THE COLUMBIAN.

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

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

At 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 $3 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.

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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.

G. E. ELWELL, J. E. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1879.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y
One inch	$2.00	$3.50	$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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Prayer Meeting—Every Wednesday evening at 6¾ o'clock.
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april19,1878.

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March 26,'80—y

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jan. 11, 1878

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B. FRANK ZARR,
Attorney-at-Law.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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jan. 10, '80-tf

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New work and repairs neatly, quickly and cheaply done. Plows, Water-Wheels, &c., manufactured or repaired aug. 22, '79.

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THE LATEST IS THE BEST.
The Greatest Sewing Machine of the Age
Don't fail to see this wonderful piece of perfection, the New Davis Vertical Feed Shuttle Sewing Machine. Manufactured at Watertown, New York.
Will be on exhibition at the Bloomsburg fair ground during the fair.
All are cordially invited to call and inspect the New Machine and obtain samples of work, more beautiful and desirable than ever before accomplished and utterly impossible for any other to duplicate. Thousands witnessing the immense range of work, and discarding their old machines for the NEW MACHINE, is sufficient proof of its superiority and bring for the DAVIS a trade that runs the factory to its fullest capacity.
The Vertical Feed,
Which supercedes the under feed, is the hinge upon which swings the UNPARALLELED SUCCESS,
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Poetical.

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

From Temple Bar.

In his wind shaken tent the soldier sits,
Beside him dares an ollr up smokily,
Whose dim light glooms and flickers on the sheet
Of rustling paper that, with eager eyes
And heart, intent he reads. Now with a smile
The flaxen bearded sunburnt face lights up,—
A smile that in the smiling breeds a pain
Within his yearning heart; the gentle hand
That those sweet loving words hath traced, will he
Ever again in his protecting clasp
Enfold it? Who can tell! He can but kiss,
With wild intensity, the page that hand
Hath touched. Each line, each word read and re read,
At last there is no more. With swimming eyes
He looks, and drinks her name into his soul,
Yet those lines with pencil widely ruled,
Where largely sprawl big letters helplessly;
What do they say, those baby characters,
So feebly huge?
'Loved papa,
'When will you come home again?
'My own dear papa!'

As he reads this the tent to him grows darker,
His strong hand trembles, and the hot tears burn
In his blue eyes, and blur the straggling words.
What need to say? The words are stamped upon
His heart, and his whole soul doth feel them there.
The wind on gusty wings sweeps by, and lo!
With its wild voice, his child's sweet treble mingles
In accents faintly clear:
"Loved papa,
"When will you come home again
"My own dear papa!

And now his head is bowed into his hands,
His brave heart for a moment seems to climb
Into his throat and choke him. Hark! what sound
Thus sharply leaps among, and slays the sad
Wind voices of the autumn night, with shrill
And sudden blast? The bugle call "To arms!"
And startled sleepers, and its fierce appeal,
Half dreaming clutch their words, and gasping wake,
How many soon to sleep again—in death!
And on that father's heart the pealing cry
Strikes cold as ice, though soldier there's none braver,
For still above the bugle's thrilling breath
That pleading child voice sweetly calls:
"Loved papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear papa!

* * * * * * *

Across a rough hillside the light of dawn
Doth coldly creep, with ruthless touch revealing
All that by darkness had been hid, and there
Amongst the stelwart forms that stiffening lie
Upon the blood soaked ground, where they lie thickest
There is one found, with flaxen hair and beard
Dark dyed with gore, a bullet in his heart!
A crumpled paper in his hand was clutched,
Gainst the cold lips the rigid hand did press
Some childish writing by his life blood stained
What are the words? One scarce can read them now:
"Loved papa,
"When will you come home again?
"My own dear papa!"

Select Story.

THE MAIN BRIDGE.

At was past midnight—the lights on the stone bridge which cross the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement, when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time, another man, advanced in years, was coming towards him from Sachenhausen, the well-known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two men had not yet met when the latter turned from his path and went toward the parapet from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly and laid hold of him.

'Sir,' said he, 'I think you want to drown yourself.'

'What is that to you?'

'I was only going to ask you to do me a favor, to wait a few minutes and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. For many years I have not made a request of any human being; do not refuse me this one, which must be my last.'

The young man held out his hand. His companion took it. He continued with enthusiasm: 'So be it; arm in-arm. I do not ask who you are, good or bad - come let us drown.'

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

'Stop, sir,' said he, while his weary eyes tried to examine the features of his companion. 'Stop, sir. You seem too young to leave life in this way; for a man of your years life must still have bright prospects.'

