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 $2 per year, strictly in advance.
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The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 9. 1880.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIV, NO. 45

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1M.	2M.	3M.	6M.	1Y.
One inch	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00	$5.00	$8.00
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april 19, 1878.

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	Capital.
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Liverpool, London and Globe	20,000,000
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Farmers Mutual of Danville	1,000,000
Danville Mutual	75,000
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March 26, '80—y

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F. P. BILLMEYER,
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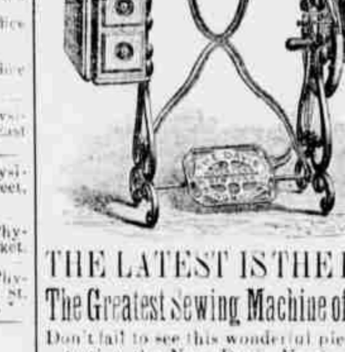

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Pronounced by all to be the most Pleasant and efficacious remedy in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.
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Whereas, the world renowned reputation of the
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WHITE MACHINE
except from its regular authorized dealers, who will be sustained by the following warranty.
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White Shuttle Sewing Machine,
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This warranty will not be sustained unless the late number above given corresponds with the number on the shuttle race slide. Beware of defaced or altered numbers.
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
The "WHITE" Shuttle Sewing Machine
Has greater capacity than any other family Sewing Machine for every variety of work.
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Apr 18-tf

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C. K. CANFIELD,
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Aug 18, '79-tf

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BITTERS
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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Poetical.

AMONG THE REEDS.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Swim fast, O wounded Swan, swim fast:
Thy mate awaits thee in her nest,—
Not dreaming that the dart was cast
Which quivers in thy bleeding breast;

Swim fast, O dying Swan, swim fast!
Die not till she beholds thy fate,—
Lest she may deem some fickle blast
Hath blown thee to another mate!

Swim fast, O faithful Swan, swim fast!
The adverse tide is swift and strong!
Swim fast, swim fast, until at last
Thou sing to her thy dying song!

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BULWER'S LAST POEM.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shore,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the clinging moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
For coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then—we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

That bird-like voice whose joyous notes
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amidst the trees of life.

And when he finds a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except with sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

Select Story.

THE ARCHITECT'S COMPACT.

A LEGEND OF THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

The Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden, wishing to erect a cathedral which should exceed all others in Germany and France, both in beauty and design, directed the most celebrated draughtsman of Cologne to prepare a plan. The name of this architect remains unknown. Let this, however, be attributed to what was the common lot of almost all architects who covered Europe with monuments in the middle ages; the reason was very different, as will be seen presently. It was in 1248 that Conrad de Hochsteden issued this order, and in 1499, 250 years afterward, the cathedral was still unfinished.

The architect to whom the archbishop had applied was sauntering one day along the Rhine, meditating upon his plan. Absorbed in thought, he reached the Frank's gate, where at this day may be seen several mutilated statues. Here he seated himself. He had a small stick in his hand, with which he drew sketches upon the sand, then effaced them, and then began others. He continued in this manner until the setting sun reflected its last rays upon the bosom of the Rhine. "Ah!" cried the artist, "how beautiful a cathedral would look, its towers soaring toward heaven, and catching the departing sunbeams, while the Rhine and town would be involved in darkness! Ah! this would be lovely!" And he contined drawing in the sand, perfectly satisfied with himself.

Not far from him was also seated an old man, who appeared to observe his movements with great attention. Indeed, when the artist, thinking he had attained what he sought, exclaimed aloud, 'Yes, that's it!' 'Yes,' murmured the old man, 'thats it, indeed; but it is the Cathedral of Strasburg.' He was right. The artist thought himself inspired; but his production was a mere effort of memory. This plan was therefore effaced, and he commenced another. Every time that he was satisfied and had drawn a plan in accordance with his ideas the old man chuckled and muttered: 'Metz, Amiens,' or some other city famous for its cathedral. 'On my word, master,' said the artist, tired of his jeers, 'you seem to understand well how to blame the works of others; I should like to see what you can do.' The old man said nothing, but continued his criticism until, losing patience, the artist exclaimed, 'Come, come, try your hand!' And he held out the stick to him.

