THE COLUMBIAN.

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

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

$2 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.

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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 them and, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1879.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO 40
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 31

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1W.	2W.	3W.	6W.	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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Clerk—Paul E. Wirt.
Chief of Police—D. Laycock.
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Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association—E. H. Little, President, C. W. Miller, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—Wm. Peacock, President, J. B. Robison, Secretary.
Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association—J. I. Brower, President, P. E. Wirt, Secretary.

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Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6½ o'clock.
Seats free. The public are invited to attend.

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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.

M. McHENRY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office N. W. C. Market and Fifth St. Diseases of the eye a specialty. aug. 29, 6m.

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Office, North Market street,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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W. Y. KESTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Room No. 15, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING, Bloomsburg.
april9,1878.

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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

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

	Capital.
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Danville Mutual	75,000
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	$80,675,000

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March 26, '77—y

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Office on Market Street No. 6, Bloomsburg, Pa.
oct. 26, '77-1y.

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ON SHORTEST NOTICE AND AT THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 11, 1878

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Attorney-at-Law.
Increase of Pensions Obtained, Collections Made.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ext's Building.

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Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over Schuyler's Hardware Store.

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—In Harman's Building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

H. LITTLE. ROB'T. R. LITTLE.
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR.
Attorney-at-Law.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in EVANGST'S BUILDING, on Main street second door above Centre.
Can be consulted in German.
Jan. 10, '79-tf

CATAWISSA.

WM. L. EYERLY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Collections promptly made and remitted. Office opposite Catawissa Deposit Bank. 6m-38

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Catawissa, Pa.
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July 11, '79-tf

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GENERAL FOUNDRY BUSINESS,
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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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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs,
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First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.
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Should subscribe for
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A Live Educational Monthly, published at
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C. K. CANFIELD, Editor.
April 18, 1879-tf

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ROASTED BY STEAM.
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SOMETHING NEW.—Excellent, Economical Food for Families. PURE, WHOLESOME MEAT. Save Fuel. Save Bother. Convenient and Delicious Cold, while so many nice dishes may be made from it. Ask your Grocer for it. Ask your Butcher for it. Forty per cent. more nutriment in a given quantity of this Fresh Beef than in any other canned Fresh Beef.
Sold by Grocers Generally.
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No one who is thoroughly regular in the bowels is healthy enough to die. Disease is the lot of the irregular. He may be attacked by contagious diseases, and so may the irregular, but he is not nearly as a subject to outside influences. The use of
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secures regularity, and consequent immunity from sickness.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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PENNINGTON SEMINARY, Thos. Hanlon, D. D., Pennington, N. J., for both sexes. We excel in healthfulness, convenience, discipline, thorough teaching, home comforts and moderate charges. sept. 19, 4w.

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$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. sept. 19, 79-4w.

Poetical.

THE TONGUE INSTRUCTED.

Guard well thy lips: none, none can know — Prov. xiii. 3.
What evils from the tongue may flow;
What guilt, what grief may be incurred — James iii. 5,6.
By one incautious, hasty word. — Judges xi. 35.
Be "slow to speak," look well within, — Mark vi. 22, 27.
To check what there may lead to sin; — Prov. x. 19.
And pray unceasingly for aid, — James i. 26.
Lest unawares thou be betrayed. — Col. iv. 2.
"Condemn not, judge not"—not to man — Luke xxi. 34.
Is given his brother's faults to sew; — James iv. 2.
One task is thine, and one alone— — 1 Cor. iv 5.
To search out and subdue thine own. — Matt. vii. 3.
Indulge no murmuring, oh, restrain — John viii. 7.
Those lips, so ready to complain; — 1 Cor. x. 16.
And if they can be numbered, count — Lam. iii. 22.
Of one day's mercies the amount. — Ps. ciii. 2.
Shun vain discussion, trifling themes; — Lam. iii. 23.
Dwell not on earthly hopes and schemes: — Titus iii. 9.
Let words of wisdom, meekness, love, — Deut. vi. 4—7
Thy heart's true renovation prove. — James iii. 13
Set God before thee; every word — Luke vi. 45.
Thy lips pronounced by Him is heard. — Gen. xvii. 1.
Oh, could'st thou realize this thought! — Ps. cxxxix 4.
What care, what caution would be taught, — Matt xii. 36.
"The time is short," this day may be — Luke xii. 3.
The very last assigned to thee; — 1 Cor. vii. 29.
So speak, that should'st thou ne'er speak more, — Eph. v. 16.
Thou may'st not this day's words deplore. — Col. iv. 6.
— Rom. xiv. 12.

