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, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. 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.

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 Job 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, MAY 23, 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO 22
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 13

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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One column	20.00	25.00	30.00	50.00	100.00

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

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Jury Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloom Poor District—Directors—R. S. Ent, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott.

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President of Gas Company—S. Knorr.
Secretary—C. W. Miller.
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Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
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Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. J. Brower, President, P. E. Wirt, Secretary.

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BAPTIST CHURCH.
Rev. J. P. Tustin, (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.

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Minister—Rev. O. D. S. Barclay.
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Sunday School—9 a. m.
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Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

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Sunday School—9 a. m.
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Seats free. No pews rented. Strangers welcome.

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All are invited. There is always room.

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Rector—Rev L. Zahner.
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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.

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Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
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J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Hartman's building, Main street.

SAMUEL KNORR, Attorney-at-Law, Office in Hartman's Building, Main street.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office Market street. Above 5th. East side.

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

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

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Mar. 27 '74— Bloomsburg, Pa.

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aug 24, '77-1y.

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april 19, 1878.

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The citizens of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses, if any, are adjusted and paid by one of their own citizens. nov. 16, '77-1y

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	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
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Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$80,431,000

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March 26, '77—y

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April 18, 1879-tf

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Jan. 11, 1878

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OFFICE—In Harman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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Can be consulted in German.
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Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

W. H. ABBOTT. W. H. RHAWN.
ABBOTT & RHAWN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
CATAWISSA, PA.
Pensions obtained. dec 21, '77-1y

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The Old Reliable
STANDARD PUMP
For Wells 10 to 75 feet Deep
New Price List Jan. 1, 1879.
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440 MARKET ST., PHILAD'A,
April 11, 1879-6m

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SNYDER'S TANNERY,
(old stand) Bloomsburg, Pa., at the Forks of the Esp and Light Street roads, where all descriptions of leather will be made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and sold at prices to suit the times. The highest price in cash will at all times be paid for
GREEN HIDES
of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
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Is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for seminal weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases, such as Loss of memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity, Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence. The Specific Medicine is the result of a life study and many years of experience in treating these special diseases.
Before Taking After Taking.
Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.
The specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
No. 10, Mechanic's Block, Detroit, Mich.
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sept. 6, '78-tf

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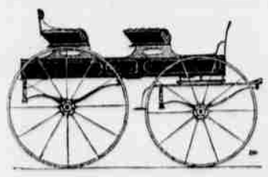
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Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
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Should subscribe for
THE EDUCATOR,
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C. K. CANFIELD, Editor.
April 18, 1879 tf

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce street), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.
feb. 14, '79-tf

JOB PRINTING
Neatly and cheaply executed at the COLUMBIAN Office.

Poetical.

AFTER DARK.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

When Twilight gathers in her sheaves,
And wheeling swallows skim the flume,
The plowman, turning homeward, leaves
His plow mid-furrow in the broom,
And through the melancholy eves
The orange drops its milk-white bloom.

The old delights that go and come
Through sorrow, in the falling dew,
Like waves that wore a wreath of foam
The darker that the waters grew,
Plow round my solitary home
At evening, when the stars are few.

So, sad and sweet as bridal tears
For broken homes, to see withdraw
The child we love, have gone the years
We climbed the frosty hills, and saw
Descend on all the frozen meres
The sunlight breaking through the thaw.

Like one who in the driving snow,
When all the untrodden paths are dim,
Hears far-off voices, faint and low,
Across the woodland calling him,
I hear the loved of long ago
Singing among the seraphim.

And as the soft, dissembling light
Fa'ls, shadowing into dusky red,
I think how beautiful the night
With gathering state is overspread,
Like seeds of many an old delight
Through sheaves of sorrow harvested.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

DECORATION DAY, 1879.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The golden sunlight falls across the far off southern plains,
Rich with the tender verdure born from heaven's bounteous rains;
And violets and daisies bloom above each silent grave,
Where, free from battle's fierce alarms, slumber our comrades brave.

