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. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits will not be given.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

JOB PRINTING.

The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

J. H. ELWELL, } Proprietors.
F. K. SHUMAKER, }

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO. 3
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO. 43

Advertising Rates.

	1w	1m	6m	1y
One inch	$2.00	$3.00	$5.00	$8.0
Two inches	3.00	5.00	8.00	13.0
Three inches	4.00	7.00	11.00	16.0
Four inches	5.00	9.00	13.00	21.0
Quarter column	8.00	10.00	15.00	25.0
Half column	10.00	17.00	25.00	40.0
One column	15.00	30.00	40.00	100.0

Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Transient advertisements must be paid for before insertion except where parties have accounts.

Legal advertisements two dollars per inch for three insertions, and at that rate for additional insertion without reference to length.

Executors, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regular advertisements half rates.

Cards in the "Business Directory" column, one dollar per year for each line.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe.

L. E WALLER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office, Second door from 1st National Bank.
BLOOMSBURG PA.

N U. FUNK,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Entz's Building.

C. R & W. J. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, first door below Court House

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

E. H. LITTLE. SO. R. LITTLE
E. H. & R. R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

B. FRANK ZARR,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

A. E. CHAPIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
May be found in RECORDER'S OFFICE in the Court House. Sept. 16, '81, 6-m.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NEW COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Member of the United States Law Association. Collections made in any part of America or Europe

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN. Notary Public
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in Hartman's Block, Corner Main and Market streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Pensions and Bounties Collected.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in Brower's Block, one door below Brockway Building
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

GUY JACOBY.
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG,
Office in H. J. Clark's Building, second floor, first door to the left.
Oct. 8, '80.

J. H. MAIZE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office in Mrs. Entz's Building, third door from Main street. May 20, '81.

JOHN C. YOCUM,
Attorney-at-Law,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office with Hon. C. R. Buckalew.
Member of the American Attorneys' Association.
Collections made in any part of America.
Jan. 5, 1882.

A. K. OSWALD,
Attorney-at-Law,
Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5,
May 6, 81. BERWICK, PA.

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

W. H. RHAWN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brockway's Building, June 24, '81.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, Brockway's Building, 1st floor, Bloomsburg, Penn'a. may 7, '80-1 f

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, rooms 4 & 5

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Hartman's building, Main street.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office Market street. Near depot.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, (Office and Residence on Third street

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Oct. 1, '79. Bloomsburg, Pa.

DR. I. L. RABB,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Main Street, opposite Episcopal Church, Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 1, 1879.

W. H. HOUSE,
DENTIST,
BLOOMSBURG, COL. CO. PA.
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office over Bloomsburg Banking Company.
To be open at all hours during the day.
Nov. 28-tf

MISCELLANEOUS

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

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor Main St., above Central Hotel.

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Centre street, between Second and Third.

EXCHANGE HOTEL
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

The Backus Water Motor

IS THE MOST
Economical Power Known
—FOR—
DRIVING LIGHT MACHINERY.

It takes but little room.
It never gets out of repair.
It can not blow up.
It needs no fuel
It needs no engineer.
There is no delay; no firing up; no ashes to clean away; no extra insurance to pay; no repairing necessary; no coal bills to pay, and it is always ready for use.

It is invaluable for blowing Church Organs, for running Printing Presses, Sewing Machines, Turning Lathes, Scroll Saws, Grind Stones Coffee Mills, Sausage Machines, Feed Cutters, Corn Mills, Elevators etc.

Four horse power at 40 pounds pressure of water. It is noiseless neat, compact, steady, and above all
IT IS VERY CHEAP.
Send for circular to the Backus Water Motor Co., Newark, N. J., stating name of paper you saw advertisement in.
Price, $15 to $300. Sept. 30-tf

