The Columbian.

[COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., PA.,

AT TWO DOLLARS per year. To subscribers out of the county the terms are strictly in advance.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearage's 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 short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1882.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVI, NO. 8
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVI, NO. 51

Advertising Rates.

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One inch	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
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C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1. Bloomsburg, Pa.

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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.

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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. Ent'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.

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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

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

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

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. 28-1y

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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.

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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.

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HIDES. The Highest Market Price in Cash PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF HIDES AT A. SOLLEDER'S Leather and Shoe Finding Store MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH, BLOOMSBURG, PA. April 8, '80-1y

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FIRE INSURANCE. CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA. BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. GERMAN FIREINSURANCE COMPANY. NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. UNION INSURANCE COMPANY. These old corporations are well seasoned by age and fire tested and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in solid securitiesand are liable to the hazard of fire only. Losses promptly and honestly adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, special agent and adjuster, BLOOMSBURG, PA. The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens. PROMPTNESS, SOLIDITY AND HONESTY NO [illegible]

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$1,876,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,717
Phœnix, of London	5,066,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,600
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,092,585

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

B. F. SHARPLESS, FOUNDER AND MACHINIST. NEAR L. & B. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A. Manufacturer of Plows, Stoves and all kinds of Castings. Large stock of Tinware, Cook stoves, Room Stoves, Stoves for heating stores, school houses churches, &c. Also, large stock of repairs for city stoves of all kinds, wholesale and retail, such as Fire Brick, Grates, Lids, Centres, &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Spiders, Cake Plates, Large Iron Kettles, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes, all kinds of Plow Points, Mould Boards, Bolts, Plaster, Salt, ——BONE MANURE, &c.—— feb 3 1-9

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.

Diphtheria. A cold or sore throat may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by consumption or diphtheria. No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so quickly and surely in such cases as PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The prompt use of this invaluable remedy has saved thousands of lives. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not an experiment. It has been before the public for forty years, and is most valued where it is best known. A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows: PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y. For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—HARVEY SEAMAN. Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat, and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. H. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y. I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. BONCK, Lowndes, Ga. Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never found it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga. I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—R. W. DYER, Dryden, Oneida, N. Y. For whooping-cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. HARVEY, Liberty Mills, Va. For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and charged-bite, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO. HOOVER, Wilmington, N. C. I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so hoarse I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON. Dr. WALTON writes from Cowlesville: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world. Mrs. ELLEN H. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here, I was afraid to call in a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He took a dose on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children. For Chills and Fever PAIN KILLER has no equal. It cures when everything else fails. It does not cause disease. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safe guard that no family should be without. All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN. Clothing. 6th & Market Sts. OAK HALL. PHILADELPHIA. SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

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

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

Superior to any. Highest medical authorities testify to its delicacy of taste and smell. For sale by Druggists. W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (Sole Agts.) N. Y. feb 10 4-w d

$1000 REWARD! for any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching, or Protruding PILES that DR. BINGH'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. Prepared by J. P. MILLER, M.D., 103 South St. Phila., Pa. Non genuine without his signature. $1 for circular. Sold by druggists and country stores, $1. feb 10 4-w d

THE PANTAGRAPH BINDER. FOR SALE ONLY AT "THE COLUMBIAN" OFFICE. CALL AND SEE.

Poetical.

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow—
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.
The waters frolic in Titan play,
They dash the decks with an icy spray,
The spent mts shiver, the little mast reel,
And the sheeted cones are as smooth as steel.
And oh, that the sailor were safe once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

The little cottage, it shines afar
O'er the turbulent sea like the polar star.
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;
She sits to his mates through the writhing foam,
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"
Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,
But resolute still; 'tis the sailor's way.
And perhaps—at the fancy the stern eyes dim—
Somebody's praying to-night for him.

Ah me, through the drench of the bitter rain,
How bright the picture that rises plain!
Sure he can see, with her mery look,
His little maid crooning her spelling-book;
The baby crows from the cradle fair;
The grandma nods in her easy-chair;
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,
A woman flits, with an earnest face.
The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.

Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm
Forever floats o'er that isle so calm,
O friends who read over tea and toast
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,
Think when the vessels are overdue,
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,
Of stout hearts battling for love and home
'Mid the cruel blasts and curdling foam,
And breathe a prayer from your happy lips
For those who must go to the sea in ships;"
Ask that the sailor may stand once more
Where the sweet wife smiles at the cottage door.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

Select Story.

THE MURDERER'S ORDEAL

BY CLARENCE MOWBRAY.

I was always fond of the science of physiognomy. From my youth up I was noted for my proclivity for reading the character of a man from his face; and I finally became such an adept in the art, that I could occasionally guess the very thoughts of the individual whose countenance I was studying.

Soon after the gold fever broke out, I went to California; and there, I must confess, among what else there was to interest me, I had a grand opportunity for exercising my skill upon all sorts of faces, seen under all sorts of circumstances, from the highest triumph of success to the deepest despair of failure. I first tried my luck at digging gold myself, but soon tired of that; and believing I could make money faster and with less labor, I opened a kind of a grocery and provision store, and went regularly into the business of trade, buying most of my articles at Sacramento, getting them hauled to my quarters, and disposing of them at a fair advance to the miners and others.

My store, as I dignified my place of trade, consisted of a rude skeleton of poles, with a sufficiency of cheap muslin drawn over them and pinned down to the earth, and was stocked only with the most salable articles—of which flour, pork and whiskey found the most ready market—especially whiskey. In the dry season it was very dusty, and everybody seemed to be dry with a thirst which mere water would not quench. If a man was successful he wanted whiskey to bring his body up to the altitude of his spirits; if unsuccessful, he wanted whiskey to bring his spirits up to the altitude of his body; if it chanced to be a little was very hot, he wanted whiskey to cool cool, he wanted whiskey to warm him; if it him; he needed whiskey in the morning to make him bright and active; he needed whiskey at night to rest him and make him sleep well; he wanted it when he bought, and when he sold; when he won, and when he lost; when he stood up, and when he sat down;—in short, whiskey was the great regulator of all human feeling—the genuine "elixir vitæ"—and consequently I did an immense business in whiskey.

Now this, though somewhat irrelevant, brings me to my story.

My store being the headquarters of that locality for whiskey and provisions, I was brought in contact with nearly every specimen of the *genus homo* that ventured into that region; and such another conglomeration of white, black and red—such another mixture of gentlemen laborers, mountaineers, gamblers, thieves and assassins—it would be hard to find outside the limits of California. Of course I had a chance to study all sorts of faces to my heart's content; but having, as I have said, become an adept in the art, an ordinary countenance, or a man governed by ordinary passions, whether gentle or brutish, did not interest me. I wanted to get hold of what is termed a character—or one whose external would give no indication of his internal to any but a connoisseur—or one that would really puzzle you to tell what to think of him.

Among the many, such a one I at length found. At first I did not notice him—did not think of him. At a casual glance there was nothing to distinguish him from the herd. He came in quietly, unobtrusively, purchased a quantity of flour, pork and tea, paid for the same in gold dust, and went out about his business. He repeated his visits at different intervals, perhaps some half dozen times, before he attracted my attention to anything peculiar in his appearance, and then I should have been at a loss to say what I saw more in him at last than at first.

He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, of medium height and slender figure, of a dark complexion, regular features, with dark, straight hair, dark eyes, and a beard that covered the lower part of his face—in all of which there was nothing remarkable—nothing striking. He was quiet, not talkative—had nothing to say except about the business he came on—got what he wanted when I was disengaged paid for what he got like a gentleman, and generally retired with an ordinary "good-day," or some similar civility.

And yet, as I have said, he began to attract my attention at last, and I began to wonder why. Was it because he was so quiet, reserved and gentlemanly, and did not purchase whiskey like the rest and occasionally get excited and boisterous? or was it because there was a something about him I could not readily fathom? At all events, he began to interest me in some way; and the very fact, perhaps, that I could not tell how or why, led me into a closer scrutiny, a deeper study, of the man.