The swift years circle on their course; it seems but yesterday
Since Charleston's frowning cannon sang their challenge to the fray;
And sweeping north and east and west the direful tidings flew,
And the stern answer of the land to louder echoes grew.

The freemen of New England rose and seized their waiting arms;
The western farmer turned away and left the prairie's charms;
From Maine to California awoke the people's might,
To fight and die, if it must be, for country and for right.

Through quiet valleys sounded clear the war-drum's rolling beat,
And soon was heard, in prompt reply, the tramp of many feet:
And breaking rudely from the clasp of peace and love and home
Brave souls rushed on where battle's surge was crowned with crimson foam.

Along the rivers running deep amid the southern pines,
The rifles crash, the bugles call, the bayonet grimly shines;
Contending armies melt away by James' sunlit stream;
Death rules where bearded grain fields beside Antietam gleam.

Where the Atlantic rollers sweep Carolina's sandy shore,
From many a frigate's oaken sides the great guns fiercely roar;
And down the hollows of the deep to dim-lit coral caves,
Death's endless slumber on their eyes, sink ocean's fallen braves.

We know that sorrow grew apace through all the lengthened days,
And desolate for clinging hearts were the familiar ways:
The cheers that made the welkin ring o'er fields with carnage red
Had for refrain love's heart-broke moan above the sleeping dead.

Ah, proudly beat the pulse when came the news of victories won:
How swelled each soul in sympathy for brave deeds nobly done:
And even when defeat would come, and foemen win the day,
We knew our boys had fought their best to conquer in the fray.

Now silent are the forests old amid whose cool retreats
Great armies met, and from the shore have passed the hostile fleets.
We hear no more the trumpet's bray or bugle's stirring call,
And full of dents, in quiet sheathed, the swords hang on the wall.

We keep the names that fame has crowned; the heroes slumbering lie
In green-clad mounds all grandly arched by purple depths of sky;
No matter where their graves may be, unmarked or graced with stone,
The liberty for which they did the whole wide land doth own.

Strew flowers on their graves to-day; when comes the winter snow
The sweet remembrance of the deed within each heart will glow,
And when we, too, are laid at rest beneath the bending grass
Some other hands will leave their gifts as by our homes they pass.

Strew flowers upon their graves, and still remember grasses grow
Alike upon the resting place of fallen friend and foe.
Why should we keep the bitterness of years so full of pain.
When God's fair blooms have hid from sight the red blood of the slain?

O'er frowning ramparts, where once shone the sentry's gleaming steel,
In swift and widely circling flight the purple swallows wheel;
Beside the Rappahannock's tide the robins wake their song,
And where the flashing sabre's clashed brown-coated sparrows throng.

The wealth of beauty that falls out from God's o'erflowing hand
Clothes with a fragrant garment the fields by death made grand.
In the deep silence of the earth war's relics slowly rust;
And tattered flags hang motionless, and dim with peaceful dust.

The past is past: the wild flowers bloom where charging squadrons met;
And though we keep war's memories green, why not the cause forget?
And have, while battle-stains fade out 'neath heaven's pitying tears,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood through all the coming year?

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

ALL FOR LOVE.

Two young men went into the woods near Aurora, Ill., to play a game of cards. As they were rival lovers, and had not previously spoken to each other for months, it is conjectured that the girl in dispute was the stake that they played for. The winner however, was not permitted to gain the prize, for his opponent instantly shot him through the heart. An effort to settle rivalry by chance had a not less sad result in Texas. The two suitors were convinced that the young woman would accept either if the other would let her alone, and they agreed to throw dice to decide which should give her up. The loser honestly endeavored to keep the compact, but the woman refused to be disposed of in that way, and wrote to him that she would marry nobody else, and would not even see the winner. The latter would not believe that his competitor had tried to retire from the contest, and so murdered him.

Select Story.

AN ODD STORY.

'And you ask me to believe this?'

'I ask you to believe nothing; I simply tell you the truth.'

My last hope vanished. Bitterly I looked up at Philip Barringer, bitterly down at my mourning robes.

