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.

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

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1884.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVIII, NO 17
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVIII, NO 9

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1M	2M	3M	6M	1Y
One inch......	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two inches.....	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	12 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
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☞ Pensions and Bounties Collected.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Maize's building, over Billmeyer's grocery. May 20, '81.

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A. K. OSWALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5. May 6, '81. BERWICK, PA

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Always of the latest styles. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.
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April 25-1y

(Continued from last week.)
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(To be continued.)

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This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all—London Lancet.
There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.
Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases and that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention this paper. HEAL THYSELF
April 4-4w d

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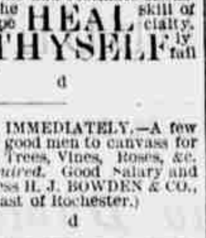

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On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine.
☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package or 6 packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold in Bloomsburg by all druggists. Nov 9-1y

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Read the papers and be posted as to the best and cheapest spot in the city to buy your Ready-made Clothing. Our spring stock, now ready, is fine, well assorted and low priced.

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Bulwer Lytton's Bridge.

WHERE IT TOUCHES THE SHORES AND THE GREAT COLUMNS IN MIDSTREAM.

"What a beautiful bridge between old age and childhood is religion. How intuitively the child begins with prayer and worship on entering life, and how intuitively, on quitting life, the old man turns back to prayer and worship, putting himself again side by side with the infant," remarks Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his "Strange Story."

Yes, but between its distant abutments the bridge of life has many high and awful arches, through which the wild waters dash and roar in wrath and dissolution. Prayer and worship alone do not sustain these. Nature's solid rocks must lie unshaken beneath, and human art and skill must rear and solidify the structure overhead. God's will is best exemplified in the laws He has made for the creatures whom He has placed under their control. Neither the child's trustful "Our Father," nor the old man's "Forget me not in the midst of mine infirmities," will alter this by the weight of a single grain.

Science and art first—then faith and prayer—is the order of Heaven itself. Divinity heals through its agents, and those agents are the discoveries of man; not the vague announcements of prophets or seers. Is life a burden to you? Does time drag? Is your power to cope with life's problem and duties weakened? You are not well. Your blood is sluggish and tainted, perhaps; or some important organ is torpid or overworked. This fact may have taken the form of dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, malaria, pains in the stomach, chronic headache, or any of a dozen other ills. PARKER'S TONIC will invigorate you, as fresh air invigorates those who have been shut up in damp, fetid cells. It is powerful, pure, delicious, scientific, safe—the keystone of the central arch of the bridge of life.

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When feline concerts drive away sleep, your best solace is found in Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

March 21-4t

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RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.
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THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES.
PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. R. N. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering." Dr. C. M. Summerlin, Sun Hill, Ga.
IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.
☞ It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. 2
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DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL
Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches.
The best internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eight languages.
Price 50 cents and $1.00.
FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

SELECT STORY.

THE HEIRESS.

"I dont think he cares two straws for me," thought Elsie Miller, pulling the withered roses out of her hair with a quick, impatient little jerk. "And he used to be so different. Oh, dear! talk about the fickleness of woman. Men are twenty times as unaccountable. But I don't care one particle."

And, in undeniable proof of her indifference, the round, bright drops rolled down her fresh, pink cheeks, and her lip quivered.

Elsie was a pretty, piquant little damsel, with eyes as blue as china marbles, a complexion like a damask rose, and bright tendrils of silken hair, partaking decidedly of the reddish hue, greatly to our heroine's daily dissatisfaction.

"Nobody has red hair in all my novels," said Elsie, almost ready to despair.

Aunt Bridget Merriam had brought Elsie up until she stood on the threshold of her seventeenth year—brought her up in a kindly, old-fashioned sort of a way, to knit and sew, and to make her own fresh little merino dresses, and stitch her own spotless linen collars.

"For there's no knowing what tribulation a body may have to pass through in the world, Elsie," said the old lady solemnly; "and it's always just as well to be able to turn hand to almost anything. I've lived sixty and seven years, and I've found out that Heaven helps those who helps themselves."

So Elsie unconsciously proved herself for a stormy future, brightening up whatever weapons nature had given for that battle with the world which Aunt Bridget appeared to consider almost inevitable. And when Aunt Bridget died suddenly; and she was left alone, poor Elsie thought vaguely of dressmaking, school teaching, copying—all the make shifts by which women now-a-days contrive to stave off the wolf's footsteps from their doors.

