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.

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The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1885.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1W	2W	3W	6W	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	26 00	40 00
One column.....	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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Bloomsburg, Pa.
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Ent's Building.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
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Office corner of Centre and Main Streets, Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

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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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Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room No. 2, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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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.
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Office in Maize's building, over Billmeyer's grocery.

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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.
Member of the American Attorneys' Association.
Collections made in any part of America.

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Sewing Machines and Machinery of all kinds repaired. OPERA HOUSE Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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—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

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

	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$7,078,220
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,163,716
Phœnix, of London	5,296,376
London & Lancashire, of England	1,769,959
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CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOME, OF N. Y.
MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J.
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These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
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The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
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North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
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Oct. 24, 1-

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
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THE ARTIST
CUTTER
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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Who always gives you the latest styles, and cuts your clothing to fit you. Having had the experience for a number of years in the Tailoring Business, has learned what material will give his customers the best satisfaction for wear and style and will try to please all who give him a call. Also on hand

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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
HATS, CAPS, AND UMBRELLAS
Always of the latest styles. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Store next door to First National Bank
Corner Main & Market Sts.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
April 25-1y

H. G. Eshleman,
Plumber and gas fitter. Rear of Schuyler's hardware store.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
—10t—
All kinds of fittings for steam, gas and water pipes constantly on hand.
Roofing and spouting attended to at short notice.
Tinware of every description made to order.
Orders left at Schuyler & Co's., hardware store will be promptly filled.
Special attention given to heating by steam and hot water.
y 9-1y

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BY MAIL POST-PAID.

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A Great Medical Work on Manhood.
Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man. Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young, middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin, embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for $2.50, or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only $1.00 by mail post-paid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers of which he refers.
The Science of Life 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 The Science of Life 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
Jan. 9-4w d

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Infants and Children
What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Castoria.
When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms.
Castoria.
What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
Castoria.
Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
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"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.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
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TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &c., &c.
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Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
Jan 9-6m

SELECT STORY.

THE GIRL ZOE.

There stands to-day, as there has stood for fifty years and more, a handsome, double-fronted mansion, solid and spacious, on a southwest corner of Walnut street, not far east of Broad. Its well-preserved gable faces the cross street, and high up beneath the slope of the roof there used to be a curious, fan-shaped casement, whose frame could be turned inward and hooked up against the low attic ceiling when the small chamber needed light or ventilation. This odd window disappeared years ago and with it the memory of a tale that hung thereby. A modern French roof has displaced the gable, and in its recesses has vanished the little attic room around which hovered a vague romance known to a past generation. The house itself—now a first-class boarding establishment—can lay no claim to the mystery that settles like dust around a deserted mansion. Busy feet, permanent or transient, hurry through the halls and echo in the apartments once exclusively the abode of a proud and wealthy family. Chambermaids sing as they beat up the beds in what were chambers of state, while waiters polish the parlor mirrors to a whistled tune or imitate artistic dreams in the shapes of dampish napkins in the soup-flavored dining rooms. There is nothing except the old-time and elaborate cornices to recall the original dwellers within those walls, when they formed the home of a merchant prince of the old school, and even they have lost their proportions, since the rooms have been partitioned to make the most of the space in their present sordid plan.

Yet this was once the handsome and even stately abode of a much respected family, whose lofty name need not be written here. They were of English stock and in old colonial times had left tilted kindred behind them in the dear old mother country. Loyal to their adopted land during its struggle for independence, peace brought back to them the right to indulge in family ties and the friendship of consanguinity.

It was ever after a family custom to send the heir (they were not a prolific race and the only son generally inherited his father's undivided wealth) over the seas to make "the tour," in company with his lordly cousins and thus acquire the courtly grace and stately manners which were the distinguishing traits of these fortune gentlemen. This journey invariably succeeded the son's collegiate course and was followed on his return by a gradual induction into the business life and a final assumption of its cares and duties, together with his marriage to some suitably distinguished lady, fitted to share and bear the honors of his lofty station.