The old man looked at him in a peculiar manner. Then taking the stick, he traced a few lines in the sand, but in such a masterly way, that the other called out immediately. 'Oh, 'tis plain you are an architect. Do you belong to Cologne?'

'No,' rejoined the old man, dryly, and he returned the stick to the artist.

'Why do you not proceed?' demanded the latter. 'I entreat you to finish your design.'

'No, you would copy it, and reap all the honor,' replied the other.

'Lister, old gentleman,' continued the architect. 'We are alone.' And in fact, the shore at this moment was deserted, for the night was becoming darker and darker. 'I'll give you ten golden crowns if you will complete the sketch now before me.'

'Ten golden crowns to me?' roared out the old man. And so saying, he pulled from under his cloak an enormous purse, which he threw into the air. By the noise it was evidently full of gold. The artist started back some paces; then returning, full of agitation and gloom, he caught hold of the old man's arm, and drawing a dagger at the same time, cried out, 'Finish it, or thou diest!'

'Violence against me? Ah! ah! that will not serve you, either,' said the stranger with a smile of derision. Then, seizing his adversary, he hurled him to the ground saying, 'Well, well, now you know that neither gold nor violence can affect me; you may have the plan which I sketched before you, and the honor along with it if you choose.'

'How so?' exclaimed the prostrate artist.

'Be mine, body and soul!' answered the stranger, with a stern voice.

At this the other uttered a loud cry, and made the sign of the cross, whereupon the devil, for he it was, suddenly disappeared.

On recovering his senses, the architect, who found himself lying upon the sands, arose and hastened home, where the old woman, who waited on him, and who had been his nurse, asked why he returned so late. He did not attend to her, but hurried to his chamber and immediately retired to bed, where he dreamed of apparitions, and, among others, of the old man, who presented himself to his imagination, tracing those admirable outlines upon the sand.

'Ah!' exclaimed he, upon waking the following day, 'a plan of this cathedral that is to surpass all others, and has so long engrossed all my thoughts, does actually exist!'

Whereupon he fell to work drawing towers, porches and arches, but nothing succeeded. The old man's plan, the marvelous plan was the only one that would do.

He therefore threw down his pencil, and proceeded to the Church of the Holy Apostles, and tried to pray. Vain effort! The church is one of the smallest in Cologne. What it must have appeared in comparison with the old man's drawing may well be imagined. In the evening he again found himself, how he knew not, upon the borders of the Rhine. The same stillness, the same solitude reigned there as upon the preceding night. Mechanically he reached the Frank's gate. There he perceived the old man, apparently drawing upon the wall. Every stroke was of fire. Although the burning lines crossed and interlaced each other in a thousand different ways, yet, in the midst of this apparent confusion, forms of spindrals, steeples, and gothic fret-work might be distinctly traced, which, however, disappeared after sparkling an instant, although at times these brilliant lines seemed to combine and form a perfect plan. The artist now hoped he was about to behold the wonderous cathedral, but suddenly the whole became so confused that his bewildered eye entirely lost sight of the object.

'Well! will you have my plan?' said the old man to the artist.

The latter sighed deeply.

'Will you have it? Speak!' reiterated the demon, and as he uttered these words he drew the image of a portal in luminous tracery on the wall, and then as suddenly effaced it.

'I will do all you ask!' wildly answered the artist,

'To-morrow, then, at midnight,' replied the other, and they then separated.

Next day the architect arose full of life and joy. He had forgotten everything, save that invisible cathedral which he had so long sought. He then approached the window. The weather was beautiful. The Rhine, illuminated by the rays of the glorious sun, formed a sparkling crescent. The city of Cologne, stretching along its bank, seemed to descend in a gentle slope from the hill to the shore, and from the shore into the golden wave, which bathed the foot of the ramparts.

'Let's see,' muttered the artist to himself—'where shall my cathedral stand?' and he looked around for a suitable place.

While thus occupied with proud and happy speculations, he saw his old nurse quit the house. She was clothed in black.

'Where are you going to, nurse?' exclaimed he. 'What means that mourning dress?'

'I am going to the Holy Apostles' Church to hear a mass for the deliverance of a soul from purgatory,' answered she.