Select Story.

MRS. FAY'S BARGAIN.

John Fay was leaving the breakfast table. He laid a roll of bills beside his wife's plate.

'The fifty dollars, Annie, I promised you for your new dress.'

'Fifty! Then you have really made it fifty? What a good John! I shall be able to save enough out of it to buy Aunt Maria a real nice New Year's present. There are very good cloaks, shaggy and warm, marked down to $10 and $12 at Morton & Brier's, and I am distressed Sunday after Sunday to see her walk into church in that old shawl. I could draw the pattern of it with my eyes shut, and know that nothing but perversity keeps it from breaking away on her poor sharp shoulders.'

'Well, do as you please; only make the most you can of the money. Fifty dollars do not grow on every bush in these times, and I should hardly have felt able to give it to you now but that Morton has been looking at one of our steam heaters for his store though some parties down in Hartford offered him one at a discount. So buy the cloak of him by all means, if you get one.'

And John struggled into his three-years old overcoat and hurried away.

Little Mrs. Fay turned the bills over and over in her hand. She had scarcely heard her husband's last words. It was enough that he could afford to give her the money and that it was hers to spend. He was her conscience in regard to money matters. With the intricacies of business she had nothing to do. Should she run around to Mrs. Jupe's at once and talk it over, and find out exactly how to send to New York for samples of dress doods?

The Jupes were stylish people who had recently removed into the neighborhood, having bought the very large lawn and the very small cottage with a stable in the rear, which gave an air of elegance to the street of the pretty New England town where the Fays lived. Between Mrs. Jupe and little Mrs. Fay the most intimate relations had been established. They ran back and forth at all hours, a blind gate having been discovered, at the foot of Mrs. Fay's tiny flower garden, which opened directly upon Mrs. Jupe's side lawn.

The latter had already advised in regard to the new dress. 'You will never think of buying it here,' she had said. 'Morton & Brier's dress goods are so common! Everybody in town dresses the same—like mourners at a funeral! Why not run down to New York and buy something made up? You would save it in your dressmaker's bill.'

Run down to New York! Mrs. Fay regarded a visit to the metropolis as the event of a lifetime—to be ardently desired, but scarcely to be hoped for. And as for a dressmaker, one day for such a functionary, for the purpose of basting and 'trying on,' with three or four more from Susan Janes, who went out for seventy-five cents—and was thankful to get that in these hard times—was the limit of her desires.

And so Mrs. Fay had gone home filled with a desire to do this. To send to New York, to the envy of her less well informed neighbors! To appear in a dress unlike anything displayed in the town! She was not ordinarily a vain woman, but Mrs. Fay's ambition took fire at this spark of suggestion. But John's countenance assumed a doubtful expression when the plan was spread out before him.

'I don't know about that,' he said, slowly.

'Do as you would like to be done by, is my motto, and how should I like to have everybody in town to run off to Hartford or New York to buy the goods I offer for sale. Patronize home institutions, Annie; spend your money where you make it, and help to build up your own town, I say. Why, the country is going to ruin for the same reason. Nothing in America will do for people, unless the maker is shrewd enough to brand it with a foreign mark. We spend all our time and strength in gathering dollars to be sent out of the country. And what do we get for them? A lot of French fripperies and manufactured articles which need only to stand side by side with our own to show their inferiority.'

'Yes, John, but—the dress!' Exports and imports are matters to be settled by graver heads, or to settle themselves.

'Buy at Morton & Brier's.' They trade with me, and I should like to turn my money into their hands.'

'But their goods are so 'common,' John. And we all dress alike—like mutes at a funeral.'

'Like what?' John Fay burst into a loud laugh. 'You are a dear little woman, Annie but you never originated that remark. I don't believe I like the style,' he added, after a pause. 'But do as you please, dear.'

It was hard to say 'no' to his little wife.

'At least you can buy the cloak at Morton & Brier's; and be sure and make the money go as far as you can.'

