

The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 5.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN, A Democratic Newspaper.

IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
JOHN G. FREEZE,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and unflinchingly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

It has seemed to the Proprietors that the requirements of a County Newspaper have not been heretofore fully met, that its publishers or contemporaries (and they have deteriorated to, if possible, supply the deficiency. In a literary point of view also this paper will aim at a high standard, and, in addition to its regular correspondence, will send and send judgment on purely literary, as well as on political questions.

The news, Foreign and Domestic, will be carefully collected and succinctly given; while that of our own State and section of the State, particularly of importance to the County, will be given in a readable and reliable form; and votes and opinions on important and leading measures will be always published; so that our paper will form a complete record of current political events.

The Local interests, news and business of Columbia County will receive special attention; and we will endeavor to make the paper a necessity to the farmer, mechanic and laboring man upon whom at last all business interests depend. The friends and family circle will be diligently considered in making the paper. No advertisements of an improper character will ever, under any pretext, be admitted into its columns. The Proprietors determine that it shall be entirely free in all respects from any detestable doctrine or allusion, so that every man can place it in the hands of his children, not only without fear, but with confidence in its teachings and endorsements. Promising to give his very best endeavors to fulfill in letter and spirit the announcement above set forth, the Publisher of THE COLUMBIAN trustfully places it before the people believing that it will answer a want in the community hitherto unsupplied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In order to make THE COLUMBIAN as complete a record as possible of all facts and events, accidents, improvements and discoveries relating to Columbia County, we respectfully invite correspondence, accompanied with responsible names, from all points. If facts, dates and names are carefully given the Editor will put the information in proper form.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars for one year when payment is made in advance; and all subscriptions not paid in advance, or by the first day of April, 1867, will be charged Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. All contracts of subscription and for advertising will be made with the Publisher, and all payments therefor enforced in his name.

THE COLUMBIAN will be delivered through the mails to subscribers in Columbia County, free of postage. To those outside of the County, five cents per quarter in advance, paid at the office where received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) one or three insertions \$1.50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; one square one month \$2.00, two squares \$3.00, three squares \$3.60, four squares \$4.00, half column \$10.00, one column \$16.00. Executors or administrators \$10.00; Auditors \$2.50. Editorial notices twenty cents a line. Other advertisements inserted according to special contract. Transient advertisements must be pre-paid. Jobbing of all kinds neatly and promptly executed.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.—A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (containing the paper does not answer the requirements of the law when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office whether directed to his name or another or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

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JOHN G. FREEZE,
Columbia Office,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

Printed at Holden's Buildings, near the Court House, by
CHAR. M. VANDERLICE,
FRANK R. STEVENS.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BLOOMSBURG, COLOMBIA COUNTY.
The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situated on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their patronage. He has spared no expense in improving the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, and will minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Commences run at all times from the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be pleasantly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars.

J. F. CASLOW,
Bloomsburg, March 22, 1866.

POETRY.

THE KISS.

There is a tender poem, one which comes all the way from the precincts of the West, written by one of the *Literateurs of the Border*; we remember his name to be Holcomb, but are unable to put his christian name upon record for immortality. His poem is very much to the purpose, and is commendably short. We do not remember to have seen the romance of "sparking" set forth so better advantage or with greater skill, and are inclined to give him the true Oriental salutation. "May he live a thousand years, and may his shadow never grow less."

Oh, kiss me and go, said the maid of my heart,
And proffer'd her lips as my pay to depart.
The moon is approaching, my mother will know,
My kindest, and dearest, oh, kiss me and go!

She gave me the blessing in such a sweet way,
That the thrill of his pleasure lured me to say,
So we kiss till the morning comes in with its glow,
For his said every moment, oh, kiss me and go!