Twice only had I seen this man; three weeks since, when he brought the news of my lover's death; to-day, bringing—a harsh supplement—the news of his perfidy.

'Tell Vinnie the truth,' he said; 'tell her the treacherous part I have been playing, that she may shed no tears for me.'

It was the old story—absence and a fairer face, had broken former ties. Had Hart Whitney lived, he would have been worse than dead to me.

A shock, bewilderment, and then I would not believe; I clung defiantly to the memories that sanctified my dead. What more natural? On the one hand, the living letters only a few weeks old; on the other, a stranger's story, unsustained by proof.

And yet instinctively I felt it true. Standing before me, with arms haughtily folded, with eyes flashing beneath my suspicion, Philip Barringer was not a man to disbelieve. With his proud answer my last hope vanished. Bitterly I looked up at him, bitterly down at my mourning robes.

'You might have spared me this,' I murmured; 'but for you I would have never known.'

Ere I finished his hand had closed on mine; he answered, hurridly:

'It is not right that a woman should honor a false lover, even though he be dead. You will come to forget Hart Whitney, to smile at his perfidy. There are—'

He paused, abruptly dropping the theme.

'My views do not matter'—I would never have known his voice for Philip Barringer's it grew so soft and low—'believe me, I never meant to tell you. I have acted to-day from an impulse I cannot too much regret; because to you I must always be the bird of ill-omen, coming only to cause you pain.'

He left no room for answer. Swiftly I heard his footsteps receding from me forever I thought, gratefully. Philip Barringer was right; he was a bird of ill-omen; bringing only pain to me. It was a relief to have him drop out of my life.

I would forget Hart Whitney. I would come to smile at his perfidy. Philip Barringer was a poor prophet; that might be. Nevertheless, I ponder: Not to me, but to the fair girl in the Indies belonged the sanctifying memories, the heritage of tears. And so I brought the letters, the dark lock, the miniature, upon which I dared not look, and I made of them a funeral pile, watching with stoic countenance till it dwindled down to ashes.

And so gladly I would have buried memory, but in vain; my love for Hart Whitney had been too strong, too abiding to die with his perfidy; and though daily my faith grew in Philip Barringer's story, it was but to wound deeper the poor heart in which love was doubly dead.

As usual, man's falsity wrought its work. I grew skeptical, distrustful; there was henceforth no truth, no beauty, in life for me. Moreover, there was dissatisfaction; I had lost a woman's hopes, a woman's mission. The still life of womanhood lost its charm for me. I must have work, action—what it mattered little, so I was saved from torpidity.

In various ways I sought it, but fate seemed contrary; there was no opening for me. So I pondered wearily one morning as I unfolded the country paper, when suddenly my eyes met an advertisement. It read:

'Mrs. Ethbert Thorne desires a governess. Box 28, Wabash.'

I had grasped vainly after similar straws, but this time my application proved successful, and a week later found me whirling away to the distant kingdom wherein I was to rule.

It was at the close of a dull, drizzly day that I reached Wabash. Drearily enough I stepped upon the platform and stood in the dim light, waiting to be recognized.

'My brother will meet you,' had written Mrs. Ethbert Thorne. What would he be like? What would be my first impressions of the household at Sunnybank?

I had not long to speculate, for presently my wraps were taken from me, I was conscious of a tall man standing beside me, speaking words which the wild shriek of the engine sunk into nothingness. Then I took the arm offered, and went where the carriage stood.

Was I dreaming? Had I seen a vision in the dim light? Mechanically I entered the carriage, mechanically made room for the one who was to follow me.

But the figure without did not enter; the door closed, and a crisp voice said;

'Drive on, Peters; I will walk.'

This time there was no mistaking; there was but one such voice in my memory, and that was Philip Barringer's.

'My brother will meet you!' had written Mrs. Ethbert Thorne. 'I am living on his estates,' she had previously explained. This then, was Philip Barringer's sister, and I was going to his home.

With the man whom I had rejoiced to see dropping from my life forever, I was destined to pass months in the intimacy of his own hearth. So fate had ordered, and rationally I must abide.

