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 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 short notice, neatly and at moderate prices.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1883.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVII NO 14
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVII, NO 5

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	1M	1Y
One inch	$3 00	$ 3 50	$ 3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	13 00
Three inches	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
Four inches	5 00	7 00	9 00	13 00	20 00
Quarter column	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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

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

Executor's, 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 a year for each line.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. E. WALLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the right. Corner of Main and Market streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Ext's Building.

C. R. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office on Main Street, 1st door below Court House.

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

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.

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.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room No. 2, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

HERVEY E. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office in Mrs. Ent's Building.
Sept. 15 '82-1 y.

GUY JACOBY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG,
Office in H. J. Clark's building, second floor, first door to the left.
Oct. 8, '80.

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN. Notary Public
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ Pensions and Bounties Collected.

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,
CATAWISSA, PA.
Office in NEWS ITEM building, Main street.
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

RHAWN & ROBINS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

WM. H. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Orangeville, Pa.
Office in Low's Building, second floor, second door to the left.
Can be consulted in German. aug 18 '82

W. E. SMITH,
Attorney-at-Law, Berwick. Pa.
Can be Consulted in German.
ALSO FIRST-CLASS
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
☞ Office with the Berwick Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

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

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

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

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

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

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

JAMES REILLY,
Tonsorial Artist.
Is 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

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

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Newspapers. ☞ 100-page pamphlet, 25 cents. Dec. 15-4w.

L. A. SHATTUCK, M. D.
Medical Superintendent of the Sanitarium.
Invalid's Home.
Bloomsburg, Pa.,
Devotes special attention to Chronic Maladies including Epilepsy, Nervous Affections, Diseases of Women, and to
Cancer,
in all its varied forms.
Patients received at the Sanitarium on reasonable terms for board and treatment.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL.
—:o:—
The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.
FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
FLOORING, Etc.
furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.
ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS
furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman.
CHARLES KRUG,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
STOVES AND TINWARE.
—:0:—
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.

PAINTING
AND
PAPER HANGING.
WM. F. BODINE.
IRON ST., BELOW SECOND, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
is prepared to do all kinds of
HOUSE PAINTING
Plain and Ornamental
PAPER HANGING,
BOTH DECORATIVE AND PLAIN.
All kinds of Furniture Repaired and made as good as new.
NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN EMPLOYED.
Estimates Made on all Work.
WM. F. BODINE.

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.
—:o:—
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.

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, 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. 23-1y

B. F. SHARPLESS,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST.
NEAR L. & B. DEPOT, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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-f

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.	$7,075,224
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,165,711
Phœnix, of London	5,366,372
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,976
Hartford of Hartford	3,974,098
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,889

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

FIRE INSURANCE.
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY
GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY.
These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TRIED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES and 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 for one of their own citizens
PROMPTNESS, EQUITY, FAIR DEALING.

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. 6, Bloomsburg.
oct. 24, 79-1y

DARBYS
PROPHYLACTIC
FLUID.
A Household Article for Universal Family Use.
Eradicates MALARIA.
For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.
Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
Impure Air made harmless and purified.
For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.
Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.
Rheumatism cured.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use.
Ship Fever prevented.
To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Dysentery cured.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.
I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—WM. F. SANDFORD, Eyrie, Ala.
SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED
A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks; and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.
Diphtheria Prevented.
The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. STOLLENWERCK, Greensboro, Ala.
Scarlet Fever Cured.
Tetter dried up.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.
In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.
The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."
Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.
Darbys Fluid is Recommended by
Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia; Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.; Jos. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof. University, S.C. Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University; Rev. URIAH F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.
INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.
August, 82 1y

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.
☞ Pleasant to the taste, offensive to smell and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.
PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.
☞ For all WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the Greatest Remedy in the World.
☞ KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. A marvelous strengthener is this Compound.
☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.
☞ Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☞ (2)

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!

