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. D. BROCKWAY, G. E. ELWELL, } Editors and Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 25. 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 31
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 28

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	35.00	50.00	100.00

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Transient or Local notices, twenty cents a line regular advertisements half rates.
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Associate Judges—I. R. Krickbaum, F. L. Shuman.
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Auditors—S. H. Smith, W. Manning, C. B. Seasholts.
Jury Commissioners—Eli Robbins, Theodore W. Smith.
County Superintendent—William H. Snyder.
Bloomsburg Poor District—Directors—R. S. Eut, Scott, Wm. Kramer, Bloomsburg and Thomas Reece, Scott.

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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.

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Seats free. No pews rented. All are welcome.

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Minister—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
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Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
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Presiding Elder—Rev. W. Evans.
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Sunday Services—10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.
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All are invited. There is always room.

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Sunday Services—10½ a. m., 7½ 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.

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Minister—Rev. George Hunter.
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All are invited. All are welcome.

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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

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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.

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

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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.

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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.

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted without pain.
aug 24, '77-1y.

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C. M. DRINKER, GUN and LOCKSMITH. Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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AUGUSTUS FREUND, Practical homeopathic Horse and Cow Doctor, Bloomsburg, Pa. feb. 14, 79-1f

W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
RoomNo. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
april19.1878.

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LOSSES PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAFF, Special Agent and Adjuster, Bloomsburg, Penn'a.
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

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

	Capital.
Ætna, Ins Co., of Hartford, Connecticut	6,500,000
Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
Royal of Liverpool	12,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	2,100,000
Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
Home, New York	5,600,000
	$60,631,000

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg.
March 26,'77—y

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa, oct. 26, 77-1y.

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ORANGEVILLE ACADEMY
You can get a Thorough Education with the
LEAST OUTLAY OF MONEY.
For Catalogue, address the Principal,
REV. C. K. CANFIELD.
April 18, 1879-1f

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L. E. WALLER,
Attorney-at-Law.
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
jan. 11, 1878

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

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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jan. 10, 79-tf

CATAWISSA.

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

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.
July 11, 79-1f

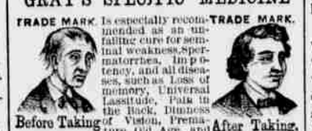
CLARK F. HARDER,
BUILDER AND MANUFACTURER OF
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets,
and dealer in LUMBER and all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL, HARDWARE, &c.,
THIRD STREET, CATAWISSA, PA.
May 16, 79-3m

BLATCHLEY'S PUMPS!

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

BLOOMSBURG TANNERY.

G. A. HERRING
RESPECTFULLY announces to the public that he has reopened
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 ad for
GREEN HIDES
of every description in the country. The public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Bloomsburg, Oct. 1, 1878.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY!
GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE


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.
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
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No. 10, Mechanic's Block, Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Bloomsburg by C. A. Kleim, and by all Druggists everywhere.
Harris & Ewing, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg.
sept. 6, '78-1f

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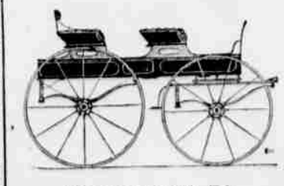
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Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
PLATFORM WAGONS, &c.
First-class work always onhand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.
Jan. 5, 1877-tf.

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Should subscribe for
THE EDUCATOR,
A Live Educational Monthly, published at
ORANGEVILLE, PA.,
for 50 cents per year. Send six cents for specimen copy.
C. K. CANFIELD, Editor.
April 18, 1879-tf

$2,000 A YEAR for honest, intelligent business men or agents. New business, light work. Address CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY, Madison, Ind.
June 27, 1879-4m

Poetical.

THOMAS MOORE.

(*May 28, 1879.*)

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A lord of lyric song was born
A hundred years ago to-day;
Lover of that race that long has worn
The shamrock for the bay!

As sung of wine, and sung of flowers,
Of woman's smile, and woman's tear,—
Light songs, that suit our lighter hours,
But oh, how bright and dear!

Who will may build the epic verse,
And, Atlas-like, its weight sustain;
Or solemn tragedies rehearse
In high, heroic strain.

So be it. But when all is done,
The heart demands for happy days
The lyrics of Anacreon,
And Sappho's tender lays.