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

When at length Isabel was sufficiently composed to return with me to the drawing-room, we found Mrs. Vivian at the piano, and her brother listening to her fine voice with evidently extreme enjoyment. I felt vexed to see them thus engaged, for Isabel had no musical talent herself, and I feared, under present circumstances, the effect of the smallest injurious comparison. As I sat and watched Mr. Lorimer following me by note with critical enthusiasm and affection for the accomplished singer, I regretted still more that this subtle way of reaching her husband's heart was closed against Isabel. Mrs. Vivian rose however, as soon as she had finished her song, saying: "I won't bore Mrs. Lorimer with my loud voice; I know she does not care about music;" and the piano was closed, for neither host nor hostess challenged her assertion. Mr. Lorimer began to talk kindly and pleasantly to me, informed me of his departure for Scotland, and mentioned incidentally that he must start so early that he should breakfast by six o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Vivian, "I shall be up to pour out your coffee; there is nothing so cheerful as to set off on a journey with no one to see that your great coat is buttoned, and to wish you 'God speed!'"

I looked anxiously toward Isabel, for I could see she was trembling with suppressed indignation; she commanded herself, however, admirably, and spoke quietly enough.

"Pray do not disturb yourself so early, Caroline; I have made my own arrangement for the morning, and propose to breakfast with my husband alone."

Mrs. Vivian shrugged her shoulders, expressive of scornful acquiescence in this new caprice, and Mr. Lorimer appeared to intend on the *Breakshaw* he had taken up to bear the remark.

About half past five on the following morning I was awakened by Isabel standing already dressed by my bedside. She wished me to get up and join her and her husband at the breakfast table.

"I did not know what I may be tempted to do to him, Aunt Sarah, but I feel as if I could not let him go away in his present estrangement, especially when I fear he has serious business for his object. I have thought for some time past that he has seemed anxious and ill at ease. Oh, he must take me to his heart again—speak to me kindly!"

"But, my dear child, had you not better be alone?"

She thought not; if I were present I could judge for myself, and I should be no restraint upon her. I thought how lovely she looked presiding at the table in her simple white gown, and felt persuaded that her husband must think so too when he came in. But when he did, after a few civil speeches to me, he seemed too hurried and preoccupied to notice anything. He swallowed his breakfast in five minutes, and then rose at once and rung the bell impatiently for the carriage to come round.

"I must be off immediately," he said, looking at his watch; "I would not miss the train on any account. Good-by, Isabel."

What could he do in the way of resistance or entreaty under such circumstances? A man under fear of losing the train is scarcely tolerant of conjugal embraces, much less of conjugal reproaches. Isabel had timed her appeal badly. She stood irresolute, her eyes downcast, her brow clouded. I saw Mr. Lorimer had made a movement toward her, as if to kiss her, but turned shortly from her on remarking her attitude. He evidently misunderstood her, for he compressed his lips with an expression of such bitter feeling, though it was but transient, that I felt how deep a current of suffering and disappointment ran beneath his calm and ordinary manner.

"You will write to me?" she asked eagerly—"you will let me know your movements? Are you likely to be long absent?—a month?—six weeks? Lorimer, speak to me kindly before you go away?"

I saw the color rise angrily to Mr. Lorimer's face.

"Why have you reserved your ten-

der appeal till the last moment?" he said. "Were you anxious for a witness to your protest against my neglect? I shall write to you duly. Don't attempt to delay me another moment."

He spoke in a hard, severe tone—put her gently on one side, as she blocked his passage—and was gone. A moment after we heard the carriage roll from the door. Isabel clasped her hands.

"Am I not a blundering fool?" she cried, passionately. "I never make an attempt to heal but I widen the breach. He thinks, now, I am playing a part—wanting to convince you I am a neglected wife!"

She walked restlessly up and down the room. I had not much to say in the way of consolation. I had felt from the first that it was impolitic to have insisted on my presence during the interview; and I was deeply grieved to see matters worse between them than I had thought. I had hoped last night that Isabel had exaggerated or mistaken her position.

"And it does not seem so very long ago," continued she, gloomily, "that he never left me for a few hours without a tender farewell. I never came into the room but he smiled and gave me a seat near him. He could scarcely pass me without a touch that was a caress; and now—"

"Oh, child," I said, "you must have acted very ill!"