As it was somewhat difficult to secure a wife equal to so high a destiny, it had become a family custom for the lady-mother to assist her son in his search. In the case of the handsome young collegian expected home from his completed studies, more than fifty years ago, fate had been smilingly busy. The guardian of a Southern heiress—a distant cousin, whose charming picture the young gentleman had once seen and admired, and who he had met years before—had written to beg that his lovely ward might be received by the Walnut street family during his own temporary absence in Europe. A delighted assent to the plan followed by arrangements for her reception, all preceded the coming of the heir, and the mother and her pet attendant had been so busy, the maid exercising her rare taste in decorating the guest's apartment—the lady looking on, and commenting on the effect—that the latter was scarce dressed in time to receive the young favorite of fortune concerning whom the parents had both tacitly concluded to feel favorably on their son's account.

Zoe (that was the pretty name of the favorite maid who had done so much towards the embellishment of the young visitor's rooms) was indefatigable in her mistress' behalf, and completing her toilet while she rested before her mirror succeeded in making the still handsome matron look so well as to elicit a compliment from her gracious lord, to the delight of the grateful girl, a friendless orphan rescued from want and maybe temptation by the stately benefactress to whom she was devoted in return.

Zoe was full of eager interest in the anticipative bride of the handsome young gentleman whose portrait graced his mother's boudoir and about whom that lady had even condescended from her high estate to speak to her waiting-maid on rare occasions.

He was dark in complexion, with a rich glow on his cheek; he had brilliant black eyes and hair, and a fine manly form, on which the susceptible servant loved to gaze in secret. Zoe thought his bride should be fair, with golden hair and a beautiful white skin. Oddly enough those were the characteristics of her own marked beauty. It did not so much matter about the eyes, she concluded. Hers were singularly beautiful and of that color that seems to change with emotion. Sometimes they were a dark, bluish-gray; again they looked brown, and once, when she became angry at the waiter for a fellow-servant's jocose familiarity, they flashed until they looked quite black. Standing on the upper landing she peeped over the balustrade to get the first glimpse at Miss Adele's fur-wrapped figure, when the sound of carrige wheels had told of her coming. She was the first to see the Southern beauty and, though she murmured to herself "What a pity! She's a brunette!" she did not feel at all saddened by the discovery.

There was great satisfaction in the Walnut street mansion that evening. Adele, as she was called, pleased the father and mother even more than at their first meeting years ago. She, in her turn, admired the son's portrait, said he had wonderfully improved and was delighted to learn he was expected soon. If a certain arrogance and willfulness marked her manner at times attributed it to her position as a great heiress and granddaughter of an English earl, who had never known any control save her own fancy and had been accustomed to flattery and servile attention all her life. No wonder that she was a little imperious, was their conclusion, and no one dissented from it but Zoe. Hers was a silent and unimportant opinion, however, and so nobody thought of it.

Even heiresses of noble blood are subject to the disappointments and inconveniences of destiny. Adele had had to acknowledge this vexatious truth, when her maid—a trained femme de chambre and a French woman—fell ill and perversely died, just as they were about to start for Philadelphia. Her place was temporarily supplied for the journey, but until she could find a maid in the city she should be quite in despair, as she had confided to her hostess the night she arrived.

The lady of the mansion at once conquered the dilemma by transferring poor Zoe's services to her captious and exacting guest, and, for the first time since she had been received under the protection of the Walnut street lady, the poor young orphan found cause for complaint.

They were very nearly one age, these young people, but there similarity ceased. The Southern girl was jealous, passionate, unjust and capricious. The immense gulf between their social estate, the totally different order of their beauty, seemed natural barriers to petty envy or personal pique on the young ladies' part. It did not prove so. Adele was proud enough, but of dignity she knew nothing. Zoe possessed artistic skill in devising styles suited to her own fair face, and would appear daily with some new and becoming fancy in the dressing of her hair. With cool insolence Adele would order its disarrangement at once and the reproduction of the tabooed style in her pretty locks. When Zoe obeyed in gloomy silence the young tyrant was nearly always disappointed in the effect and sure to visit the chagrin on the pretty blonde.

No wonder the latter was an utter skeptic as to the charms of the heiress, whose caprice rendered her wretched. No matter what her thoughts, however, gratitude to her benefactress sealed her lips. She bore, what she hoped might be a passing trial, in silence.

But tears and pallor only increased Zoe's beauty, and one night (the family had just rolled away in their carriage to some fine party in Adele's honor, the toilette for which was so grand as to cost the poor maid many a stifled heart-pang ere it was pronounced perfect), she stood in the grand library, a discarded wrap of crimson satin and white down thrown upon her arm and her eyes by chance upon the opposite mirror.

