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 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, SEPTEMBER 26, 1884.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XVIII, NO 39
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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	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
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Half column.....	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column.....	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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

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Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office over 1st. National Bank.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Sav's Building.

C. R. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over 1st National Bank.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
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Office corner of Centre and Main Streets, Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
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NEW COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Bloomsburg, Pa.
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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.

C. B. BROWCKAY,
Attorney-at-Law,
ALSO
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in his building opposite Court House, 2nd floor, Bloomsburg, Pa. apr 13 '83

JOHN C. YOCUM,
Attorney-at-Law.
CATAWISSA, PA.
Office in NEWS ITEM building, Main street.
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Collections made in any part of America.

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FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
☞ Office first door below the post office.

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

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

A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in COLUMBIAN Building.

C. M. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. Opera House Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office, North Market street,
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Medical Superintendent of the Sanitarium.
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P. S.—No charge for first consultation.
apr 27, '83

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Health and Happiness.
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"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

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"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

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"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

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KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

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Cures Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sores, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia and General Debility.
A course of Burdock Blood Bitters will satisfy the most skeptical that it is the Greatest Blood Purifier on earth. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eleven languages. PRICE $1.00.
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Infants and Children
What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep? Castoria.
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Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any medicine known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, &c. An instantaneous Pain Reliever.

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	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$7,678,320
Royal of Liverpool.....	13,500,000
Lancashire.....	10,000,000
Fire Association, Phila'a.....	4,166,716
Phœnix, of London.....	5,266,370
London & Lancashire, of England.....	1,100,970
Hartford of Hartford.....	3,375,050
Springfield Fire and Marine.....	2,082,580

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

SELECT STORY.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND

The autumn day was crisp and clear, and a pretty basket phaeton stood before the Ransford cottage, the spirited little bay pawing the ground restlessly, as though impatient to be gone. Within, Mrs. Ransford stood drawing on her driving gloves, a wistful expression on her proud, dark face that seemed quite unusual to it.

"I would so much like to have you go, Norman," she was saying. "The day is just perfect, and Redwing was never in better spirits, as you can see," with a glance through the window at the impatient pony. "But I shall not enjoy the drive alone."

"Get one of your friends to go with you, then," replied the gentleman, in a tone so absent and preoccupied as to seem almost cold. "If it was not for that imperative engagement down street this afternoon I should go, of course. But business before pleasure, you know," and he bit off the end of a fresh cigar as he consulted his watch. "Can't you find some one else to keep you company in your drive, Louise?"

"I shall not try," she answered, bravely suppressing the piteous quiver of her lips. "If my husband refuses to accompany me, I shall not ask elsewhere."

And, without waiting for his reply, she hastily swept out to the waiting phaeton.

Norman Ransford immediately followed to assist her into it, but when he reached the gate she had already seated herself and gathered up the reins. The next instant, with a little half nod of good-bye to her husband, she had driven off.

"She is angry," he thought, watching the airy little phaeton bowl smoothly down the pleasant street, "and hurt." There were tears in her eyes just now, and Louise doesn't often shed them. By Jove, it is a mean business to play the traitor to a wife like that!"

And he stood leaning over the gate, actually forgetting to resume the cigar whose red spark was dying out as he held it in his hand, looking after the wife who loved him so well, and almost tempted to call her back and join her in her drive.

But it was too late now. She was already beyond hearing. So the half-repentant husband turned back to the house, not ill-pleased to have it so, for the appointment that he had mentioned was one very dear to his heart, and a few minutes later saw him on his way to keep it.

"Oh, Norman, I really thought you were never coming!"

This was the greeting that met him as he familiarly entered an elegant little boudoir within a stone's throw of one of the popular theatres. And the speaker, a dark, foreign-looking girl, with rich red lips and great black eyes of liquid beauty, rose from her languid position on the sofa and threw herself into his arms as though perfectly certain of his love.