DR. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.
DISCOVERER OF DR. MARCHISI'S
CATHOLICON,
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
This remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.
Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure falling of the womb, Leucorrhœa, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Incidental Hæmorrhage or Flooding, Painful, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness and is especially adapted to the change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above. For sale by all druggists. New size $1 per bottle, Old size $1.50. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
Moyer Bros., Wholesale Agents, Bloomsburg Pa
June 23-1y.

KIDNEY-WORT
HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, druggists recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. As it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all specially yield to its curative power.
☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on Liver and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
PHILADELPHIA.
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES,
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &c., &c.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch streets.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention

POETICAL.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, What is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes.
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To immitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?

And then, at last, to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled old
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes of youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of lang syne;
To dream awhile with the darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave—and then?

—*John G. Saxe.*

SELECT STORY.

THE FATAL EASTER.

A WILD TALE OF THE MUTUAL HATRED OF TWO CONVICTS.

BY B. MORSE.

I am French by birth, and my name is Francois Theirry. I will not burden you with my early history, but will begin by stating that I was sent to the galleys, and find myself to-day an exile. Branding was not out of date by that time and until my death I shall bear some fiery letters on my shoulder.

I was arrested, registered, condemned and sent to Paris. As I left the Court of justice my terrible sentence rang in my ears. On the road from Paris to Bicetre—all day and all night—till we arrived at Toulon, the dull rolling of the prison wagon repeated it to me. When I look back at that time, I think I must have been stunned by the unexpected severity of my doom, for I have not the slightest recollection of the particulars of that journey. "Hard labor for life!" "Hard labor for life!" I heard nothing else; I could think of nothing else. Late in the afternoon of the third day the wagon stopped, the door was unlocked, and I was led through a paved court into a hall that was but faintly lighted. Here an officer asked me my name, which he entered in a large book, banded with iron as though it were fettered.

"No. 207," cried the officer, "green."

Then I was led into another room, where I put on the uniform of a galley slave. From this moment I lost my individuality. I was no longer Francois Theirry; but No. 207. The officer was present while I was dressing.

"Hurry up!" he said; "it's getting late, and you must be married before dinner."

"Married?" I repeated.

He laughed as he lit a cigar. I was again led through another corridor into a damp court, where wild-looking men with clanking chains were walking up and down before the muzzles of cannon.

"Bring No. 206," cried the officer, "and then call the priest." No. 206 came in, dragging a heavy chain behind him, and with a robust blacksmith.

The ring of an iron chain was put round my ankle and forged together with a single stroke of the hammer. A like ring bound me to my companion. Each stroke re-echoed through the arches like the scornful laugh of demons. The officer drew a small red book from his pocket and said:

"No. 207, listen to our prisoners' laws: If you attempt flight and fail you will be bastinadoed. If you succeed in getting to the harbor and are there captured, you will be doubly chained for three years. As soon as you are missed three cannon-shots will be hoisted on each bastion. Telegraphic messages will be sent to the harbor guards and to the police throughout France."

After the officer had read this with a terrible satisfaction, he relit his cigar, put the book away, and left the hall. I was now a prisoner forged to another prisoner. As I looked at him I found his eyes turned toward me. He was a sinister looking fellow, about 40 years old, not any taller than I, but of herculean build,

"Then you, too, are in for life?" he said.

"How do you know that?" I exclaimed, angrily.

"I can tell by your cap—green is for life Why are you here?"

"I conspired against the government."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Then you're an elegant one. We other prisoners hate such aristocratic company."

I made no answer.

"This is the fourth time that I've been here," continued my companion. "Perhaps you have heard of Gasparo, the counterfeiter?"

