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 song 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 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, AUGUST 22, 1884.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	6W	1Y
One inch.....	$2 00	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$8 0
Two inches....	3 00	4 00	5 00	8 00	13 0
Three inches....	4 00	5 00	7 00	11 00	18 00
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Quarter column..	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
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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.

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S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN. 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. Office in Maize's building, over Billmeyer's grocery.

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$11,950 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY
ATTENTION, SMOKERS!
All contestants for the 25 premiums aggregating above amount, offered by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., must observe the following conditions on which the premiums are to be awarded: All bags must bear our original Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue Stamp, and Caution Notice. The bags must be done up securely in a package with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained plainly marked on the outside. Charges must be prepaid. *Contest closes November 30th.* All packages should be forwarded December 1st, and must reach us at Durham *not later than December 10th.* No matter where you reside, send your package, advise us by mail that you have done so, and state the number of bags sent. Names of successful contestants, with number of bags returned, will be published, Dec. 22, in Boston, *Herald*; New York, *Herald*; Philadelphia, *Times*; Durham, N. C., *Tobacco Plant*; New Orleans, *Times-Democrat*; Cincinnati, *Enquirer*; Chicago, *Daily News*; San Francisco, *Chronicle*. Address, BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C. Every genuine package has picture of Bull. ☞ See our next announcement. March 21-1y

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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.
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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
PRICE, $1.00 LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Burlington Vt.
KIDNEY-WORT

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

Imitation always follows a successful article, and imitation is one of the best proofs of real honest merit; and thus it is that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* has its imitators. Buyers can always tell the genuine by the trade-mark of a *crown*, from which is *suspended* a pair of *scales*. Be sure BOTH *crown* and *scales* are stamped in the cap of the watch case. Jewelers are very cautious about endorsing an article unless they not only *know* that it is good, but that the character of the manufacturers is such that the quality of the goods will be *kept fully up to standard*.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Feb. 13, 1883.
The James Boss' Gold Watch Cases go like hot cakes. Each one I sell sells another. Don't need to recommend them; they sell themselves. One of my customers has had a James Boss' Gold Watch Case in use for 10 years, and it is as good as ever. With this case I do not hesitate to give my own guarantee, especially with the new and improved cases, which seem to be everlasting. JESSE T. LITTLE, *Jeweler*.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Jan. 8, 1883.
This gold case, No. 6666, known as the James Boss' Gold Watch Case, came into my possession about 1865, has been in use since that time, and is still in good condition. The movement is the one which was in the case when I bought it, and its condition shows that the case has really out-worn the movement, which is played out. MARTIN A. HOWARD, *Of Board of Directors N. J. R. R. & Trans. Co.*
Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)

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 in Columbian building, 2nd floor. *To be open at all hours during the day* Nov. 28-1y

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

CENTAUR LINIMENT
An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, &c. An Instantaneous Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy.

SELECT STORY.

THE CROWSNEST GHOST.

It would be almost impossible to discover any entirely devoid of superstition than myself. Nevertheless, when 17 years old an event happened which caused me to believe mine a haunted life. I was staying in Paris at the house of my guardian, Sir Charles C——, and dressing for my first ball—a ball at the English embassy. My dress, a triumph of Parisan taste, had been fastened, and I stood before the glass while my maid arranged the flowers in my hair. A splendid boquet lay beside my gloves and fan upon the toilet table.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid Justine in French as she stepped back to survey her work admiringly.

I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true.

"I wonder who sent me these flowers?" I said, taking up the boquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners to-night," was the girl's reply.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. A telegram was handed to me.

"Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill and wishes to see her stepdaughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message. I dropped the paper upon the floor. "Bring me a railway guide—quick!" I said to Justine.

Mrs. Northcote was my stepmother, but we had never met. My father had made a mesalliance out in India by taking a half-caste for his second wife, and when he died he left to his widow, for her life, the family estate of "Crowsnest," to which he had only just succeeded. I found by the railway guide that it I changed my dress with speed there was time to catch the last train that night for Paris. By noon next day I should reach Dashire, in which county Crowsnest is situated.

"Justine," I cried, excitedly, "bring me my traveling dress. You must go with me to-night to England—"

"Mon Dieu, mademoiselle! Would you take off that ravishing dress that suits you to such marvel? Would you give up the ball—?"