What saw she there?

A face so fair and winsome that her sweet reflection smiled upon her and a warm heart-thrill of pleasure almost consoled her for all she had borne.

Was Zoe so vain? Ah, who can say how great the temptation is for a poor girl to prize the beauty that is her only dower!

That was long, long ago, and it would puzzle anyone to trace in the dull walls of the upper end of the present bare dining room in this Walnut street house any likeness to that grandly furnished, richly decorated apartment; yet it has happened, so it is whispered, that more than one belated boarder, groping his unlighted way toward the ice-pitcher, that stands where she once stood, feels something like a chill blast strike him, and suddenly a nebulous vision of a girl with shining hair and darkly wistful eyes, holding some richly colored drapery on her arm, glides by and is gone even before he fully feels her presence.

The mirrors of half a century since were either rarer or finer than those in use to-day. Zoe's image, as shown in the fine French plate, so pleased her eyes as to absorb her other faculties. The stopping of carriage wheels, a ring on the bell and footsteps close beside her were all unheard till a deep rich voice cried joyfully, "Adele, my charming cousin, what a marvel of beauty you've grown to be," and the arms of an admiring stranger were thrown around her with brotherly freedom. "Oh, sir; you are mistaken," Zoe murmured, as with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes she slipped through his clasp; "the ladies are absent and I—am only a poor dressing maid."

Some persons place great value on their first impressions. Evidently the son and heir was one of those. He never changed his opinion of Zoe's grace and beauty from that night when he came unannounced for the purpose of enjoying a family surprise (unless, indeed, it increased as he watched her from day to day and saw how unsuspectingly she yielded to the spell of his skillfully displayed fascinations).

The old story of the charmed bird was revived in this weak girl's struggles against a power her frightened conscience vainly bade her fly from.

But she was friendless, homeless, without aid or shelter if she left the place where every wile of her own blind love and the collegian's admiring eyes and tender voice were holding her bound like an enchantment.

A devotion that usurps the place of reason had seized upon her. The son and heir had already told her of his love and she believed him.

She listened when he reminded her of the effect produced on him by her beauty. He had thought her a lady of birth and fortune. It was the blind blunder of Fate that she was born in seclusion and poverty and it was his privilege to correct the gross error and place her where Nature had meant her to shine.

Not in a moment, nor without some strategy, for there were absurd prejudices to overcome, difficulties to surmount, obstacles to conquer and reconcile, etc.

He had a plausible tongue, this handsome collegian, and when he explained his plan for private marriage, a year spent with him in study and polish on the continent, during which his cousin Adele would be no doubt happily married to somebody else, and pictured his parents reconciled and rejoicing in his happiness, Zoe's heart overflowed with tremulous joy and she clung to him in a flutter of hope and pride.

The jealous Southerner meantime, utterly ignorant of all these devices, smiled coquetishly on the lover and the proud parents were prouder than ever. It was all right; they had secured wealth, family and beauty for their favored boy, who seemed to complacently accept those triple blessings and to bestow on his future fiance all the courtesy and attention the position required.

Two months were thus spent in wooing; then early in the springtime the son would set sail to join his lordly cousins in the Continental tour, from which he would return in autumn and claim his Southern bride. Zoe heard this plan whispered between Adele and her future mother-in-law and with secret joy counted on the overthrow of one who treated her with daily increasing severity or insolent scorn. Adele's love had not softened her temper; on the contrary, it doubled her exactions.

She may have detected her cousin's admiring eyes as they rested covertly on her pretty maid, or it may have been the girl's exasperating beauty, but the tyrannical orders and changes and cunning devices to exhaust Zoe's strength and patience would have succeeded were it not for the orphan's sustaining love and hope. The trial would soon be over; in a few days the handsome heir would sail and she with him as his wife. All their plans were properly arranged. He would start a day in advance and be prepared to meet her in New York with a clergyman when she secretly followed him.

The assurance she had received that this heartless plan to burden his future with a loveless, uncongenial wife was totally without his sanction rendered Zoe pitiless to her tormentor. Her firm belief in a future triumph over the narrow distinctions of social life quieted her conscience towards his parents, and for him she had only unbounded faith and immeasurable love. Still she hoped and even hinted that he would give the heiress cousin at the last to understand that his heart was irrevocably fixed on another—cruel and relentless as she was—and hard as she had made those months of servitude, Zoe pitied her now that the end was come.

