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THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIII, NO. 33 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XIII, NO. 34 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XIIV, NO. 35 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XIIV, NO. 34 COLUMBIA DEMOCR

Columbia County Official Directory

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She didn't know chicken from turkey: High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak, But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

he could tell the great-uncle of Moses, and the dates of the Wars of the Roses, And the reasons of things,-why the rings In their red, aboriginal noses !

Miss Pallas Rudora Von Blurky

Poetical.

A RHYME OF THE TIME.

BY NELLTH IL CONF.

Why Shakspere was wrong in his grammar, And the meaning of Emerson's Brahma." And she went chipping rocks with a little black box and a small geological hammer :

She had views upon co-education And the principal needs of the nation, And her glasses were blue, and the number of the stars in each high constellation

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky, and she talked with an emphasis lerky, and she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles But she didn't know chicken from turkey

Select Story.

A STORY OF THE PRINCE.

BOYISH ESCAPADE THAT THREW THE TUILERIES INTO A PAROXYSM OF FRIGHT. FROM BELGRAVIA.

About fifteen years ago, when the Second Empire was in the heyday of its prosperity, a great commotion occurred one day at the al was missing. His tutor, M. Monnier; his valet, Uhlmann; his equerry, M. Bachon, might have been observed tearing down the terrace which skirts the Quai du Louvre, followed by young Louis Conneau, the Prince's playmate. Young Conneau appeared ready to cry; and the three officials above-named seemed disposed to hold him responsible for the mishap which they dreaded for every now and then they turned round gesticulating, and sharply repeated the ques-'When did you see him last?' It was bout ten o'clock on a summer morning, and the public part of the Tuileries gardens was already crowded with nursemaids and childreu. Some other walkers were aboard, too, inhaling the tonic of Parisian June air, and several of these, noticing the goings to and

fro of the persons on the terrace, stopped and stared, imagining that some court dog must have played the truant. It would have given them an electrical sensation if they ould have guessed that it was the heir to the throne who was being sought for among the rhododendrons and lilac bushes. This little bit of news, retailed by them in cafesas it would have been very speedily-would have been enough to occasion a heavy fall in rentes and to have spread a panic on the Bourse that afternoon. The Prince's tutor, equerry and valet knew this but too well; and so did young Conneau, whose youthful mind had long ago opened to the comprehension that his Imerial playmate was not a boy like others. uards surrounded him; all his steps were vatched; he could not wander out of the sight of those appointed to keep their eyes rather more than the Prince did. The funct ons of whipping-boy had happily been abolished before Louis Conneau's time ; but whenever the Prince did anything amiss, it was Conneau who was held blameworthy. He was told that he ought to set a better ex

enjoyed great honors and had consequently big duties, all of which sayings Congenu bore with an air of outward penitence but with inward mutiny. New, this much lecared youth happened to know that the Prince Imperial chafed considerably under he tutelage in which he was held, and had ong cherished the ambition of going forth and having a long day's spree by himself in the streets of Paris. There was a certain fried potato stall where H. I. H, had said he should like to regale himself incognito, and he much wished to go and mix with the out of the Lycees toward four in the afternoon, and to join in some of those delight-tul combats which they waged among themselves with their dictionaries and satchels. Too generous to drag his comrade into a scrape, the Prince had never asked Conneau o join him in an escapade; but he had solemnly warned him that on the first oceasion when he should catch M. Monnie napping, the officer on guard dozing, and the sentry at the garden gate looking stupid on his post, he should avail himself of this combination of circumstances and be off. Louis Conneau had treated this confidence as sacred, but he had used the voice of wis dom to persuade the Prince that there were ust as good fried potatoes to be had at the Tuileries as at the corner of the Rue St

Conneau, hurried by questions, was at last had gone out for a bit of fun. "Fun !" yelled M. Monnier, lifting his arms in desperation; "does he think it's fun to make us run about after him in this fashion! Where has he gone now? Tell

Honore; and that eating these delicacies

with one's fingers out of a piece of greasy

yellow paper constituted no such treat as H.