Once more I looked at my reflection in the glass. Once more I took up the railway time table to study its contents. At 9 o'clock next morning there was another train.

* * * * * *

Meditatively I raised the boquet to my face. Who was it said, "The woman who hesitates is lost?" The sweet perfume of the flowers permeated my senses. Who had sent them? Curiosity prevailed. I would wait till the morrow, go to the ball and solve the mystery. Sir Charles and Lady C—— were waiting for me when I descended the stairs. I did not say anything about the telegram; we entered the carriage and were driven to the Embassy.

The hall was brilliant in the extreme, and I was completely intoxicated with the adulation I received. "La jolie Anglaise!" "The new debutante!" was on everybody's lips. The night was half over before I even remembered the avowed object of my deferred departure for England—namely, to discover the sender of the flowers.

"Of what are you thinking so profoundly, Miss Northcote?" asked a gentleman in a way that made me start. The speaker was Mr. Weston. He had been introduced to me a few days before at my guardian's house.

"I was thinking of the sender of the lovely bouquet and wondering who he is. See, my name, 'Nina,' is spelled out in white violets," I answered, holding the flowers toward him.

"I hope you were thinking kindly of the donor?"

"Indeed I was."

"Thank you. Will you always so think of him—of me?"

My surprise was too great to frame an immediate reply. Besides, his manner embarrassed me. It inferred so much more than the mere words. I danced with him more frequently than with any one else, and found a new and strange attraction in his presence. On returning from the ball, I told my kind host and hostess of the telegram and of my determination to start for England on the morrow.

Lady C—— looked grave when she read the message.

"You might have saved a few hours, dear——," she said.

"Only a very few. And then I should have missed the most delightful experience of all my life!" I answered fervently.

"But it was a case of life and death, my child," she added gently. And I felt she had given me a reproof.

My trunks were soon packed by Justine, who accompanied me to England. Sir Charles C——, as my legal guardian, also insisted on going with me, and late on the following night we were driving through the moonless darkness of country roads to Crowsnest. A stately housekeeper met us in the hall.

"Miss Northcote, you come too late," she said, and there was more austerity than sadness in her tone. "My dear mistress died three hours ago. If you had left Paris last night you would have been in time. My lady had a communication she desired to make to you."

"What was it?" I asked, in much distress.

"That no one will ever know in this world," was the answer. And I felt from that moment as though Mrs. Stevens was my enemy.

Sir Charles C—— remained at Crowsnest until after the funeral. Then, in vain, he urged me to return with him to Paris. I was bent on remaining a few weeks longer in the quaint, old-fashioned house, which now to all intents and purposes was mine. With the exception of one bedroom in it, a description of Crowsnest is not necessary to the development of my tale, but to describe that is imperative. The room had taken my fancy from the first. It was long and large and low; the walls paneled with cedar-wood. On the panels hung framed tapestry pictures, the work of past generations of Northcotes. The ceiling of cedar wood, with curiously-carved rafters, made the walls look even lower than they were. A time-mellowed square of Indian carpet covered the centre of the cedar floor, on which stood the bed—of the same wood, and richly carved—raised on a dais. There were two windows; that nearest the bed, a bay with diamond panes, the hangings similar to those of the bed, of old-fashioned rich brocade with faded pink satin linings. On the side of the bay window nearest the bed was fixed a modern gas bracket, which struck me as a strange anomaly and the only incongruity amid the antique surroundings. It was in this chamber my stepmother died, but utterly devoid of superstitious weakness, I decided to occupy it myself. No sooner had my kind guardian left Crowsnest than I told Mrs. Stevens of my intention, whereon she looked troubled, urging various reasons why I should not do so, none of which appeared to me of any weight. At last she said: "It was Mrs. Northcote's wish that that room should not be used. She died in it."

"And do you suppose I am so foolish as to be afraid to sleep there on that account?" I asked.

"It is not my province to suppose anything, Miss Northcote. My late mistress entertained the fancy, and if you had seen her before she died it is my belief she would have given you her reasons herself. As it is—"

"As it is, Mrs. Stevens," I answered, seeing that she paused irresolutely, "I am now mistress here, and have set my heart on that particular bedroom. Have it prepared, please, for I wish to occupy it at once.