'Bright prospects!—in the midst of rottenness and decay, vice and corruption. Come, let us end it.'

'And so young! Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. Seek them and you are sure to find them.'

'Well, if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it.'

'Oh, I am only a poor, old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him. To allow this longer I must be a tyrant, a barbarian.'

'What, sir,' exclaimed the other, 'you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?'

'And with what patience, what sweetness and love, what perseverance! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes her lips. She works and starves, and still has a word of love for her father.'

'And you commit suicide! Are you mad?'

'Dare I murder that angel? The thought pierces my heart like a dagger,' said the old man, sobbing.

'Sir, you must have supper with me; I see a tavern open yonder! Come, you must tell me your history, and I will tell you mine. There is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich man, and your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall not starve.'

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes they were seated at a table in the tavern, with refreshments before them, and and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed by the viands, the old man began thus:

'My history is soon told. I was a mercantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and loved and married a poor girl. I could never begin business on my own account. I took a situation as a book keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife, an angel of love, kindness and fondness, was good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter is a ture image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for a useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life, in order to preserve that of my dear Bertha.'

'You are a fortunate man, my friend,' exclaimed the young man; 'what you call misfortune is sheer nonsense, and can be cured. To-morrow I shall make my will, and you shall be the heir of my possessions, and to-morrow night I will take the leap from the Main bridge alone. But before I leave this world I must see Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy of the name of a human being.'

'Sir what can have made you so unhappy at this early age?' cried the old man, moved with compassion.

'I am the only son of one of the richest bankers in Frankfort. My father died five years ago, and left me heir to an immense fortune. From that moment, every one that has come into contact with me has endeavored to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence, and confiding. My education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. My friend, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all the fashionable accomplishments; I adored her with enthusiasm and love; I thought it would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw that she wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men beside to her triumphal chariot. I broke off the engagement and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet, innocent being, as I thought, who should be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved. She had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished, I sought diversion in travel. Everywhere I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce.'

'Unfortunate young man,' said the other, with tears of sympathy, 'I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and daughter, who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other.'

'Give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow. Also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her, or insinuate in any manner that I am a rich man.' The old man held out his hand.

'I give you my word. I am anxious to to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and there is my address,' giving him at the same time a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket.

'And my name is Karl Traft. I am the son of Anton Traft. Take these bank notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bed-room for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good night. To-morrow you will see me again.

II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen, in an attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a blonde, about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was clean and tasteful. The girl's whole dress would not have fetched many kreutzers; but every article fitted her as well as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue. The spirit of order, modesty, and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one noble born; her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lighted up with joy. She listened and doubt seemed to shadow her brow. Then came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted courage to say 'Come in.' A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room, and made a low and awkward bow.

'I beg pardon, Miss,' said he, 'does Herr Schmidt live here?'

'Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?'

'Are you his daughter Bertha?'

'I am.'

'Then it is you I seek. I am from your father.'

'For Heaven's sake, where is he? Something must have happened—he stayed away all night.'

'This misfortune is not very great.'

'Oh, my poor, poor father! what shall I hear?'

The young man seemed to observe these visible marks of anxiety with great interest. He said:

'Do not be frightened, it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had supper together, but when the landlord came for his bill your father, s friend had decamped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this, and now the host will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money he will send him to prison.'

'To prison!' exclaimed the girl. 'Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?'

'Three florins and a half.'

'Oh, God!' sighed the girl; 'all I have does not amount to more than one florin, but I will go at once to Madame Berg and beg of her to advance me the money.'

'Who is Madame Berg?'

'The milliner for whom I work.'

'But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?'

The girl burst into tears.

'I am afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard.'

'For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?'

The girl hesitated to reply.

'You may trust me.'

'Well, my father is very weak, and requires strengthening. I borrowed the money to get a quarter of a fowl for him.'

Under these circumstances, I fear Madame Berg will not give you any. I possess nothing. Have you any valuable more? Here is one florin, but that is all upon which we could raise some money.'

Bertha considered for a moment.

'I have nothing,' said she at length, 'but my poor Mother's prayer book. On her death bed she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory and the promise I gave her; but still for my father's sake I must not hesitate.' With trembling hand she took the book down from the shelf, 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writings they are; you will promise me that?'

'Certainly, Bertha. I will take care that your secrets are not profaned. But now get ready that we may go.'

While she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl Traft (for the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing in the book, and his eyes filled with emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr. Traft valued more than the money he had asked for. They pawned the book and the required amount was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

'But if you spend all that money to-day,' remarked the young man on what will you live to-morrow?'

'I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through.'

