in strains of such music as it seldom falls to the lot of men to the lot of man to hear.

Suddenly a piercing, thrilling cry rings throughout the building—it sounds like the voice of one dying.

The violin falls crashing to the stage; the artist is seen sinking slowly to the floor, as with outstretched hands, and in broken tones, he exclaims:

'Give me bread! Give me food! for I am starving!"

For an instant the audience remained silent, struck dumb with blank amazement, and in speechless wonder sat gazing upon the senseless form.

But only a moment thus, and then amid hurried exclamations of sympathy and kindly commiseration, there rolled upward a mighty volume of enthusiastic applause.

Men wondered at the almost divine talent that they had that night witnessed; and the question arose:

"Who is he? Where is he from?"

The audience, at the request of the director, have kept their seats; and, after an interval, the young artist, renewed and invigorated by bounteous food and generous wine, again makes his appearance.

The scenes of the earlier part of the night are enacted. Again is that wonderful skill displayed, and again and again does the vast structure shake and quiver under the deafening applause.

Since that night, when friendless, starving, he cried for food, the name of this young man has gone forth to the utmost parts of the civilized world. All nations, all countries, all people have listened, as did those on the night of which we have spoken, to him whose name has everywhere become a household word—the name of OLE BULL.

THE following anecdote is told of Dr. Cabarrus, the great homeopathic physician, who has just died in Paris. Mlle. Julia Barron was out of sorts, and sent for him.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I hardly know myself," she replied. "My spirits are terribly unequal. Sometimes I am greatly elated, and then suddenly sink into the deepest melancholy."

After a moment's reflection Cabarrus said gravely:

"I am afraid there is but one way to save you."

"What is it?" she inquired eagerly.

"You must get married," he replied, with a mirthful twinkle of the eye, but still keeping a grave face.

"Well," said Mlle. Barron, after a little hesitation, followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief, "perhaps you are right. Would you marry me?"

"*Ma chere*," replied Cabarrus, blandly, "the doctor prescribes, but he doesn't take his own medicine."

Bonner in Harlam Lane.

I saw Bonner on the road the other day. It is one of the sights of New York. It is interesting to watch the sensation he produces, though he appears every day. He comes late on the road, but his coming is watched for with great eagerness by all classes. He is very systematic, and can usually be seen turning into the gate from Eighth avenue about five o'clock. His pleasure never interferes with business; his day's work is fairly done before he leaves for his stables. He has a rig which he puts on when he prepare for the business of the road.

DEXTER

is the favorite with the public, and they are usually gratified, especially on a pleasant afternoon. Other horses have had their brush and have been led off foaming to the shed. The piazzas of all the hotels that line the road are crowded with horsemen and the windows with lady friends. Spectators with their teams draw up on the side of the road to await the great event of the day. During the meeting of the two conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York lately, it was estimated that two-thirds of the clergymen went out on Harlem Lane to get a sight of Dexter and his famous owner. Bonner makes his appearance at a slow pace, apparently indifferent to the impression produced. He watches to see that the coast is clear. By common consent, when Bonner appears.

THE ROAD IS CLEARED.

A Dacotah Indian might take lessons of Bonner in his yells. As Dexter starts on his course, his driver can be heard half a mile off. The excited throng shout, "That's Bonner," and all come to their feet. The team rushes by with the fleetness of the wind, and is out of sight in an instant. There are some things that cannot be described—a panic in Wall Street—the inside of St. Peter's—the harmony of an Italian organist—the coloring of the great masters in the Pitti Palace—the trotting of Dexter. He moves as no other horse moves; he is the poetry of motion. He does not sprawl, throw his feet out, or fling them around, but seems to

SLIDE OUT OF HIMSELF,

giving the idea that any amount of speed can be obtained. He is never exhausted, there is no exertion, there is a reserve of speed that is peculiar. Go as fast as he will, his hoofs can be as distinctly seen as when he is on a slow trot. Horsemen say that his speed has never been known, and without controversy the palm is awarded to him on all hands. A very exciting scene took place the other day. A gray horse appeared on the road—a stranger to every one. The speed of the animal was marvellous. Where the horse came from or to whom he belonged nobody seemed to know. The driver watched for Bonner. After a sharp contest he actually

DISTANCED DEXTER.

The thrill of excitement was indescribable. Bonner turned his horse into the shed and had him blanketed. Wall street was scarcely ever more excited than was the road that afternoon. In a short time Dexter re-appeared, and again his pale antagonist was ready for the contest. Bonner put up the top of his wagon, which, as horsemen know, makes a great difference in speed. The white horse came tearing along at a marvellous gait.

BONNER SPRANG TO HIS FEET

and gave a screech that might have been heard in Westchester county. Dexter heard and understood the signal buckled down to his work, and left the white horse so far behind that he was not to be mentioned the same afternoon. Thunders of applause attended Bonner on his course, and as the king of the road came back there were hundreds that would have crowned him with laurels. The feat of that afternoon induced horsemen to say that Dexter is capable of anything.—*Boston Journal.*

Magic Table for finding the age of any Person.

Rule.—Let any person tell in which column or columns, he finds his age—add together the *first* numbers of these columns, and their sum is the person's age, up to 74 years.