"As you will," she said indifferently. But as she turned away I caught a peculiar look on her face, which perplexed as much as it annoyed me. My belongings were promptly removed into the covered room, my maid, Justine, occupying a small dressing room adjoining, but to which there was no through communication. The first night of my taking possession of my new quarters was close and oppressive, and I remember awaking to find the scent of the cedar wood slightly overpowering. About midnight I rose; threading my way across the floor with difficulty, for the room was almost in total darkness, I opened the nearest window. The next night, before Justine left me, I desired her not to turn the gas quite out. Three nights later I again awoke with a sense of languor and oppression. I did not go to the trouble of rising to open the window, but I looked up sleepily. The gas beside the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moon beam slanting across the room in which lay the shadow of a pear tree that grew outside close to the house. I could trace the shadow of the branches and the leaves and watched them as they flickered, stirred by the night wind. Keeping my eyes open in a half-sleepy manner, as I have said, all at once I became conscious of seeing something else beside the gaslight and moonlight, something that seemed to be between the two. It was faint and indistinct, certainly, but none the less it bore resemblance to a female form. The head appeared resting on the hand, the hair, with a ruddy gleam on it, floated backward on the shoulders. The rest of the figure was lost in darkness. I was sufficiently awake to know it was no freak of fancy, and yet the figure was altogether so faintly defined and vague in detail that before long I fell asleep and next morning remembered it as a dream only.

The succeeding night, however, I again awoke and on opening my eyes beheld the self-same figure. But this time it was more clearly visible, especially the face, which, turned towards me, I saw to be that of a very beautiful woman. Moreover, to my unspeakable horror and dismay, I discovered in it a resemblance to my stepmother, whom I had seen once, and once only, as she lay dead within her coffin. The sight was the more distressing to me inasmuch as the face wore an expression of mournful sadness combined with one of reproach. Had the spirit of my father's wife returned to earth to upbraid me for not obeying the summons to her dying bed?

A strangely commingled feeling of awe and incredulity possessed me. Of awe, inspired by the apparent presence of a being from another world; of incredulity, that such a visitation could be possible. In vain I closed my eyes pressing my hands upon them to wipe out, as it were, the sight. Whenever I opened them I saw the beautiful, reproached face, and it was not until the early summer morning dawned that it entirely disappeared and I rose from my bed sad at heart and worn in body with the weary vigil of the night. Twice more the visitation came; after that for two or three weeks the visits ceased; then were once more resumed. Before I had been two months at Crowsnest all my vaunted courage fled; my entire nature underwent a change. Though I spoke of what I had seen to one, I was, nevertheless, sensitively conscious that Mrs. Stevens remarked something amiss with me. I was even morbidly fearful that she had suspicion of the cause. I was convinced of this one morning when she said—not by any means unkindly:

"Justine tells me you have not been sleeping well, Miss Northcote. Indeed, I am concerned to see how ill you look. Do you not find the cedar chamber comfortable?"

"Perfectly comfortable, delightful! I would not change it for the world," I replied, evasively.

"Comfortable," and with that haunting presence? Heaven forgive me for that subterauge. As to Justine, she was continually urging me to quit what she termed "ce villain pays," attributing my depression to the climate, to the dull life I led, to anything rather than to the true cause. But at length her persistency, added to beseeching letters from my guardian, prevailed, and I returned to Paris.

There I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Weston. It was impossible to be blind to his feelings, his intentions. Every word and look told me that he loved me, and the day came when he asked me to be his wife. To his evident surprise and to my own inexpressible sorrow, I refused to marry him. Could I join my life—a haunted life—to that of the man I loved with all my soul? True, I had no visitation from the beautiful reproachful face since I left Crowsnest; but might it not return at any time, at any hour? Oh, why had my father's wife cast this blight upon my life? Why did she haunt me? Was it such a heinous crime not to have gone in time to see her die?

Suddenly I became possessed with a strange longing to revisit Crowsnest, to see again the weird apparition that had exercised so subtle an influence on my life. With the persistent waywardness of a spoilt child I insisted on going to Crowsnest. I insisted that no one but Justine should accompany me. My indulgent guardian yielded to my wishes, and I went, but not once during my month's visit did I see the haunting face. I believe then that my persecution was ended.

On my return to Paris Mr. Weston renewed his offer and I accepted him. A few months of my marriage happiness effectually dispersed the cloud that had overshadowed me.