'I will, John; it shall go as far as New York!' she replied, with a happy laugh, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him an enthusiastic hug.

She wrote her letter to New York at Mrs. Jupe's dictation, and the samples came in due time.

John turned them over quizzically. 'Couldn't you judge better of the color and quality to see them in a whole piece, rather than in such a scrap as this?'

'O, what a silly John! Of course not; when I can examine them at my leisure now, with no saucy clerk to snatch them out of my hands or talk me into buying what I don't want at all.'

A long hour was spent in this inspection.

'Do—do you think it had better be mixed goods or plain?'

John was good natured. He laid down his newspaper to raise the bits of cloth again in his great hands. 'Do you call that mixed? singling out a scrap all knobs and long, loose hairs, and vieing with Joseph's coat in colors, the latest fashion of woven ugliness.

'Yes, to be sure.'

'Well, then, dear, I shou'd say, let us have it plain.'

So she chose a soft, warm basket cloth in dull maroon. Six yards, eight dollars! But it was double width, and these new goods were expensive. The prices ran as high as five dollars a yard; three was moderation. And there would be enough for a long sacque, and then—last consideration of a prudent mind—it would 'make over' admirably.

Then the silk—for this was to be a handsome suit—Mrs. Jupe had said that silks were to be got at almost any price now. And not to be mean or buy a poor quality, Mrs. Fay had fixed her price at a dollar and a half a yard.

But a scrap at two dollars just matched her cloth. And as most of the samples ranged at prices even higher, with an impetuosity which characterized the movements of the small woman who mildly ruled the Fay family, she decided upon this. Seven yards—no, eight—it was well to have a piece left, and there should be a bonnet to match. Eight it must be. She sent her order in haste and then waited the result in excitement which held in it more and more of repentance as the days went by.

Early in the afternoon of the third, an express wagon, a man and an enormous book appeared at her door. She ran to open it. She took the precious parcel which bore her name and placed carefully within the sanctities of the parlor, while the man was fumbling for the bill.

'Thirty-four dollars, ma'am.'

She had the exact amount in her hand. She had had the exact amount within reach for the last two days.

'Write your name just there.' And Mrs. Fay wrote her name where the purple and black finger pointed grimly—in characters a good deal like the trembling ones with which she had written. 'Yes dear John,' two years before, in reply to a certain letter which need not be further mentioned here.

'And a dollar for the express.'

'I—thought it wrs fifty cents.'

'Both ways, ma'am, you know, C. O. D.' No, she did not know, not at that moment certainly; but she slipped a fifty-cent piece slyly back into her pocket and paid him the dollar demanded.

She did not open the parcel at once. She sat down to do a sum in mental arithmetic. Thirty-five dollars from $50 left $15; and there were the linings and trimmings, the dressmaker and Susan Janes to be provided for. And Aunt Maria's cloak! She had entirely forgotten the cloak! There was no impatience in the fingers that untied the strings as she prepared to inspect the dress. She had lost her enthusiasm over it already.

Horror of horrors! Could that be her silk? as a broad ray of sunlight struck upon it. It was by no means of the same shade as the dress. Could the dealers have made a mistake? But no; she compared a scrap of the sample which she had chosen and a bit of the sample which she had withheld. It was the same. Was it possible that it could appear so different when seen in the piece.

But there was no help for it now; and with that reflection the last ray of pleasure in her new purchase vanished from her mind. Not even John's commendation could enliven her. 'Why, you're pretty as a picture,' said he, the same night, when she had twisted the soft woolen stuff about her figure and stood waiting under the gaslight for his inspection. The silk she had prudently and thankfully banished from sight. The dull maroon hue had brightened to a rich crimson under the light.

'And did the money hold out?'

'Y-es.' But the reply came faintly, and Mrs. Jupe running in the next morning, found her friend poring over the 'supplement' to a fashion paper, her smooth forehead drawn into two dreadful wrinkles, while she studied with despairing eyes this sheet of lines and angles, bicycles and insane parallelograms, hopelessly confused and inextricably entangled.

'They are patterns!' said Mrs. Fay, as though she would have added, 'Could you ever believe it?' 'I thought perhaps I might cut my dress myself.'

'Goodness, child! Did you ever do such a thing?'