'A mass of deliverance!' ejaculated the artist. Then, closing the window and throwing himself upon the bed, he burst into tears, 'A mass of deliverance!' repeated he. 'Alas! no masses or prayers can avail me. I am cursed—lost forever—lost through my ambitious perverseness.'

It was in this state that his nurse found him when she returned from church. She asked what grieved him, but as he made no answer, she entreated him so earnestly that he was no longer able to resist, and communicated to her his engagement. The old woman was thunderstruck with this recital.

'What! sell your soul to the demon! Is it possible?' ejaculated the worthy woman, crossing herself. 'Have you forgotten the promises made at your baptism, and all the prayers which I formerly taught you? Go, go directly, in God's name, and confess.'

The artist sobbed bitterly. But at one moment the image of the marvelous cathedral sparkled before his eyes and fascinated his senses; then again the idea of eternal damnation arose so vividly and forcibly to his distracted thoughts, that he trembled like a leaf. The nurse, being at a loss what to do, resolved to consult her confessor. Having told him the whole affair, the priest began to consider.

'What!' said the holy man, after a pause, 'a cathedral that would make Cologne the marvel of all Germany and France?'

'But, Father——,' interposed the old dame.

'A cathedral to which pilgrims would resort from all parts of the world,' continued he, speaking to himself. Then, after having well reflected and meditated, he exclaimed: 'Here, my good woman, here is a relic of the 11,000 virgins. Give it to your master; let him take it with him to the place of meeting. He must endeavor to obtain the plan of this wondrous church from the devil before he signs the agreement. As soon as he gets it into his hands let him show this relic and trust in God for the rest.'

It was 11-30 when the artist quitted his dwelling, leaving his nurse on her knees; indeed, he himself had been praying the greater part of the evening. Having concealed the relic, which was to serve as his protection under his cloak, he proceeded to the appointed place, where he found the demon, who had laid aside his disguise and appeared in all his hideousness.

'Don't be alarmed,' said he to the architect, who trembled from head to foot; 'fear nothing, and approach!' The architect obeyed; upon which the devil exclaimed, 'Here is the plan of your cathedral, and here is the contract which you must sign!'

The artist felt that this was the moment upon which depended his salvation. Breathing a mental prayer to God for success, he seized the marvellous plan with one hand, held up the holy relic with the other, and exclaimed, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! By virtue of the holy relic, I command thee, Satan, to begone! Begone, I say!' and he repeated the signs of the cross.

The devil was taken aback.

'Twas some priest who put thee up to this,' said he in a fury; 'none but a priest could have taught thee this trick.'

He then remained awhile, considering whether he should take back his plan or throw himself on the artist and kill him. But the latter, who was on his guard, pressed the plan close to his breast, and employed the holy relic as a shield. Seeing this the fiend exclaimed:

'I am outwitted, but I will be revenged, in despite of your relics and priests. Listen, foolish mortal! That church, the plan of which you have stolen from me, shall never be completed. And as for thee, I will blot out thy name from the memory of men. Thou shalt not be accursed, O builder of Cologne Cathedral! but thy name shall pass away, be forgotten and unknown forever!' And, so saying, the devil disappeared.