When they went to the tavern, the young man went in to prepare old Mr. Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms, and press him to her heart.

She paid the bill and triumphantly led him home. Traft accompanied them and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get something to eat. It was late before Traft went home that night; but the leap from the Main bridge was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, in order as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha:

'Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright.'

Bertha blushed and cast her eyes to the ground.

A few days after the young couple, simply but respectfully attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they came out, man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

'Come,' said the happy husband to the bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word the three were seated in the carriage, driven away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

'This is your mistress,' said Traft to the servants, 'and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife,' said he, turning to Bertha, 'I am Karl Traft, one of the wealthiest men of this city.'

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

THE PITIFUL CASE THAT HAS JUST BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN AN ALABAMA COURT.

During the rebellion a well-to-do family, consisting of John H. Reynolds, his wife and daughter, were driven from their North Carolina home because of its occupation by Federal troops, and settled in Walker county, near Birmingham, Alabama. There accompanied the migrating family a handsome woman, who, though called a quadroon, was hardly to be distinguished from a white person. This quadroon devoted her time to the care of Mrs. Reynold's, a confirmed invalid. After the war Henry Horton settled on an adjoining plantation. He had a son, Mark, and Mark grew up as a playmate of Jessie, the daughter of the Reynolds household. A few years ago, both families being prosperous, it was arranged by Reynolds that if the children could be induced to love each other there should be a union of the houses. Jessie was sent to a girls' school in Louisville, Ky., and Mark entered at Princeton College, N. J. Returned from their collegiate studies the young folks sure enough fell in love and were married under the most promising auspices. A month or so ago a child was born to them and it was remarked that young Horton and wife were among the happiest of mortals. But a cloud came up on the horizon shortly after the birth of the child. The quadroon fell sick and Dr. Blackman, the Birmingham physician, told her that her death was at hand. The quadroon sent for young Horton. She told him that her conscience had tortured her into making a death-bed statement. She said that Jessie had negro blood in her veins—that she was her daughter. John Reynolds was Jessie's father, but the invalid Mrs. Reynolds had never been a mother. The life-long illness of the latter had in fact been caused by Reynolds, who at Jessie's birth forced his wife to acknowledge the child of the quadroon as her own. The death of the quadroon occurred soon after Horton had been given the statement. Horton at once told his innocent wife the story of her parentage, drove her from his house and sued for divorce in the Walker County Court now sitting. The other day the court decreed the marriage void because of fraud. Pending the decree Horton disposed of his property and left for California. Reynolds is now endeavoring to sell so that he may return to North Carolina. The poor young wife and mother is wild with grief. It is not likely that she will bear the strain, and an educated, refined girl will be broken under her weight of woes, the victim of an institution of the past.—*Condensed from the Cincinnatti Commercial.*

Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia has decided that the Grand Army of the Republic is not a secret society, and that therefore Catholics may be members.

FARMING NOT LIKED.

We see an article going the rounds of certain papers that seem to publish anything to fill up, in which it is undertaken to tell 'why farming is so little liked.' Before going farther in the subject it should be first in order to prove that farming *is* not liked. For ourselves we deny the proposition. The very fact that three-fifths of the population are engaged in farming puts a stopper on any such nonsense. There is no business *more* liked than farming, and none that yields so sure a living and provides more certainly for the wants of old age when our work-days are over.

There are lazy people engaged in farming as in any other calling, who are ever ready to try their hand at something else which seems to promise as much or more gain with less labor. But we all know who have paid any attention to these changes how seldom any one betters his condition. On the contrary how frequently—in fact how generally—they fail entirely. It is perfect folly, after working at a pursuit for years, and becoming well acquainted with it in all its ramifications, and doing well enough, to abandon it and begin anew some other business of which we know nothing about. And we see the result of the folly all around us. The industrious, temperate, careful man who pursues farming as the vocation of his life, becomes ardently attached to it, and never fails to do well by it. We say never, because such a man cannot help but succeed unless overwhelmed with misfortunes, which is not often permitted in this day of good will and benevolence.

There is no business that a man engages in for the support of a family that is so certain of accomplishing its object, or that upon the whole is better liked, than that of tilling the soil; and there is no people, take them altogether, who are held in higher repute by the rest of mankind.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

LIVE BASS ON ICE.

