THE COLUMBIAN,

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH AND COLUMBIAN CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

TWO DOLLARS per year, payable in advance, or during the year. After the expiration of the year $2.50 will be charged. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance—$2 24 if not paid in advance and $2.50 if payment be delayed be ond the year.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits after the expiration of the first year will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our J b Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

C. B. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. X, NO. 47
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLI, NO. 28

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, (twelve lines or its equivalent in Nonpareil type) one or two insertions, $1.50; three insertions, $2.00.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$6.00	$10.00
Two inches	3.50	5.00	7.00	9.00	15.00
Three inches	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	18.00
Four inches	7.00	9.00	11.00	17.00	25.00
Quarter column	10.00	13.00	18.00	30.00	40.00
Half column	15.00	18.00	26.00	50.00	60.00
One column	20.00	30.00	40.00	60.00	100.00

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before inserted except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertions without reference to length.

Executor's, Administrator's and Auditor's notices three dollars.

Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

Columbia County Official Directory.

President Judge—William Elwell.
Associate Judges—Ira m Derr, M. G. Hughes.
Prothonotary, &c.—H. Frank Zarr.
Court Stenographer—S. S. Walker.
Register & Recorder—Williamson H. Jacoby.
District Attorney—John M. Clark.
Sheriff—
Sarve-or—Isaac Dewitt.
Treasurer—Dr H. W. Mellenyolds.
Commissioners—John Herner, S. W. McHenry, Joseph Sands.
Commissioners' Clerk—William Krickbaum.
Auditors—M. V. B. Kline, J. B. Casey, E. B. Brown.
Coroner—Charles G. Murphy.
Jury Commissioners—Jacob H. Fritz, William H. Utt.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—O. P. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Creveling, Sec'y. O. P. Ent, Secretary.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

Bloomsburg Banking Company—John A. Funston, President, H. H. Ornt z, Cashier.
First National Bank—Charles R. Paxton, President J. P. Austin, Cashier.
Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robbins, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, C. G. Barkley, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. J. P. Austin, (Supply.)
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Minister—Rev. J. Mecron.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. N. S. Buckingham.
Minister—Rev. J. S. McMurray.
Sunday Services—10½ and 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—2 p. m.
Bible Class—Every Monday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Young Men's Prayer Meeting—Every Tuesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
General Prayer Meeting—Every Thursday evening 7 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner of Third and Iron streets.
Pastor—Rev. G. D. Gurley.
Residence—Central Hotel.
Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
Prayer Meeting—Saturday, 7 p. m.
All are invited There is always room.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Rector—
Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 6½ p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m.
First Sunday in the month, Holy Communion.
Services preparatory to Communion on Friday evening before the 1st Sunday in each month.
Pews rented; but everybody welcome.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Presiding Elder—Rev. A. L. Reeser.
Minister—Rev. J. A. Irvine.
Sunday Service—3 p. m., in the Iron Street Church.
Prayer Meeting—Every Sabbath at 2 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Meets in "the little Brick Church on the hill,"—known as the Welsh Baptist Church—on Rock street east of Iron.
Regular meeting for worship, every Lord's day afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Seats free; and the public are cordially invited to attend.

BLOOMSBURG DIRECTORY.

SCHOOL ORDERS, blank, just printed and neatly bound in small books, on hand and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Feb. 19, 1875-tf

BLANK DEEDS, on Parchment and Linen Paper, common and for Administrators, Executors and trustees, for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN Office.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES just printed and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office. Ministers of the Gospel and Justices should supply themselves with these necessary articles.

JUSTICES and Constables' Fee-Bills for sale at the COLUMBIAN office. They contain the corrected fees as established by the last Act of the Legislature upon the subject. Every Justice and Constable should have one.

VENDUE NOTES just printed and for sale cheap at the COLUMBIAN office.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market streets, in the old post office.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

C. E. SAVAGE, Dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the Central Hotel.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. K. IKELER, Attorney at Law. Rooms in Exchange Block, 2d floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. 68

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5. Oct. 15, '75.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office S. E. corner Rock and Market streets.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street, corner Jefferson.