But fate seemed hard. I had never been able to forgive Philip Barringer, my bitterness had grown toward him with the days. He might have spared me Hart Whitney's perfidy; but for him I might be only a woman mourning a dead lover, not the wreck I was.

He was always the bird of ill-omen, bringing pain to me. He knew of my coming hither; he might have spared it to me.

There was one comfort; he had not forgotten; he had chosen to walk on in the drizzly darkness; he would keep aloof from me

A night at Sunnybank brought wisdom; I descended to breakfast in a calmer frame of mind. Philip Barringer must be naught to me; that he had made life harder for me, I must temporarily forget. My business was with Mrs. Ethbert Thorne.

I found that lady alone in the breakfast room; a gay little lady she proved on acquaintance, so full of gossip, so full, especially, of Philip Barringer's praises, that business must wait.

I had not been many minutes in her society before I began to be exceedingly annoyed; not at her rhapsodies; to these I had quietly resigned myself. But there was something marked in her glances, a searching scrutiny.

What did it mean? I questioned.—Was I younger, fairer, than she liked? Did she fear dispossession of Philip Barringer?

But Mrs. Ethbert Thorne was not one to talk long with eyes.

'My dear,' she said, suddenly, 'I really should not speak at all but the resemblance is so very marked.'

What did it mean? I stared at her openly.

'You do not understand, of course, she continued, merrily; 'there's a portrait of a very beautiful young girl in Phil's parlor—much more beautiful than you—pardon me, my dear; but, oh, so very like. It is such a mysterious picture, too. Who is it? I have asked Phil a dozen times, if once. 'A lady who was engaged to a friend of mine in the Indies,' is his invariable reply. My dear, I really wish you could see it; only I would not dare take you into Phil's private parlor; he bever allows strangers there.'

I had begun listening to a gossip's story; I sat at its ending, pale and still. There was then, in this house, a picture of Evelyn Marston; somewhere the face so fatal to me smiled down from the walls. How I had longed to look upon her—what riches I would have sacrificed at this moment to see her painted self.

Much more beautiful than you, but, oh, so very like! Was this, then, the key to Hart Whitney's perfidy; was it but a fairer copy that had won his fickle heart?

What did Evelyn Marston on Philip Barringer's walls—a queen enthroned in his private apartment, on which no stranger's eye might look? Perhaps he was her hopeless lover; perhaps the accepted one she soon would wed.

I was roused by a light touch on my shoulder; Mrs. Ethbert Thorne was finally awake to the business so long delayed.

'You will teach the children, of course, my dear. I will take you to my study-room.'

I followed her down the broad hall, striving to still the emotion that had so distracted me. Suddenly she turned and pointed to a door.

'That is Phil's parlor,' she whispered; 'if we only dared go in.'

I gave but a furtive glance at it, but from that moment it haunted me. Daily, as I passed it, my pulse quickened, ever rebelliously I went by. Who more than I had a right to see Evelyn Marston, to know how fair she was?

Three months, and this longing had become a mania, with difficulty suppressed. Thrice I had stood by the wooden Cerberus, with my hand upon the knob. Shame hitherto had deterred me, but the time had come to see Evelyn Marston even at the risk of shame.

So I decided, one day in autumn, when opportunity seemed ripe. Children and Philip Barringer had just vanished down the roadway; Mrs. Ethbert Thorne was dozing sweetly; Sunnybank was mute.

The time had come. I would steal in, looked upon the face that won my lover, and be forever satisfied. With beating heart I crept down the hallway; with hushed breath crept in.

It was easy finding Evelyn Marston; there was but one picture on the walls. In the far corner I descried it, with strained eyes hurrying onward, looking up finally to see—to look again and stare. For the face before me was not Evelyn Marston's, but my own—mine as it had looked in the old girl days when Hart Whitney went away.

There was no mistake. I remembered the picture well; one of the many I had given him, one I had wondered not to find among the articles Philip Barringer brought back to me.

Much more beautiful, but, oh, so very like! One mystery was solved. But one. What was it doing here?