After this I prolonged his visits as much as I could without causing him to suspect I did so intentionally. The things he wanted I generally had some trouble in getting; and I filled up the intervals by remarks about the weather, the country the mines, the success of some and the failure of others—in a word, anything I could think of to induce conversation—watching him furtively all the while. He answered easily and readily, and yet with that peculiar kind of reserve that was not suggestive, or tending toward familiarity. His replies, however, evinced a man of mind and education; and I began to give him credit for being a thinker—perhaps a practical and selfish dreamer, if I may use a paradoxical term that best expresses my idea.

One day, I scarcely know how, I touched upon the general superstitions of mankind, and to my surprise I saw that at last he was interested. His eye changed expression, and brightened, and emitted a strange and peculiar gleam; and my attention being thus directed to his eye, I now bethought me that I had never seen one exactly like it—one capable of being so apparently open down to the soul while concealing so much. It was off its guard now—the door was really open down to the soul of the man—and I looked in at that door, that opening, and saw that the soul of that man was dark as one. A nameless fear came over me—a strange thrill passed through me, like an electric shock—I felt an internal shudder of dread. No wonder I had not been able to read him before; the man had been wearing an impenetrable mask.

I now had the key to the mystery and to him, and I used it. He was interested in superstitions—bad men always are—because they carry a hell of wild fancies with them. Thus it was with this man, as I could see by his eye, and I could make his fancies work upon him. I told him stories of sorcery, witchcraft and magic—of ghosts, hobgoblins and devils—till he became pale with fear, breathed with compressed lips, and trembled in spite of his great nerve and will.

If good men, as I have said, are sometimes superstitious, why, you ask, did I think this man bad for being superstitious also? First, I answer, because I had accidentally thrown him off his guard and read his soul; and secondly, because he was not naturally nervous and credulous. Fear only had made him so; and, in one of his iron nature, fear could only arise from the self convicted knowledge of a past wicked deed. The man was even then a criminal.

But let me hasten to the denouement.

It chanced that no other person was present when the conversation occurred about the superstitious fancies of men, and as soon as we were interrupted by the entrance of another customer my dark visitor left somewhat abruptly. After that he did not come as often as before, and never seemed much at ease, and never renewed the conversation that had so agitated him, and never, in fact, entered into any other than he could possibly avoid. I kept my thoughts to myself, but made some casual inquiries about him, and learned that he had been so fortunate as to secure a capital "lead," from which, with his partner, another young man, he was taking out gold in quantities that promised to enrich both, and that both had the good will and esteem of all who knew them.

One dark night, about three or four weeks after this, I was startled from my sleep by wild, prolonged shrieks, and cries of:

"Murder! murder! help! help!"

I jumped up, seized my revolvers, and darted out into the open air. The cries and screams still continued, coming from a point on the bend of the river about a hundred rods below. In a minute I was joined by five others, all well armed, and together we ran as hard as we could to the place from which the alarm proceeded.

When we arrived there, at least thirty men were collected in and around the tent of the dark man I have been describing, and he himself it was who had given the alarm. His partner and companion had been murdered and robbed, and he himself had been slightly cut across the face and gashed on the left arm, and he was all excitement, lamenting his dearest friend, and avowing vengeance against the assassin. It was some time before we could get at the particulars; and then we learned that both had been sleeping side by side, when an unknown robber had crawled under the canvas, stabbed one the heart, and had taken a large bag of gold from under his head. With this he was escaping, when the present narrator awoke and seized him, and received the wounds which had compelled him to relinquish his hold. Lights were brought; and there, sure enough was the bloody confirmation of all that had been related.

I shall not attempt to portray the intense excitement, the wild rage and consternation, which this daring murder occasioned. Every man felt that, if the assassin escaped without his just punishment, there would no longer be security for any one in our hitherto peaceful and quiet valley, and solemn oaths were taken to hang the wretch if found, upon the nearest tree. A large reward was offered for his detection, and every gambler that had ever been seen about there was more or less suspected; and I believe that had any man been arrested on the following day, he would have been hung first and tried afterward. I said less than any, for I had my own suspicions, and I contrived my plot in secret, making a confident of no one.