Soft souls with these are satisfied;
He loved them, but exacted more,—
For his the lash that Horace plied,
The sword Harmodius wore!

Where art thou, Brian, and thy knights,
So dreaded by the flying Dane?
And thou, Con, of the Hundred Fights?
Your spirits are not slain!

Strike for us, as ye did of yore,
Be with us,—we shall conquer still,
Though Irish kings are crowned no more
On Tara's holy hill!

Perhaps he was not hero born,
Like those he sung—Heaven only knows;
He had the rose without the thorn,
But he deserved the rose!

For underneath its odorous light
His heart was warm, his soul was strong;
He kept his love of Country bright,
And sung her sweet song!

Therefore her sons have gathered here
To honor him, as few before,
And blazon on his hundredth year
The fame of Thomas Moore!

—*Scribner.*

A SUBSCRIBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To pay, or not to pay, that is the question—
Whether 'tis better for me to refuse
To take a local paper, and deprive
My family from reading all the news,
Or pay up promptly what the printer asks,
And, by such payment, cheer him? No pay, no paper—

Then no more shall I be posted on the news
And local haps throughout the town,
And divers topics—'tis a consummation
That I long have feared. To pay, or stop?
To stop! perchance to lose—ay, there's the rub;

For in that stop no interest do I take
In any of the affairs which move the town,
And such a shuffling off of all that's good
Must make me pause. There's the respect
Which every editor maintains for those
Who come down with the cash and never delay
To settle up "that little bill." For who would bear

The pointed squibs and pungent paragraphs
Which far too oft reflect upon the man
Who fails to settle his subscription bill?
I'll haste me now unto the editor,
And with my purse plethoric in my hand,
Will settle up in full, one year from date,
By paying to him from my ready cash
The sum which is due in advance.

—*Hackensack Republican.*

Miscellaneous.

NELL'S ROMAN PUNCH.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

'Don't you think, Nell, dear, if we have an abundance of cake, and fruits, and ices, we may get along without meddling with intoxicating drinks?'

I put the question with some trepidation, on the eve of my sister Nell's birthday ball. It had always been a point in our family to humor and spoil pretty Nell. She was the youngest, the cleverest, and by far the handsomest of a large family of children, and by one accord the pet. She always wore the old point lace and the diamonds that mamma had inherited from some remote source, and her dresses were nothing commoner than silk and India muslin, while the rest of us girls were glad to get shilling print.

When I married, Tom and I fell into the old custom, and when pretty Nell came to visit us, she ruled us quite as arbitrarily as she used to rule us all at the old home; and now she was with us for a long stay, and we were giving her a birthnight ball.

'Here, Janet, you can spend all this, if you like, dear. Don't be too sparing, you know—Nell has set her heart on having a big show,' said Tom, putting a roll of bills in my hand, as he started for his counting-house.

My good Tom, the best husband that any woman ever had, the truest, noblest man, with only one failing—that failing, alas! which seems to cling to these loyal, generous natures wherever we find them. I knew all about it when I married him. I took him with my eyes open, for better or worse, and I had never regretted my choice.

'You see, Janie,' Tom said, a month or two after our marriage, when he had dined with his club, and reached home at two on the following morning, rather the worse for his dining—'you see, little wife,' he said, when his sober senses were returning, 'this sort thing won't do—there's a weak spot in me somewhere, Janet. I can't take a drink and be done with it, like men I know; the very taste of the stuff seems to demoralize me, soul and body. If I drink at all, I drink to my shame, so the only way, Janie, dear, is to touch not, taste not, handle not.'

And I took him at his word. I banished the wine-glasses and decanters from the sideboard, and never a drop of the alluring poison crossed the threshold of our happy home.

Ah, Heaven! that my hand, my weak, cowardly hand, should be the one to let this demon of death and ruin into the sacred sanctuary of my household gods!

But Nell came, and the birth-night ball was planned.

'Now, Janet,' cried my imperious sister, when we were arranging the list for the entertainment, 'don't be prudish and silly. All stylish entertainments are provided with the proper drinks. We must have brandy and wine, and Roman punch, at least.'

'But, Nell, dear,' I said, 'would not plenty of cake and fruits, and ices, and all that sort do, and not meddle with intoxicating drinks?'

Nell laughed, and tossed her curley, blonde head.