"Ah, Carita, Carita!" he murmured passionately, folding his arms closely about the girl's little form, and pressing his lips again and again to those beautiful red ones held up so temptingly.

Where now was that indifference which had chilled the heart of his loving and lovely wife only a short half hour ago? Gone, as it always was at a look or a touch from this enchantress. And what was she? Merely a dancer belonging to the theatre near by, whose name was already smirched with dishonor.

Yet, while Louise Ransford drove in solitude along the beautiful country roads, her heart swelling with the loneliness thus forced upon her, her husband was pleasantly passing the time in this woman's society, smiling at her rapid, impassioned speeches which he often fondly checked by closing the red lips with a kiss.

"Ah! Norman, why should we wait at all?"

The dark, bewitching face was hidden on his shoulder, and his arms clasped the lithe, yielding form, as those seductive lips put the sudden question.

"Will it be any easier to leave a month or a year hence than now? And if not, why—to-day is ours. To-morrow—ah! we know not what may arise to separate us then."

"To-day is ours!"

Norman started. Yes, Louise was out of the way until dark, he was sure. In that time he could make what few arrangements he cared to, and they could easily get away on the late afternoon train.

He had not dreamed of taking this decisive step so soon, but since he had dreamed of it at all, as well go now as any other time. Yes, they would go.

* * * * * *

The early dusk had fallen over Norman Ransford's home. A bright fire glowed in the open grate, and the pretty little parlor, lit by that alone, had never looked more homelike or inviting. Mrs. Ransford entered it, looking flushed from her drive in the cool, crisp air, but with that wistful, troubled expression not yet gone from her charming face.

Almost the first thing upon which her glance fell was a white envelope lying upon the table. She took it up, carelessly at first, walking over to the grate to read it by the firelight, but a low, smothered cry escaped her lips as she read on to the end. It was a note from her husband, cruelly brief and business-like, informing her that he had left home forever, and urging her to forget him, as he was unworthy of her love.

Mrs. Ransford sank down into a large arm-chair that stood before the grate, utterly faint, and white as a snow drift, and there the servant found her when she came in to light the lamps.

"Don't, Mary!" she exclaimed, shudderingly, lifting her hand with a swift, shrinking gesture, as though dreading the light. "The firelight is all I care for. Don't disturb me again this evening!"

The girl wonderingly obeyed, and for hours Mrs. Ransford sat there, just as she had returned from the drive, her elbow resting on the cushioned arm of the chair, and her white cheek supported by her gloved hand, gazing straight before her into the glowing grate. Her fur-lined cloak had been loosened and thrown back, but the wide hat with its elegant, drooping plumes, still shaded her face.

It was a dark, proud face, as shown by the firelight, brooding over her bitter wrongs; a beautiful face, with character and purpose shown in the clear, decided contour of brow and chin, despite the softness suggested by the rich olive of the rounded cheeks, and the dark, deep Southern eyes which looked as though they could love passionately, or hate bitterly, to the end.

"I will be revenged. I swear it!" she said, at last, clenching her gloved hand with passionate force, while those deep, dark eyes glowed dangerously in the dusk. "She has stolen my husband—ruined my life. As sure as there is a God in Heaven, she shall suffer for it!"

A few days later her servants were dismissed, her pretty cottage closed and Louise Ransford started forth upon her errand of vengeance.

Of course the town rang with the news of Ransford's flight with the danseuse, for it was at once guessed that they had gone together. But none had dared to question the deserted wife, who, in such proud silence, had quietly gone about making arrangements for her departure and then had suddenly disapperred from their midst.

* * * * * *

The sun, high in the heavens, sent his lances of golden light down into the pine-scented canon, where a rough but stirring mining settlement had taken root and flourished.

The train from the East had just passed through, and the attention of many was curiously turned to the elegant figure of a lady in a gray traveling suit and closely veiled, who had stepped off the train and was making her way daintily down the main thoroughfare leading to the heart of the settlement.