'No; but people do.'

'They don't begin with a handsome suit, however. Do you want to spoil it—to ruin the whole dress, beside wasting the material and the money you have spent for it?'

The last was an argument, and Mrs. Fay laid by her sheet of hieroglyphics with a sigh, and prepared to listen to reason, as Mrs. Jupe called it, by arranging to take the latter's dressmaker off her hands for one day, which Mrs. Jupe desired to spend out of town. Perhaps she could make up for this expense by cutting off three of Susan Jane's days.

The day and the dressmaker came.

'It is a good heavy piece of silk,' said the latter, testing it between thumb and forefinger.

It was. It weighed like lead upon Mrs. Fay's mind. The dressmaker laid it against the woolen goods, opened her lips, then closed them again, prudently; but Mrs. Fay saw the movement. No; it did not match. Had not Mrs. Jupe already remarked it? And was not the maroon turned to purple by the proximity of the silk, as any one could see?

'I should have thought that you would have bought American silk. They usually offer it at Morton & Brier's to make up with these heavy goods. It wears so much better and costs less, you know, by a good deal; being so much wider, too, it cuts to better advantage.'

'It came from New York,' said poor, crestfallen Mrs. Fay. But there was no pride in her voice.

Miss Mudge was measuring it off from her nose to the ends of her fingers. 'Eight yards! That will never do—not if you take off three-quarters for a bonnet and face the skirt. It will not trim it handsomely.'

'I thought it a large pattern,' faltered Mrs. Fay.

'Well, yes—of American silk. But a couple of yards more will do; and you had better send for it at once. Perhaps you may as well say three while you are about it. A scrap over is never out of place. This is a very pretty basket cloth,' she went on, diplomatically, for Mrs. Fay's face revealed her chagrin. 'I saw the same at Morton's; two dollars and a half, was it not?'

'Two dollars and a half! It was three. And it cannot be the same. I sent to New York for this.' Mrs. Fay could have cried with vexation.

'You sent to New York!' The dressmaker's sharp eyes measured Mrs. Fay and the plainly furnished bed from where the cutting was going on with one keen, calculating glance. But she said nothing more. And Mrs. Fay sent to New York for three additional yards of silk. Her heart sank as she broke her last ten dollar bill to pay for this and the necessary linings and facings, buttons and cord, without which no feminine garment can be brought into existence. And Aunt Maria's cloak shrank more in its proportions until it entirely passed out of sight.

'I shall do the rest myself,' she said to Susan Janes, as the latter laid by her work at the end of her third day.

'Do you think you can?' There was disappointment in Susan's faded eyes. 'That blind stitch is hard to do nicely if one is not used to it.'

Poor Susan! Even one more day would be something. It would earn the price of a New York dinner. Work was not easily found in these days, and she had depended upon at least a week here.

'I am sorry; and I know it isn't easy to do.' The tears were in Mrs. Fay's eyes, Was she not worn out with it already? 'But indeed, Susan. I must do it.'

So Susan folded the waist neatly and laid it with a lingering hand beside the skirt on Mrs. Fay's own bed, then donned her old, worn cloak and went away.

When the dress was at last finished and put on for John's inspection, the night before New Year, not even the warm bright hue could bring a trace of color to the pale, worn face of its wearer. But John did not notice it.

'Yes,' he said absently; 'it is very pretty dear, and I'm glad if you enjoy it—but it has cost me more than I can well afford.'

A shiver ran all the way down little Mrs. Fay's spine. She could not ask what he meant. Was it Susan Jane? Was it—

'I suppose you told somebody that you got it in New York. At any rate, Morton & Brier heard that my wife had been buying a fifty-dollar dress in New York, and Morton said that two could play at that game. So he went down to Hartford and bought the steam heater he had been looking at for the store, and Brier ordered another for his house.'

'It was that dressmaker! She must have told it. I always thought she looked like a spiteful thing, and I didn't ask her to our table,' gasped Mrs. Fay, growing whiter still

'Very likely, I only know I have lost their trade, which is a good deal in these times. But don't let it distress you, dear.' He was frightened at the expression of his wife's face. It is too late to mend it. Let us think of something else.' And he drew her down upon his knee. What have you got for Aunt Maria.'