"How! I not told you so?" she returned bitterly; "and do I not suffer for it? He never loved me as I love him now. What long patience he had with me—blind to my selfishness, indulgent to my vanity, giving me so much with such an ungrudging lavishness, and only asking me to acknowledge it and love him! Can I blame his sister that she helped him to discover how unworthy I was?"

"I fear," I said, "she still does you harm. She will not be here when your husband returns. I cannot believe, Isabel, that when left alone to exercise a judicious influence, you will not regain the place you have lost. There must be some tenderness left for you in his heart; your love must reanimate it."

She shook her head. "No; I despair of it. His love and pride have both been too deeply wounded. He does not believe that what I feel is power, but caprice—the desire to regain love and influence lost. He does not think I love my children; but we cannot continue to live like this. If there is no change for the better on his return, we must part—we—"

The entrance of Mrs. Vivian arrested the conversation; she appeared in a most elaborate morning toilet, and apparently in superbantund spirits.

"It was cruel of you to forbid my wishing my brother good-by," Mrs. Lorimer, she said gloomily. "I tried to bid him from the window; but the noise of the wheels, or his grief in parting from his Isabel, made the effort vain. I wish my engagements permitted my staying a day or two until your spirits had rallied."

This was intended for sarcasm, first of course, poor Isabel was doing her best to appear cheerful and unconcerned, and as she had said, she had always succeeded so well in this doubtful race as effectually to deceive her husband as well as her sister-in-law. Mrs. Vivian clattered on while taking her leisurely breakfast, until the effort of repartee became too much for Isabel, and she left the room under the excuse of going to her nursery. Left thus alone with the stranger guest, a sudden resolution seized me. I had been studying Mrs. Vivian's countenance for some time attentively, and I came to the conclusion that though her manners might not please me, there was no indication of want of heart or intelligence in her physiognomy, and that I, in my turn, would make a sudden appeal for her departure. I begged her to remain a few moments longer, as I had a matter of importance about which I was anxious to consult her. She repeated her refusal immediately, with an air of undisguised surprise; then, on a sudden, her brow clouded.

"It is about your niece?—about Mrs. Lorimer and my brother. Do not let us speak of it, my dear Madam. I should be really grieved to hurt your feelings on the subject; but it was one on which I cannot trust myself to speak calmly."

She was going, her tactics of retreat evidently corresponded with those of Mrs. Lorimer; but I intercepted her boldly.

"Do let me speak," I urged. "I am so thoroughly convinced that Isabel is misunderstood, wronged by both of you; unconsciously, of course, but still wronged. A little explanation—"

"Wronged!" Mrs. Vivian repeated with flashing eyes—"wronged!"

"I beseech you to be patient," I said, half smiling. "I am but a bungling old woman, but I love my niece as my own child, and I cannot witness her unhappiness without some attempt, however awkward, to arrest it. Do you imagine she is happy, Mrs. Vivian?"

"Yes, or at least I imagine her to have a constitutional guarantee against the reverse," was the reply; "an entirely unmitigated heartlessness. Oh, my dear Madam, you touch a sore place by your appeal! I cannot contain myself when I think how my brother has sacrificed and disappointed of her married life, and who never wearied of speculating with her on her chances of reconciliation and happiness. Besides, she was free to follow the bent of her feelings; she had no part to play, no spurious

pride to maintain. Mr. Lorimer's letters were not of a cheering character; they were cold and reserved in style, and spoke of his business engagements as of a momentous and disastrous character, without further explanation. Isabel seemed strangely indifferent on the subject, except as it might affect her husband's happiness; but I confess I was not so unworriedly. I wrote to my brother, and requested him to let me know what rumors were afloat in London respecting the firm of Glitter and Co. The answer I received alarmed me. Hitherto I had never heard Robert express anything but the most extreme admiration for the vast extent, financial management, and unlimited credit of the establishment; now, he wrote as if it had been from its commencement a huge swindle. He said its ostentatious wealth was a delusion. "I believe Lorimer is the only moneyed man of the batch, and when the crash comes, as come it will, as far as his means go, he will have to pay the piper. Had he been the prudent man and affluente husband I thought him, he would have settled that fine estate of his upon Isabel and her children at the time of his marriage. If he has not taken the caution of entailing it, as I very much doubt, he and everything must go to the dogs." Then followed unreasonable and selfish regrets for his daughter, "who might have done so much better," which I spare the reader.