The murdered young man was as decently buried as the surrounding circumstances would permit; and then his companion, my superstitious friend, grew moody with grief, refused to work his "lead" any more, and proposed selling off his rocker and tools and quitting the country altogether. I think he would have gone at once, only that I told him it would not look well to leave without an effort to discover the murderer, as some people might be malicious enough to say he knew something of the matter and so get him into trouble. He turned very pale and declared that he would stay a year if by that means he could discover the assassin of his dear, dear friend.

On the second afternoon following the tragedy, almost every individual in the vicinity, the friend of the murdered man among the rest, assembled at my store at my particular request. I had told them I had something to communicate concerning the foul deed, and that I thought it no unlikely I might give them some clue to the assassin.

When all had collected, and arranged themselves, in a semi-circle before my door—eager, expectant, excited—I came forward holding in my hand an egg. Then I made them a short speech on the various superstitions of mankind, which I contended had their origin in mysterious facts revealed from the other world by God's good providence for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty; and, among other things, how the ghosts of their victims would often haunt the murderers, compelling them to reveal their crimes—how land and sea had been known to give up their awful secrets—and how it had been asserted that if the guilty wretch were to place his hand upon the body of the man he had secretly slain, the wounds would bleed afresh.

"And now, gentlemen," I continued, "I hold in my hand as sure a test as any I have named. This simple egg, so fair to the view, contains the murderer's secret. Let him but take it in his hand, and the frail shell will crumble to pieces and show to all that it is filled with the blood of his victim. You will excuse me gentlemen for putting you all to this test. We do not know each other's secrets—the murderer of the young man we buried yesterday may be among us; but only the guilty need fear the trial—the innocent will surely pass the ordeal unharmed."

As I said this, I fixed my gaze upon my dark visitor, my suspected man. I never saw a more wretched and ghastly countenance, nor a greater struggle in any living being to keep a calm and unmoved exterior.

The egg began its round. Some took it gravely, some lightly, some turned slightly pale, and some laughed outright. But on it went, and came nearer and nearer to the man for whom was intended. I could see that he was trembling that his very lips were getting white.

"It is your turn now!" I said at length in a cold, severe tone.

"Mine?" he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "Why-why-should I—I take it? Poor Wilson was my—my friend!"

"Let him prove so now!" I said. "All eyes are upon you. Take the ordeal sent by heaven, and prove your innocence—if you can!"

He glanced hurriedly around. All eyes were indeed upon him, and with looks of awakening suspicion. He made one despairing effort to be calm, gulped his breath like one choking, and seized the fatal egg with trembling hands.

The next moment it was crushed to atoms, and his hands were wet and stained as if with human gore.

A wild yell burst from the crowd.

A despairing shriek came from the lips of the guilty wretch; and failing rather than sinking, down upon his knees, he cried out:

"God of mercy, forgive me! I did kill him! I did kill him! for his gold! his gold! Oh, cursed gold! Oh, God of heaven, forgive me!"

"And how many before him?" demanded I.

"Three! three! Oh, God of mercy, forgive me!"

There was another wild yell, or rather howl, of fury—a rush like wolves upon their prey—and the poor wretch was seized, almost torn limb from limb, and dragged furiously away.

In less than ten minutes from his confession he was dangling from a neighboring tree—swinging by his neck.

So died the murderer, whose name I have suppressed because he had respectable friends who are still living.

I will only add, that, believing him to be guilty, I had previously prepared the egg, putting red coloring matter into it, expecting to see him crush it through his superstitious fears of a supernatural discovery.

They offered me the promised reward for the detection of the murderer—but this I declined. Justice was all that I had sought, and this I had obtained.—*Oriental Casket.*

To Keep the Girls Warm.

THREE AND A HALF MILLION SEALS ROBBED OF THEIR FUR TO MAKE SACQUES.

A seal skin sacque costs fifty per cent. more than it did five years ago. Seal skins have not been worn more than fifteen or eighteen years. Fashion and the discovery of new methods of preparing and dyeing, or first the latter and second the former, brought them into use. The seal fur, as seen here, is the inner coat. When on the back of the seal, this fine fur is hid by coarse hairs, which are removed by a process of paring down the under side of the skin. The color of the fur as known to wearers is artificial. If the government had not taken measures to protect the seal new wearers of seal sacques would be few in a short time. The Shetland seals were once numerous, but have been exterminated. The Newfoundland seal is in the market, but is inferior to the seal of Alaska. The islands of the Behring sea are the only ones in the world where seal catching has great commercial importance.