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

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Hartman's building, Main street.

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Clark & Wolf's Store, Main street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main st., above Central Hotel.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Centre street, between Second and Third.

WHEN YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS SHAVE or any thing in the TONSORIAL LINE go to

JAMES REILLY'S BARBER SHOP,

THE BEST IN TOWN,

[Under Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Oct. 13, '75—1y

CATAWISSA.

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney-at-Law, Main street,

WM. L. EYERLY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Catawissa, Pa.

Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

THE "MOODY SHIRT."

MADE TO ORDER ONLY.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Gentlemen desiring Shirts will please drop us a line and our Agent will call and get the measurement.
Factory Corner Penn and Centre streets.
Address P. O. MOODY,
March 16,'76-1y SUNBURY, Pa

LOUIS BERNHARD,

Dealer in

ELGIN WATCHES, CLOCKS,

Silverware, Watches and Jewelry

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver Watches, of American and Foreign manufacture.

Silver and Plated Ware, Clocks,

FINE JEWELRY, &C., &C.

REPAIRING AND ENGRAVING

Promptly Executed.

Oct.8,'75-1y

PATENTS.

Persons desiring to take out patents, or desiring information from the United States Patent Office should consult F. A. TEHMANN, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Examinations free. NO PATENT NO PAY. Send for Circular.

Oct. 6, '76. 2 & w

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. A. L. TURNER,

Residence on Market Street one door below D. J. Waller's.

Office over Kleim's Drug Store. Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m. for treatment of diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.

All calls night or day promptly attended to.

Apr.23'75-tf

DR. J. C. RUTTER,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office, North Market street,

Mar.27,'74—y Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. B. F. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Office above J. Schuyler & Son's Hardware Store. Apr.23'75-tf

SAMUEL KNORR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Office, Hartman's Block, corner Main and Market Streets Oct. 8, '75

E. E. ORVIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE—Room No. 1, "Columbian" Building.
Sept. 18,1875.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa. july1,'73—y

C. R. & W. J. BUCKALEW,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Office on Main Street, first door below Court House
Mar.6,'74—y

R. F. & J. M. CLARK,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Office in Ent s Building. April 10,'74—y

A. CREVELING SMITH. BERVEY EWING SMITH.

A. CREVELING SMITH & SON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

☞All business entrusted to our care will recieve prompt attention. july1,'73—y

F. P. BILLMEYER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE—Adjoining C. R. & W. J. Buckalew.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Apr. 14,'76-1y.

E. H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.

E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

☞Business before the U. S. Patent Office attended to. Office in the Columbian Building. 1y—38

BROCKWAY & ELWELL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Members of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America.
Agents for Continental Life Insurance Company of New York. Assets nearly $7,000,000. The best in the country. Send for descriptive pamphlet. tf

WILLIAM BRYSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Centralia, Pa.

Feb 18, '76-1y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN'S HOTEL, Bloomsburg, Pa., R. Stohner, Proprietor. Accommodations first-class. $1.25 to $1.50 per day. Restaurant attached. October 8, '75-tf

C. M. BROWN,

has removed his Boot and Shoe Store from Brown's Hotel to 1st door above Wagonseller and Sharpless'. Towanda Boots a specialty. Repairing done at short notice.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH. Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa. Oct 1, '75-1y

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

Opposite the Court House,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THE LARGEST and BEST in all respects in the county

W. B. KOONS.
Oct. 8,'75-1y Proprietor.

W. HOWELL,

DENTIST.

Office in Hartman's Block, second floor, corner Main and Market Streets,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

May 26—1y.

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, Main street, below Market. oct. 8,'75

FREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	9,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	13,000,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	3,100,000
American of Philadelphia	1,100,000
Atlas of Hartford	5,000,000
Wyoming, of Wilkes Barre	231,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,000,000
Commercial Union	17,000,000
	$178,956,000

March 26,'77—y

THE UNDERSIGNED, representing several of the most conservative and reliable American Fire Insurance Companies, would beg leave to offer his services to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, requesting a reasonable share of the public patronage.