'Oh, Janie, you are such an odd thing,' she said. 'Why, I suppose we might do without any supper at all, but it would look very skimpy and disgusting, just as it will look if you have no punches. Pshaw! the idea; and James Arbuthnot coming! Now Janet, if you mean to stick to your silly notions, why, the best thing we can do, is to throw up the whole business at once.'

'Well, it all turned out just as I knew it would. Nell had her way, and her Roman punch, and the ball was a great success.

I watched poor Tom, with my heart in my mouth, as he moved uneasily about the table upon which the liquors were displayed. It seemed to me that some subtile attraction kept him in that part of the room; and at last, urged, and ridiculed, and laughed at by Nell, he went up and drank a Roman punch; and ten minutes later a glass of champagne.

The ball ended, after the fashion of balls, in weariness and wanness, and pallid daydawn. Tom and I went to bed, but did not get much sleep, and at half-past nine he was due at his office. I noticed how pale he looked when he kissed me good-by, and there was a curious, furtive look in his eyes that I did not comprehend. But he went away, and I spent a busy day putting my house in order. By dinner-time all was tidy, and baby had on a fresh frock, and we sat down before the window to watch for papa; but papa did not come!

Hour after hour passed, twilight fell, and the stars came out, but no Tom yet.

'I want my dinner,' said Nell, coming down in full dress; "Mr. Arbuthnot will be here to take me to the opera in an hour. Come, Janet, ring for dinner to be served, and for goodness sake act like a sensible woman. Where's Tom? Why, about his business, no doubt. Why should you care? I should think you had enough of him! Come and eat your dinner, you silly girl!"

A mouthful would have choked me. But Nell dined, and went off to the opera in her point-lace and diamonds; and baby and I kept our watch.

Eleven o'clock, and no Tom! Never since the day of our marriage had such a thing happened, save on the occasion of those awful club-dinners, and my heart told me now what was the matter! And it was all my fault! I had suffered the temptation to come under my husband's eyes. Whatever happened, the fault was mine.

By-and-by Nell came home, and went up to bed, trilling a bit of operatic song.

'Janie,' she called from the upper-landing, looking down through her blonde curls; 'I forgot to tell you, we saw Tom at the opera!'

'What do you say, Nell? You saw Tom?'

'Yes; but don't make such a fuss over nothing—it is so ill-bred, Janet. We saw Tom; he dropped into our box for about ten minutes. There, don't stare in that way, for mercy's sake. There is nothing wrong; he is only drinking a little, as all gentleman do. You'd better come to bed, Janet.'

But I sat there, hushing baby in his cradle, with such a bitter pain at my heart. Midnight came, one, two o'clock, and then there was a shuffling step on the porch, a rattling movement at the door. I knew it was Tom with his latch-key, and I sat there while he vainly tried to get it in the lock, with a sinful, unwomanly anger kindling in my breast. I was so tired, so vexed at what I had done, that it was a relief to get indignant at Tom. I rose at last, and opened the door, feeling very stern and relentless.

Poor Tom came stumbling in, groping about with his hands to keep from falling, a piteous, vacant look on his dear, handsome face. The tears rushed to my eyes, and I longed to clasp him in my arms, and tell him it was all my fault, for suffering the temptation to come in his way; but instead moved by some perverse impulse, I drew myself away from him, as he caught at me.

'Now, Janie, dear, don't get mad,' he faltered.

'It is enough to make me mad,' I cried out, 'kept up all night, to see you come home in such a plight as this. Go away, Tom; I can't bear to look at you. I wouldn't care if I never saw you again.'

'Wouldn't you, then? All right! Here we go again, and we won't come home till morning next time.'

He reeled away from me, and out at the open door, and I heard him blunder down the steps, and cross the street. Then my pettish anger gave place to fear, and I rushed after him, but he was out of sight; and hearing baby's voice within, I was obliged to return without him.

Ah! merciful Heaven, what I suffered through the remaining hours of that awful night, and through all the following day, which did not bring him home to me!

It was growing dusk, and Nell was dressing for a party, while I sat at the window, hushing baby to his evening sleep. The poor, little boy had called incessantly for his papa but papa did not come. Would he ever come again? I felt like going out into the dark, rainy street to find him, and was wondering if I might leave baby so long, when a group of men below attracted my attention. I looked again, and my heart grew as stone. Four men bearing a stretcher upon which was a prostrate form!