I. H. fancied. However, the Prince seemed

now to have disregarded the advice, and

is at once if you know." 'Perhaps he has gone to buy two sous' worth of potatoes, suggested young Conneau timidly. It was a hazardous statement to make, for the three officials glared at him as f they thought a jest would be most unsea-

ier. 'Why he only breakfasted an hour 'Boys are often ready for two breakfasts,' emarked M. Bachon, the equerry, lumi-

retracing his steps, and walking rapidly back toward the palace. 'You must lead us o the potato shop, Conneau, if you know where it is. Quick ! come, now, I take it for ranted you are not misleading us.'

'I can not affirm he has gone for pota

toes,' whined Conneau, feeling the conjunct-ure was serious. 'Perhaps he has gone to have a fight with the Lycee boys." 'Mein Gott ! a fight mit vauriens !" exclaimed Uhlmann, his houest Alsatian face

'Not a word more,' gasped M. Monnier, would discourse to him about potatoes, scaldfor they were nearing a sentry, and observed the captain of the guard standing on the a hat may be put when the nap is gone; but steps of the Pavillon de Flore and sniffing the he now added to his mental notes that conair, as if he smelt something in the wind, striction of the throat which is a symptom of 'Come along, come along, we must keep this great fear, and from which he began to sufalarm.

'And from the Empress,' whispered M. might possibly not manifest itself in silent

It was a great responsibility that the parwas a standing order at court that if anythat the Prefect of Police was to be tele graphed for. It was just possible that the all three together, and vow that the whole Prince might have been kidnapped; and thing was his fault. under these circumstances it was of the utmost importance that the Prefect should be warned at once in order that the entire brigade of the secret police might be thrown out over the capital like a huge net closing its meshes over the railway stations and the gates which lead out of Paris. The truth is, though, that the persons who were hunting for Napoleon's heir dreaded to be called sharply to task for dereliction of duty in suffering their precious charge to slip out unobserved; and that they hoped that by putting their best feet foremost they might be successful in overtaking his Highness without police assistance. Louis Conneau avouched that the potato stall which had tempted his comrade was within a stone's throw of the Tuileries, and as to Lycees, i was probable that the one which the Prince knew best by sight was that of Charlemagne near the Bastille end of the Rue de Rivoli. Palace of the Tuileries. The Prince Imperi- So M. Monnier, Bachon, and Uhlmann, along with young Conneau, might soon have been seen scudding across the Place du Carrousel toward the Rue de Rivoli entrance: but so well used the police of the Tuilerie to be conducted in those times, that a couple of the palace detectives-well-dressed gentlemen, with red ribands in their button holes-who saw them hurry out, suspected something wrong, and stole after them. Per haps they faucled that M. Monnier had that M. Bachon and M. Uhlmann were

> trust of honest men is the prime virtue of detectives. The old woman who kept the fried potate stall at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue des Bons Enfants was known in the quarter by the nickname of Mere Rissole. She was rather a character in her rounded the Prince Imperial, with amused way ; and, though not possessed of such fine half-wondering smiles, as if he were a boy literary and artistic collections as her sister of some strange breed, telling marvelous friers who sell potatoes to the rising talent of things. In sooth, the lad was seated on a the Quartier Latin, she nevertheless wielded footstool, and, baving made his peace with some social influence by reason of having his parents for his truancy, was complacent some hundred garrulous female concierges for her customers. To such a woman any bit of news was welcomed as a broad piece of silver, and worth it, for it helped her to process of slowly gilding the potatoes in the hissing grease was going on. Wherefore, Mother Rissole fairly panted with excitement when she was accosted by three per 'I can't remember every little thing, her with breathless eagerness whether she the prospective task. had seen another little boy aged about nine, dressed in black velvet-a handsome boy, with large soft eyes and winning ways-"in fact, the Prince Imperial," blurted out poor M. Monnier, who was beginning to have misgivings lest he should sleep at Mazas and the Prince. 'When it rained, he took me subsequently be tried on a capital charge.

You must know the Prince Imperial, madsoy who came here about an hour ago, but I didn't notice him,' exclaimed the old woman, dropping her knife into the frying-pan from surprise, and splashing a drop of scald ing grease on to the round chin of M. Bachon, who murmured a benison as he wiped it any change—then he walked off with a shabby man in a bad hat, who often come to me to buy his breakfast."