Presently she came upon a group of men gathering around the open doorway of a cabin standing a few paces back from the street. They were talking in low, subdued tones, with an air of earnest interest, but the lady did not at first notice any unusual excitement.

She hesitated an instant, then gently touched the arm of the man who stood nearest her, with the point of her parasol.

"Pardon me, sir," she began, in a low, sweetly-modulated voice, "but can you tell me—"

She did not finish, for, as the man turned toward her, the look of awe on his rough, sunburned face struck her with wonder, and, involuntarily, she stepped forward among them to learn the cause of it.

Through the open door she saw the lifeless figure of a woman laid out upon a couch within a plain but neatly furnished room, and a lovely 2-year-old child sobbing piteously beside it. Two or three rather coarse-looking women who were moving about the room seemed either too busy or too callous to attend to the grief of the lonely little creature.

"What's goin' to become o' the young un?" said one of the men at the door, in a stage whisper. That's what I'd like ter know."

"Where is the woman's husband?" asked the strange lady, speaking for the first time, as if inspired with a sudden interest in the scene.

"Husband?" echoed the man, a perceptible sneer in his voice. "Well, ma'am, I reckon as how he ain't her husband much more'n I be; but if ye mean that kid's father, why he's gone over the range prospectin', and ain't liable to be back fur a month to come."

"Poor little thing!" said the woman softly, her woman's heart—and it was a lonely one—thrilling with pity for the motherless babe. "I have no children; I am almost tempted to take it myself."

And she went over to the sobbing child, throwing back her thick veil, as she did so, and disclosing a clear, dark face of such proud beauty that every one of the little group thrilled with surprise and admiration.

"What is your name, dearie?" she asked, with exquisite tenderness, putting her arms about the little one and drawing her close to her breast.

The child looked up in wonder.

"Normie," she lisped, in her sweet baby tongue, choking her sobs as the beautiful lady kissed her and soothed her grief.

At the sound of that name Louise Ransford, for it was she, put the child from her with a sudden agonized gesture, and went and stood beside the couch, looking down upon the face of the dead.

"Who was she?"

The question came from her lips in a sort of gasp. Yet she knew, even before the answer came, for the dark, seductive beauty of that face, when in life, had not been unfamiliar to her.

The female attendants, in their garrulous fashion, told her all they knew of the dead woman's story. When it was ended the wronged wife knew, beyond all doubt, that the woman whose Nemesis she had sworn to be was lying dead before her.

She had ruptured a blood vessel while waltzing the previous night at one of those "flash" parties which she liked to frequent, and which she never dared to attend when "Mr. Norman" was at home.

As she listened to this story her hand unconsciously strayed to the hilt of a sharp and slender Italian dagger, concealed beneath her traveling sacque, her faithful companion during the three years in which she had untiringly tracked this guilty woman with her vow of vengeance.

A fierce anger thrilled her breast when she first saw how fate had robbed her of her victim. But, gazing down upon the still, white face of her dead rival, whose dangerous fascinations were now forever powerless, softer feelings began to stir in her heart, and she thanked God for having saved her from her own wicked purpose.

"Well, ma'am," broke in the voice of the miner, who had seemed interested in the child's future, "hev ye made up yer mind yit whether ye're goin' to cotton to this 'ere young kid?"

Louise started; her bosom was torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. For a moment she was silent, battling with her own heart. Then, as a long, shuddering sigh broke over her white lips, she answered quietly:

"Yes, I will take the child."

She handed the men a plain white card upon which she had penciled her name and address.

"When the father returns," she said, "give him this. It will tell him where he may find his child."

* * * * * *

We are back at the Ransford cottage. Norman Ransford is there, and, despite the care-worn lines on his face, the light of a great happiness rests upon it, while the beautiful dark eyes of his wife are soft and brilliant as stars. There has been a long, long talk and all is at last forgiven.

"But one thing more, Louise," says her husband, with a motion of his hand toward dark-eyed little Norma, who is playing near them. "I am willing to do anything—everything—for her welfare, only—don't let us keep her here."