In a minute's time there came a rap at the door, and I hurried out. There he lay, the cold, cruel rain beating down upon his white face and clotted hair—my Tom, the husband I loved so well.

'Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't say he's dead—don't say he's dead, sir!' I cried, in my agony.

'Well, madame, I hope not,' said the officer who accompanied the mournful procession, 'but he's very badly hurt. He was shot in a drinking-house this morning, and was left for hours without attention. If he is brought round it will be a miracle almost.'

And it was more than a miracle—it was Heaven's own tender mercy that brought back the fluttering breath to his lips, the life-blood to his ghastly cheeks! He lived again, but suffered through long months of low fever and wearing torture—lived to love me and forgive me for my weakness and my unwomanly anger.

Since that time of sore agony we have given our pretty Nell not only birth-night, but bridal balls; but we never had a Roman punch! 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!' That is Tom's motto, and mine. And, for the many who are like he is—noble, generous men, unfortunately possessed of a craving appetite for strong drink—my dear husband is bravely working; and his object is not to abolish the sale, but, better still, to abolish the making of all intoxicating drinks.

Four Chickens from two Eggs.

North Carolina claims to have a goose that has hatched twin goslins. Linn county can beat that. Joseph Smith, of Centreville township, has a hen that last spring hatched fifteen chickens from thirteen eggs, two of the eggs producing two chickens each.—*Za Cyque (Kansas) Journal.*

OBJECTED TO HIS PALL BEARER.

Some time ago a citizen of Pittsburg was very ill. He fell into a stupor, which lasted three or four days. He was carefully watched by his wife and one or two ladies from the neighborhood. One afternoon the attending physician said he could not live through the day, and the sorrowing wife, with a view to having everything in readiness for the end, held a consultation with her friends as to the arrangements for the funeral. The conversation was held at the bedside of the dying man, and in a short time all the details were arranged except the names of those who should be asked to be pall bearers. Three or four young gentlemen had been selected, when the wife said, in the sobbing tone suitable to the occasion. "How would Mr. So-and-so do?" "Oh, he would do nicely," echoed the chorus of friends, "he's such a nice young man." There was a sudden movement under the coverings of the bed, and the dying husband slowly raised himself on one elbow, rubbed his eyes, and said in a weak voice, "No, he won't do. I ain't going to have that fellow for one of my pall bearers." The ladies were astonished at this revival of the sick man, but the wife laid him back gently on the pillows, and said soothingly: "Never mind,, dear: don't worry. This is a matter that need not trouble you. It is a sad duty which we will have to perform after you are gone." "No, it isn't," said the husband crossly. "That fellow isn't going to be one of my pall bearers. I don't like him, and I never did, and if you are going to have him, I'll get well, see if I don't." Again he fell back in the bed and became unconscious, but in a few hours there came a change for the better. To day he walks the streets as hale and hearty as any man.

THE FARM JOYS.

A boy who has now been working two full weeks on a farm rises to say that some remarks we made in our last paper concerning the probable content of the farmer boy read well but he has not had them substantiated by experience. He does not deny that there is beauty in the break of dawn but he argues that holding a plow through a stony corn field interferes with the view, especially when there is an old man at the fence who bawls out, "There now! you've broke another stalk." The dew that bathes the feet may be pure, but pursuing a pair of horses in a stubblefield, before breakfast, is neither a good place or time to enjoy it. There is a smell in clover but when you are in a hot mow taking back sixty forksfull to the minute the odor is likely to be lost. The hay-load seat is comfortable enough unless you have uncertain trousers and sit on a briar. Fruit is fairly plenty but it's worth your month's wages to be seen taking a cherry. Vegetables are nourishing but an hour of hoeing cabbage in the hot sun followed by a half day of picking potato bugs takes away any previous desire for them. The smile of the flowers would be more appreciated if every time you stopped to smell you were not tapped with the end of a fork handle and urged to hurry on with the water keg. The "dappled horse to canter to town" is a pious mare, existing on continual sighs, that has never been suspected of indulging in the wickedness of speed and whatever she may have had of dapples are concealed by a preponderance of ribs and bones. The pleasure of "inviting the milk of the cow" is occasionally interrupted by a bang in the eye from the old thing's hoof. The red-cheeked maid on the next farm is a lubberly thing whose pleasure consists in getting through with her work early on Saturday so she can ramble to a bush meeting six miles away on Sunday. The amateur farmer-boy seems discouraged and wants an easy position in a bank or would be satisfied to be adopted by some benevolent and wealthy gentleman who is in bad health and has no children.—*Spippensburg Chronicle.*

A Mysterious Spring.