W. J. POWELL.

Bloomsburg, July 18, 1876.
Office in Brower's Block.

July 21-6m.

Columbia County

BANK,

OF BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

Formerly the Bank of Espy, removed April first, 1876. Is conveniently located in the central part of the town, and does a general BANKING business.

Money received on deposit subject to check without notice. Special arrangements made with depositors, and interest allowed on time Deposits.

Issue Drafts on New York and Philadelphia.

Collections made on all important towns in the U. S., at lowest rates of exchange. Bonds and stocks bought and sold, and coupons collected. Every security given to depositors that can be offered by any Bank.

DISCOUNT DAYS:—Tuesday and Friday.

RATE, SIX PER CENT.

Aug. 10, '76-6m.

Farm & Mill Property for Sale or Rent.

The farm and mill property known as the Jacob Yohe mill property, in Mifflin township, is for sale or rent. Every thing is in first class condition. A rare chance for a good miller. Terms easy. Apply soon to

JOHN W. EVANS,
Berwick, Pa.

Nov3-4w

$999 Can't be made by every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, and boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish you a complete outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of starting you. Particulars free. Write and see. Farmers and mechanic their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.
Sept. 8, '76.-11m.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

DR. SWAYNE,

The discoverer and compounder of the far-famed

Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

and other valuable preparations, entered upon his professional career with the important advantage of a regular medical education in one of the oldest and best schools in Philadelphia, and, perhaps, in the world. He subsequently served a faithful term of practice in the Philadelphia Dispensary, and for many years attended in the Hospital. In these institutions he enjoyed the most ample opportunities of obtaining an insight into diseases in all their various forms, as well as for ascertaining the best methods of their treatment. In offering, therefore, to the people of the United States the fruits of his extensive professional experience in the medical compounds as the best results of his skill and observation, he feels that he is but proffering a boon to every family throughout the land, resting, as he does, confidently in the merits and efficacious virtue of the remedies he herewith commends. The vast amount of testimony from all parts of the world has proven "DOCTOR SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY" the most efficacious remedy known, and it is admitted by our most eminent physicians, and all who have witnessed its wonderful healing properties. The WILD CHERRY in all ages of the world and in all countries where it is known has been justly celebrated for its wonderful medicinal qualities, but its great power to cure some of the worst and most distressing diseases among us was never fully ascertained until the experiments of that skilful physician, Dr. Swayne, had demonstrated its high adaptation, in combination with Pine Tree Tar, and other equally valuable vegetable ingredients, which chemically combined renders it action tenfold more certain and beneficial in curing all diseases of the throat, breast and lungs. DR. SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY COMPOUND strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous and shattered constitution. If your druggist or storekeeper does not have it, do not be put off by any other remedy that may be offered, but send to us direct, and we will forward a half dozen to any address, freight paid, on receipt of the price, $1 per bottle, or $5 the half dozen. Address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. No charge will be made for advice.

Ask Your Druggist for Them.

Females and all who value health should never be without DR. SWAYNE'S TAR AND SARSAPARILLA PILLS, as they purify the blood, remove all obstructions, cleanse the skin of all impurities and blotches, and bring the rich color of health to the pale cheek. Female irregularities are restored to a healthy condition. They are a certain cure for sick and Nervous Headache. As a Dinner Pill, nothing can exceed them: take one, two, or three, as may be found necessary; unlike others, they neither gripe, produce nausea, or any other unpleasant sensation, while they are as powerful as it is possible for a medicine to be and be harmless. These Pills cleanse out the disordered humors, enrich and purify the blood, remove all unhealthy bilious secretions of the stomach and bowels, causing a perfectly healthy state of the liver, and are undoubtedly the best cathartic and antibilious medicine yet discovered; and we are determined that the sick shall have them at a price within the means of the poorest (**25 cents a box of 30 Pills.**) If your druggist (or storekeeper has not got them, do not be put off by any others that may be offered in their place, but send to us direct, and we will forward by mail, on receipt of the price, 25 cents a box or five boxes $1.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's Ointment,

Is particularly adapted to all forms of skin diseases. Cures even when all other remedies and treatment fail.