This letter made me miserable. I dared not tell Isabel, for I did not feel at liberty to do so, when her husband kept her in ignorance of his affairs, added to which I knew not what measure of belief to yield to my brother's statements. There was nothing for it but to wait; but every proof of wealth, every sign of luxury around me, became irksome and intolerable. Poor Lily's tiny pony-chair, with its miniature steed, to procure which from his native island, no expense or trouble had been spared—even the very baby's lace robes—assumed a melancholy and sinister aspect to my morbid vision. Isabel's costly dresses, of which she was so careless, distressed me; the daily elegance of the table appointments gave me a pang. I went about under a cloud, or rather under a painful illumination which I dared not shed on my companion. The ordeal, however, was not destined to last very long. One morning, about a fortnight after I had heard from my brother, Isabel dropped her husband's bi-weekly letter with a sudden exclamation. I looked up, frightened, yet half-revealed at the sight of her pale face and excited manner. Had the crash come? Had he told her? I perceived she had stretched out her hand eagerly for the morning paper, which still lay undeposited on the table; but her agitation bewildered her. She took it up aimlessly, then put it down, and turned again to the letter, which her trembling hand could scarcely hold.

"Isabel, my darling, my poor child!" I cried, going up to her and kissing her with fervor—"is it Mr. Lorimer's word? She put me a few minutes, and then came to me, Aunt Sarah!" and she left the room.

Poor girl! she could not but feel it. Mr. Lorimer's letter began as follows:

"I take great blame to myself, Isabel, that I have kept you ignorant of the state of my affairs until the public papers will announce my ruin to the world at large this morning; but I have hoped against hope that this calamity might have been averted, and your peace of mind undisturbed."

The *Times* of that morning early announced that Messrs. Glitter of London had stopped payment, and that their liabilities were supposed to have been enormous. There was no comment; the public were to wait for detail and criticism.

When I joined Isabel, I found her walking up and down her dressing-room, holding her baby in her arms. She looked comparatively calm, but there was an expression of deep anxiety in her face.

I began at once to enter on the subject, for I wished to hasten her to its dismissal.

"Now the blow has fallen," she said, "I feel it deeply. I feel it chiefly for my husband, who, I imagine, has never contemplated the possibility of being poor. I cannot conceive how he will meet it. If there is any disagreeable attending it, it will kill him, for he is a proud man. Aunt Sarah," she added passionately, "do you think this trouble will open his heart to me? Do you think he will allow me to love him and console him? There is not a kind word in his letter, not a relenting phrase. Oh! I know how he feels—more bitterly against me than ever, for he thinks he has lost all I loved or cared for."

"But now, dear child, you will be able to prove your love."

"How? Have I anything I can give him—any resource for bread-getting? Oh! it is hard! Lily, my tender flower, will never thrive as a poor man's child. And I—O aunt, I love wealth and ease dearly, dearly! Poverty will be bitter!"—Her tears checked her.

"Too bitter a price to pay for your husband's love?" I asked.

I had no wish to blame her inconsistency, or reproach her for her lack of heroism. I knew she was showing me the conflict of her heart, and it seemed to me but a natural one. She was not disciplined, high-minded woman, but a passionate, disappointed girl, shrinking

at first sight, from the trouble which I firmly believed she would, in the end, find strength and courage to endure and overcome.

"Ah! if I dared to hope that," she murmured, kissing her child, "I could bear anything, I shall soon know my fate. Oh! how shall I live till to-morrow?"