GETTING DRUNK ON PURE WATER.

In the summer of 1838 the Third United States Artillery, commanded by Colonel Gates, was encamped at the foot of the Missionary Ridge, engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians. One day the Colonel ordered out a fatigue party to clean out the spring, a beautiful fountain bubbling up at the foot of the ridge. Shortly after the Sergeant reported to headquarters that the men were all drunk. Says the Colonel: "You should not have let the men drink whiskey." "I did not," replied the Sergeant, "they drank nothing but water from the spring. The Sergeant and men were ordered into the guard house and a new detail ordered and a Lieutenant placed in command, with orders to not let the men have access to any spirits. Not long after, the Lieutenant reported the men all drunk. The men were ordered to the guard house and the Lieutenant under arrest. Another party was ordered out, of which Colonel Gates took the command. He took a seat on a stump so that he could over look the whole ground, determined there should be no getting drunk this time. But behold! in a short time his men were all drunk. He was certain they had drank nothing but water, which they frequently did, getting down on their knees and drinking from the branch just below the spring. The Colonel was at his wits' end. The men were ordered to the guard-house, and he repaired to his tent to think. After weighing the matter pro and con he had to give it up, and repairing to the guard-house, he told the men if they would show him how it was done he would release them, otherwise he would punish them severely. To this they agreed, and took him to the spring: just below the spring in the branch they unearthed a five gallon jug partly filled with whiskey, the mouth of which was stopped with a cork, in which was inserted a quill that reached to the bottom. When buried in the sand the upper end of the quill was just above the surface of the water, and when they wanted to drink they stooped down, inserted the quill in their mouth, and while apparently drinking pure water were drinking pure whiskey, and the Colonel, sitting on the stump in plain view, was none the better for it.—*Chattanooga (Tenn.) Commercial.*

Nothing removes an Incipient Cold more quickly and pleasantly than a reliable cathartic medicine, such as that old and tried remedy, Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills, used by thousands of families throughout the land. Price only 25 cents.

About Funeral Sermons.

The action of the Ministers' Association of Utica, N. Y., in resolving that its members shall preach no more sermons at funerals, but that such sermons will subsequently be delivered in church if desired by the friends of the deceased, is naturally attracting much attention and causing no little comment. The press have taken up the subject and are discussing it from various standpoints. It would seem that this question is of sufficient importance to call for action by the duly constituted ecclesiastical bodies of the several large denominations of the country, if it be deemed proper to revolutionize prevailing customs. Probably nine of every ten intelligent men and women have their "opinion" of the average funeral sermon, and almost every one who has ever given any thought at all to the subject has again and again asked himself the question "What good is attained by these sermons over the dead?" Whatever the preacher may have to say of the departed can be of no possible interest or benefit (save in exceptional cases) to any one but the immediate relatives and friends of the dead and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in every thousand, these friends and relatives already know a great deal more of the virtues and vices, of the good or the bad qualities of character, that mark the career of the dead one. Besides, funeral sermons are not supposed to give a thoughtful and impartial biographical sketch of the deceased. The cases where this could be done without giving unpardonable offense to the friends are so rare that they may scarcely be said to exist.

But, some will argue, that the minister may be able to say something that will cheer and comfort the sorrowing. Very true, but could he not do that more effectively and with much more propriety at the home of the bereaved? The average funeral sermon is very frequently made the subject of severe but just criticism. Too frequently the minister indulges in high-sounding phrases of a life which the community know to have been covered all over with the meanest and lowest vices that deprave humanity. We firmly believe that if there were a means of ascertaining the views of the clergy of the various denominations on this subject, nine-tenths of them would declare against the continuation of the practice of preaching sermons at funerals. No right minded person would, we think, object to proper religious services when the dead are consigned to their last resting place, but such services should not embrace (except in rare cases) long disertations on the life and character of the departed. Those present to hear such sermons usually know a great deal more on those points than the minister can tell them, and are quick to note and comment on any deviation from the truth.