B. F. SHARPLESS,
Cor. Centre and Rail Road Sts., near L. & B. Depot.
Lowest Prices—will not be undersold.
Manufacturer of MINE CAR WHEELS, Coal Breaker and Bridge Castings, Water Pipes, Stoves, Tinware, Plows, IRON FENCE, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings.
The original Montrose, iron beam, right hand left hand, and side hill Plows, the best in the market, and all kinds of plow repairs.
Cook Stoves, Room Stoves, and Stoves for heating stores, school houses, churches, &c. Also the largest stock of repairs for city stoves wholesale and retail, such as Fire Brick, Grates, Cross Pieces, Lids &c. &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Skillits, Cake-Plates, large Iron Kettles, (20 gallons to 1½ barrels) Farm Bells, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes,
"Allentown Bone Manure"
PLASTER, SALT, &c., &c.
Jan 9, '80-1y

L. T. SHARPLESS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY NOTIONS
—||—
His stock comprises Scarlet, White and Mixed
UNDERWEAR
for Ladies, Gents and Children, Cotton, Merino, and Woolen HOSIERY, Ladies' Nubias, Hoods and Gloves, Lace and Embroidered Collars and Ties, Plain and Fancy Neckwear,
SCARFS, TIES,
and Bows, Ladies and Gents ptes, Earrings,
COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS,
and Chains, Gents Caster, Buck and Kid, lined and Unlined
GLOVES and MITTENS,
LAUNDRIED AND UNLAUNDRIED SHIRTS,
COLLARS AND CUFFS,
Shoulder Braces and Suspenders Cardigan Jackets, Blue Shirts and Overalls, Alpaca, Gingham and Cotton Umbrellas, Writing Paper, Envelopes,
PENCILS and CRAYONS,
Flour Sacks, Grocer's Bags, and
WRAPPING PAPER.
To arrive, a variety of Corsets, including Dr. Warner's Flexible hip and
HEALTH CORSETS.
Making his purchases as he does of manufacturers and their agents he proposes to make prices that will compare favorably with the best CITY HOUSES.
L. T. SHARPLESS,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Oct. 28 '81 tf

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING
A. J. EVANS,
The uptown Clothier, has just received a fine line of New Goods, and is prepared to make up
FALL AND WINTER SUITS
For Men and Boys in the neatest manner and Latest Styles.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Hats, Caps, &c.,
Always on hand. Call and Examine. EVANS' BLOCK Corner Main and Iron Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

PLUMBING GAS FITTING.
STOVES and TINWARE.
E. B. BROWER
Has purchased the Stock and Business of I. Hagenbuch, and is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. Plumbing and Gas Fitting a specialty. Tinware, Stoves,
RANGES AND HEATERS,
in a great variety. All work done by
EXPERIENCED HANDS,
Main Street corner of East.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

N. S. TINGLEY.
Announces to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Custom Tailoring,
promptly and at reasonable prices. Now is the season for a
NEW WINTER SUIT
And Tingley's the place to get a proper fit.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Shop over Billmeyer's Grocery, Corner of Main and Centre Streets.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FIREAS BROWN'S INSURANCE AGENCY, Moyer's new building, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,076,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,117
Phœnix, of London	5,266,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,799,974
Hartford of Hartford	3,219,000
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,067,365

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without any delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 28, '81.

JAMES REILLY,
Tonsorial Artist,
again at his old stand under EXCHANGE HOTEL and has as usual a FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his old customers and of the public generally.
July 16, '80-tf

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Rheumatism
Neuralgia, Sprains,
Pain in the Back and Side.
There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by use of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.
This remedy is not a cheap Benzine or Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.
Pain Killer has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, It never fails. It not only effects a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.
The record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:
Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., says: About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.
Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent spasms in the stomach. The doctors at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have regained my strength, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.
G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER.
E. York says: I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.
Barton Seaman says: Have used PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a never-failing remedy for rheumatism and lameness.
Mr. Burditt writes: It never fails to give relief in cases of rheumatism.
Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I can get.
All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