I could only stand, with giddy brain, repeating that question and staring at my painted face. How long, I know not; it was all a dream till I saw a shadow in the sunlight, and Philip Barringer. I had but little thought for him, little wonder for the look he wore. The circumstances of my presence even were nothing now; I knew but the present mystery, and he could enlighten me.

'What—'

Eagerly I began the query, but he anticipated it.

'I know your question. I saw this face in the Indies; I dreamed of it, day and night. When Hart Whitney died, I kept this picture, as one unlikely to be missed. I was only dreaming then, but with presence came realization; a passion unto death. Hopeless, but I would hope; you should know Hart Whitney's perfidy, you would surely then forget him; in time—'

He paused, and his voice sank to the soft cadence of that other day.

'I told you, and what fruit? You doubted me, you might come to hate me; I must drop out of your life. Fate brought us again together, but I have never forgotten this; my sole hope now is that you will let me keep this picture, that you will not take it away from me.'

Truly a day of amazements, but a day of mysteries solved but to precipitate fresh ones. Was this Philip Barringer, the formal master of Sunnybank, talking thus to me?

Was this the cold creature Whitney had fashioned, this woman bidding him keep her portrait, since it seemed so much to him?

It is an odd story! Odd then, but true. From that day I grew to forget Hart Whitney, to smile at his perfidy.

And when the spring put forth its buds and blossoms, I put my hand in Philip Barringer's, and went out to become his wife.

Women Never Think!

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.

It cannot be that "all flesh is grass." Grass gets its dew. About the only thing that does in this world.

THE FAKIRS OF INDIA.

The religion of the Hindoo teaches them that men become saints, by disfiguring their bodies and living in nakedness and filth. These Hindoo saints are called fakirs (pronounced fah-keers). They form a class of people by themselves, generally wandering about from place to place, having no fixed home. They deem it a virtue to be filthy and almost naked. They neither cut their hair nor comb it, twisting it about their heads or letting it hang loosely. They paint their naked bodies or rub ashes over them, so as to make themselves as repulsive as possible. A few years ago there were said to be two millions of these fakirs in India. The people greatly reverence them, seeking their blessing and dreading their curse. They are great beggars, and no one dares refuse them a gift. The proudest brahmin will bow down before one of these wretched creatures whom he happens to meet upon the street.

There is a class of these fakirs who give themselves up to some special form of self-torture, and it is astonishing what sufferings they will endure. Occasionally one will make a vow to fasten his eyes on an object and never take them off while waking. He will stand for days with fixed gaze as if he were stone. Some of these will stand on one foot until their legs shrivel, and it becomes impossible for them to walk. Others will tie an arm over the head, and keep it there until it becomes rigid and useless. A missionary tells of a fakir whom he once met who was making a pilgrimage to Benares, a distance of 240 miles, by measuring the whole distance with his body. He would throw himself upon the ground, and then placing his feet where the head struck, repeat the process all day long.

AN ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning the young queen was waited upon at her palace, at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington. He had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to make them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial pronounced against a soldier of the line, that sentence was that he be shot dead. The Queen looked upon the paper and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. 'What has this man done?' she asked. The duke looked at the paper, and replied: 'Ah! my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times.' And can you not say anything in his behalf my lord?' Wellington shook his head. 'Oh, think again, I pray you!' Seeing that her Majesty was so deeply moved and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant and really a good soldier. 'But,' he added, 'think of the influence.' 'Influence!' the Queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. 'Let it be ours to yield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your Grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that. And you may tell him that your good word saved him.' Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright saving word—'Pardoned!' The duke was fond of telling the story, and he was also willing to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.—*London Journal.*

Massachusetts makes the fourth State in which women are allowed to vote for school directors, the others being Kansas, Minnesota and New Hampshire. As there are 387 women teachers in Massachusetts, and only 753 male teachers, and as women are a good deal concerned in getting their children off to school, it seems reasonable to suppose that the mothers are equally concerned with the fathers in putting the best sort of directors in this important office.