These last words 'Forgotten and unknown forever!' made a singular impression on the architect's mind, and he returned home in a melancholy mood, although he was master of the marvelous plan. The next day, however, he directed that a mass of thanksgiving should be celebrated, and speedily commenced building the noble cathedral, which rose higher from day to day, so that the devil would be a false prophet. As for his name he determined to have it engraved upon a brass plate, affixed to the portal. But the dissensions which took place between the archbishop and citizens soon interrupted the progress of the building. The architect died suddenly, and under such circumstances as caused it to be believed that the devil had hastened his death. Since that time divers fruitless attempts have been made at different intervals to finish the cathedral. Fruitless also have been the efforts of the learned of Germany to discover the name of the architect; and the work still remains imperfect, and his name unknown.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is once more aptly examplified by the following curious narrative, which reaches The Nazione from its correspondent at Lucca: "Some years ago a native of Casamaggiore emigrated to America, leaving behind him his wife and two children. Shortly after his arrival in the States, where he promptly found lucrative employment, he sent 100 lire to the priest of his native place, to be by him conveyed to his family. A few months later this remittance was followed by a second of 1000 lire, and subsequent periods other sums were forwarded in the same manner to the total amount of 26,000 lire, or £1000. The priest, however to whom all this money was transmitted put it in his own pocket. One day, having come to the conclusion that he had derived sufficient profit from his agency, he sent for the woman and informed her, with many consolatory reflections, that her husband was dead. About the same time he wrote to the emigrant, stating that the latter's wife and children had succumbed to an epidemic, which had all but depopulated Casamaggiore, and inclosed in his letter an official certificate of their death and burial. It appears that, after a while, the emigrant, believing himself to be a widower, married again. He prospered in business, became a wealthy man, and, a few months ago, determined to revisit the place of his birth. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Casamaggiore, where he took up his quarters at the principal inn. Strolling out to look up some of his old acquaintances, a little beggar boy followed him, importuning him for alms. Something in the child's appearance arrested his attention. He asked the boy his name, and found him to be his own son. Further inquiry soon elicited the fact that his wife and two children were living, but in the utmost poverty and distress. The reverend embezzler, when confronted with his victims, offered to refund the 25,000 lire; but the affair had come to the knowledge of the police authorities, who refused to permit any compromise, and arrested the holy man, against whom proceedings have been taken by the State. Meanwhile, his unfortunate ex-parishioner finds himself saddled with two living wives and families, between whose claims upon his affection and support there is, equitably speaking, nothing to choose either way."—*London Telegraph.*

Why Wear Plasters.

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney-Wort has that specific action—and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to day, and cure yourself.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.—The Tower of London seems to have run considerable risk of being destroyed by fire recently. Fortunately, however, owing to the exertions of the Fire Brigade, the flames, which severely damaged the officers' quarters, were subdued before further mischief was done, and London was spared the misfortune of losing, at least for the present, its celebrated fortress. The Tower has enjoyed a long immunity from danger of this description. Thirty-eight years have elapsed since, on October 30, 1841, the great armoury or storehouse to the east of St. Peter's Chapel was burned to the ground by fire caused by the overheating of the flue of a stove in the Round or Bowyer immediately adjoining. On this occasion, 150,000 stand of small-arms were destroyed by the flames, and Jewel Tower narrowly escaped destruction. The Regalia were saved mainly by the agility and courage of a superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Pierse, who, squeezing himself through a small aperture hastily made by crowbars in the iron grating room in which the jewels were kept, handing out the various articles of the Regalia, remaining at his post at the risk of his life until they were all rescued. This meritorious officer's brave beeds deserve to be remembered, more especially as he received no reward for them. The fire on Tuesday night was caused, it is stated, by a "spark." Great events often arise from little causes: and, unless "sparks" are kept under more effectual control, we shall, probably one day lose the Tower of London after all.

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a batchelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.

News from all Around.

—On Dec. 28th, at 11 o'clock in the evening, a destructive fire broke out in the city of Boston. Several large buildings with their contents were burned. The loss has been estimated to be about $3,000,000.

Physicians use Kidney-Wort in regular practice and pronounce its action perfect.

—Evidence was heard on the part of the commonwealth, in the case of A. W. Leisenring, of Mauch Chunk, charged with corrupt solicitation, last Friday, before Judge Pearson at Harrisburg. Some of the attorneys from a distance (for and against the commonwealth) were not present. The commonwealth declined to submit evidence to show cause why the motion to quash should not be sustained.

The counsel for defendants next submitted the evidence disclosed in the former cases as evidence in the remainder of the cases against the parties accused of corrupt solicitation. To this the commonwealth did not object, whereupon Judge Pearson promptly quashed all the indictments. New bills will be sent up to the grand jury at the session of court which is to commence on the third Monday of the present month.

—Mrs. Ward, of Boston, was shot and killed by her daughter, one night last week. The act is supposed to have been committed under strong nervous excitement. No motive has been discovered, as the two were on the most affectionate terms.

—The trial of Rev. Hayden, at New Haven, for the murder of Mary Stannard, is still going on. It has already occupied about eight weeks. The principal witnesses for the defense are the accused and his wife.

—Governor Cornell, of New York, was inaugurated January 1st. The ceremony, which included short speeches by the retiring and the incoming Governor, was brief, but was witnessed by a large concourse of citizens.