GREAT GERM DESTROYER.
DARBYS
PROPHYLACTIC FLUID!
SMALL POX ERADICATED.
Pitting of SMALL POX Prevented.
Contagion destroyed.
Sick Rooms purified and made pleasant.
Fevered and sick persons relieved and refreshed by bathing with Prophylactic Fluid added to the water.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use in bathing.
Impure air made harmless and purified by sprinkling Darby's Fluid about.
To purify the breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Removes all unpleasant odors
Ulcers purified and healed
Gangrene prevented and cured.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvey cured in short time.
Tetter dried up.
It is perfectly harmless.
For sore throat it is a sure cure.
DIPTHERIA PREVENTED.
Cholera dissipated.
Ship Fever prevented by its use.
In cases of death in the house, it should always be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, &c.
Dangerous effluvias of sick rooms and hospitals removed by its use.
SCARLET FEVER CURED.
YELLOW FEVER ERADICATED
In fact it is the great
DISINFECTANT AND PURIFIER
PREPARED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & Co.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, SOLE PROPRIETORS

C. E. SAVAGE,
DEALER IN
Silverware. Watches, Jewelry. Clocks. &c

All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted.
may 17, '78-tf

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES:
Lycoming of Muncy Pennsylvania.
North American of Philadelphia, Pa.
Franklin of " "
Pennsylvania of " "
Farmers of York, Pa.
Hanover of New York.
Manhattan of New York.
Office on Market Street, No 5, Bloomsburg
oct. 24, '79-1y

A BEAUTIFUL ORGAN, the "MOZART," New Style, No. 1200, 27 stops, 9 full sets Golden Tongue Reeds, Solid Walnut Highly Polished Case. New and valuable improvements just added. Stool, Book, Music. Boxed and delivered on board cars here, price only Sixty Dollars. Net Cash Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular or money refunded after one year's use. Every sold sells another. It is a standing advertisement. Order at once. Nothing saved by correspondence. My new factory just completed capacity 2000 instruments every 30 days, very latest labor-saving wood-working machinery. Vast capital enables me to manufacture better goods for less money than ever. Address, or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey. d dec 16 4w

Poetical.

FAIR ELAINE.

Fair art thou, beyond compare:
Thou hast meshed my willing heart
In thy net of nut-brown hair,
Which in wavelets rolls apart
From thy brow, so broad and fair,—
Easy held who's loth to start.

And my boundless heart adores,
When thou lifteth up thine eyes,
Beaming light, and truth, and—more—
Loves own freight of smiles and sighs;
Gazing far to distant shores,
Where thy maiden's dream land lies.

Loving one as I do thee,
'Tis not strange that I can trace
In thy figure, light and free,
Rarest beauty, highest grace;
Love's smile looking out at me
From each dimple in thy face.

Nor that every smile of thine
Fills me with a glad surprise;
While this wand'ring heart of mine,
Full of sorrows and of sighs,
Rest should find, and cease to pine.
Purged from sin by thy soft eyes.

Strange thou art, I know not why;
Shy at times, and frightened, too,
Then, scarce lifting up thine eyes—
Summer skies less pure and blue—
Now thy lips, which mute did lie,
Teem with words that thrill me through.

Silence, tongue of God and Love,
Stealeth in, begemmed with sighs,
Bringing gladness from above;
Gazing in those liquid eyes—
Guileless eyes, like frightened dove,—
Shows me into Paradise.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

Gorgeous leaves are whirling down
Homeward comes the scented hay,
O'er the stubble, sear and brown,
Flaunt the autumn flowers gay;
Ah, alas!
Summers pass,—
Like our joys, they pass away!

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I loved to lie
'Neath the newly-budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky;
But, alas!
Time will pass,
And the flowers of spring must die!

Oft my maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone,
Warbled forth from every tree
Ere the meadow hay was mown:
But alas!
Summers pass,—
Now I wander all alone!

Love, like summer time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay:
But upon this Autumn air
Floats a voice, which seems to say,
"Loves, alas!
Also pass,
As the summers pass away."

—*George Arnold.*

Select Story.

A WILD RIDE.

Before I begin my story I must tell you that I am a commercial traveler, born and bred, so to speak, to the business.

I have my wits about me, and, as I often happen to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them.

I am an Englishman—English to the back bone—and live on roast beef, bottled ale and old port wine. I am one of the men who don't dream and don't fancy.

When I see a thing I see it. When I hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw on one particular occasion I mean to tell you.