"This is a very unexpected stroke of providence, Miss Miller," said Mr. Peck, the solemn faced lawyer.

"Yes, sir, indeed it is," said Elsie, sadly, think how lonely the house would be without Aunt Bridget's brisk step, and aged, kindly face.

"But we must all be prepared to meet the dispensation of a higher wisdom than ours," he added.

"Yes, sir," said Elsie, wishing he would stop talking in that sanctimonious whine, and tell her whether she had better accept the situation as teacher to the district school, or go as governess to Squire Dalton's six motherless little girls.

"And we, none of us suspected for an instant that our dear departed friend was worth fifty thousand dollars.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" Elsie opened her china-blue eyes widely enough now.

"Exactly that sum, my dear Miss Miller—and she has been—been pleased to testifiy her confidence in my—ha—humble abilities, by constituting me your guardian until you reach the age of twenty one years. Allow me—hum—to proffer my most cordial congratulations.

How Mr. Peck wished his Freddy was twenty instead of ten years of age!

"For," he inwardly reasoned, stroking his lank, bristly chin, "she's sure to fall a victim to some fortune hunter or other. And she's such a fool."

But Mr. Peck was mistaken in that last estimate Elsie Miller was no fool.

Gervaise Colton heard the story of Miss Miller's good fortune in silence.

"I am glad you told me," he said to his informant, Squire Dalton. "I was going there this very evening, to ask Elsie if she would accept a home at my hands."

"Do you mean marry, marry you?" demanded the straightforward squire.

"Certainly—of course."

"My dear boy, you couldn't do a more sensible thing. You'll have the richest wife and the prettiest wife in town, and I always thought that little Elsie fancied you. Go, by all means."

"Never!" said Gervaise, emphatically.

"Hallo!" cried the squire, dropping the red silk handkerchief that he was flourishing about and staring fixedly about at the handsome young man opposite him.

"I would sooner cut my right hand off than give people occasion to call me a fortune-hunter," said Colton, with quiet determination that made his mouth look like iron, his words like adamant.

"Gammon!" said the squire, rather uncourteously; "didn't you just tell me you were about to propose to her, under the impression that she hadn't a penny in the world?"

"Yes I told you so, and it was the truth—it would be rather difficult to convince the world in general of it."

"Oh, bother the world in general! What do you care for its verdict one way or the other?"

But Colton shook his head.

"I have striven all my life long to be an honorable gentleman," said he calmly—"nor shall I allow the shadow of a shade to dim my character now. I love Elsie Miller as truly and tenderly as a man can love, but I will not submit to be called an heiress-hunter!"

"But, my dear boy, please reflect that the days of Don Quixote are over. Nobody will appreciate the sacrifice you are making; and Elsie herself will probably marry some calculating merchant or other, who won't make half so good a husband to her as you would have done."

Gervaise Colton remained obstinately unconvinced, however, and the squire's eloquence was utterly thrown away.

And little Elsie? How she marvelled at Gervaise's altered manner—at his cold constraint and distant politeness; what scalded tears she cried into her midnight pillow, and how vainly she tried to read the unreadable riddle.

"I'm sure he used to like me," said Elsie, as she bathed her eyes with rose-water in the mornings. "And there's the rosebuds he gave me just before Aunt Bridget died, and the letters he used to write, and—and—"

So ended most of Miss Elsie's soliloquies—in tears.

"But I don't care!" persisted our heroine.

The months passed away, and still Gervaise adhered to his new role of distant, courteous friend, and one night Elsie resolved to ask him what she had done to forfeit the whole place in his heart.

So she marched up to him, in the merry confusion of good Squire Dalton's birthday party—a resolute little soldier, in armor of white muslin and shield of roses.

Gervaise was leaning sadly against the door, listening abstractedly to the music, when Elsie laid her boquet of roses lightly on his arm.

"Gervaise!"

He started.

"Miss Miller!"

"Miss Miller," she repeated, bitterly. "Oh! Gervaise—you used to call me Elsie once. Why are you so cold—so changed? What have I done to lose your friendship?"

"Nothing," he answered, strangely embarrassed.

"Gervaise!"

"Will you excuse me, he said, hurriedly. I see a friend to whom I must speak."

Elsie stood with her cheeks flaming like the roses in her hand, and her blue eyes humid with tears. Had she humiliated herself in vain?

And this was the night she went home and declared for at least the hundred and ninety-ninth time, that "she didn't care."