—On Christmas day Robert Mitchell, one of the foremost business men and capitalists of Cincinnati, assembled his family, consisting of sons, daughters and grandchildren, twenty-six in all, for a Christmas dinner. The first course was twenty-six envelopes passed around on a tray, one envelope for each member of the company. Opening these, the astonished relatives found gifts of houses and lots and money, ranging from $50,000 down, and aggregating fully half a million dollars, the bulk of Mr. Mitchell's estate. His two sons and two daughters received $50,000 each; the daughters-in-law gifts of valuable real estate, and the grandchildren sums of money. It is the most extensive ante-mortem distribution of property that has taken place in Cincinnati. Mr. Mitchell's desire was to keep the matter quiet, but the peculiar manner of distribution soon led to rumors which he has found necessary to correct by giving the complete story.

Weakly Persons Wine.

Old and infirm persons need some mild tonic or gentle stimulant, especially in warm weather. The wines made at Speer's Mount Prospect Vineyards, in New Jersey, called Speer's Port Grape Wine, is used in the Atlantic States as the best tonic wine known, and is regarded as pure, and is very popular among physicians. For sale by C A. Kleim Bloomsburg Pa.

—The last product to which California soil has been found well adapted is opium, of which a superb quality, much superior to the opium of commerce, has been raised in the Sonona Valley. The only obstacle to its cultivation is the fact that labor costs more than in the Orient, but that is offset by the better quality of the domestic article, and the absence of heavy duties. There seems to be hardly any product of the earth that cannot be raised in some parts of the Golden State. Tea, figs, oranges, bananas, olives, dates, even the cinchona tree and poppy plant grow there along with the fruit and vegetables of temperate climes.

—An inventory and appraisement of the property of the late Judge Packer, President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was recently filed with the Philadelphia Register of Wills. It shows a total of $6,573,874, including stocks and bonds amounting to $5,816,927. 167,865 shares of the Lehigh Valley Railroad stock constitute the bulk of the estate, the remainder consisting of coal and iron stocks, shares in Mauch Chunk and Bethlehem gas and water works and real estate. In the inventory, the only Philadelphia property appearing is the house, No. 722 Spruce street. In the inventory Lehigh Valley stock is appraised at $37.50, at which figure it stood several months prior to the death of the deceased millionaire, but as it has since climbed to $52.50, the real value of the estate will probably reach over $7,000,000.

—As the King and Queen of Spain were driving through the gate of the Royal Palace on the evening of December 30th, a young man dressed as workman fired a shot from a revolver at the royal carriage, but his aim was bad and nobody was hurt. The ball has since been found and weighs one ounce. It passed close to the head of one of the royal footmen. King Alfonso was driving at the time. The would-be assassin was immediately arrested, and has confessed his crime. His name is Gonzales, and his age 19 years. He is a waiter by occupation, and a native of Galicia.

—A horrible accident occurred one night last week in Scotland. There is a railroad bridge over the Frith of Tay, about two miles long. It took eight years to build it, and the structure was considered the greatest engineering achievement of the age. As a train was crossing during a severe gale the bridge gave way, and the entire train, with all on board, were plunged ninety feet below into the boiling waters of the bay. Not a soul survived to tell the story. A number of spans disappeared, and it is not known whether the train jumped the track and broke the iron spans, or whether the piers, which were based on sloping rocks moved out of place. Divers have been unable to find the wreck up to this time. There is no way of telling how many were on the train, and it is estimated that from eighty to three hundred lives were lost.

No More White Butter.

No dairyman can afford to make and sell white butter. People who buy butter want it yellow, and are willing to pay several cents per pound more for it than they would for the lardy looking stuff they often have to take. By using Wells, Richardson & Co's Perfected Butter Color, every dairyman can have the golden color of June the year round. It is sold by all druggists and merchants generally.

The Tichborne Claimant in Prison.