Her small parcel made up ready when the time came, Zoe stood in her little attic chamber on the morning of the last day. Her lover had charged her to remain there during his family leave-taking and thus avoid suspicion, and she had promised. Only one day of separation and then those two should be united, never to part. She had received his instructions how to leave the city, where to meet him, etc., and now looked through the fan shaped window that she had opened wide down upon the waiting carriage below.

A wild yearning to hear his voice, to be near him, though unseen, overcame her, she forgot her pledge to stay away and stole softly downward. They were in the library, the door was open and from the spot where she had crouched on the staircase she could not only hear, but see the group as they gathered round the table.

The father was speaking. It was in reference to a legal paper that lay before them, one which Adele had at the last moment produced for her cousin's signature, and to which that young gentleman seemed to have referred with a spirit of wounded pride. The parents were both conciliatory; his father begged him to remember that it was merely a written agreement in the spirit of his own voluntary promise. His mother subjoined that it was perfectly natural that Adele, who gave so much, should desire some palpable proof of his devotion—some actual memento of an affection to be tried by a long absence.

"And have I not given her my solemn word—my oath—that she and she only reigns in my heart,' protested the son, with noble warmth. "It seems like doubting a passion I have so often sworn to—a love so unspeakable and changeless that—but I will sign it with all my heart, Adele; only do not doubt me; it seems to tear my poor heart."

A strange sound, like some one strangling for air, was heard for an instant, but Adele, in speaking, closed the partly open door and it was lost.

She merely meant to defend her precaution. "It was her terror of the effect of separation," she said, "but it was all gone now," and so they parted fondly and hopefully and father and son entered the carriage. As the coachman started the horses a wild cry was heard high up in the air, and just as they cleared the cross street there came flying through that little gable window a straight and slender form, like an arrow from a bow, and with a dreadful sough it fell upon the sidewalk and never once moved afterwards. As the carrige jolted over the cobbles the elder man saw it; his companion was fastening the window at his side and thus missed the dreadful sight. The father did not allude to the occurrence, which was the cause of the young gentleman's taking some useless trouble on the following day, for he and a merry young college friend, gotten up in clerical black, waited nearly two hours at the boat landing for Zoe to appear, when at that very moment she was lying in the dead house of the hospital, whither she was carried, after a vain attempt on the part of the crowd that gathered around the body, to elicit a response from the suddenly closed up Walnut street mansion.

Two facts were much commented on at the time by the excited populace, who took an interest in the body of the "dreadful creature," as Adele called her when assuring her future mamma-in-law "that she always had crazy eyes." First, the hardness of heart on the part of "the quality," who only threw out an old sheet to cover the quiet form that had taken such a desperate flight, and second, that wild as she must have been, the poor thing had some sort of wit about her, since she had not only bound a cord around her lower skirts, but tied a small cushion across her face.

Who knows but it might have been a touch of sarcasm in her to preserve the beauty that had cost her so dearly? At all events she did save it, as I have heard from the lips of those who looked on her fifty three years ago, never, never to forget that fair, sweet face.—*Times.*

The only vegetable life on the reputed site of the Garden of Eden, at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, is a clump of date trees near a very small and dirty village called Gurna, where the Turks maintain a garrison and a telegraph office. The inhabitants point out to strangers the tree of knowledge—a most sickly specimen, bearing a small green berry which would cause even a goat to turn away in disgust.

Useful and Fancy Work.

A small table to stand in a bay window can be stylishly covered in this way: Get a square piece of gray or drab shoe kid, an inch or two smaller than the table top. Draw a scallop on the edge and an open scroll pattern, something like those used for bracket-saw designs, all over the square, button-hole the edge and chain-stitch the inner pattern. Cut out the scallops and the kid between the chain-stitched lines. The top of the stand may be covered with sateen or velveteen, and the kid square tacked over it. Instead of putting fringe around the edge, a lambrequin may be made of narrow panels of velveteen with a tassel upon the point of each and a kid leaf, rosette or small, open-work square set upon every panel. Such a table demands a high price, being something of a novelty, but a little stand with pine top and ebonized legs can be bought for seventy-five cents and covered at home. It may be made to cost less, if, instead of kid, the embroidered square is made of firm, new gray linen.