The Massachusetts law provides that every woman who is a citizen of the Commonwealth, twenty-one years of age, and possessed of the other qualifications of the voter (the ability to read and write,) may vote for members of the school committees, on presentation of her tax receipt, or—if without taxable property—by paying a poll-tax of two dollars, which is what the male voter pays for voting the ticket all through, for everybody for every office. There are some discrepancies, however, even in this limited privilege. Many matters with regard to the public schools are decided in town meeting that good old custom of getting at the will of the people being still in full force in Massachusetts. But the women cannot vote in town meeting, so they will pay their two dollars for a very small slice indeed of the whole loaf of electoral privileges. Doubtless, however, this discrepancy will be made right by future enactments so far as the schools are concerned. As there are said to be some 60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts, the new order will probably result in putting a few more women in the school boards than have hitherto gained admission there even in enlightened Boston itself. What new ideas may present themselves because of this permissive act, what impression will be made upon the public mind by the registration of women as voters, and by seeing them walk up to the polls to exercise their choice as citizens (limited,) it is impossible to foresee. But in Boston alone where 7300 women pay taxes on seventy-five millions of property, to say nothing of the 34,000 women of the State whose property is taxed at two hundred millions, it is likely that this limited provision will be suggestive of others, and as their money goes now to pay for town improvements, it would not be surprising if they should ask, meekly for the privilege to select a selectman in the suburbs or the councilmen of the city who spend it.—*Ledger.*

When you see a baby, which you know to have suffered for a long time with summer complaint or dysentery, suddenly improved and grow fat and healthy, you can rest assured that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup has been used.

Clearly it is the boy who tends the elevator whose life has the most ups and downs.

"LESSONS IN ETIQUETTE"

REVIEWED BY THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

We have been profoundly interested in a work that has just been sent us, the author whereof, Prof. Fanning aims to give the world easy lessons in etiquette for gentlemen. It is a useful work. Among other things, he says a gentleman "never fails to lift his hat to a minister of the Gospel.' Possibly, but the minister would a great deal rather see the gentleman lift his pew rent.

'No gentleman,' says the professor, 'ever gives a military salute to a lady.'

Well, hardly; we should say he wouldn't. The military salute varies from a simple graceful wave of the hand to three ruffles of the drum's color, trumpets sounding the flourish, and arms presented, and so on up to the President, who is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns and the "highest honors—all standard and colors dropping, officers and troops saluting, drums beating and trumpets sounding." Now, if the gentlemen of America got into the habit of raising such a racket, as that every time they met a lady it would be rather more startling than a chronic Fourth of July. Professor Fanning is correct. This sort of thing wants to be discouraged.

"When calling on a new lady acquaintance the hat should be taken to the parlor and held in the hand.

This is one of the best instructions in the book. When you don't know all about the lady and her family, young man, freeze to your hat all the time. We once knew a young lady who kept her father in nice, new stylish hats all the time by simply instructing the servant to skin the hat rack every time a young man with a giddy hat was fresh enough to leave his hat in the hall. We'll bet a dollar Professor Fanning has been there himself. And then, beside, a "plug" hat is such a comfortable thing to hold in one's hand. When you can't think of anything to say you can stroke the hat the wrong way, and then exert yourself during the rest of the visit to getting it smooth again. And then, if occasion demands you can use it as a cuspadore.

'A gentleman,' says the professor with a becoming severity, 'never dances with his overcoat on.'

And we may add, that he hardly ever dances with his overshoes on, and the instances, in the best society, in which a gentleman has danced through an entire set with his ulster drawn closely over his head, his trowsers stuffed in the legs of his India rubber hunting boots, and an umbrella held over his head, are rare indeed. Society cannot feel too grateful to the professor for mentioning this little matter of etiquette.

'A gentleman,' continues the professor, 'always wears gloves.'

This is solemn, sober, earnest, inspired truth. When you meet any person anywhere, in the street, in the cellar, at the lunch stand, in swimming, in bed, and you see he wears no gloves, shun that person. He is no gentleman; Professor Fanning says so, and Professor Fanning knows. Why, a real gentleman wears gloves when he washes his hands