The "Claimant" had left Dartmoor for Portsmouth before my arrival at the former place. I heard a good deal about him, of course. He seems to have given an infinity of trouble. His application to address the Home Secretary, and to have interviews with directors, governor, doctor, and priest, were incessant. He got admitted to the church choir for reasons—he obtained a more comfortable seat, and he was excused labor on Saturday mornings that he might attend practice. The organist assured me that he had no notion of singing, and that the noise he made was something between the chirp of a crow and the croak of a raven. It was generally admitted by the more intelligent prisoners who came in contact with him that his habits and manners were vulgar. He was doing his best, by the aid of French school books furnished him by the priest, to master the French language; and he made all sorts of promises to a prisoner who was in the next cell to him, and could speak French, if he would aid him, but this man told me that he was very stupid at it, and that his progress was very slow. When the Claimant first went to Dartmoor, he seems to have a had good friend in the gentleman who was at that time governor of the prison. He was extremely troublesome, constantly breaking prison rules, and constantly being reported for doing so; but so long as the Major remained in command he was never punished, and when he received visits from his friend Dr. Kenealy and others, the visit took place contrary to regulations, in the Governor's office, and extra time was allowed him. The advent of Captain Harris as Governor, was a misfortune for Castro, or Orton, or whoever he may be I may here take the opportunity of doing an act of simple justice to Captain Harris. I am quite sure that if the son or brother of the Secretary of State were a prisoner under his control, he would be treated with precisely the same indulgence as every other prisoner and no more. The Claimant when next he received a visit did so behind the bars, and within the time specified by the rules.

When reported for insolence he was sentenced to two days bread and water, and he got a second punishment for the same offence and some others. By the doctor's orders he had eight ounces of potatoes, and on meat and soup days he had increased rations. I presume his friend Mr. Whalley worried the Home Secretary into having him transferred to Portsmouth, where, I am told, he is fetching a tolerably easy "bagging." Perhaps the air there is not bracing, but at Dartmoor his appetite was enormous. I know men employed in the tailor's shop who did not eat all their food, and who did not need all their food, and who gave him some constantly; and orderlies who carried round the bread were in the habit of yielding to entreaties to shy him a loaf, if a "good screw" happened to be on duty. By the way, a "good screw," amongst the prisoners, means a man who does not do his duty. I know a little Irishman who told me that one day he was able to give the Claimax 6oz. loaves, and that he came very near getting three days as a reward for his good nature. The big man who was very unpopular with some of his neighbors, who say that he was a bad sleeper, and used to puff and blow and grunt and groan all through the small hours. He was unpopular with the warders, because it was with the greatest difficulty he could be got to scrub his cell, or keep his furniture clean. But I won't say any more about the fellow. I should think the world has had enough of him, in all conscience.

"Nip your cough in the bud," said Horace Greeley, by taking "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup." Lose no time in getting a bottle.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

CONDUCTED BY W. H. EASTMAN.

[Contributions of original puzzles are solicited from every reader. Address all communications relating to this department to W. H. Eastman, Auburn, Me.]

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 6, 2, 3, 1 is a net.
My 4, 8, 7, 12, is a steep rock.
My 11, 10, 9, 5, is an African river.
My whole was an English heroine

H. J. L.

PROBLEM.

A gentleman owns a rectangular field, of which last season he sowed one-fourth to wheat and planted one-eleventh to corn. The remainder of the field, 310 rods in area, remained in grass. What are the dimensions of the field, the proportion of the length to the breadth being as 11 to 10.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

CHARADE.

In morning bright,
At dawn of light,
My *first* the lark is doing,
And gentle dove,
On wings of love
When to his mate he's cooing.
My *second* grim—
We welcome him—
From "Fader-land" he's coming,
With "sauer-kraut,"
And "ginger stout,"
As "On the Rhine" he's humming
My *whole's* a sprite—
In stormy night
The seaman's dread and fear—
A shadowy form,
Midst wind and storm,
Foretelling shipwrecks drear.

C——.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1 Transpose a political division of territory into accustomed.
2 Transpose an expression of countenance into measures of distance.
3 Transpose companions into a great motive force.
4 Transpose a companion into docile; again and form food.
5 Transpose constructed into a lady.
9 Transpose an adhesive substance into narrow ribbons.

UNCLE CLAUDE.

WORD SQUARE.

1 A place where goods are bought and sold.
2 In this policemen oft wax bold.
3 A term oft used on battle plain.
4 To eat my fourth a boy is fain.

JUNIOR.