"Why, surely you love your child, Norman?" she asked, with a gentle reproach.

"Yes, but"—and the gesture which finishes the sentence eloquently tells the story of his remorse and shame.

"I understand," says Louise, softly. "But I love the child for her own sake, and I shall keep her with me."

And, to herself, she adds:

"He can never look upon that innocent, lovely little face without remembering the great sin of his life. And if I still cared for it, that would, indeed, be my surest and sweetest revenge."

An Hour in a Base Ball Factory.

"The base ball manufacturing business has had a rapid but prosperous growth," said a manufacturer recently. "It is confined to a few men, and probably will not be encroached upon by speculators. There are in the United States to-day only eight factories of any importance, and yet these are entirely sufficient to supply all the base balls that are wanted in this country. Recently there has been a sort of a 'boom' in the ball market. This is caused by the adoption by clothing houses throughout the country of the custom of giving to juvenile purchasers base balls as presents. The balls are of different grades and prices. The kind that are given away are, of course, but quite durable. Perhaps you would like to see how base balls are made. Follow me and I will show you the whole process." On the upper floor of the establishment sat several men with baskets of dampened chamois and buckskin clippings at their side. Before each workman stood a stout piece of joist, in the end of which was inserted a mould, hemispherical in shape, in which the balls are formed. Taking a handful of the cuttings from the basket, the workman pressed them together in his hands and then wound about the mass a few yards of strong woolen yarn. Placing the embryo ball in the mould, he pounds it into shape with a heavy flat mallet, and then wound on more yarn and gave the ball another pounding. After testing its weight on a pair of scales, and its diameter with a tape measure, he threw the ball into a basket and began another. When the newly-made balls are thoroughly dried they are carried to the sewing room on the floor below where they are to receive their covers. Forty young women sat at tables sewing on covers of horse-hide. Grasping a ball firmly in her left hand, with her right hand one of the young women thrust a three-cornered needle through the thick pieces of the cover and drew them firmly together. In less than ten minutes her work was completed. A smart girl can cover two or three dozen of the best, and eight dozen of the cheaper grades of balls in a day. The wages earned weekly range from $7 to $9. The balls are afterward taken to the packing room, where the seams are smoothed down and the proper stamps are put on. The best balls are made entirely of yarn and India rubber. My brother was of the pioneers in this business," said the manufacturer. "He was the inventor of the two-piece cover now in general use throughout the country. If my brother had only patented his invention the members of our family would now be wearing diamonds instead of bits of white glass in our shirt fronts. Ball covers are made, almost without exception, of horse hide, which costs $3 a side. We used to obtain our supply from John Carl, a leather dealer in the Swamp, for nearly thirty-fiv years. We are obliged to go to Philadelphia now, there being no merchant here who keeps horse hide leather. The capacity of our factory, when we get our new moulding machines in working order, will be about 15,000 balls daily, each machine being expected to turn out 1200 balls a day."

A Way to Grow Wise.

After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impression you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge neatly labeled has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.

Truth.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION OF ITS POWER.

The following beautiful illustration of the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany *State Register*. He was an eye witness to the scene in one of the higher courts of New York.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. Come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly up into his face with a calm, clear eye, and with a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The child stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought that he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

"I don't mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your and upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." I learned that before I could read.

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir, she replied: My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent" he contined. "Were I on trial for my life and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray to God for such witnesses. Let her be examined."

She told her whole story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with indefinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury preceded her. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony it was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom the mother had prayed for strength to be given to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given, and sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean to the prisoner and his associate—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

Bursting a Gun.

Those old enough to carry a loaded gun should be too old to play tricks with it. They also ought to be so familiar with its use as to know that a slight resistance at the end of the muzzle will burst it, when fired. The following illustrations are suggestive as to the carelessness which arises from ignorance or foolhardiness:

In bravado a young man placed the muzzle of his fowling-piece under the water and fired the charge. The result was the bursting of the barrel near the breech and the multilation of his hand.