You will not offend me if you doubt it.

Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell the story.

It was in the year 18—, and the month was May, and the place was England. I had left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, traveling toward a little town where I had business. It was an old-fashioned inn, and the people were kind and obliging.

Travelers did not often stop at the inn, I suspect, for they were as particular about my meals as though I had been a prodigal son come home for the holidays.

They killed the fatted chicken for me and made much of me altogether; and to crown all, as the train did not stop in time to take me on, as I wanted to go, and as it was only a matter of five miles or so, what did the landlord do but hunt up a rusty old coach that was tucked away in the coach house, and ordered his man to drive me over that evening. It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was sheer good will. So I shook hands all around, and remembered the chambermaid and the waiter with half a crown each, and off I rode. It was getting dark fast, and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of a way; why, it made you think of ghosts, if you were a commercial traveler.

"Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the old gentleman of the road would like to have met me and my black bag fifty years ago."

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I would not have felt as safe as I do now.

Just then the coach came to a sudden pause.

"Hallo,' cried I out of the window; "what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky; she won't move one step."

With that he began to shout and crack his whip, I, with my head out of the window, watching him, when suddenly the beast started off like mad, and I drew in my face and saw I had company.

While the coach was at a standstill a lady and gentleman had slipped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me, and though it was an intrusion I had not the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one years, it was just as much as he could be, and she was not seventeen.

I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantle-piece the perfect image of what they were, as pretty, and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered, and hers, too. She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than I would like a daughter of mine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves. She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent face my two eyes ever rested upon. As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet coat and white silk stockings, and lace ruffles at his wrist. And they had one large cloak—his, I fancy—cast about the two of them, though it drooped back a bit as they sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fancy ball, perhaps," said I, "and just took a lift on the way."

And I touched my cap to them, and says I: "Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she looked at me and stretched out a little white hand.

"Oh, sir," said she, "look out at the back of the coach, I pray you, and tell me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window.

"There's a man on horseback riding up the road," said I, for I saw one.

"Oh, heavens!" said she.

"Courage, Betty?" said the young fellow. "They shall never part us."

Then I knew it was a runaway match.

"I see how it is," cried I, "keep up your heart young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you through thick and thin. I'll do my best to help you."

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. "Oh, my darling, I hear the horses' feet. There are more of them. Oh, sir, look; tell me."

I looked and saw many armed horsemen following swiftly.

"Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

He drew his sword.

Among other things he wore a sword. I pulled my pistol from my pocket.

We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we were on the margin of a precipice.

All the time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger.

"Have care!" cried I.

"Faster!" cried the young man.

Suddenly there came a jolt and a scream from the young lady. I heard him say, "at least we die together."

And the coach lay flat on its side—not over the precipice, but on the edge of it.

A man is a little stunned by a thing like that.

When I climbed out of the window and helped old Anthony up with the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quietness, I remembered that no one else got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers. They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of horsemen I had seen dashing up the hill. They could not have passed us in the narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet I am called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness. Thank God for all His mercies. It's a strange thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked.

"Who?" said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty creatures in fancy dress. The people who were after them—Where are they?"

"Where—" began Anthony. Then he turned as pale as death. "All good angels over us!" he cried. "We have ridden with Lady Betty. It's the 10th of May. I might have known better than to try the road to-night. Protect us all. Yes, we've ridden with Lady Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I. "As pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all events. Who was she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me and shaking his head.

"It's an old story," he said. "Book-learned people tell it better than I. But a hundred years ago or more, on this blessed night, my Lady Betty Hope, the prettiest lady, ran off from a country ball with her father's young secretary."

"They put one cloak over their heads, and an old servant drove them, knowing it was worth his life.',

"But before they had gone far, behind them came her kinsfolk, armed and ready for vengeance. And when they reached this point they saw that all was over.

"'Better die together than live apart,' he said, holding her close. Then he called out to the servant, 'How goes it?'

"'All is lost, sir,' said the man. 'The horses can't hold up five minutes longer.'

"'Then drive over' said he.

The man obeyed orders.