My mind—warped, weakened, as it had been by giving away to morbid fancies—gained tone and vigor daily by associating with my husband's which was eminently matter of fact and practical. It was, therefore, without the slightest foreboding of evil that we set off for Dashire to spend the summer months at Crowsnest. George was much pleased with the old house; above all with the cedar chamber, which I found—without any orders to that effect—had been prepared for us. It was late at night when we arrived and there was not time to alter the arrangements; besides, there seemed no need, for I believed, as I have stated, that I had outlived my fears.

Both George and I were tired by our journey, and on retiring to rest we soon fell fast asleep. Towards morning I awoke.

A stream of moonlight flooded the chamber. As of old, the shadow of the pear tree lay along the floor, flickering in the night wind. I watched it for awhile, then—this shadow being closely associated in my mind with something else—I looked toward the bay window, and scarcely could suppress a cry. There, in the old place, between the gaslight and the moonlight, appeared—the face!

"George," I whispered, trembling, "wake! I feel so frightened."

"What is it, Nina? Have you seen a ghost?" he inquired lightly.

"Hush! Look there."

Raising himself upon his elbow, he obeyed.

"Why, there is a woman in the room!" he exclaimed, in the greatest consternation. Then, after pausing a few moments, he continued slowly and deliberately, as though reading by a bad light from a book, "No; it is only an illusion! I seem to see most distinctly a beautiful woman, her head turned this way, supported by her hand. Her hair—a bright auburn—hangs loose about her shoulders. It is a handsome face, but sorrowful—"

"Stay! What are you about to do?" I asked, as, rising, he made a quick movement forward.

"To dispel the illusion, darling."

So saying, he shook the curtain violently.

"May all ghostly visitants be as easily dispersed!" he continued, laughing, as the figure quivered, swayed, became distorted, then, in a moment, vanished.

"But what was it?"

"I will reproduce it, and you shall see."

He loosed the curtain, and it fell to the ground in the old folds and creases as it was before. There, sure enough, she was again.

"And is this what scared you on your first visit here?" he inquired, turning to me suddenly, as though a new light broke on him.

"Yes. I thought it was the spirit of my stepmother. I imagined the likeness, of course." Then between laughter and tears, I made full confession of all my superstitious folly.

Next morning we closely interroga Mrs. Stevens. She expressed her belief that the cedar chamber was haunted, and that the communication her mistress had desired to make to me was to that effect.

We read of strange results brought about by the juxtaposition of certain heavenly bodies. Here was an instance, unique in its way, in which a heavenly body—the moon—aided by such commonplace earthly materials as a modern gas jet and an old faded silk curtain, produced as perfect a specimen of a beautiful female ghost as ever visited our world.

Carboniferous Jungles.

If we could suddenly transplant ourselves from the gardens and groves of the nineteenth century into the midst of a carboniferous jungle on the delta of some forgotten Amazon or some primeval Nile, we should find ourselves surrounded by strange and somewhat monotonous scenery, very different from that of the varied and beautiful world in which we ourselves now live. The huge foliage of gigantic tree-ferns and titanic club-mosses would wave our heads, while green carpets of petty trailing creepers would spread luxuriantly over the the damp soil beneath our feet. Great swampy flats would stretch around us on every side, and instead of the rocky or undulating hills of our familiar country, we should probably see the interior country composed of low ridges, unlifted as yet by the slow upheaval of ages in the Alps and pyrennees of the modern continent. But the most striking peculiarity of the scene would doubtless be the wearisome uniformity of its prevailing colors. Earth beneath and primitive trees overhead would all alike present a single field of unbroken and unvarying green. No scarlet flower, golden fruit or gay butterfly would give a gleam of brighter and warmer coloring to the continuous verdure of that more than tropical forest. Green, and green, and green again; wherever the eye fell it would rest alike upon one monotonous and unrelieved mass of harsh and angular verdure.

He Felt Like Kicking Himself.

"I understand that you are going to Chicago to-day," said Noodles to a young lady acquaintance.

"Yes," she replied, "I depart at 4:30 p. m."

"Would you permit me to escort you to the train?" eagerly asked the youth.

"Really," said the blushing miss, "it would not be right for you to go to so much truble."

"Oh, indeed," said Noodles, courtesying profoundly, "it would give me the greatest pleasure to see you off."

Then he felt like going behind the house and kicking himsely very, very hard.—*Scissors.*

Allen Pinkerton'e Advice.