I had heard of the daring criminal, and drew back tremblingly from his gaze. An uneasy look in his eyes told me that he had noticed my shrinking. From that moment he hated me. Gasparo and I, with 200 other prisoners, were put to work in a stone quarry on the other side of the harbor. Day after day and week after week, from sunrise to sunset, the rock resounded to our blows. Thus spring and summer passed and autumn came. My fellow-prisoner was a Piedmontese. He had been a thief, counterfeiter, incendiary, and when he last fled from prison he committed a murder. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were intensified through this terrible comradeship. How I shrank from the touch of his hand. What loathing took possession of me when I felt his breath on my face at night! I tried to overcome this aversion, but in vain. He knew it as well as I, and took every opportunity to revenge himself in such ways as only a depraved mind can think of. However, it would have been of no avail to put myself in opposition to him, and any complaint to the overseer would only have provoked the wretch to worse tyranny. At last there came a day when his hate seemed to diminish. He allowed me my night's rest, and seemed to be in a hurry. The next morning, a short time after we had begun work, he came close to me and whispered in my ear:

"Do you want to escape?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, and could not say a word.

"Can you keep a secret?" he went on.

"Until death!"

"Well, then, listen; To-morrow Marshal d'Auvergne will inspect the harbor, docks, prison and stone quarry. Salutes will be fired from the walls and ships, which will make it difficult to hear the guards' signal for two escaping prisoners. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"What then will be easier than to knock off the fetters with the pick-axe, and escape when the overseer is not looking our way? Will you dare?"

"With my life!"

"Your hand."

I had never before touched his blood-stained hand, and could not refrain from shuddering as I clasped it. The next morning we had to undergo an inspection before going to work. An hour before noon the first salutes from the harbor reached our ears. The dull report went through me like an electric spark. Gasparo whispered to me:

"When the first shot is fired from the barracks, strike with your pix-axe on the first ring of my chain, close to the ankle."

A sudden suspicion came over me. "And if I should do it, how can I be sure that you will then free me? No, Gasparo, you must strike the first blow."

"As you say," he answered, smilingly, but with a muttered curse.

At that moment a flash from the barracks, and then a report that reverberated a hundred times from the rocks. As the echo rolled over our heads I saw him get ready to strike, and felt my chains fall. Hardly had the thunder of the first shot died away before the second came. Now, I was to free Gasparo. I was less dexterous than he, so it took several strokes to free the chain. At the third shot we threw away our caps, climbed up the rocks, and struck for a path that led into the valley. Suddenly, at a sharp bend in the road, we stood before a little guard house, in front of which were two soldiers. They pointed their guns at us, and ordered us to surrender. Gasparo turned toward me, struck me heavily, and said:

"There, stay, and let them capture you. You always were a thorn in my path."

As I fell I saw Gasparo throw down one soldier, and rush toward the other. Then a shot, and all was dark and still around me.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the floor of a little unfurnished room, but faintly lighted by a small window. I arose with pain, and leaning against the wall, tried to think. The recollection of my last adventure soon came to me. Probably I was in one of the upper rooms of the guard house. I crept to the door and found it locked. The little window was about four feet over my head. I succeeded in reaching it and looking out. The rock rose about forty feet from the house, and a brook ran between me and the cliff. The stay here would be ruin, whereas in daring farther lay a possibility of escape. I forced myself through the small window, dropped down and crept towards the brook. The water in the stream came to my waist; but as both banks were high, I could walk along in it without my head showing. I soon heard distant voices, and raising my head carefully over the bank of the stream, I saw dark figures moving toward me. Suddenly a dark lantern was turned on the water close by my hiding place. I dived under the water and held my breath until it seemed that the veins in my head would burst. When I could bear it no longer I arose again, took my breath, looked around me and listened. All was still. My pursurers had gone. I then climbed the bank on to the stony earth. Wind and rain in my face, I strode rapidly on with no other leader than the storm.

About 5 o'clock in the morning, as day began to dawn, I heard the bells ringing and saw a large city in front of me. Not daring to go any farther, I sought shelter in some thick shubbery near the road. When night came on I continued my journey; but hunger soon drove me into a small village on the road. I crept softly between the cottages and knocked on the minister's door. He opened it himself, and I told him my story. He gave me something to eat and to drink, an old coat in exchange for mine, and a few francs.