Cures Tetter,	Scald Head,
Salt Rheum,	Ringworm,
Barber's Itch,	Pimples, Sores,
Prarie Itch	Army Itch,
Sore Heads,	Blotches, Scurvy,
Humors, Piles,	Chronic Erysipelas of the
All Eruptions,	face.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

Seems to cure every case, leaving the skin smooth and clear without a blemish behind.

Itching Piles

is generally preceded by a moisture, like perspiration, distressing itching, as though pin worms were crawling in or about the rectum, particularly at nightwhen undressing, or in bed after getting warm. It appears in summer as well as winter, oftentimes shows itself around the private parts, and is not confined to males only, but is quite as frequent that females are sorely afflicted, particularly in times of pregnancy, extending into the vagina, proving distressing almost beyond the powers of endurance. Cases of long standing, pronounced incurable, have been permanently cured by simply applying

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Dr. Swayne & Son:—Gentlemen—The box of Ointment you sent me by mail cured me entirely of Itching Piles, which I suffered with for five years. Enclosed find fifty cents for another box for a friend of mind. ANDREW J. BEACH.
Farmwell Station, London Co., Va.

Rev. Isaac Holland, Webster, Taylor county W. Va, writes:
November 29, 1875—I have been a sufferer from Itching Piles. I procured a box of your ointment last spring which gave me instant relief, and feel confident it will effect a permanent cure. Enclosed find fifty cents, for which please send me another box by mail.

An Eruption of 8 Years Standing.

I was troubled with an eruption of eight years itching, intolerable at times; tried many preparations without finding relief. Through the use of Swayne's All-Healing Ointment I am entirely cured. JOSEPH LAMBERT.
At Hortsman & Bros., 4th and Cherry, Phila.

I was entirely cured of Tetter

in its worst form by Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment, and shall be happy to explain my case to all who may call upon me. JAMES MCKINLAY, West Flat Hotel, 2nd Street, below Lombard, Philadelphia.

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents a box.

Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. No charge for advice.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of

SWAYNE'S PANACEA,

celebrated all over the world for its remarkable cures of Scrofula, Mercurial and Syphilitic complaints, and in cases where Syphilitic virus of the parent causes development of Syphilis or Scrofula in the child nothing has ever proved so effectual in completely eradicating every vestige of these dangerous complaints and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood.

In particular to obtain the genuine, as prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 N. 6th St., Philadelphia. See that the name is spelled correctly, SWAYNE, as there are preparations of somewhat similar name in the market.

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT

OR TURNING GRAY?

IF SO DO NOT FAIL TO USE

The most	London Hair Color restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Reliable Hair	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Restorative ever	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Introduced to the	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
American	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
People	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
For Restoring	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Gray Hair and	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Preventing	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Baldness.	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
The great	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Luxury of	London Hair Color Reporter
	London Hair Color Restorer
the Dress-	London Hair Color Restorer
	London Hair Color Restorer
Room.	London Hair Color Restorer

1. It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2. It will make the hair grow on bald heads.
3. It will restore the natural secretions.
4. It will remove all dandruff and humor.
5. It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible
6. It will preserve the original color to old age.
7. It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8. It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

75 Cents per Bottle.

6 bottles $4. Sent by express to any address on receipt of price.

Address orders to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Phila., Pa., sole proprietors.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Aug 19,'76—1y.

Poetical.

HER TREASURES.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

I keep them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay.
I thought my heart would break that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize:
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay.
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears,—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home,—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee:
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh no! I sent his letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
But look what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill,—
Poor Jack!—he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice.
At Paris, and among the Alps:
Those foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they are such handsome men.
We go to France, next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet ring.
—These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it,—Count de Twirl:
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red,—You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that lock forsook:
You know,—but you could never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf,—
He's not a bygone. In a year,
I'll tell you all about him, dear.