'Shabby man-bad hat !' echoed M. Mon nier, beside himself. 'Which way did they

'I really don't know,' answered Mothe Rissole, bewildered. 'Do you know where this shabby custome of yours lives?' asked M. Bachon, putting a nore practical question

tnow him by that,' asked Louis Conneau nxious also to display his acumen

'I don't know where the man lives, bu 've heard that he's a journalist,' answered the fried potato woman. 'He sometime gives me a bundle of newspapers to pay for is breakfast instead of money.'

'What papers ?' inquired M. Monnier. 'I don't know, sir; I can't read,' was the uzzled answer.

'Anyhow, the man's a Radical,' opined M Bachon. 'No Conservative writer would come to buy fried potatoes at a stall and pay for them in kind." This little sally made no one smile, for

natters were beginning to look ugly. The Crown Prince in the hands of a shabby Rad ical might mean all sorts of abominable things, not the least probable of which night be the demand for a thumping ranom. To make matters worse, it began to rain at that moment, and the party had of course, no umbrellas. They could not get into a cab, because it was now their duty to walk up the Rue Rivoli as far as the College Charlemagne and see if they could not fall in with the Prince on their way. Damp and wretched, they trudged off on their unpromising errand, little Conneau having to run to keep pace with them, followed at a respectful distance behind. By the time they reached the Hotel de Ville they were dripping sops; and upon arriving at the college hey were steaming from heat and moisture like boiled vegetables. Unhappily, their perseverance was not to be rewarded, for on ooking up and down the street, where the rain was falling in torrents, they saw nothing resembling a Prince nor even a shabby Radical. There were men with bad hats enough but they were ordinary folks hurrying through their business in the rain, and of-

fering nothing suspicious to the eye of the beholder. It had been the practice of M. Monnier to improve the shining hours which he spent with the the Imperial pupil by taking the casual objects and incidents of he recovered his pupil safe and sound he proper material for a practical illustration.

ing grease, Radicals, and the uses to which from the Emperor; he would become ill from fer acutely at that moment. He remarked also how his friend Bachon and the valet Uhlmann were marking time nervously on Bachon, who feared that her Majesty's wrath the pavement, as if they, too, saw no pleasing vista opening before them; but this interesting observation did not cloak from him the necessity of returning to the Tuileries ty were assuming in concealing the Prince's without further delay. So a cab was hailed, disappearance from the Emperor; for there and the whole dismal party got into it. Louis Conneau, who had borne up bravely thing happened to the Prince his Majesty till then, began to cry, by doing which he was to be informed of it without delay and rendered great service to the three men, who

Columbian.

only wanted such an excuse to upbraid him Let us tread lightly over the scene that took place at the Tuileries when it was disclosed to Napoleon III. and the Empress that their son had taken what the French figuratively call the key of the fields and had last been seen in the company of a tatterdemalion quill driver. How aids-de-camp rushed about and how maids of honor fainted; how secretaties of the State were sent for, and arrived with their hair disheveled how the Prefect of Police drove to and fro about the city, giving orders and cross-orders; and how, during five mortal hours. the entire police of the best policed city in the world left off hunting rogues to chase their Imperial master's heir-all these things will be recorded some day when the Court history of the Second Empire gets written. Enough to say here that toward six in the evening, when the confusion ty and somewhat abashed little boy was seen parleying with the sentry who mounted guard under the Triumphal arch of the Carrousel.

'Why, it's he!' screamed M. Monnier, who witnessed the sight from his window; and he would have dashed out of the room, but he was practically in the custody of two officers of the guards, who courteously restrained him. The next moment, however shouts of joy, greetings, etc., mingled with purloined some of the crown diamonds, and reproaches, could be heard in the passage outside, and M. Monnier knew that his pu going with him to share the proceeds. Mis- pil had come home safe and sound. Etiquetto prevented the tutor from hastening into the Emperor's presence unbidden : but he was soon summoned, and, entering the Empress' drawing-room, found her Majesty laughing as she dried her eyes, while the Emperor and half a dozen court ladies surly relating his adventures. On seeing his tutor, he stood up and hung his head, as if ashamed, for torm's sake.

'Ab, Louis, you will have to beg M. Monkeep her customers in patience while the nier's pardon, for you put him in great anxiety,' said the Emperor. 'Your punishment shall be to write out an account for him of all you've been doing.'