From 1751 to 1870 the scientific world knew nothing in regard to the history of the seal. The Smithsonian Institution did not possess a perfect skin and skeleton of the seal, although thousands of men and millions of dollars have been employed in capturing, dressing and selling fur seal skins for the last hundred years. The vast breeding grounds bordering on the Antarctic have been entirely depopulated. Between the years 1797 and 1821 1,232,374 seal skins were taken in the Pribylon Islands; between 1821 and 1842, 458,502 skins, and from 1842 to 1861, 372,000 skins. In the year 1868 the number of skins taken was 242,000. In 1870 only 9,965 were captured. During the last ten years the catch has been a little less than 100,000 per year. The whole number taken between 1796 and 1880 was 3,561,051 skins. The seal catching is done in June and July. After that time the fur begins to "shed" and is worthless. The natives are paid forty cents a skin for their labor.—*Providence Journal.*

A snowball stopped an elopement in Louisville. It was thrown by a boy in the street, knocking off the hat of the driver of the carriage in which the runaway couple were riding to a railroad station, and thus causing just enough delay to make them miss the train. Thus hindered, they were caught and separated by the girl's father.

The snowfall in Austria has been so great that in many places the drifts reach the telegraph wires. During some of the storms, passengers and drivers have been compelled to abandon stage coaches and seek safety as best they might by cutting their way to the nearest houses, leaving baggage to be dug out later.

The Oneida Community.

The Guiteau trial has again brought into prominence an institution which since the death of its founder, has declined in importance, and is, in the leading respects for which it was brought into being, dead. Even his rare vocabulary of abuse seems to be inadequate to express Guiteau's intense hatred of the Community into which, as the result of his father's influence and authority, he entered while a young man. That the Oneida Community and John Humphrey Noyes are objects of a foul mouthed assassin's objurgations is not, in itself, anything against either of them; but we fear it will be found, in briefly reviewing the life of its founder and of the principles of the Community which he created, that Guiteau was the worse man for his retirement from the world, and that, whether by an abuse of the practices at Oneida or not, some degree of the depravity which culminated in the murder of President Garfield is traceable to the murderer's stay with the singular people whose leader and peculiarities of belief and life form the subject of this brief sketch.

We will, first of all, give an account of Noyes, the enthusiast, whose strong individuality was the source and the fountain of life to Perfectionism, by which general name the principles of the Oneida Community are known.

John Humphrey Noyes was born at Brattleboro, Vt., in the year 1811. His parents were in good circumstances, and refined people, and their son early gave promise of the capacity for a studious and devout life. After receiving his degree at Dartmouth college, young Noyes read law for a while, but the bent of his mind was towards theology and the life of a foreign missionary. Accordingly he relinquished the law and began the study of theology at Andover, from whence he removed to Yale.