Mr. Pinkerton—old Allen as he was called by his friends—took a great interest in the welfare of young men, and we remember a conversation with him, held several years ago under the shade of a noble maple in the beautiful garden of his Monroe street home, which left a lasting impression, and a reproduction of which may encourage many struggling men,

"My youth," said Mr. Pinkerton, "was a continuous struggle. I knew but little of the joys of childhood; my fate was work. When I was old enough to see the distinction between right and wrong—and I think if children are properly educated they will soon realize the difference—I obeyed the dictates of my conscience, and to that I ascribe my success in life. No matter how many temptations were placed in my way I adhered to my principles. In political matters, conscience was my guide. Early in life I enlisted in the cause of my native country's (Scotland) freedom and when I came to the United States I became a red-hot abolitionist. I have erred many times in my life, but I have endeavored to right every wrong unwittingly committed.

"Many young men come to me applying for advice and assistance. My advice has been the same in every instance. If a young man is willing to work and to lead an honest life he will be successful, I have given pecuniary assistance to some applicants, and I acted unwisely. A healthy young man needs no pecuniary assistance from his friends if he has got the get-up in him which makes men of sound principles.

"A number of young men just starting out in life asked me for advice as to what profession or business they should enter. In every instance I admonished them to steer clear of counting rooms and stores. My experience has taught me that clerks of every description are the most unhappy mortals, as they are expected to live and dress well on small salaries. I know of hundreds of clerks in Chicago who are compelled to steal and pilfer in order to keep up appearances, while industrious young mechanics save a little money every week in the year.

"Many young men from the country are ruined in large cities, and my men could tell you of scores of promising young gentleman whose honorable existence ended at bridewell. They came to Chicago with the expectation of finding work, and being disappointed they fell into the hands of thieves and thugs. It seems to me that the newspapers of the country should warn young men against coming to large cities. Of course, some are successful, but to the great majority the step is fraught with danger.

"Young women also should avoid large cities. When they arrive from their country homes they are innocent and easy fall victims to the professional 'mashers' of the cities. Girls can earn more money in small towns and cities. Thousands of Chicago factory girls and clerks in the dry good stores cannot earn more than five dollars per week. They have to pay from one to two dollars room rent per week, which leaves them a balance of three dollars for board and dress. The result of such a life is apparent. Look at our factory girls. Starvation is written upon their faces, or if they escape the marks of hunger you can notice the marks of a shameful life. I have made several efforts to induce the newspapers to call attention to this state of affairs, but have been only partially successful."

The man who gave me this timely advice is now at rest forever; but his words should be heeded by the young people of our city and state. We have seen much of the sufferings of strangers in Chicago and other large cities, and can answer for the truth of Mr. Pinkerton's statements. Every year Iowa sends a number of her young men and women to the large cities, and in nine cases out of ten they return penniless and ruined, while at home or in the west they would become valued and respected citizens.—Burlington *Hawkeye.*

The Cost of a Lead Pencil.

"What does it cost to make a lead pencil?" queried a reporter of the New York *Sun*, "First let me tell you how we make a pencil," said the manufacturer. "See this fine powder? That's graphite. It costs twenty-five cents a pound. This white stuff is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay and this powder together and grind them in a mill, allowing moisture to be added during the process, until the two are thoroughly assimilated, and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty.

"This pase we press into these dies, each one of which is the size of a pencil lead, except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After being pressed we cut them into the proper length, and bake them in an oven kept at a very high heat. There we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more clay we put in, the harder the lead.

"The cedar we use principally comes from the swamps of Florida, and is obtained entirely from the fallen trees that lie there. The wood is delivered to us in blocks sawed to pencil lengths; some thick, to receive the lead, and others thin, for the piece that is glued over the lead. The blocks are sawed for four pencils each. They are grooved by a saw, the groove being the place where the lead is to lie.

"The leads are kept in hot glue, and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are ready. When that is done, the thin block is glued fast to the thick one. When dry, the blocks are run through a machine that cuts the pencils apart. Then they are run through a machine that shapes and brushes them, and they are ready to be tied in bunches, boxed, and put out.

"The different grades in value are made by finer manipulation of the graphite. Here is a pencil that is about the average quality used in every day business. It costs a little more than a quarter of a cent to get it ready for market. We sell it to dealers at one hundred per cent. profit, and the dealer makes much more than that. Of this grade an operator and the machinery will easily make 2,000 a day."

Mr. Kislingbury's Body Exhumed.

A MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE GREELEY EXPEDITION SHOWS THAT THE BONES HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF FLESH.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 14.

The remains of Lieutenant Kislingbury, one of the victims of the Greely expedition who died amid Arctic snow last June, were disinterred this morning, and the fact was established beyond all question that canibalism was resorted to by the starving men of the Greely expedition, and that the lives of those saved were preserved only by eating the dead bodies of their companions. Lieutenant Kislingbury's relatives here were filled with horrible doubts as soon as they learned that disclosures had been made in New York regarding cannibalism among the members of the expedition, and they determined to learn the truth by exhuming the remains and having them examined by competent physicians. The services of L. A. Jeffreys, undertaker, were secured, and this morning, with the assistance of five men, he accomplished the work of taking up the casket from its resting place. This was done in the presence of Assistant Superintendent Mandeville, and the remains were taken, as unearthed, to a chapel near the entrance of the cemetery.

At eikht o'clock the casket was opened by Mr. Jeffreys and Samuel R. Barter in the presence of Frank W. Kislingbury and John P. Kislingbury, brothers of the deceased; Dr. Charles Buckley, Dr. F. A. Mandeville, Superintendent Stillson, Assistant Superintendent Mandeville and two reporters.

The work of opening the heavy iron receptacle was found comparatively easy, all there was to do being to unscrew the fifty-two iron bolts which held down the lid. The noiseless ease with which the latter was pried from its bed showed that there was an absence of gas in the casket at all. Feeling his way into the mass of snowy cotton waste which filled the coffin to the top, Mr. Jeffreys soon exclaimed: "He is there." A strong odor of alcohol but no very pronounced suggestions of decay emanated from the casket.

Dr. Buckley who had put on a pair of black leather gloves, uncovered the lower portion of the coffin's tenant and then it appeared as if one of the legs—the right one was missing; but when the waste was all removed it became apparent that the limb was tied under the left one.

The physicians made a thorough examination and the remains were then placed back into the casket and lowered into the grave.

Afterwards Doctors Charles Buckley and F. A. Mandeville made a joint affidavit, in which they recounted the facts of the exhumation and examination of the remains and said that the body, in their opinion weighed about fifty pounds. On examination of the head no signs of wounds or injuries were visible. The skin was not broken. The ears and nose were intact. The eyes were sunken and wasted. The hair was thick and from five to six inches long. The skin and muscles of the interior portion of the face and neck were intact. From the upper portion of the sternum and clavicle to the lower border of the fifth rib on the left side the skin and muscle had been removed down to the ribs on the right side. The skin and muscle down to the lower border of the last rib were gone. There were two openings between the fourth and fifth intercostal spaces into the thoracic cavity. The muscles and skin of the anterior and posterior of the thighs were entirely removed except the skin on the anterior portion of the knee joints; muscles and skin of left leg removed to within three inches of ankle joint. On right leg skin and muscle removed to within five inches of ankle jaint. Both feet were intact. There was no vestige of integument or muscles on either arm, including the muscles of the shoulder-blades to the wrist joints, except on the right fore-arm, the interosseous membrane remaining. The examination of the posterior portion of body showed that the skin and muscles of the back, from the seventh cervical vertebra, had been dissected or cut completely away down to the bones, with the exception of pieces of skin from two to three inches square on each side of the upper portion of the sacrum. The flesh removed was cut away with some sharp instrument. That remaining on the feet, hands and face showed no signs of decomposition.

W. H. Kislingbury, the brother of the dead explorer, says he believes that instead of eating a bear the survivors subsisted on the bodies of their dead companions.

A Dream of a Husband.

Said the hotel-keeper: "There was a lady of my acquaintance once, who awoke her husbend in the night by the most extravagant manifestations of delirium. When he inquired what ailed her she told him 'to mind his own business and not bother her; she was thinking.'

"At breakfast she told him she was dreaming, oh! such a delightful dream.

She thought she was at an action where they were selling men. Oh, there were such splendid specimens there. But they went so high she couldn't get one of them. At last the auctioneer took compassion on her and knocked down a glorious fellow to her and—and then—she awoke.

"'But,' pleaded the anxious husband, 'didn't you see any there like me?' 'Like you!' said the spiteful beauty; 'laws, yes. They were put up in bundles, like celery, and sold for ten cents a bundle.'"—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

An English scientific journal says that oxalic acid promotes the sprouting of seeds so that seeds forty years old will germinate by its application. The method is to soak the seeds one or two days in a solution of oxalic acid till they commence to open out, when they are taken out and planted. Will one of our readers try it on some old seeds, and report.