In our judgment the Ministers' Association of Utica have inaugurated a wise and needed reform, and it is to be hoped that it will not long be confined to that association. It is worthy, at least, of serious discussion by Conferences, Presbyteries, Synods and other ecclesiastical bodies of the various religious denominations.—*Pottsville Chronicle.*

The explorations of Major Serpa Pinto in Central Africa have added some valuable points to our previous knowledge of that country. He says:

All the great rivers of South Africa have their sources in an immense rich plain, 1,700 metres above the level of the sea, 12° south latitude. The way in which rivers take their rise and are formed in Africa is curious. In the beginning a slight humidity is observable, resembling the trickling of a small fountain; but by degrees the current swells, and suddenly, without having received any visible affluents, becomes an enormous river on which one may sail at will. At its source the Cuando is a tiny rill, which I saw flowing between my feet. A little lower down I descended it in a canoe, accompanied by my two little blacks here. The river is quite navigable till it enters the Zambesi, where Livingstone called it the Chobe.

Some of his important discoveries were due to a negro map, which showed that the most southern source of the Lualaba lies between those of the Liambai or Zambesi and Luengue, and in 12° latitude, like those of other rivers of Africa. The Luengue, or Cainque, which flows on that side to the Zambesi, not having a single cataract, is perfectly navigable, and may become the best channel for penetrating to the centre of Africa. This is the river which Livingstone called the Carue. He further says:

The river that connects Lake Bangweolo and Moero is not the Lualaba; the river which joins the two lakes in question is the "Luapula," as the "Pombeiros" of Silva Porto, who passed there, well knew. Lualaba is the name of the east arm, which extends as far as 12° latitude, and where I discovered it by map of the Bihean. The Lualaba must, therefore, be regarded as the source of the Congo, and not the Chambese, which prolongs Lake Bangweolo to the west.

One of his assertions is slightly Munchausenish, to say the least. He declares that a great white people exists in south Africa. Their names is Cassequere; they are whiter than the Caucasians, and in place of hair have their heads covered with small tufts of very short wool. Their cheek bones are prominent; their eyes like those of the Chinese. They are extremely robust, and live on roots and by the chase. This intrepid explorer is a Portuguese.

One day last summer as Bayard Taylor was traveling southward in Germany he observed, on stepping off the train, the Princess Bismarck. She beckoned to him, and after a few polite remarks informed him that her husband was on the train and was at that moment reading a novel entitled "Joseph and his friends." She had no doubt that he would be pleased to receive a visit from the author. Mr. Taylor accordingly entered the chancellor's car, and after cordial greetings sat down beside the prince. "I was just reading your novel for the second time," said the great German, "and I like it more and more. But there is one serious mistake in it. You let your villians escape far too easily. That is not poetic justice, nor any kind of justice, in my opinion." Mr. Taylor could not help thinking, he said, that this criticism was profoundly characteristic of Bismarck.

An illiterate negro preacher said to his congregation: "My bredern, when the fust man Adam was made, he was of wet clay, and set up agin de palings to dry." "Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was ob wet clay, an' set up agin de palings to dry?" "Yes sar, I do." "Den who made de palings?" "Sit down, sar," said the preacher, sternly, "such questions as dat would upset any system ob theology."

HE FOUND IT.

A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners. 'Last week,' said he, 'I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the——church. It was a gift; and, valuing it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but have not recovered it.'

'How did you word your advertisement?' asked a merchant.

'Here it is,' said the man, producing a slip cut from a newspaper.

The merchant took it and read: 'Lost in the vestibule of the——church, last Sabbath evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No.—— San Fernando Street.

'Now,' said the merchant, 'I am a liberal advertiser, and have always found it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge then that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one.'

The merchant then took a slip of paper from his pocket, and wrote: 'If the man who was seen to take an umbrella from the vestibule of the ——church last Sabbath evening does not wish to get into trouble, and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it to No.—— San Fernando Street. He is well known.'

This duly appeared in the paper, and on the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in from the sidewalk, while the front yard was literally paved with umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them, saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.

SHARPER THAN A LAWYER.

A wag of a lawyer, says the *Iowa State Register*, was sitting in his office the other day deeply engaged in unravelling some knotty question, when