"But ever since that night, sir, as sure as the 10th of May comes around there's plenty here that will tell you that whoever drives a coach past this road after nightfall won't ride alone.

"There's nobody that remembered the night would do it for a kingdom, but I forgot. I'm getting old, and I forget things whiles; and so we've ridden with Lady Betty."

That's the story old Anthony told me, and what went before is what I saw and heard. I'm a solid, sensible man, but facts are facts, and here you have 'em.

Bribing a Boy.

In cleaning up a little yesterday after the Christmas rush, a small dealer in toys, papers and confectionery on Gratiot avenue found among his trash what the boys call "a thundering big fire cracker." It had been hiding away since the Fourth of July, and the man no sooner found it than he was possessed of a desire to make some one happy. He dared not throw it into his stove, and it seemed a grievous waste to fling it into the alley. He therefore waited, and patience was soon rewarded, just as she always is. A boy came in after a cent's worth of taffy, and he was closely followed by a dog big enough to carry off the front steps of a meeting house. The big fire cracker was exhibited and the case explained, and the party of the second part, in consideration of five sticks of candy, gave the party of the first part leave to attach the cracker to the dog's tail and fire it off. The canine offered no serious objections, and things were soon in shape. The boy then led the dog out on the walk, the fuse was ignited, and directly there was an explosion which set the dog to thinking faster than ever before in his life. He wheeled and dashed back into the store, made six or seven circuits of the room, and then, embarrassed, confused and anxious to get home and overhaul himself for repairs, he took a jump through one of the doors and left $7 worth of glass in pieces on the sidewalk. Some of the crowd sat down to laugh, while others leaned against the wall and yelled haw! haw! haw! at the top of their voices. The fire cracker man was the only one who seemed abstracted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

A river is always down in its mouth.—[Burlington Hawkeye. And it shouldn't be, considering that it generally controls all the banks along its course.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Century and St. Nicholas.

THEIR RECENT GROWTH IN ENGLAND.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE may now be considered fully started on its way under the new name, and, with the forthcoming Midwinter number, which will have the new color design by Elihu Vedder, the name "Scribner's Monthly" is to be dropped as a sub-title. Its issues, since the change was made, have been commended by the press everywhere as of rare beauty and interest. The November number was said by the Providence "Journal" to be "the most able and valuable publication ever put forth in magazine form," while the "Press" pronounced it "unquestionably the most brilliant and striking, as it is the largest and most sumptuous, of anything yet known in American or European periodical literature." The Springfield "Republican" called the December number "for personal portraiture and biography, the richest single issue ever made by a magazine." The "N. Y. Observer" considers the January "Century" "an ideal number." The Charleston "News and Courier," when the change in the name was made, declared that it would "be difficult to improve on 'Scribner's,' already the first and best of American magazines." But the "Graphic" (N. Y.) recently said: "Take it all in all, "The Century" is already a better magazine than "Scribner's" ever was," and this is the general verdict. The increased excellence is not due to the change of name; it is only the natural growth of the magazine, made more conspicuous by the change.

With this growing excellence has come an increased sale. The average edition of the numbers of the last two volumes of "Scribner's Monthly" was 120,000; the average edition of the first four numbers of "The Century" is nearly 133,000. In England, 20,500 copies of November were sold, against an average of 16,230 for the twelve months preceding, and the sale of that number still continues there as well as here. In a recent issue of the Dumfries (Scotland) "Advertiser," the rapid progress made by "The Century" among the reading public of the United Kingdom was ascribed to "the Anglo-Saxon spirit, as distinguished from the purely British or the purely American, that pervades its pages; it is much more American than it is British, but it is more Anglo-Saxon than either, and more representative of the race than of any of the various nationalities into which it has separated."