"I cannot endure this," thought Gervaise Colton. "I shall forget dignity, manhood, resolution and every thing else if she looks me in the eyes like that once again. Oh, Miss Bridget Merriam's fifty thousand dollars could be thrown into the sea!"

All that night Gervaise spent in packing his valise, burning old letters, and setting his affairs in order for a journey.

"I may as well go out West," he thought. "It's a wild place and a lonely place, and I shall be safe from the besetting demand of temptation only there. I may surely keep this bunch of dried violets that she gave me the day of the picnic; she will never know."

Alas, there was little of consolation in that last reflection.

"Ought I to write and bid her good-by?" he pondered, with an indescribable yearning, for the one last link to bridge over the dividing currents of their lives. "No, I must leave her free, unfettered even by a fancy."

Gervaise Colton sat underneath the swinging lamp of the express train as it thundered through the midnight solitudes, with folded arms, and sleepless staring eyes. He was leaving hope, happiness, sunshine, behind him forever.

Oh, why had Providence made the path of duty so narrow, and so beset by prickly thorns? Why must he fight such a perpetual battle with himself? Would it not be better to die at once?

As the vague, repining aspiration after the peace and oblivion of death came across his mind, there was a crash—a jar—a noise like the rendering of beams and splintering of arches—and Gervaise Colton was thrown violently against the side of the car, with a concussion that for a few moments deprived him of sense of consciousness. Then he struggled up, sick and faint, into a sitting position, and became aware that he was surrounded by dead and dying.

The train had run off the track, and the three foremost cars were precipitated into a sort of gorge or declivity some seven or eight feet deep, just beyond. Gervaise Colton had wished for death—here it was, face to face with him. No wonder that he shrank appalled from the gastly sight.

Steadying himself by the broken seat, he rose to his feet, convincing himself that he was not seriously hurt, beyond a bruise or two, and began to assist his less fortunate fellow travelers.

Almost directly behind him had sat a man in a slouched hat and muffled face; he lay now beneath a mass of splintered woodwork and shivered glass.

"It's no use," he groaned feebly, as Gervaise dragged away the super-incumbent weight, and tried to lift him up; "I'm dying fast; there's an ugly gash on the back of my head that all the surgeons in creation couldn't close up again. Let me die in peace."

"Why, it is Jonathan Peck!" exclaimed Gervaise, recognizing the lawyer's voice, husky and faint though it was.

"Yes, Gervaise Colton, it is I," faltered the dying man. "Go back to Elsie Miller and tell her she is penniless once more. I have risked her fortune in railroad shares, and lost it; but if I had succeeded—and they looked promising—I should have doubled it for her. I was on my way to Europe. I dared not look her in the face, and tell her what I am telling you. But it is all over now. God will judge me more charitable than man would have done; and I meant well indeed—indeed—indeed, I meant well. For—"

There was a choking sort of gurgle in his throat—a rush of crimson blood over his lips—and the next moment Gervaise Colton was holding a dead man's head upon his knee.

* * * * * *

Lost! My fortune all lost! Stop a moment, Gervaise, and let me collect my thoughts—my head is growing dizzy, I think.

Elsie Miller had cared as little for the money glitter of wealth as woman could, and yet this shock came to her sharp and sudden. No more luxury, no more indolent indulgences, no more day dreams. She must turn once more to the hard, dusty high-road of workday life; and oh! how lonely and desolate she felt in the contemplation of that new existence.

"Oh, Gervaise, Gervaise, what shall I do?"

The words broke almost involuntarily from her parched lips; there was an imploring gleam in her blue eyes.

"I will tell you, Elsie," he said, gently taking both of her cold, fluttering hands in his. "Trust yourself to me—give your future into my care. And may Heaven be my judge if ever I fail in the charge it has committed to me!"

"Gervaise—I—I am a little bewildered by this strange, sudden calamity, and I do not quite understand you."

"I love you, Elsie—I would fain make you my wife. That should surely be plain enough," he said fondly.

"But my money is all gone. I am poor as the beggars on yonder pavement."

"I rejoice that it is gone, Elsie. Your wealth has been a barrier between us long enough—now I may dare to speak out what has been in my heart for years. Thank God that you are poor, Elsie."

"Oh, Gervaise, how cruelly you have misjudged."

"That's not the question, Elsie," he answered, tenderly. "Will you be my wife? Will you give me the right to care for you and protect you always?"

She laid her hot cheek upon his shoulder.

"I have loved you Gervaise, as long and as faithfully as you have loved me." The barrier was broken down at last, and heart met heart.