Some men are so lacking in hospitality that they will not even entertain an idea.

There is a similarity between lilies and dead cats, in that they should both be planted deep.

The American Hide trade.

Fifteen to twenty years ago the trade in the exportation of hides to Europe from the United States was of a very limited nature; in fact, we imported most of the hides for home consumption from South America. But at present day the tables are completely turned. The export of hides from this country has reached an enormous extent, and still seems to be on the increase. Besides, American leather, even in France and Russia, where the finest leather in the world is manufactured, is shipped to every country in Europe in considerable quantities. In Kansas, Texas, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming and Dakota, a farmer can double his capital in two or three years in beef cattle, and the business seems to require little labor beyond the guarding of the herd. In fact, in all the border states immense herds of cattle are raised on what is called "the range"—that is, the open public domain—the owners not possessing an acre of land, though how long this will remain so will depend upon the extent of the emigration and the taking up of the lands. It is from these immense multitude of cattle that our markets are supplied, and the large exportation of cattle and dressed meats are made, and thus far all these demands scarcely equal the steady yearly increase. There is no doubt but that this republic is destined to become the greatest producer of hides in the world, even leaving far in the rear the great cattle producing regions of South America. Thus far, this business has scarcely begun to develop itself west of the Rocky mountains, where in time it must become almost limitless in magnitude and interminable in perpetuity.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Transplanting Trees.

When transplanting small trees, care should be taken not to set them in the ground any deeper than they originally grew. Do not use stable manure around the roots, but incorporate thoroughly in the soil a liberal amount of thoroughly decomposed vegetable matter, or loam, such as florists use for potting plants.

After the trees are set, press the earth about the roots firmly, and then stake the trees so that the wind can not rack them over. Use two stakes at least, and better three; drive them firmly in the earth so that the tops will reach three or four inches above the connection of the main branches, six inches away from the body at the top, and then stay the tree in the center of the space between the stakes by the use of soft material. Strips of old cotton cloth twisted into a loose rope will be found excellent, as the substance will not injure the bark of the tree, no odds how much shaken by the winds.

Superior varieties cost but little, if any, more than common, and no one has an excuse for cultivating inferior fruits.

German Imitators.

The Germans are doing their best to imitate the American goods that are sold in their market. In small hardware, especially in cast goods, there are more imitated goods in the market than there are of original importations. The imitations are usually manufactured without the slightest alteration in the model, and are put up in such a manner that they cannot be easily distinguished from the original. The articles referred to are such as coffee-pot and sad-iron stands, twine boxes, coat and hat hooks, can openers, brackets, handles, bells, drills, egg-beaters, apple parers, and many other articles altogether too numerous to specify. Many iron founders are engaged in manufacturing imitations of the American base burner stoves. These facts, while they show that the Germans are injuring our trade by dishonorable means, may be regarded as very complimentary to American taste and skill, and prove what remarkable progress the manufacturers of this country have made of late years.

An Original Rat-Trap.

An Illinois correspondent of the Industrial World has been successful in catching rats with a trap of his own contrivance. This trap consists of a sheet-iron pipe with a sort of iron rim on both ends and a strong two bushel sack tied firmly around one end. Every hole is stopped in the corn crib but one, which opens into a feed-box on the other side of the partition. Then the pipe is placed in the feed-box and fitted, the open end firmly over the hole, allowing the sack to hang over the edge of the box into the manger. The trap is prepared, the door of the crib is left open and the rats permitted to have their own way for an hour or so. Then the door is shut and a noise made to frighten the rats. Having but one means of escape they rush into the pipe and down into the sack. This correspondent caught twenty-seven rats the first time he tried his trap.

FAST WALKING.—In training horses great pains should be taken to induce a habit of fast walking. This is the easiest and most economical pace, and it is strange that it is not much more practiced than a slow one, to her things being equal, for such a one gets over vastly more ground in a day, even with a heavy load, and without any special effort.

FOOD FOR HENS.—Barley is perhaps the best staple grain, especially if mixed alternately with wheat, buckwheat or corn. Corn, while it is excellent as a change, is not good regular diet. Rice, well boiled and mixed with barley or corn meal, will be