On the fifth day after my flight from Toulon I reached Italian ground. I begged my way from place to place until I arrived in Rome, where I hoped to find occupation, if not friends. I hired a small room, rested a few days, and then eagerly sought work. Evening after evening I returned disappointed The little money which I had begged melted away. At last I could not pay my landlord, and he turned me out into the streets Mechanically I followed the stream of passers-by, which led me to St. Peter's. I crept in wearily and sank down in the shadow of the large doors. Two men stood near me reading a poster that was hanging on one of the columns.

"Merciful heavens!" said one; "how can a man risk his life for a few lire?"

"And with the certain knowledge that out of eighty men eight or ten fall and break their necks," said his companion.

"Horrible work!"

They passed on and were lost in the crowd.

I sprang up eagerly and read the notice. It was headed, "Illumination of St. Peter's," and made known that eighty men were wanted to light the lamps on the dome and 300 to light those on the columns. I went to the manager, had my name put on the list, received half my money down, and was to present myself there at 11 o'clock the next morning. I was there promptly, amid a crowd of miserable looking men. The doors of the bureau were soon opened and we crowded into the hall. My eyes seemed to be drawn toward one corner of the room. My heart stood still—it was no mistake—I had recognized Gasparo. I went over toward him, touching him, said:

"Gasparo, don't you know me?"

He raised himself up lazily, and said: "Ah, Francois! I thought you were in Toulon."

"I can't thank you that I'm not there. Listen to me; if we both outlive this night you shall give me satisfaction for your perfidy."

He looked indifferently at me, and lay down to sleep. At 7 o'clock we were all called up, and climbed the stairs that led to the dome. My place was about half way up, and I saw Gasparo go up still higher. When we were all ready we crept through the windows up to small boards hanging by ropes. Each one was given a lighted torch, with which he was to light the lamps that he passed as the ropes were let down. After I had lit all my lamps I looked around at the scene. Suddenly I felt my rope shake, and, looking up, saw a man putting his torch to it. Almighty God! It was Gasparo. With the agility of a cat I climbed up the rope, put my torch in the villain's face, and caught hold of the rope, above where it was on fire.

Gasparo, blinded and wild with pain, gave a terrible yell and rolled down like a stone. Through all the humming of the living ocean beneath I heard the dull thud as my enemy struck the pavement. I had hardly recovered my breath when we were drawn up again.

I told the director what I had gone through. The proof of my story was proved by the half-burned rope, and I was given money enough to leave Rome.

Since then I have had many adventures, but never found myself in such terrible company as on the dome of St. Peter's on that fatal Easter.

The Pirates of Barataria.

In George W. Cable's picturesque paper, in the April *Century*, on "Plotters and Pirates of Louisiana," occurs the following description of the chiefs of the Pirates of Barataria:

Much ink has been spilled from that day to this to maintain that they sailed under letters of marque. But certainly no commission could be worth the unroiling when carried by men who had removed themselves beyond all the restraints that even seem to distinguish privateering from piracy. They were often overstocked with vessels and booty, but they seem never to have been embarrassed with the care of prisoners.

There lived at this time, in New Orleans, John and Pierre Lafitte. John, the younger, but more conspicuous of the two, was a handsome man, fair, with black hair and eyes, wearing his beard, as the fashion was, shaven neatly back from the front of his face. His manner was generally courteous, though he was irascible and in graver moments somewhat harsh. He spoke fluently English, Spanish, Italian and French, using them with much affability at the hotel where he resided, and indicating in the peculiarities of his French, his nativity in the city of Bordeaux.