> lecture on mnemonics, but for the present he said : 'Well, monseigneur, do you a

least know who your companion was?" 'Oh, he was a very nice person,'exclaim into his house and showed me a number of old things. He seemed to be a poor man, ame; tell us truly whether you have seen but he has seen a great number of countries and spent many years in Cayenne. Where

And the Prince looked up artlessly at the Emperor, who winced.

A few weeks later one of those political plots which used always to be breaking out in Paris under the Empire (perhaps because the police had some interest in their frequency) brought about a dozen so-called revolutionists into the meshes of the Rue de Jerusalem. Among them was a poor wight, a journalist, named Victor Marchy, who had seed and roll down. but lately returned from ten years' captivity at Cayenne, whence he had escaped. Lying in prison, this unfortunate fellow was told Quick! we've not a moment to one day that papers had been found in his against the Emperor's life.

'Ah pour ca non!' exclaimed Marchy. 'J'en sppelle au Prince Imperial que je ne suis pas un assassin !'

'Why to the Prince Imperial, who is but 'Is his hat so very bad? Perhaps we might a child?' asked the juge d'instruction, aston-'Take him my photograph,' answered Vic-

tor Marchy. The prisoner's photograph was submitted to the Prince Imperial, who recognized it as that of 'the shabby Radical with the bad hat,' in whose company he had spent his

'This man held my boy's life in his hands during a whole day; he can be no enemy of mine !

And he signed Victor Marchy's pardon, There is only one country in the world

hich there are no illiterate people; it is the Sandwich Islands. The population of the islands is 58,000. They have 11 high educational institutions, 169 middle publischools, and 43 private schools. The public instruction is under the supervision of a com mittee appointed by the King, and composed of five members, who serve without remuneration; the committee appoint a general in-Government takes care that every person shall be able at least to read and write, and pursues energetically all parents who neglect to send their children to school.

A studious-looking man arrived at an Iowa

county fair with a large and intricate machine, which he unloaded with great care from a wagon. The superintendent asked him what it was, so as to be able to assign it to a proper place among the exhibits. He replied that it was an apparatus for making anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast human beings. 'I put the proper amount of bone, muscle, blood, and so on, into this hopper, he continued, 'set the wheel in motion and the result within an hour is a perfect adult man or women." The only imperter tion in his invention, he went on to say, that the creatures thus made had no souls, but he hoped soon to remedy that. He was allowed life as texts for instructive sermons. He had to set up his machine, and to explain it to already made mental note of the fact that if the crowds; but he was unable to get the

A MONUMENT TO ANDRE.

Thursday, October 2, was the hundredth anniversary of the execution of Major Andre. The story of his arrest by three farmers, who were for the time being acting as videttes for the Continental Army, is familiar to every school-boy. Paulding, Van Wart and Williams will always figure in American history as sturdy patriots, although they were very humble and very obscure ersons. Paulding was a soldier, but at the time of the capture of Andre he seems to have been out of the service. In our days these three unattached partisans of the rev olutionary cause would have been called bushwackers.'

The amiable and generous Andre deserved a better fate. However, his execution was not only in strict accordance with the laws of war, but the British had set a precedent in the hanging of Lieutenant Natha-Hale, who was captured under circumstances almost precisely similar, which General may be said at this day of the stern sense of duty which compelled the sacrifice of the life of a brave and honorable man, the British were in no position to question the absolute justice of the act. Andre spent a good deal of time in Philadelphia and was great favorite in society. His body was suried near the spot where he was executed and remained there until 1821, when his bones were taken to England, and now he sleeps among the illustrious dead who have been honored with a memorial tablet in

Westminster Abbey, The farm on which Andre's body was buried is now owned by Mr. Cyrus W. Field and out of regard for his English friends. in the palace was at its height, a rather dus- and especially at the solicitation of Dean Stanley, Mr. Field has erected a monument to mark the spot. It is a handsome shaft, six feet seven inches in height and three feet square at the base. Dean Stanley wrote the inscription, and surely it is worthy of its author :

Major John Andre of the British Army, who entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold His death,

though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey A hundred years after his execution

but in token of those better feelings which have since united two nations, one in race, in language and in religion, with the tarnest hope that this friendly union will never be broken.