Very pretty draperies for cottage windows can be made of plain pink or blue cotton sateen with a cross band of flowered sateen near the top and bottom. White muslin or cheese-cloth curtains are pretty for bed-rooms, with a lace edging on the front, or a plain hem with crossbands of plain sateen. An alcove or bay window can be cheaply and artistically dressed by carrying a length of plain Turkey-red calico over the top casement, festooning it slightly in two places, and allowing it to hang to the floor on each side. To the inside selvage of the calico attach a long breadth of cheese cloth, which may be supported at the top by a flat rod run through the hem. The effect is something like the white lace curtains with long side lambrequins of dark silk, that were once fashionable in European houses.

A delicate-looking bedspread for summer use can be made of pink or blue silesia or cambric, used as a lining for white mosquito lace—not the square-meshed, but the finer kind which resembles Brussels net. Any of the pretty cotton lace edgings will make a suitable border for such a quilt, and a flat bow of satin ribbon the color of the lining on one or both outside corners will be a handsome addition. The same kind of mosquito lace in rose color makes a pretty quilt with an interlining of white sheet wadding, separated so that it adds very little to the weight. The lace should be double, with the cotton between, and it is tacked in squares with a cross-stitch of pink crochet cotton, and a row of double crochet, with an edge of small scallops, is worked all around the quilt after the raw edges are turned in and run together.

Eating aprons for children can be made from the corners of old linen sheets, which will often be in good condition when the centers are entirely worn out. Cut the linen in a long, straight piece, rather narrow, or it will not set well over the shoulders, and cut out a circular piece for the neck. Work a row of double feather-stitch around the neck and at the sides. Above the wide hem on the bottom, work in black or red washing silk some appropriate motto, like, "I must not waste my food," "I must not eat too fast," or "Bon Appetit" (good appetite). The lettering can be drawn with a pencil and worked in simple outline stitch.

In making pillow-cases when the linen is not the exact width, there is often a long piece which is not always immediately serviceable. If the strip is seven or eight inches wide it is adaptable for table use in the form of little square fruit napkins. Fringe the edges by ravelling an inch all around and sew in strands of coarse red marking cotton at intervals; turn one corner over, and buttonhole it down with red. On the turned down piece work a tiny figure, or an initial.

A pretty catch-all can be made of the coarse, wide hats that were sold last summer for ten cents each, and used by ladies for bathing hats. Put a ruche or box-plaited ribbon or silk around the edge inside, and another just inside the crown. Nail to the wall by one side of the brim, and turn the other upon the crown and flatten it down till it is like an oval basket. Sew a bunch of roses or a bow of ribbon where the brim is turned down. If not used for a catch-all, the crown can be filled with ferns or leaves, and will be a pretty decoration in either case.—*Good Cheer.*

The Value of Cashiers.

An Ohio merchant who kept three clerks, each one of whom made his own change and had free access to the money-drawers, was the other day asked by a commercial traveler why he did not keep a cashier to receive all moneys.

"Cost too much," was the reply.

"But are your clerks honest?"

"Perfectly honest."

"Have you any objection to my trying them?"

"Certainly not; go ahead in any way you wish."

The traveller went away, but in about three hours he returned and said in a loud voice so that all might hear:

"When I was here this forenoon I paid you a bogus quarter by mistake. In case you find it in counting up to-night, lay it aside and I'll redeem it."

Then the traveler, accompanied by the merchant, took a position where the back door and the alley could be kept in view, and in less than ten minutes out came the head clerk and emptied a handful of silver on the head of a barrel and pawed it over. The bogus quarter was not there. He returned to the store and out came the second clerk and went through the same programme. He was followed by the third, and after he disappeared the merchant calmly observed:

"I've been waiting 13 years for trade to pick up, and I rather think I'll try the cashier system.

Many people take no care of their money until they come very near to the end of it, and others do the same with their time.

One hundred miles in seven hours and eleven minutes, the fastest bicycle time yet made, is the record of Mr. George Smith, of London.

Inaugural Ball Grandeur.

TO BE THE GREATEST EVENT OF ITS KIND THE COUNTRY HAS EVER SEEN.