"St. Nicholas" has grown in England, from a circulation of 3,000 copies a year ago, to a regular circulation now of 8,000 to 10,000 monthly. It is not often that the London "Times" goes out of its way to compliment children's magazines, and American ones at that, but its issue of December 20, 1881, contained the following good words about the last bound volumes of "St. Nicholas":

"There is an old song which sings how a certain venerable man delighted to pass the evening of his days in initiating his grandchild in the exhilarating game of draughts, and how, so well did the lad profit by his instruction, that at last 'the old man was beaten by the boy.' In looking over the two parts of 'St. Nicholas,' this old song has come back to us. Certainly the producers of such literature for our own boys and girls must look to their laurels. Both in the letter-press and the engravings these two volumes seem to us (though the admission touch our vanity or our patriotism, call it by which name we will, something closely) above anything we produce in the same line. The letterpress, while containing quite as large a power of attraction for young fancies, is so much more idea'd, so much less commonplace, altogether of a higher literary style than the average production of our annuals of the same class. And the pictures are often works of real art, not only as engravings, but as compositions of original design."

An Arkansas Peculiarity.

There is a politeness, a kind of cordiality, in Arkansas that you will not find in many other States. Now, "Colonel" is a title of politeness. In Little Rock when "Colonel" is introduced to you, why you at once know that the gentleman is perfectly willing to go with you and take a drink. When "General" is introduced you may know that he is willing to take several drinks. "Captain" is less fortunate; you only owe him a nickel cigar. A characteristic of Western people is their forgetfulness of proper names. In this city hundreds of people who associate together daily only know each other by titles. Yesterday a gentleman approached a group of "standers around" and, extending his hand, began to receive congratulations.

"Why, Colonel," he said to one man, shaking his hand heartily. "I am overjoyed at seeing you. How is your health?"

"First rate, Colonel. I am delighted to see you. Why, sir, I was saying yesterday that I'd rather see you than any man in the State. Excuse me a moment. Say," he added, turning to an acquaintance and drawing him aside, "who is that man? He seems to be well acquainted with me, but blamed if I know him from Adam's off ox."

"You ought to know him. He's your law partner, and only left the city yesterday to attend court in a neighboring town."

Americans desiring aristocratic titles may be pleased to know where they are for sale, and at what prices. The figures are given by *Chamber's Journal*, and there is an agent in London who conducts the business. A choice of three Spanish orders, conferring the title of Count, is offered for $10,000, the only qualification necessary on the part of the purchaser being "an eminent standing in his own country." It may be presumed that the inquiry on that point is not severe. The Sultan of Turkey will make you a Chevalier for $125. You may become an Earl, of the sort created by the little republic of San Marino, by paying $3,850, or a Baron for $884. Secular dignities by the Pope are represented by the Journal to be in the market. To become a Count from this source costs $5,000. It is also said that in Russia, Portugal, and the German States, though the Governments do not barter away titles directly, the roundabout payment of fees to officials will produce satisfactory results.

Nothing like an honest quill. A St. Louis paper starts an editorial with: "Our ancestors, the baboons of Africa," etc. Don't you ever get lonesome to see the old folks?

Ancient Ruins.