The elder brother was a sea-faring man and had served in the French navy. He appears to have been every way less showy than the other; but beyond doubt both men were above the occupation with which they began life in Louisiana. This was the trade of blacksmith, though at their forge, on the corner of St. Philip and Bourbon streets, probably none but slave hands swung the sledge or shaped the horseshoe.

It was during the embargo, enforced by the United States Government in 1808, that John Lafitte began to be a merchant. His store was in Royal street, where, behind a show of legitimate trade, he was busy running the embargo with goods and Africans. He wore the disguise carelessly. He was cool and intrepid and had only the courts to evade, and his unlawful adventures did not lift his name from the published lists of managers of society balls or break his acquaintance with prominent legislators. * * *

John and Pierre Lafitte became the commercial agents of the "privateers." By and by they were their actual chiefs. They won great prosperity for the band; prizes were rich and frequent, and slave cargoes profitable. John Lafitte did not at this time go to sea. He equipped vessels, sent them on their cruises, sold their prizes and slaves, and moved hither and thither throughout the Delta, administering affairs with boldness and sagacity. The Mississippi's "coasts" in the parishes of St. James and St. John the Baptist were often astir with his known presence, and his smaller vessels sometimes pierced the interior as far as Lac des Allemands. He knew the value of popular admiration, and was often at country balls, where he enjoyed the fame of great riches and courage, and seduced many of the simple Acadian youth to sail in his cruises. His two principal captains were Beluche and Dominique You. "Captain Dominique" was small, graceful, fair, of a pleasant, even attractive face, and a skillful sailor. There were also Gambi, a handsome Italian, who died only a few years ago at the old pirate village of Cheniere Caminada; and Rigoult, a dark Frenchman, whose ancient house still stands on Grande Isle, the island next to Grande Terre on the west. And yet again Johnness and Johannot, unless—which appears likely—these were only the real names of Dominique and Beluche.

The Princess Louise, who is passing the idle days in Bermuda, was touchingly referred to by the Prince of Wales in his speech a fortnight ago to the graduates of the London high schools. In the meantime, what was the Princess Louise doing in Bermuda? On the day before the reception tendered her at St. George's she went on a sketching expedition along the shore, all alone, and, after a time, becoming thirsty, went for a drink to the cottage of a negro fisherman. No one was there but "auntie," and she was as busy as could be, ironing a shirt for her "ole man" to wear at the reception. The Princess asked her for a drink. "I'se no time to bodder getting water fo' you," was the reply; "I'se fearful busy, for I'se bound to see de Queen's chile to-morrow." "But, if you'll get me a drink I'll iron while you do so," said the thirsty Princess. The offer was accepted, the Princess finished the shirt and got her drink, and then revealed her identity. "Fo' de Lo'd, honey?" exclaimed "auntie," when she recovered from her surprise. "ole man no' no one shee ever wear *dat* shirt again, nohow."

China and Japan.

Bishop Bowman, in response to a request that he should give some recital of his observations while in China and Japan, addressed a good sized audience in the Duke street Methodist church at Lancaster, last week, and for an hour held their closest attention by his interesting accounts, given in an entertaining and conversational style.