—*Scribner for December.*

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

Are they white lambs, these stars on high,
That, when the day star sinks in night
Still feed in pastures of the sky,
And to the shepherds lend their light?

Or silver lilies are they, there,
With sweetest petals open spread,
That, when we mortals rest from care,
Their fragrance o'er the weary shed?

Or consecrated candles tall,
That on God's altar shine so bright,
The darkness of our earthly hall
To dissipate with softest light?

Ah! no! they are letters fair,
With which good angels, clothed in white,
Sweet hymns of love for us prepare,
And in Heaven's book of record write.

From the German.

Miscellaneous.

A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I was not the regular doctor, for the practice at Burnley belonged to Fred Garnet, an old hospital friend of mine, who had taken to a simple country practice, while I had been roaming about the word as a surgeon in emigrant ships, and during the Franco German war. We had met after seven years when I wanted a month's quiet in the country, and he had asked me to attend to his practice, while he came up to town to pass a degree, for he was a hard-studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was dying of gout. This was the announcement by the servant. Saving that I had been consulted about a "terrible wherritin' pain" in the back of an old lady of 75, this was my first call.

"There's Miss Kate a-watching for us."

I could see the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove on, but my attention was too much taken up by the prettiness of the place, and I was gaping idly about, thinking nothing of "Miss Kate" and her cares, when the gig stopped and I jumped down.

"Here he is, uncle dear" she cried.

"Time he was here," exclaimed some one with a savage roar.

After giving various little orders I placed the tender leg in an easy position, the patient breaking out into furious exclamations the while. Then by means of some hoops from a small wooden tub I made a little gypsy tent over the limb so that the coverings did not touch the exquisitely tender skin, and at the end of half an hour had the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfaction, of seeing a smile steal over the face, which was now smooth and bedewed with a gentle perspiration, and directly after, in a drowsy voice, my patient said:

"Kitty, my darling, he's a trump. Take him into the next room and apologize to him and tell him I'm not always such a beast."

He was half asleep already, while I—even in that short hour—I had fallen into a dream, a dream of love; I, who had never loved before, nor thought of it but as sickly boy and girl stuff, unworthy of busy men.

I cannot tell you how the day passed, only that Kate Austey had implored me not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I was her slave and would have done her bidding even to the death.

He was soon better, but my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. I went one day as usual, but instead of Kate being at the window and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door, looking very angry, and he at once caught hold of my coat and dragged me into the kitchen.

"Is anything wrong?" I said, trembling.

"Yes, lots," said the old man. "What do you come here for?"

"For mercy's sake, don't keep it back!" I said, for the room seemed to swim round me. "Is Kate ill?"

"Yes I think she is," he said gruffly. "But look here, young man, what does this mean?"

"Mean," I said. "Oh, Mr. Brand, if she is ill let me see her at once!"

"She don't look very bad," he said, peeping through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; "but I say, young man, you'd better not come any more. She's growing dull, and I can't have my darling made a fool of."

"Made a fool of!" I stammered.

"Yes," he said gruffly; "what do you come here for?"

I was silent for a minute, with a wondrous feeling stealing over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt them—"because I love her with all my heart."

"And you have told her so?"

"Not a word," I said slowly. My hand was being crushed as in a vise the next minute.

"I'm not a gentleman, Doctor, but I know one when I meet one. There, you may go and talk to her, if it's as you say, for if it's true you wouldn't make her unhappy; but, my lad, the man who trifled with that girl's heart would be the greatest scoundrel that ever stepped on God's earth."

The whole of this part of my life is so dreamy that it is all like some golden vision.

But I was at her chair, I know, and that glorious evening I was content to watch the soft, dreamy face beside me, as she sat there with her hands folded in her lap, watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together through the wood, to stop at last beneath an overshadowing tree, and there in low, broken words I told her I loved her, and in her sweet girlish simplicity she laid her hands upon my shoulders, looked up in my face, and promised to be my little wife.