Her endurance was not exercised so long; that very evening Mr. Lorimer arrived unexpectedly by a late train. The day had been wet and chilly, and Isabel had ordered a fire in her dressing room, over which she and I were sitting in melancholy mood, wearied of the fruitless yet incessant discussion of chances, at the time of his arrival. Isabel sprang up on hearing the sound of his voice in the hall. "What shall I do?" she exclaimed, clasping in her hands. "I am so afraid of injuring my cause by over-precipitancy, so afraid of being misunderstood—repulsed. How shall I persuade him that I love him?"

"My darling, it seems to me it has become a very easy task."

We heard his voice approaching in the direction of our room. "On no account disturb your mistress," he was saying to Isabel's maid; "she had no idea I should return to-night."

Isabel threw open the door, and stood smiling in the entrance, her dress, figure and lovely face touched with a charming illumination from the blazing pine logs. I thought what a charming, inviting vision she must appear to be harassed, wearied wanderer coming in from the dark night.

Mr. Lorimer stopped abruptly, he did not advance towards her. She had not spoken; but though I could not see the expression of her face, the light fell upon his, and showed the intent, searching gaze.

"Maurice dare I give you a welcome?" She sprang forward and threw her arms around his neck. Is it possible that I can put her from him without a moment's return of the old love—an involuntary response to the thrilling embrace? Yes, he frees himself gently but coldly, and taking her by the hand, leads her back without a word into the room. He has her now in the full blaze of the fire-light, and he still keeps his hold of her hand—his security of her face. How altered has his own become; how pale and worn! When he spoke at length, the mingled restraint and anguish of his voice made my heart ache.

"You have not received my letter this morning, Isabel? You are always a careless student of the newspaper? You do not know?"

"Here is your letter; there lies the newspaper. I am sorry Maurice—I am deeply sorry. I love wealth, as you know; I dread poverty; but if it was the only price at which your faith in me could be bought, I am glad we are poor. I have not always loved you—but I love you now; I have not done my duty hitherto—I will try and do it now. Believe me—help me!"

He turned from her and covered his face with his hand.

"It is a woman's generosity!" he said; "the sex's passion for self-sacrifice!"

"It is a woman's passion, a wife's love," she answered, raising her glowing face. "Maurice, is it for me to plead? She made as if she would have knelt before him, and threw her arms around his knees.

I waited just one half moment to assure myself, with an old woman's love of demonstration, that she did not plead in vain. I saw him raise her in his arms, saw the passionate kiss that sealed the renewed truth, and indistinctly heard, as I flitted away through the dim corridor, the tones of his voice tremulous with rapture that a lover's fervor.

Three months later, Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer sailed for Montreal, where the former had a brother established as a merchant. There were not many tears shed by either, for in that time their love and mutual dependence had grown so strong and intimate that no grief seemed intolerable which they shared together. In the arrangement of his affairs he had been actuated but by one motive—to satisfy every claim as far as the most scrupulous honor dictated, even to the last fraction of his estate. Three hundred a year had been allotted to Isabel by marriage-settlement, but by some legal inadvertency, the deed proved invalid, and her little fortune went in the general wreck. Mr. Lorimer regretted the loss, but I know Isabel was glad of it. Her last words, as we parted on the deck of the vessel, were to me: "We shall not come back to Old England again," she said gaily, "till we have grown rich enough to buy back Morton Leas; so don't fail to let us know when it is in the market."

This was said ten years ago, and now my old heart beats with the hope of seeing them once more. To-day I received my periodical letter from Montreal, and what says Isabel?—"We are coming home, Aunt Sarah, to realize my prophecy. Morton Leas is in the market, though you have kept a treacherous silence; nay, it is doubtless our own alms ready. Tell my father that Maurice says there shall be no delay in making a rigorous entail of the estate; and how proud shall you and I be, my beloved aunt-mother, to watch our boy flying his kite over his inalienable acres."

Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with the stone? Such a thing never entered his head before.

STORIES ABOUT PARROTS.