'I have got her—I have made her—,' Mrs. Fay began hysterically, 'O; John—I have got her a ginger jar!'

'A ginger jar! 'No wonder Fay stared.

'Don't laugh.' And Mrs. Fay proceeded to further astonish her husband by bursting into tears. 'It is decorated, you know, and—and looks like Kioto, Mrs. Jupe says. I can't tell you, John—but—everything cost so much, and the silk was too narrow, and I had to get more, and—and there wasn't any money left for the cloak—'

'I see how it is,' said kind John, who knew more than she dreamed. He gathered her up in his arms and essayed to soothe the frightful sobs. 'We have learned a good lesson, though a hard one, haven't we little woman? We will patronize home institutions—at least until we can draw our income from abroad.'

The next day John Fay took his old overcoat quietly to the tailor's and had it rebound, countermanding his order for a new one, and Aunt Maria had her new cloak after all; and happening to meet Morton on the street, who gave him the cold shoulder, he stopped him and told him the whole transaction, since it was too late to benefit himself by the story. The result of which was that it was not too late at all. The truth had been only half told. The Hartford order had been threatened, not carried out, and the steam heaters were bought of John Fay himself.

Susan Jane was surprised by an invitation to a dinner on New Year's day. Of course she came, and she contrived to take a few needful stitches upon the new dress. That 'blind stitch' had been indeed very trying to the unskilled fingers. And the dinner was a happy affair—John even proposing a toast at its conclusion:

'Our neighbors—let us do unto others as we would that others should unto us.'

'Dear, blundering John! Both Susan Janes and Aunt Maria took it to themselves, and thought it extremely appropriate, and drank it in cold water with tears of gratitude in their weak eyes. But John Fay and his wife smiled another meaning across the table at each other.

REAL ESTATE IN LEADVILLE.

The October *Scribner* contains a notable paper on Leadville, written by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and Mr. J. H. Mills, from which we quote this account of an interesting phase of mining life:

All this excitement and influx of masses of men and the consequent irregular squating upon unoccupied ground, began at once to produce discord and a fever of speculation in real estate. A certain corporation claimed to own the whole townsite under a patent from the government, and tried to exact payment from every tenant; but the illegality of this was asserted, and pending decision, everybody not only laughed at the company but proceeded to buy and sell original squatter-claims as though no better title was ever in existence—a supposition probably true at that time. Town-lots rose from nothing to fabulous prices in a day, and fortunes were made and opportunities neglected accordingly.

Next came a period of 'jumping' that is, getting forcible or fraudulent possession of property. Men would call with a paper having a legal appearance and politely inform some man occupying the cabin they coveted that they had bought the property from the owner.

'You know, pard,' they would remark, affably, 'that you just settled down here 'cause it was convenient like, and nobody said nothing about it; but now the owner thinks he orter have some good from his property, and we've bought it. We don't want to be onpleasant, but it looks like you'd have to vamoose.'

'That's all right,—no offense,' the shaggy-headed cot'ager would reply, quietly: 'but I reckon of the owner or anybody else wants this yere cabin they've got to take it, and they've got to hold over me, and get up right 'arly in the mornin,' too,' and he lays a loving hand on the hilt of his six-shooter, while the would-be jumpers anathematize their way out of the door.

There were, however, clear cases of tenancy of land where no title was held, and here the occupant, if unruly, was likely to find his cabin timbers falling about his ears in the middle of the night, under the vigorous stroke of a band of citizens who proposed to see the real owner put in possession then and there. Heedless fellows would insist upon putting their trading shanties or dwelling-houses anywhere in the streets and alleys set apart for public use, and then down would come a squad of police, with a span of horses to the underpinning and raze the obstruction in ten minutes. Hard words were a matter of course in all these little public and private transactions in real estate, and every day or two a man was shot or beaten half to death; but public opinion and the numerous witnesses quickly and loudly decided the right of the case, and the coroner's jury was very likely to formulate the popular verdict. Truth to say, the *vox populi* in these cases was usually about right. Outside of a case of robbery by 'bunko thieves,' if a man gets shot in Leadville, it is safe to conclude that he has got his desserts.