The bishop began by saying that he had came without any preparation to make some remarks, as was annouced, upon his observations made while in China and Japan, and would say for the benefit of those who were not members of the church that it is the custom, by order of the general conference, to have missionary agents to visit every two years the missionary fields of the church. About five years ago it was his duty to visit India, and while in the old world he also was in Germany, Norway, Denmark and Italy. Two years ago he was appointed to visit Mexico, and then China and Japan, in which latter countries he spent about eight months. The bishop promised he would confine his remarks only to the customs and institutions of these countries. He was struck by the wide contrast in the manner of living between the two nations, although the probabilities are that the Chinese are of the same great branch of the human family as the Japanese. For example, the Japanese always sit and lie upon the floor; he had never seen a bedstead among them. Their bed is of straw and mattress, and the pillow is the same in both countries, being a block of wood scalloped out for the reception of the neck. As instances of their different modes of action the speaker said the Japanese in using a saw, saw upwards; the Chinese the reverse, and in China drawing the plane, chopping, chiseling, in fact, almost everything that is done by hand, is executed contrary to our modes In the matter of dress the Chinese are very different from the Japanese. Instead of the multifarious and familiar dress of the former the latter have a long wrapper fastened by a belt around the waist. Among these people the spirit and general character and appearance are very marked. Among the Japanese the size and appearance of each are exceedingly alike. The Chinese vary much in size. Those whom we are accustomed to see, it is true, are generally small in stature, but they mostly come from the province of Canton, where that is a prominent characteristic. In Japan the common people are almost naked, in China they are all clothed, some very humbly, but neatly. The Japanese are very easy to approach, the Chinese are opposite. In Japan the bishop was greeted friendly, and everywhere was saluted with "Oio" which there means, "Have you had your breakfast?"—equivalent to our "How do you do?" Apropos of this, the bishop related that while General Bingham, of Ohio, was in that country he was so continually greeted with this salutation by the children that he wonderingly wanted to know of a friend "how do these little people know I am from Ohio?" and it appeared quite a distinction that these far-off people should so well appreciate Ohio, and her characteristic production of great men. The bishop was struck with the generous and open spirit of the Japanese, and told several instances of their easy, yet well bred familiarity. In their country the ladies are on the street as among us, but in China the better class of ladies confine themselves to their homes. It is among this class of the female population of China that the small feet are found, and it is there a common sight to see a lady weighing perhaps 150 pounds, hobble about with a cane in each hand, on her distorted feet. Among the common class of women, however, this custom is not in vogue, and they have feet as large as the ladies of Chicago, or St. Louis, between which two cities, the bishop incidently remarked, there is great rivalry as to the size of the ladies' feet.

Japan is an assemblage of islands, 3,000 small ones and 4 large ones. These little islands are of a conical shape invariably, never flat like those in our Susquehanna, and indicate that they were thrown up by volcanic power. They are cultivated from bottom to top, and are always fresh and green. The large islands are not less tilled. Among the natural attractions the bishop mentioned the Fusiyama, a mountain of volcanic formation 13,000 feet high, which he had seen in wonderful beauty at sunrise and sunset. Among the Japanese there is a strong element of progress, and they have adopted much that is customary with Christianized nations. The government requires all governmental officials to dress in European style, only wearing a badge to indicate their rank. The government has set apart every seventh day as a day of rest, still it is no sense a Sabbath day; it is distinctly a time from cessation from toil, but it is in many ways convenient to missionaries in their work. They have also adopted much of our system of education. The bishop had visited a kindergarten school, where he found many children taught to sew, paint and draw. He had also observed that the little girls had their hair banged like American girls. But he proved that bangs were an institution of civilization borrowed from China and Japan, where one style of head dress is worn until a certain age, then another style is adopted, and after the girls are married they wear the hair in a way to indicate that they are no longer in the market. In the high schools, where boys and girls attend, separately, the system of education is very creditable, and every well learned Japanese can read Chinese, as can the educated Chinese read Japanese. The government has adopted the idea that the people should be taught the Western languages, but so distinguish them that those engaged in the navy speak English, those in the army French and those in medicine (to complete the study of which it takes 14 years,) and in science, German. The great error in this is that those in these different avocations cannot communicate with each other in these different tongues, and must naturally fall back to the native language. The speaker gave several interesting examples to show how eager were the Japanese for knowledge, and their intelligence and readiness to accept the Christian doctrine.

Considering China proper, the bishop said that it was about 1,200 miles in length and 1,500 miles in width, with over three million square miles. The country is a marvellous one. Its great river is the Yang-tse-Kiang, which is nearly equal to the Mississippi. The largest vessels can navigate up 1,500 miles from the mouth, then for about 300 miles it is narrow and shallow, but above that for a dist