On Monday morning as George Snyder, the ice man, was delivering ice at the drug store of Van Duzen Brothers, on Wall street he took a cake of ice weighing 200 pounds, and as the amount to be delivered there was only one hundred pounds, cut it in two. About the centre of the cake was discovered a young black bass, which on being cut out of the ice was found frozen as stiff as a stone. The ice had been harvested from the river last January, and so for eight months the fish must have been in the ice in a frozen state. Seward Van Duzen, one of the clerks in the store, thought to himself that he would try an experiment in reviving the fish. He put him in a sprinkling pot, in which was cistern water of the ordinary temperature, For about half an hour the fish showed no signs of life at all. After that time had elapsed he was noticed to begin to move his tail. He was transferred to a glass globe, and shortly afterward was swimming around as though he had not been locked in the cold embrace of a cake of ice for the greater part of a year. Pieces of cracker were thrown into the water, and the fish ate them. The globe containing the fish now adorns one of Van Duzen Brothers' counters, and a large number of people visited the store on Monday to take a look at what is really a curiosity in the way of reviving animal life.—From the Rondout (N. Y.) *Courier.*

A CHEERFUL WIFE.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home as cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evening when he wouldn't come at all, or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation, or his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as her little bill of expenses. She had no idea, in fact, there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage is not lost so easily as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to the girls in this connection is in order: Beware of the man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home; to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The carelessness which some people in this city manifest in leaving their doors insecurely barred at night, is a topic with which the newspapers are always rife. One instance in particular was called to our notice. A lady living on Kutaw Square was sitting up with her daughter, who was afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and whose terrible cough could be heard by the neighbors. This evening in particular she was more than usually depressed and harrassed by severe and prolonged fits of coughing. Her mother left her bedside to go to the bureau to get some medicine to relieve her, and as she passed the window she saw an immense shadow of a man on the wall. One shriek and she fell in a faint, as a tall stalwart fellow leaped in at the window. The sick girl, too weak to cry out lay in a trance of fear, while the man leaned over and picked up her mother, and said in a kindly tone 'Be not alarmed, Miss, I am no robber; but I have heard you coughing so much that I am determined to relieve you, and so brought you this bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.' The young lady thanked her philanthropic friend, took the medicine and is now rapidly improving.—*Balto. Every Saturday.*

The Corliss engine, which so many people saw at the Centennial, is now used to run the branch mint at San Francisco.

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

The following very homely, but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Philip Neir: A lady presented herself to him one day, accused herself of being given to slander. 'Do you frequently fall into this fault?' inquired the saint. 'Yes, father, very often,' replied the penitent. 'My dear child,' said the saint, 'your fault is great, but mercy is still greater. For your penance, do as follows: 'Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and well covered with feathers; you will then walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me.'

Great was the astonishment of the lady on receiving so strange a penance; but, silencing all human reasoning, she replied: 'I will obey, father; I will obey.' Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered. In a short time she returned anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirious to receive an explanation of one so singular. 'Ah,' said the saint, 'you have been faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered.' 'But, father,' exclaimed the poor woman, 'that is impossible, I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions: how can I now recover them?' 'Well, my child,' replied the saint, 'so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers, which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back if you can. Go, and sin no more.' History does not tell if the lady was converted, but it is probable. It required a saint to give the lesson; one would be a fool not to profit by it.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

A young gentleman, happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one which a young lady occupied for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, and the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—second epistle of John, verse fifth: 'And now I beseech thee, lady not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had in the beginning, that we love one another.' She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth: 'Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him. Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?' He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the third epistle of John: 'Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face.' From the above interview a marriage took place.

Wandering bands of gypsies are still found in parts of Europe, and even in so well settled and strictly governed country as Germany. They travel with their women, children, horses and baggage, and are sometimes numerous and strong enough to overawe the farmers, and even bid defiance to the village constabulary. Nominally they are in Germany accorded permission to stop for a limited time in the neighborhood of the hamlets which they meet on their erratic course, but in reality they often stop as long as they please, with or without permission, while the horses graze on the farm lands, and game and poultry mysteriously disappear from the vicinity. A newspaper correspondent, writing from Kosthelm, near Maynee, gives an amusing account of the audacity of a band of these European tramps who encamped near that place, made havoc with the adjacent crops and fields, defied the messengers of the burgomaster, and did not move until the military reserve of the village had been called out, even then not retreating without making a show of battle, and evidently giving way only to superior force.

Several San Francisco bartenders have been led into buying almost worthless paintings at $150 apiece in this way: A well-dressed stranger lounges in the bar-room a day or two, and then asks permission to hang a picture in the place for a raffle. The barkeeper thinks of the profit to come from incidental drinking and readily consents. The paintings are put up, the stranger praising it excessively, and placing 200 tickets on sale at $1 each. A second well-dressed stranger soon appears. He sees the picture, and says, that, knowing its high value, he will buy it for $200. Can the barkeeper make such a bargain? The