Another placed and held the muzzle of his piece against a piece of plate window glass and fired the charge—powder and bullet. The glass was shattered, so was the gun barrel.

Another instance was that of an experimenter who had heard that a candle could be fired from the barrel of a gun through an inch board.

He drove a candle into the muzzle of the gun, fired, and the explosion split the barrel almost its entire length, and did not even drive the candle from the muzzle.

Still another burst of a gun barrel was caused by the use of wet grass for a wad, well rammed down over a charge of shot.

Bitten by a Cobra.

Among many instances of snake poisoning I have seen, said a traveler in India, was a strong young Brahmin of 20, well known to me who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I knew of it they had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was the peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell the particulars. He had been bitten he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter, and gone to sleep again, till wakened by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite—very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the poisonous fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached, the limb below that, he said, was benumbed, and painless to the touch, like the foot when "asleep." At intervals the pointed line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly after this, while being supported in a sitting posture, all at once, without any premonitory sign, he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased, about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake-bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half-hour of life remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that an on-looker does, probably from the poison benumbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as of the body.

Where do Earthquakes come From.

This is a question that has been greatly revived by the earthquake recently, The Philadelphia *Times* very wisely and tersely says: "Although an earthquake of more or less destructiveness occurs somewhere or other in this world about once a month, and it is estimated that first and last some thirteen million human beings have perished by means of such disturbances, there is to this hour no satisfactory theory as to their origin.

"It has been noticed that earthquakes are most frequent and violent around the present lines or centres of volcanic action, hence these sudden shakings, rumblings and sometimes fearful openings of the earth's surface have been associated with supposed volcanic action.

"An ingenious theory is that the centres of earthquake disturbances are near the sea or other large bodies of water and that irruptions of igneous matter taking place beneath the seabed large fissures are opened and the real upheavals began.

"In general such violent actions, as well as the known volcanic disturbances, are primarily traced to the theory that the centre of the earth is a bed of fire, and that in its perpetual motions perpetual disturbances in the upper crust of the world must occur.

"This is at once the simple and so far the only theory of the origin of volcanic and earthquake action that men have been able to rest in. But is pure hypothesis, and must be, simply because any many that could get near enough to the origin of an earthquake to understand it would not live to tell his story."

The Doctor and the Lawyer.

A smart young sprig of a lawyer had a grave old doctor on the witness stand in a case of assault and battery, and he questioned him unmercifully.

"Ah, Doctor," inquired the lawyer, "did I understand you to say the cut in the man's head was dangerous?"

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor.

"Well, Doctor, doesn't it sometimes happen that even a less cut than this is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir."

"And doctor is it not true that even a scratch is dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, and I have known cases resulting fatally when not even a scratch was visible. Only recently a man died under such circumstances."

"Ah, indeed," quickly put in the attorney in a pleased and satisfied way, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury the facts?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"You say there was not a scratch on him?"

"Not one that I could find."

"And he died?"

"Yes."

"Now, doctor, just tell the jury how it was."

"Well, you see, he had the colic, and he was dead before I could get him untangled."

The young attorney called another witness.—*Steubenville (Ohio) Herald.*

The largest tree in the world is one discovered in 1874 in a grove near Tule River, in California. Though the top has been broken off, it is 240 feet high, and the diameter at the fracture is 12 feet. It is called "Old Moses," from a mountain in the neighborhood, and is thought to be 4840 years old. The hollow of the trunk, which is 111 feet, will hold 150 persons, is hung with scenes of California and is carpeted and fitted up like a drawing-room, with table, chairs, sofa and pianoforte. A section of this tree, seventy-five feet round and twenty-five across, was exhibited in New York in 1879.

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

A Spirited Indian Girl.

The Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., under the charge of Capt. Pratt, is working hard to answer the question. What shall we do with our wild wards? Its pupils, selected from the savages of the plains, are given a common-school education and taught a trade or housewifery. An important part of their education is derived from association with Christian white men and women. How thoroughly this has revolutionized some of them may be seen from the following anecdote:

There is a very bright and interesting Indian girl, named Lizzie Spider, the last being her father's name, which she assumed, a custom the girls nearly all follow.

A few years ago, she was at the Indian school at Carlisle, a pupil, where she acquired considerable knowledge.

When she went back, during the summer vacation, her father sold her to a young Indian brave for a number of ponies, which is the accustomed form of marriage among the Sioux.

She had just received enough education to revolt against the savage life that was to be thrust upon her, so she ran away and lived for many months hidden in the woods, going by stealth occasionally to the hut of friends to get supplies of food.

During his last visit to Yankton, Capt. Pratt heard of her, and after a search found her and brought her back with him and put her in the Lincoln School, where she now is. She says she doesn't want to be sold for ponies, and cook and work for savage lazy-boots.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Over-Eating.

The late Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, died literally of over-eating. By the direction of Dr. Sweninger, the daily meals of the General were divided into six portions, and the hour was fixed when to take each meal. But Todleben, who never in his life had listened to the advice of doctors, laughed at Dr. Sweninger's instructions. "The doctor is mistaken," he said; "my organism is weakened and needs strengthening; my good appetite is a clear proof of this." The six meals were taken, but at each of them he ate all the six portions assigned for the whole day. Thus three weeks went by. The condition of the patient did not grow worse, and the day was fixed for him to start for Russia, when he fainted suddenly during a walk. He had hardly reached his residence after recovering consciousness when he asked for the bill of fare. When it was given to him he expressed his astonishment at having received a blank sheet of paper—he had lost his sight. His feet had for some time past shown signs of dropsy, but, curiously enough, the General had hidden this from those around him. He fought indomitably against the disease, but in vain. Two days before his death he lost consciousness, and died on the day which had been fixed for his return to Russia.

Thought He Was an American.

Stranger—"Ticket to Montreal, Canada, please?"

Ticket Agent (whispering)—"Here it is; lay low."

Stranger—"What?"

Ticket Agent—"There is a detective right behind you."

Stranger—"What do I care for detectives? I came here from Montreal on business and am merely returning home."

Ticket Agent—"Beg pardon; thought you was an American."

EARTHQUAKES.—A severe shock of an earthquake was felt in Boston in 1775, and in many parts of the Eastern States. In Boston and the surrounding country houses were hurled to the ground and general alarm prevailed, much greater in fact than that created by the recent shake up. It has been estimated that earthquakes are felt the world over once in five days. Between 1800 and 1850 3,500 were counted.

Drug store boy to prescription clerk—

"Here is a prescription, and the man wants to know how long it will take to put it up." Prescription clerk, meditatively—"Let me see—its about dinner time. Five minutes to get over to dinner, eighteen minutes to get it, and two minutes to get back, and two minutes to put up the prescription. Tell the man it will take about half an hour to put it up."

Blotting paper saturated with a solution of oxalic acid and dried, will not only absorb the ink off a blot but will remove the blot itself if the ink is unmixed with indigo or aniline color. It might be dangerous in removing signatures from important papers, but a trace of the writing will still remain and can be made legible by adding ferrocyanide of potassium of gallic acid.

"Ever had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East. "A cyclone? oh, yes," said his aunt. Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago, but law he couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried."

Puscher, the Nuremberg chemist, says a paste composed of starch, glycerine, and gypsum will maintain its plasticity longer than any other cement.

At Pernambuco a snake of the boa class is largely employed to drive rats out of houses. It costs fifty cents to a dollar, and requires only a saucer of milk once or twice a week.

A Philadelphia youth who was shaken by the earthquake in the afternoon and then shook by his best girl in the evening says he didn't mind the former, but was broken up by the latter.

Cases of metallic poisoning have been traced to cheap silver-plated pitchers. Where the lining is broken or worn galvanic action is set up and the base metal rapidly oxidized.

In Canada one person in 17,230 is an in