At New Haven, Conn., he encountered a revivalistic teacher, who found in him a disciple apt to fanaticism and with the originality and the strength of will to give it a new direction and to make it aggressive and of moment in that most wonderful chapter of history which tells the varied and complex tale of the struggle of universal human nature to be right with God. Mr. Noyes was about twenty-three years of age when, as he expressed it, he "landed in a new experience and new views of the way of salvation, which took the name of perfectionism." This experience was succeeded by his removal to Putney, Vt., where his father then resided, and was in business as a banker. There he preached and wrote and published for several years, and in 1838, when twenty-seven old, married Harriet A. Holton, a young lady of good family, who had been previously influenced to adopt his peculiarly religious views. It is by no means remarkable that the young teacher's principles were adopted but slowly. In 1847 his congregation numbered only about 40 persons. He was in correspondence, however, with people far and near, who recognized in him their leader. Two years before this date, Noyes' views of the relations of the sexes had been published, and, in 1846, he was at the head of a small community at Putney, from whence local persecution drove him in 1848 to settle with a number of followers at Oneida, Madison county, N. Y. The place of settlement was very uninviting, consisting of forty acres of land, an unpainted frame house, an old Indian hut and an Indian saw-mill. This bold move preceded the practical adoption of communism by a number of people of Brooklyn, N. Y. Communities under Noyes' direction were also begun at Wallingford and other places. In a few years the original Oneida settlement had absorbed all the rest excepting that of Wallingford, which from 1857 to the end of Noyes' days continued as a branch and portion of that in which the prophet himself resided, the property of both being united. Agriculture, horticulture, several mechanical occupations and the learned professions engaged the thriving industry of the community, whose productions, whether of the industrial arts or of literature, manifested remarkable superiority. Wealth was gathered apace. In 1874, the united communities of Oneida and Wallingford were worth more than half a million dollars, owned in the neighborhood of nine hundred acres of land, and had 283 members, 131 of whom were males. Noyes' first followers were New England farmers, to whom were added, from time to time, some Americans and a few English and Canadian people. A cleverly edited paper, called the *Circular*, was published for many years, and commanded great attention not only because of its singular religious teaching, but from the general excellence of its style and its curious information about natural history and other subjects of interest to intelligent readers. The *Circular* was sent alike to those who could not pay, for it, to those who paid the stated subscription price, two dollars, and to those who paid more to eke out the deficiency occasioned by the unproductiveness of the first class of subscribers.

The men were dressed in ordinary costume, the women in a bodice, loose trousers and a skirt falling just above the knee. Short hair is the fashion among women, who keep it cut just below the ear, and, if so disposed, give it a not ungraceful curl.

Whe a new member is received he or she subscribes to the creed of the community and also signs an agreement not to claim any wages for labor while in the community.

We have said that Noyes was the prophet of perfectionism. He believed and taught the perfectibility of human nature, by which he meant its development into a condition of perfect sinlessness. When this stage was reached, he contended, the community of person as of property was rightly observed. Cohabitation between couples was regulated by third parties, and children born of the union were numbered among the other possessions of the community. They knew no parents.

After being weaned they were taken from the mother and placed in the nursery quarters of the community, where both male and female "care takers" attended to their wants. An excellent school was provided for their education, and youthful members of the community entered institutions of learning, Yale and elsewhere, to study for law and other professional occupations. All worked systematically and cheerfully, and with numerous changes of occupation both for the sake of pleasure in variety and to increase their efficiency. Work of whatever kind was well done, and the management of the community was remarkably thrifty and complete, comprising an elaborate system of committee work, mutual co-operation and criticism destined to answer both for the perfection of labor undertaken and of personal character. The Bible was regarded as "the text-book of the Spirit of Truth."

God and good spirits were believed to be in constant communication with the faithful. Prayer was restricted to the individual and silent aspiration towards the Diety, and to the child-like representation of wants which faith believed would be granted without limitation or obstruction from the operation of natural laws or other causes. There was no preaching and the administration of the sacraments and the obligation of the the Sabbath were not observed. No member of the community had temporal interest in any way separable from those of his brethren and sisters. The communistic idea was thoroughly carried out, extending, as we have seen, to the relations of the sexes.

That such an organization should have been originated and should have flourished to the death of the singular man who founded it is a remarkable instance of the supremacy which a man of deep convictions and strong will can acquire. With the death of Noyes a few years ago the mainstay of the organization departed. Perfectionism, as he taught it, died with its first and last great teacher.

Bob Burdette on Bob Ingersoll.

In a lecture before the Young Men's christian association of New York, Burdette, the *Hawkeye* man, talked of the pilgrimage of the funny man in search of fun, and told how and where funny things are found, and how they are dressed up for the newspapers afterward. Hand-made fun, of that sort of which hunting in the dictionary for good words upon which to build bad puns is a sample, he dealt with justly and severely. He spoke affectionately of Col. Ingersoll, whom he had known, he said, and found to contain much that is good. His success, the lecturer thought, was owing to his overwhelming humor, which made his audiences laugh at their own dearest creeds. "And I believe," continued Mr. Burdette, seriously, while his audience was hushed, "I believe Colonel Ingersoll's position is sound." There was a moment hesitation, and all the tittering stopped. "I know," continued the speaker, "it isn't the thing to