"I am poor to-night," said Elsie, half-jestingly, as she sat in the twilight with her hand close-imprisoned in Gervaise's tender clasp, "but I think I am richer than I have ever been before."

She was an heiress no longer—she was only plain little Elsie Miller; yet how unspeakably precious in Gervaise Colton's eyes!

And Jotham Peck might have rested easier in his dishonest grave, knowing that he was forgiven!

Geo. Bliss' Wages.

"What was your entire charge?"

"$59,532. Of this amount $4,342 was for expenses. About $8,000 of it is still unpaid.

"Gibson says you got $150 a day.

"That is not true. My bills covered greater periods than he reckoned."

"How many men did you convict?" asked Representative Fyan.

"Only two."

"Were they punished?"

"No, sir."

"Would you charge for Sunday? Mr. Springer inquired.

"I think my bills show that I charged for Sunday. I know I worked on Sundays."

"Whose fault do you think it was that there was no convictions?" asked Fyan.

"I think it was the fault of the jury, sir."

Continuing, Bliss said: "I say distinctly that I never charged more than $100 a day except possibly when the trial was being conducted. I would consider it a mighty poor day in New York when I don't get $100."—*Star Route Investigation.*

Congressman-at-Large.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

General W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, Bucks county, who was nominated by the Democratic state convention for congressman-at-large, is a son of the late General John Davis, who was a noted Democrat in his life time. He was surveyor of the port of Philadelphia during the administration of President Polk. His son was a student in the law department of Howard University at Cambridge, Mass., when the Mexican war broke out. He cast aside his law books, enlisted as a private in Colonel Caleb Cushing's Massachusetts regiment, of which he was appointed adjutant, and served to the close of the war.

SECRETARY OF NEW MEXICO.

In 1853 he was appointed secretary of New Mexico by President Polk, and for a considerable time was acting governor of that territory. Upon his return to Pennsylvania he purchased the Doylestown *Democrat*, in 1857, and ever since has been the editor and proprietor of that influential paper. When the rebellion broke out in 1861 he raised the 104th regiment, of which he became colonel, and was subsequently promoted to a brigadier generalship for gallant and meritorious service. In one of the many engagements in which he participated, he lost four fingers of the right hand. In 1865 he was the Democratic candidate for auditor general, but was defeated by Governor Hartranft.

AGAIN DEFEATED.

In 1882 he was the Democratic candidate for congress in the Bucks-Montgomery district, and was defeated by only a few votes. General Davis is an able lawyer, writer and speaker, and beside his editorial labors has contributed several valuable papers to the historical society of Pennsylvania. His personal appearance is very striking; slender and straight as an arrow, his bearing is that of a soldier. He is a captivating man in the social circle, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. His age is about sixty years. He is a brother-in-law of Chief Justice Mercur, of the supreme court, the latter having married the general's sister.

It is said that the claimant, Sir Roger, is to adopt the stage as a profession on his release from Portland prison, which will now shortly take place. The first character in which he will appear is *Sir John Falstaff.* He was to have been installed in a public house, but it was felt he had enough of trial at bar already.

Strychnine having been called the "medicine for alcoholism," an over enthusiastic French writer demands that the Government compel the introduction of a small quantity of the drug into all of the alcohol likely to be used for liquors. His notion is to render it harmless as a beverage. Dr. Dujardin-Beaumatz, in the *Bulletin de Therapeutique*, shows that the wholesale doctoring of this kind would not do. He also points out the important fact that while strychnine is an excellent remedy in delirium tremens, it is of no value whatever in alcoholism.

Western doctors say that some of their medical colleges are so greatly in want of students that the so-called preliminary examinations are a mere farce. It seems that last autumn a young man, after paying his advance fees to a medical institution, desired to attend another college, and requested that his money be returned. This being refused, the youth determined to display great ignorance at the preliminary examination, and out of twenty-five questions put to him, answered but three correctly. Certain of his rejection, he called upon the dean next day for his money. He was informed, however, with great affability, that his examination had been entirely satisfactory. The college cashed the claim only after a lawsuit threatened.

An Indianapolis man, who claims to know, says that an iron girder will lose its stiffness under a heat which would not ignite on an oak beam.

No Death for Over Thirty Years.