Arthur Per thyn Stanloy, Dean of Westminster. Mr. Field and a few friends set up the ionument on Thursday, the hundreth an niversaay of the tragic event. He will in lose a small park around it and invest a sum sufficient to keep it in repair in perpetum. There has been some discussion about the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of a hostile soldier, who died the death of a spy, but the better opinion seems to be that Dean Stanley's epitaph sufently explains the reasons for this act o magnanimity, efter the passions and resentnents of the struggle for independence have been buried out of sight by the lapse of a

This is the way I make a good road with a plow and drag: Commence in the middle of the road with a good, sharp plow, as soon as the frost is well out while the ground is yet soft, and plow it into the centre from both ways, plowing a strip from twenty to twenty five feet wide, then drag it down thoroughly then plow again in the same way, then drag again at least twice over, and so on plowing and dragging until the road-bed is raised from one-and-a-half to two feet high. I am sure to go straight, for nothing looks better to me than a straight road. I don't like ser pentine roads. When raised high enough

In the district where I live we are taxed about seventy days on the road. A team plow and man are counted three days work. With these seventy-days work we can round lodging which implicated him in a plot up a good half mile and it is as smooth when we get done as a house floor. Can drive a two-forty gait just like 'a mice.' Being done while it is moist, it will pack down solid and not run up. We used to wait until abou the 1st of June, then tear things all to pie ces by getting lumps on to rough spots and making them rougher, and soft dirt on to soft spots and making them softer and somewhat angerous for spring wagons to pass over, go-

You gentlemen who like good roads try my plan. I know you will like it. You will be astonished how much you can do in a day how fast you can round up the road and how truant day. Wherefore the Emperor, as he nice and smooth it will be when you get done. Plow it fine, drag it fine and do it while the ground is wet; don't wait until it gets dry and hard. Do it right and you will be glad and happy and make others happy. A good coat of gravel put on one year after is an excellent plan, and such a road will last many years without any more expense.

C. W. PALMER. Monroe county, N. Y .- Germantown Tel-

An infidel passing through the shadow

that hang around the close of life and finding himself adrift amid the dark surges of doubt and uncertainty without anchorage or harbor n view, was urged by his skeptical friends to hold on, but will you tell me what to hold on by?" Here is a question which men do well to consider before they reach the closing scene. If they are told to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust Where is their confidence? What certaint have they as they go down into the shadows Surely a man who comes to his dying hour needs something better than infidelity can give him; he needs the guiding hand of Him who is the resurrection and the life, who has conquered death and triumphed over the grave, and who is able to bring us safely off at last. He needs that hope which is 'as an

and which entereth into that within the Eog PLANT.-Peel and cut into thin slices ak in salt and water ten minutes ; drain and steam five minutes. Make a batter of third cup of melted butter, one heaping teasTHE NEW INDIAN WAR.

The slaughter of Maj. Thornburg and a dozen soldiers in Colorado, perhaps of the whole of his force, adds another to the long list of needless horrors which have attended our management of the Indian tribes within our borders. The painful reflection about incidents like that of Milk River is that they excite so little attention. In England such an event would occupy a great space in the press and in the debates on the hustings and in Parliament, and public opinion would demand that the causes which brought about the calamity should be fully investigated in order that the blame might be placed where it belonged. With us the Administration knows it will not be seriously called to account either for the lack of a sufficient military force at the scene of the outbreak, or for the acts of the Indian Department which have sent the Utes on the warpath. As for the latter, we know that the Indian Commissioner and Agents are al-Washington could not overlook. Whatever | ways prepared to show-or rather to pretend to show-that the turbulence of the savages is caused either by the faults of the military, the acts of the settlers, or their own innate deviltry, and never by the dishonesty, inefficiency, or lack of tact of the Indian Agents Whether in the case of the Utes there has been any serious fault on the part of the Agent Meeker and the civil authorities it is still too early to form a decided opinion. The facts, as far as they have been developed, point rather to lack of tact and knowledg of the Indian character than to the outright plundering of the Indians, which has too commonly been the course of their Agents But it is evident that somebody has blun-

Pitkin, Agent Meeker, and nearly everybody else in Colorado, have long been distrustful of this tribe. In the entire absence of any symptoms of disaffections of such a grave character on other reservations, the public may fairly ask why as large a force as Gen.