A physician who has spent considerable time in the examination of the curious ruined cities of Yucatan, has sent to Harper's Weekly a letter concerning the finding of the singular and rather picturesque ruins of a dwarf's house and sanctuary in the ancient city of Uxmal, or rather Oxmal. This pile of stone possessed interest by reason of the Masonic emblems found therein, and which the physician describes minutely, together with the general plan and structure of the ruined edifice. The building stands on the artificial mound of earth on a road that leads from a Yucatan sugar plantation, and the name Oxmal, signifying "three times rebuilt," is among the inscriptions carved on the Western facade of the sanctuary. The temple is described as rising in solitary grandeur from the top of this mound, and to a height of fifteen metres and fifty centimetres. It is shaped like a truncated elliptical cone, the upper side serving as base to a building consisting of two rooms. In these it was found, 150 years after the place had been conquered by the Spaniards, that aborigines had celebrated their ancient worship only a short time before the visit of Father Cogoludo. There is also a part of the building which forms a sort of oblong truncated pyramid rising to the height of eight metres and fifty centimetres, and forming a terrace twenty-seven metres long by six metres wide, on which is built the edifice known in the ancient legends as the "dwarf's house," and which can be seen for a distance of many miles around. This house consists of three rooms, the walls of which have been bored with holes for some unknown reason, and which were evidently never intended for ordinary habitation. The doors open upon small platforms from which, in olden times, the priests and astronomers read, from the elevation the platforms afforded, the mysteries of the stars and the skies. The rooms are low as regards their height and are provided with thick walls. The floors were once painted red and elevated eighty centimetres over the terrace, and the ceilings form a triangular arch. This arch, which, according to the writer, is found in the ancient tombs of Chaldea and in the oldest of Egyptian and Grecian monuments, was evidently selected by choice of the architects, and not through any ignorance of the builders. Stones are set in the ceilings after a regular but peculiar arrangement, and on them are carved semispheres in deep intaglio, with figures designed to represent various planets and stars. The middle chamber is destitute of any decoration, and is reached by walking on the terrace around the building, while entrance to the other apartments is gained by a grand staircase of ninety six steps, very steep in construction, leading to the terrace. Another beautifully ornamented stairway led, at one time from a court yard adjoining the priest's palace to this sanctuary, while still another and smaller stairway still leads to the roof of the sanctuary and to its middle chamber also. In the centre of the court yard, which is surrounded by thick high walls, stood an altar carved with a symbol of phallic worship, introduced in the country at the beginning of the Christian era by Nahauit. Above the door of the sanctuary there is a cornice running around the whole building, and on which is carved skeletons and cross-bones in profusion. Rings are also cut in the stone and from them were once hung curtains, which concealed from the temple worshipers some of the mystic rites of the priests. Stones carved with cabalistic symbols, and portions of the figures of strange giants, were also recovered in the palace court yard last August. The Deity is represented in all carvings by a mastodon's head, and carved with inscriptions in Egyptian characters, a form of symbol which is also found in the ancient monuments. In other parts of the building are found inscriptions containing letters of the Etruscan and Egyptian alphabets, the sentences being constructed in squares, after the fashion observed in ancient Chaldaic writings. The age of the sanctuary and dwarf's house is a matter of conjecture to the physician who examined it, and he serves it up now as a conundrum for American geologists and philologists to solve.

History of the Tomato.

A good many years ago a man who had recently arrived from the Bermuda Islands was sent to York county, Pa., for some offense committed against the laws of the commonwealth. He had with him a few seeds which he planted in the rich soil of the jail yard. Before the plants which sprung from the seed reached maturity, he was discharged, and no one knew the name or nature of them. They grew luxuriantly, bearing fruit of a large size and unusual appearance. As this strange fruit ripened, its color changed from a green to a brilliant red, and became an object of wonder and admiration to all the inmates of the jail. Mrs. Klinefelter, the lady keeper, cautioned all prisoners against eating any of the fruit, as she was sure it was poisonous, and besides planted the seeds, as she would endeavor to preserve specimens of it for him should he return in time.

Just when the fruit was fully matured the Bermuda prisoner revisited the jail and asked to see the plant. This request granted, he next called for pepper, salt and vinegar, and to the horror of the good lady commenced to eat of the supposed poisonous fruit with a relish that astonished the beholders. After enjoying the strange repast, he informed Mrs. K. that the fruit or vegetable was the tomato, or love apple, and it would be found wholesome and nutritious. The seeds of the remaining tomatoes were carefully preserved and distributed among the friends and neighbors of the lady, and this now popular esculent was introduced into the ancient and godly borough of York. For many years thereafter it was cultivated as an ornament rather than for table use, but by degrees its merits began to be more fully understood and appreciated, and there, as elsewhere, it grew into general public favor.

An ugly tramp tried to kiss a Chicago belle the other day, but she had the presence of mind to raise her foot, and while he was hunting for a ladder to climb over it she struck the fire alarm.

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

Odd Items.

Here we have a young man. He is looking at the large house, which belongs to a gentleman who has a daughter. Will he go in? Yes, if the dog is tied.

Fair-haired girls call the electric the blonde light. This is where they get the best of the brunettes.

A New Jersey man "couldn't see any danger" in smoking while weighing powder. He can't see any thing now.

The æsthetes are daily gaining strength and assurance. They now speak of hash