I went home that night riding in a wonderful triumphal chariot instead of a gig, and, to my great surprise, on reaching the house there was Fred Garnet.

"Back already?" I stammered.

"Already? Why, the month's up," he said laughing. "You must have had good sport with your fishing, Master Max."

It came upon me like thunder, this return, and I lay that night awake—happy, but miserable, for this meant the end of my visit, and what was to come in the future? I had not thought of that.

I put it off for the time, and having obtained willing permission from Garnet, I went his rounds the next morning, and, of course, found my way to the farm.

I fancy the servant looked at me in rather a peculiar, constrained way, as she said that her master had gone to the off-hand farm.

"And Miss Kate?" I said.

"She's down in the wood, sir," said the girl.

I waited to hear no more, but ran along the garden, leaped the gate, and crossing two fields, went through the wilderness, and over the stile into the wood.

"My darling!" I kept repeating, as I hurried on, expecting to meet her at every turn, and then I stopped short, with a horrible pang seeming to catch my heart. I was dizzy, faint, raging with anger and mad in turn, but that all passed off, to leave a bitter crushing sense of misery as I held on by a young sapling, and peered at the scene before me.

There stood, with her back to me, Kate—false, false Kate—with the arm of a tall, handsome, military looking man encircling her waist, her head resting on his shoulder, and, even as I gazed, he bent his head down and she raised her arms—her face—her lips to meet his kisses, as he folded her tightly to his breast.

I saw no more, but stole blindly away, went to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted and rode back to Burnley, threw the bridle to the man, walked straight to the station without seeing Fred Garnet, and went off to London.

Six months glided by, and then I was once more called upon to take charge of the practice of a friend in the suburbs.

It was one dark night in the winter that I was just going to bed, half wishing that I had a call—for I knew that I should only lie and toss about sleepless, and I was too good a doctor to try my own drugs—when the surgery bell rang sharply, and the summons that I had wished for came.

It was a policeman with a hansom cab, and his oilskins shone wet and vividly in the red light of the lamp over the door.

"Axiden' case, sir," he said. "Dr. Barker in the next street's got in 'and sir, and he wants help."

I learned from him that a gentleman had been knocked down by the very same cab we were in, and trampled upon by the horses before the wheel went over and broke his leg.

We were there in a few minutes, and I was shown into the back parlor of a comfortably furnished house, where the sufferer had been laid upon a mattress.

A brief conversation with my colleague ensued, and he told me what he feared and how he was situated, another important call demanding his presence. The result was that I agreed that we would examine the patient, and then I would stay till Dr. Barker's return.

A faint groan from the mattress saluted us as we turned to our patient, and as I held the lamp over his face, and the light fell upon the fair hair and long drooping moustache, I nearly dropped it.

"Nemesis!" I thought. Mine enemy delivered into my hand. Kate's lover lying bruised and broken—crushed like a reed at my feet. And now I need not kill him to be revenged for all his cruelty to me, but stand by supine, and he would die.

For a few brief moments told me that I possessed greater knowledge than my colleague's, and that if I withheld mine, nothing which Dr. Barker could do would save the flame even now trembling in the socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the wood flashed before me once again as I stood there—Kate's sweet face upturned asking for this man's kisses, and all so vivid that my brain reeled and a mist floated before my eyes.

"What do you think, Mr. Lawler?" said a voice at my elbow, and I started back into the present.

"That he'll be past saving in an hour," I said, quietly.

"I fear so," said Dr. Barker, shrugging his shoulders.

"Unless—"

Here I unfolded my plans as I said bitterly to myself, "And heap coals of fire upon his head. Kate, take your lover, and God forgive you!"

"Excellent," exclaimed Dr. Barker, who was a frank, gentlemanly fellow, without professional jealousies; and in an hour's time we had done all that was necessary, our patient was breathing easily, and Dr. Barker was shaking my hand.

"He's saved, Mr. Lawler. You've saved his life. Now I'll be off and get back in an hour's time. You've given me the greatest lesson in surgery I ever had in my life."