Merritt is now commandine was not in the symptoms of disaffections of such a grave Merritt is now commandine was not in the vicinity of the Ute reservation before this fire, which was known to be smouldering. burst into flames. As at present advised, w see no excuse for this apparently criminal neglect of symptoms which were notorious All these heart-sickening occurrences-in the loss of our Canbys, Custers, Thornburgs. and the rest of the long roll of heroes sacrificed to the insatiable rapacity of the Republican party and its Indian ring-speak but one lesson : That the responsibility of managing the Indians ought to be placed in the hands of those who, in case of mismanagement will have to fight and be killed by them, - Sun-

SAVING CLOVER SEED.

The very high price which farmers fre nently have to pay for cloverseed should inoce them to save at least a sufficiency for their own supply, and undoubtedly, if well followed up, make it a very profitable business as a money crop. A farmer, who is vouched for as one of the best cloverseed satthan ten packs of firecrackers. Besides that, vers, gives the following hints as to the sav-ing of the seed: 'The second crop is for the ed, and is really fit for no other purpose, a it salivates the stock fed on it. The best time to cut for seed is a very nice point to determine. It should be cut when a majoribegin to shed off the little seed pods, each of which contains a seed. Cut the second crop of clover just as though it were for hav, rake it into windrows and let it lie and take one or two showers : then put it into very small cocks while damp, about one good pitchforksacks and cap with something that will turn until you get a huller to take it out for you. Let our farmers save all the cloverseed they can, and thus help to make thousands of dol-

KILLED BY A DEAD SNAKE.

I will tell you a very curious and melancholy incident that happened on one occasion in a church where I was conducting the serrice. The windows and doors were, of course, all wide open, and through one of those open doors a cobra glided into the church. I did not notice it myself, but several of the congregation did, and were not unreasonably much alarmed. The beadle, a native, was fortunately on the alert, and he managed to procure a tulwar, with which he cut off the mischief. Tranquillity was restored, and the the congregation went to look at the dead snake as it lay headless on the ground. Among them was a man who, in his curiosity to examine the reptile, put his foot on the head and rolled it toward him; when he instantly uttered a loud exclamation and drew his foot away. By some means or other be had contrived to set in action the muscular apparatus attached to the poison-fangs, which had darted violently forward and struck him on the foot. All remedies were useless; in half an hour the poor fellow was a corpse proving, with a vengeance, the awful virunce of the poison of the cobra di capello !-

With the compliments of Captain Kidd' omes up at last. While some workmen were digging a reservoir on the east side of the Kennebec river, at Augusta, Me., a few days ago, they struck an iron chest which was three feet long and eigteen inches in depth. Marks about the chest led Charles V. Granger, of Augusta, to claim the contents, which are said to be gold and silver valuables. The Kennebec Journ al says : Mr. Granger claims that his grandfather and Captain Robert Kidd, he of pir atical fame, were great cronies, and says that when Captain Robert died he left with Grandpa Granger maps, charts, etc., telling him where several millions of treasures were buried. Mr. Granger still holds those papers in his possession and without doubt the treasure found belongs to him.

'My mother was afficted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condiion of the whole system; headache, ner ous prostration, and was almost helpless No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three mouths ago she began to use ne pint of sweet milk, two beaten eggs, one- Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over poonful of baking powder and flour, to make 70 years old. We think there is no other queta. batter as for paneakes; dip the slice into medicine fit to use in the family.'-A lady, this, and fry in butter until of a light-brown. in Providence, R. I.

FOR THE LADIES

Alsatain bows, laced edged are worn. Black velvet and old gold satin combine

Mother-o'pearl buttons are exceedingly

Cascades plastrons are formed of coral jet

fringe Bretonne lace, plaited, trims dainty cosomes beautifully

Handkerchiefs of pink or blue batiste have Egyptain neck laces are composed of golden lizards alternating with gems.

Handsome silk stockings have lace inserion let in from the toe to the instep An original fichu mantile is of black cach-Paon green velvet and creme pompadour's satin, form some elegant costumes.

Beads and ornaments of amber decorate the Moorish or Oriential fabrics exquisite Amande is a new and rich shade of pale

Satin skirts have the front openings be-ween the paniers, fitted in with tiny plait-Pretty fichus and vests are made of crepe de chine and brocaded gauze, decorated with white satin ribbon.

Polonais a are very long, gathered up in the center and looped high each side, form-ing small paniers. All monotony of dress is completely brok-

en up by the striking autumnal colors Bonnet shapes covered with silk net and

beaded with jet or beads of any and all col-ors are most stylish. But it is evident that somebody has blun-lered hideously in the disposition of the troops. The reports show that Governor But it is evident that somebody has blun-blue and pink Surah and such laces as point d'espirit annu Bretonne.