Since the first settlement of Fort Ross, Ponoma county, now over thirty years, with a population averaging from 50 to 100, there has never been a death in the place. The hotel is the old residence of the Russian commandante, built a generation before gold was first discovered in California; its floors are made of great redwood planks, six inches thick, and the great beams, groined rafters, and vast iron hinges, reaching clear across the door, give the place quite a dungeon-like appearance. The octagon block-houses, pierced for cannon, with the quaint old chapel, from which once a chime of bells summoned a strange people to their devotions are tangible remembrances of a population here, now almost prehistoric. These people selected a place of marvelous beauty and intrinsic merit, having a nice little harbor in which they build their ships in safety, and a bench of a thousand acres of fertile land, skirted by dense forests of redwood, rising from the valley to the height of 2000 feet, all watered by copious springs and rivulets, to make up its salient features. The old redwood stockade, which has been in the ground seventy years, is nearly as sound as when first made, and several logs have been taken from this place to England to show the durability of the wood. The other great merit of redwood is that it sprouts from the stump and thus renews itself; it is thought to be the only evergreen tree that has that quality. When the Russians cut the redwoods sixty years ago the new trees that have sprouted from the stumps are about three feet in diameter. —[*San Francisco Alta.*

Singeing the Hair.

THE LATEST CRAZE IN THE TONSORIAL LINE.

"Yes," said a Monroe street barber, as he quickly tossed a blazing gas jet over the head of the customer, singeing the hair off as accurately as it could have been clipped by a pair of scissors, "the latest craze in the tonsorial art is the singeing process. The method usually adopted in large shops is to use a movable drop light. The comb is passed through the hair, and the ends are burned off by the flame of gas, which is turned down low."

"What is the particular benefit claimed to be derived from this process?"

"It is claimed that it prevents the hair from changing color, and restores to its original color faded and colorless hair. So popular has the singeing process become that every first class barber-shop is prepared to remove hair either by the scissors or by burning. It is claimed that in singeing the hair the ends are hermetically sealed, thus preventing the escape of the vital principle, or fluid of the hair at the ends, just as the sealing of a thermometer by the blow-pipe prevents the escape of the mercury and the action of outside agencies."

The secret of the preservative influence on the hair of singeing was discovered in France in a very singular manner. Some years ago a terrible gas explosion occurred in Paris, and among the casualities reported was that of an elderly gentleman, who, upon alighting after having been blown into the air an unknown distance, discovered that his hair had been burned off close to his head. What was his surprise to find a few weeks later a luxuriant growth of hair where before had been scattered a few gray tufts of what looked more like frost-killed bunch grass than healthy hair. Acting upon the hint afforded by this well-authenticated case as to the effects of singeing off the hair, the process of singeing hair to give it luster and prevent its turning gray was adopted in a few of the shaving parlors of Paris. The process speedily became so popular that it was generally adopted. In Boston this method of treating hair has been in vogue for several years. So far as I know, however, this is the first season of its use in anything like a general way in Chicago. The theory that it seals up the ends of the hairs and prevents the leaching of the marrow of the hair is, I think, correct. We have a good many customers and the number is steadily increasing. It is considered best to singe the hair once in about four weeks, and the man who keeps this up through life, it is contended by competent French authorities who have had opportunity to practically investigate the matter, will never have gray hair, and his locks will always preserve the luster of youth."

"Do you have many lady customers?"

"Quite a number. The ladies are particularly sensitive to the appearance of faded or gray hair. Yes, the business in hair singeing is rapidly increasing, and the remark, 'Give us a singe,' is getting to be almost as frequent as the demand for a hair-cut or a shave."—[*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Politeness is sometimes fatal. Up in Michigan the other day, a nurse and her charge were killed by the bough of a tree.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Yolks of eight eggs beaten to the lightest possible cream, two cupfuls of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted well with flour. Bake in three jelly-cake pans. Make an icing of the whites of three eggs and one pound of sugar. Spread it between the cakes and sprinkle grated cocoanut thickly over each layer. It is delicious when properly made.

VELVET CREAM.—One-half package of gelatine, one cup of granulated sugar, large cup of sherry, one generous pint of rich, sweet cream. Soak the gelatine in one cup of cold water for an hour. Put the sugar and wine on the soaked gelatine. Cover closely and leave for an hour. Then put the bowl containing them into a basin of hot water, stirring occasionally until the gelatine is dissolved, when strain and set aside to cool. Keep this covered all the time to retain the flavor of the wine. Now whip the cream to a stiff froth, and as the gelatine begins to congeal, beat it, a spoonful at a time, into the whipped cream. Beat thoroughly when all together and turn into a mould wet with cold water, and set upon ice until wanted.