As our young readers well know, the parrot may be taught to repeat many words. It is generally supposed that they attach no meaning to what they say, but simply utter the sounds, as they would any other notes. This may be so, but some incidents seem to show that they may sometimes know the use of language. A lady friend of the writer occupied part of a house where was kept a very talkative parrot. One day the lady came down stairs dressed in a short-gown and petticoat, the weather being intensely warm, when the parrot immediately cried out, "What freak you got on?" Another friend relates that a parrot belonging to his landlady one day annoyed her very much by its continued talking and screeching. At last she seized the stick with which she had been stirring the clothes, and raised it threateningly, when the bird immediately ceased to screech, and remained silent almost the whole day. A bird show was held at the Museum in New York several years since, to which a parrot was sent that had been taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer. This was advertised extensively, and hundreds of persons went to hear the wonder, but to their disappointment, and the vexation of the owner, Poll would not utter a word during the exhibition, although fully able to do what he had been expected. After the show, the parrot was taken home, and upon reaching its place, it exclaimed, "I suppose I can talk now," and became as voluble as ever. The bird's silence was not remarkable, as song birds will seldom sing freely, for some time after being taken to a new place; the speech on going home certainly seemed to indicate intelligence. A gentleman had taught his parrot to say, "Get your gun John," which was well remembered one night by the bird, for burglars entered the house, and Poll hearing a noise, screamed out at the top of her voice, "Get your gun, John," awakening her owner, and at the same time putting the robbers to flight.

SINGULAR CURÉ FOR LAZINESS.

A friend, whose name we are not at liberty to give, but who is well and widely known as a business man of sterling worth, was last year executing a large building. One of his excellent peculiarities is, to allow no intemperance or profanity among his men, and to insist that every man shall work for the liberal pay he is willing to give. One day, this gentleman noticed that one of the builders was continually shirking, seeming to care only to pass away the time and draw his pay. Calling his foreman, who had the hiring as well as the overseeing of the men, his friend asked whether the lazy man had been engaged for the season, or only for a short time. "For the season," was the reply, "but I can discharge him, I suppose." "Oh! no," said Mr. —, "but I want you to go down to the village hotel and engage the best room you can find; let this man go there and occupy it; every month send his bill to me and I will pay it." The foreman informed the hired man of the instructions given, and he at once went to the owner. "I understand you are not satisfied with my work," said he. "I find no fault with the work," was the reply, "but because you don't work." "I will leave if you insist on it," said the man. "Not at all—I don't turn you away, but I have given orders to have the best room at the hotel put at your service; since you want to play the gentleman at my expense, and I promise you I will pay the bill promptly every month, but I will not have your bad example among my men." The poor fellow, utterly dumb-founded at such novel treatment, scarcely knew how to reply, but looked as though he would like to sink into the ground. Finally, he asked, "Are you willing to try me for a week?" "Certainly," said Mr. —, "I am always willing to help a man who wants to reform." The man returned to his work, cured of his laziness, and from that day forth, no more industrious hand was to be found on the place.

WASH THE TEETH AT NIGHT.—A few people who inherit good teeth, and give nothing for "looks," neglect brushing their teeth; but none who study cleanliness and sweet breath, or who wish to preserve their teeth, good or bad, as long as possible, should neglect to brush them once or more times a day, with a brush so stiff as to wound and irritate the gums. They should be brushed both night and morning, but if only once, let it be done the last thing before retiring. Portions of food, sweet, etc., left on or between the teeth during the night, decay or acidify, and corrode the enamel, and thus gradually injure them. If the cavities between and in decaying teeth be thoroughly brushed out with water at night, and when rising, it will add years to their effective use and freedom from pain. Most of the tooth powders sold contain an injurious acid, which, though it gives the teeth a clean, white surface, does it at the expense of some of the natural surface. A little hard soap, pleasantly perfumed, is the best possible application. We could not recommend even the finest charcoal, or prepared chalk or clay, for though inert, they wear upon the enamel.

PRENTICE SAYS OF A NEGRO EQUALITY EDITOR "who smelt a rat," that if he did and the rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worst of it.

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