The novelities in necklaces of twisted wireso' gold and silver were, in olden tin worn by those in authority.

White and light colors, when used in elegant materials and in conjunction with lace, give evidence of the highest luxury and re-Shaded silks are much used for fashion-able embroidery. They are requisite for their beautiful effect in forming landscapes,

A fall parasol is covered with damasse and edged with a silken cord; another of foulard, bordered with an embroidered band and finished with a lace flounce.

The novelties in fancy jewelry are carrines and brooches of flies, sun beetles, lady birds and bees, which are such good imitations that they are often mistaken for real. Dressy bonnets for the autumn and winter will be of long-haired felt, trimmed with white and colored feathers, and lined tur-

quoise blue, ruby or old gold shirred satin.

The daughters of the late Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, Mrs. Comegys and Miss Bell, have established a boarding-school in

A Canadian girl carried a twenty-foot lad-der one hundred yards, placed it against a burning house, climbed un, and—well, she didn't put out the fire. She fell backwards

on a man and nearly killed him. One of the most beautiful compliments to woman was that paid to Lady Elizabeth Hastings by Sir Richard Steele. He said to her: "Though her mein carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check of loose behavior and to love her is a liberal density. to love her is a liberal education.

water, or what is still better, if you have a shed or barn, put it there and let it remain shed or barn, put it there and let it remain pensed tea at a big price by the thimbleful. A serious-looking gentleman approached and inquired the price of a cup of tea. 'One shilling.' was the reply. The gentleman paid. But before the lady gave him the cup she first put it to her lips, and handing it to him said: 'Now it costs a sovereign. The gentleman calmly laying down a sovereign, bowd to the lady, and in the most natural tone in the world said; And now, will you be kind enough to let me have a clean cup.'' Tableau.

The present young Duchess of Norfolk is a daughter of Mr. Abney Hastings, a stout Protestant. The young lady was also a Protestant until about four years ago, when she entered the Roman Catholic church. An Irish journal says that her father was so angry at her doing this that he turned her out of doors. She lived with different Catholic ladies, and when on a visit to the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk met the Duke, and was shortly afterward married to him. But although he was present at her wedding, her father seems never to have quite forgiven her following the impulse of her conscience; and so fearful is he that her brother the Earl of Loudoun, will follow his example that he has done his utmost to prevent the marriage of the latter with a young Catholic lade. the marriage of the latter with a Catholic lady.

A well dressed woman drew a crowd to-gether in a Cincinnati street by striking a man across the face several times with a whip, and then finishing the punishment with her fists. She cooly explained that he was her runs way husband, whom she had laboriously treed for the cool of the cool of the cool aboriously treed for the cool of the cool of the cool of the cool aboriously treed to the cool of the laboriously traced for the sole purpose whipping bim.

Madame Rebut Fetcher, now living sin sary steps looking towards the revocation of the letters of administration upon Fechter's estate taken out after his death by Lizzie Price (Fechter), with whom he had lived for five years before his death, without ob-The Archduchess Marie Christina, future

Queen of Spain, aged 21, possesses exceedingly pleasant manners, and is about the middle height, slender and fair, with dark brown hair and large blue eyes. She is a capital linguist, speaking French, Italian, Spanish, Eoglish and German admirably. The Spaniards are convoluted to Associated The Spaniards are crowding to Areachon to obtain a glimpse of their future Queen. Some of the new woolen dresses for fall

In a circus at Paris, Ill., a suddenly craz-ed young lady rau into the ring, embraced the clown, and declared that he must be-

Where is there a greater satire upon men than in the game of chess, where the Queen has to do the work and the King is the one to be protected? Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is addressing Mas-sachusetts audiences, urging women to make the preliminary arrangements requisite for voting for members of the School Commit-

The new articial flowers for autumn wear are large roses and peonies of valutum wear are large roses and peonies of velvet and satin; the jacquemiont roses are very rich, and others are of the shade now fashionable called ruby. The sunflower is so popular at present that it is copied on s small scale, and is very much in demand for felt bo-quets.

Toile de sanglier, a stuff like bunting, but heavier, is a new fall fabric.