And then I was alone, thinking bitterly of what I had done.

"Kate—Kate—darling!"

Those words feebly muttered brought me to myself, and I was the cold, hard man once more as I rose, and taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes now opened and he stared at me.

"Where's Kate?" he asked; "and where—what——" He stopped short.

"Hush!" I said, coldly; "you have had an accident."

"Accident? Oh, yes, I remember, I was going to catch the night train for Burnley, when that confounded cab—"

"You must not talk," I said, fighting hard to contain myself. "You are seriously hurt."

That last was not professional, but there was grim pleasure in giving him some pain.

"That's bad, doctor," he whispered, "for I was going down—to see my darling—she's very ill."

"Ill!" I exclaimed, starting.

"Yes," he said, speaking with pain; and I could not stop him now. "Consumption, they say, broken heart, I think. Some scoundrel—"

I almost dropped the lamp as I caught his hand and gripped it, and said in a hoarse choking voice, for I was struggling to see the full light:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Telegraph, at any expense, to my brother-in-law. Take it down or you'll forget. From Christopher Anstey to John Brand, Greenmead Burnley. Say Kate is not to fidget. You know best."

"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write "Miss Kate," then I faltered, "is——"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow, "and she's dying!"

He was too weak, too faint to heed me, as with a bitter groan I turned away stunned—mad almost at my folly. For I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, jealous fool that I was. I had seen the girl that I worshipped, petted and caressed by her own father, and without seeking or asking an explanation, I had rushed away, leaving her to think me a scoundrel, nay, worse.

When I turned once more to the mattress my patient had fallen asleep, and I stood there thinking.

In a few minutes I had made my plans; then, watch in hand, I impatiently waited for Dr. Barker's return.

He was back to his time, and in a few words I had made my arrangements.

"Doctor," I said, "you said you were in my debt for to-night's work."

"My dear sir, I'll write you a check for twenty guineas, with pleasure," he replied.

"Pay me in this way," I said: "See that patients whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days, and tell our friend here that his message has been seen to."

He promised eagerly, and the next minute I was in the street, running to the nearest cab stand.

I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, half joyous, I sat impatiently there till the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly slowly jolted me over to the Four Mile Farm.

It was a bright, frosty morning, and the sun glanced from the river upon the trees, but I could think only of one thing as I kept urging the driver on, and he must have thought me mad as I leapt out and rushed into the well-known parlor.

"Kate!" I cried, as half blind I ran toward a pale face lying back in an easy chair by the fire.

"You scoundrel!" was roared at the same moment, and the sturdy farmer had pinned me by the throat.

"Yes, all that," I said; "only hear me."

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a low cry and fainted.

"Quick!" I said, "water and some brandy."

With a low growl of rage my old patient for gout obeyed me, and in a few minutes Kate opened her eyes to look full in mine as her head rested on my arm.

"Have you come—to say good-bye?" she said, feebly; and there was such a look of reproach in that poor worn face that I could only answer in a whisper:

"No, no—to ask you to give and bless me with your love; to ask you to forgive me for my weakness, for I must have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head to see that the farmer's head was down upon his arms, and his broad shoulders were heaving.

"I thought you would never come again," said Kate, feebly; "but I never gave up hope."—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Effect of Recoil in Rifle Shooting.

It has been a question with marksmen, says the Springfield (*Mass.*) *Union*, whether the recoil of a pistol or rifle occurred before the ball left the bore. Many have contended that it did not, and the tendency of a pistol to "throw up," did not effect its accuracy. A recent experiment seems to have shown conclusively that the recoil occurs before the ball leaves the bore and does affect its direction. The experiment was this: A rifle barrel, twelve inches long, for convenience, was secured to a solid bed in such a way as to prevent any movement but that of recoil directly to the rear and upward. In this situation it was fired a number of times, and the balls followed each other in the same hole in the target. An incline or wedge was then made fast upon the bed at the rear of the barrel in such a way that the breech would be raised as it slid back in the recoil. Fired under these conditions, it sent the balls