Speculation in town-lots did not last very long, however, and now real estate is down to a pretty solid basis of value. The probability is that the future will see a decline in prices, as a whole, rather than an enhancing of the value of real estate within the corporate limits, as no doubt Leadville has seen her highest tide-mark of population

PURE-BRED AND COMMON FOWLS.

The views of the *Poultry World* on this subject are expressed as follows: A certain writer discredits the claim that pure-bred fowls are better flesh and egg producers than common stock. While admitting that they do usually furnish more meat and eggs than are furnished by the farmer's flock, he thinks this is due to superior care and feeding. He says that a person who pays two or three dollars for eggs, or a higher price for fowls, will be very apt to give them extra care

There is, no doubt, much truth in the saying that 'the breed is in the feed,' but it is only the statement of a half truth. Good feeding and care will compel any flock of fowls to do their best; but, after all, the charactertistic differences of the varieties remain, and cannot be changed by feeding, these differences are, in many cases, constitutional; that is, by a long course of selection and local influences, certain traits have become permanently, fixed. The blood of certain varieties is very strong and will show itself for generations in each successive cross. The Game cock will transmit his game qualities, his proud carriage and closeness of feathering; the Leghorn his sprightly disposition and wonderful productiveness; the Asiatic indolent habits and tendency to lay on flesh and fat; all these being marked features of the breeds mentioned. Now, feeding will not affect these distinctive tendencies—at least not to any extent. They were formed by climate influences, operating for thousands of years, aided by a long process of selection, sometimes natural and sometimes guided by man. In late years we have taken in hand the several families of domestic fowls, and by careful selection and breeding have exaggerated, as it were, their peculiar traits, until they have become very strongly marked. To say, therefore, that the average dunghill fowl will lay as many eggs as a well-bred Leghorn, or will produce as much flesh as a Brahma will do in eight or nine months, is to affirm what a fair trial will show to be false.

FACTS ABOUT FLOUR.

Flour is peculiarly sensitive to the atmospheric influences, hence it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor where onions or fish or kept, nor any article that taints the air of the room in which it is stored. Any smell perceptible to the sense will be absorbed by flour. Avoid damp cellars or lofts where a free circulation of air cannot be obtained. Keep in a cool, dry airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature nor to intense summer or to artificial heat for any length of time above 70° to 75° Fahr. It should not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintergrated and then warmed before baking. This treatment improves the color and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon as the yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.

A HEROIC DEED.

The Elmira *Free Press* gives an account of the heroic action of a youth who was in attendance at the late Centennial celebration which took place there. It says: On Thursday, the 28th of August, the Binghamton Battery, under Capt. Olmstead, arrived here for the Centennial. They went at once to the field to take the guns in position for the next day's work. The spot selected was about half way up the hill, directly back of the camp of the Franklin Guards, and on the brow of a steep descent. It was a tug, even with four horses, to move the heavy guns and caissons up the hill; but this was done at length, under direction of Harry C. Olmshead, the sixteen-years-old son of Captain Olmshead. On the brow of the declivity they halted, and took off the horses, intending to turn the pieces around, but one was too near the edge, and in an instant the heavy gun, with caission and all attached, started down the hill. Now it appears that young Olmstead had heard, on his way up, that the tents of the Franklin Guards were filled with ladies and children, and here was the cannon charging straight for that camp! Not an instant was to be lost. The young hero looked almost certain death in the face, and deliberately sprang on the tongue of the piece, endeavoring to turn the terrible charge of the gun away from the tents. Down, down it thundered, with the boy clinging to the pole, and doing his utmost to plunge it into the ground. Faster and faster it tore down the hill, but *on one side* of the tents. The boy had succeeded, but at a heavy cost, for, before the eyes of the breathless spectators, he was thrown violently off, while the gun brought up way down the hill, after demolishing several eating places, and booths. Tender hands raised the lad and he was carried to the camp he had saved. It was found that no bones were broken, wonderful to say, but he was terribly jarred and bruised, and his front teeth knocked out. When they tried to find out his name he refused to give it, saying, 'It might get into the papers, and I have a mother at home who would be worried.'

All the day of the celebration he lay in a house near by, where Gen. Sherman went and praised his heroic deed. To his father he said: 'I knew there were women and children in those tents, and I knew that if I did not try to save them I would not dare to look you in the face, so I jumped on, and I would do so again.' He was moved on a stretcher to Bin