The accommodations of the new pension office, where the inaugural ball is to be held, give promise that it will be the most magnificent ball ever held in America, and possibly in the world. The area is about three hundred and sixteen by one hundred and sixteen feet. Around the sides and ends run galleries, which will be utilized by spectators, in themselves capable of affording from 8,000 to 10,000 persons a good view of the dancers and promenaders on the floor below, where as many more may be accommodated, while there is still room for thousands more in the space under the first gallery, and in the scores of rooms which open from the galleries.

At short intervals supporting the galleries, are pillars, 144 in number, the first tier being of terra cotta, and the second of iron. These with the graceful arches of brickwork stretched from one to the other, and the ballustrades extending far around the whole, are expected to give a splendid opportunity for the display of the decorator's art.

The attractive features of this interior architecture are the massive round pillars of brick, about eight feet high, which are intended to support the iron and glass roof of the finished court. At a third of the distance from each end of the length of the room are four of these great pillars, above which the canvas canopy will be stretched by sailors over the entire area.

All of these pillars will be wrapped with bunting from top to bottom. Flags, banners and festoons will be swung stretched and draped everywhere. Portraits of the presidents and statesmen will be placed at intervals along the front of the ballustrades. The portraits of the president and vice president-elect will be swung in the center, between the great pillars, that they may be seen from all parts of the room. Electric lamps, with many colored globes, will make the whole immense space brighter than day.

The band which will furnish the music for the dancers will be stationed in the centre space, and bands for the promenaders will probably play alternately from each end. The heating arrangements will soon be completed, and will be thoroughly tested before the ball. The many rooms opening from the lower floor and from the galleries will be used as dressing and dining rooms.

Look on This Picture.

Such incidents have been the turning point in the fortunes of more than one family. "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"That is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and, in fact, you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I'm a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No, sir; no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half a pint of whiskey at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden and, looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"'No, you be ma,' said the boy and I'll be pa. Now, you sit here and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it water. Pretty soon he returned and, entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the girl and sat down without saying anything. The girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way,' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?

"I hurried away, the acting was too life like I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Looking into the Future.

'Yes,' said the father, stroking his son's head fondly, 'James is a bright, intelligent boy, and some day I hope to see him occupying an exalted position in politics.'

'He is certainly a fine lad,' acquiesced the visitor. 'What do you expect to do, James, when you grow to be a man?'

'Well,' answered the boy, I hardly know. My ambition now is to be honest and truthful and manly, and treat people squarely and fairly, and study hard and be respected by everybody.'

'Well said, my boy, well said.' Then the visitor added in an undertone to the old gentleman:

'What do you think now of James occupying an exalted position in politics some day?'

'Well, I think,' whispered the father rather crestfallen, 'that if he carries out his present intentions he is likely to get left.'

A Swiss naturalist maintains that there is only coloring substance in plants and the various colors of flowers are only due to the modifications produced in this substance by the acids or alkalies contained in the plants.

A pretty wrap is one made of blue and silver brocade, lined with cream-white satin, and trimmed on its edges with a rich pessementerie fringe of pearls and crystals intermixed with cascades of cream-white lace.

Etiquette In Drinking.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is common in England and other countries, and especially in Germany. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and eat off the same plate was one of the ways in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriages of the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with.

In the mediæval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups or glasses were adopted, and the old custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "loving cup," as practiced at our great city festivals, and at some of our college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward.

It was then the custom of the Anglo-Saxons to pass around a large cup, from which each guest drank. Who thus drank stood up, and, as he lifted up the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defense to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenseless position. This companion stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging by drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup," as now practiced, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, and at the same time, the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn the individual next to him does the same.

The seating capacity of the new skating rink is very great. Nearly as many take seats on the floor as do on chairs.

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always, my dear. Sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the prompt reply.

The foolish man foldeth his arms and saith: "There is no trade,—why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. He whooped it up in the newspaper, and verily he draweth trade from afar off.

ODD ITEMS.

The Standard Oil Company employs 93,000 men, not including statesmen, and has capital of $70,000,0000.

President Arthur thinks that it will not be possible for him to go to New Orleans until after the 4th of March.

Watterson may not possess as much brain as Randall, but as a compensation he has been supplied with more wind.

Mrs. Joseph Winship, of Norwich, Conn., boasts the possession of a set of silver spoons made by Governor Cleveland's father.

Prince Bismarck's official salary is $13,500 a year, while the embassadors he sends to London and St. Petersburg get $37,500 each.

There is a gold mine in Venezuela which, under American management, has yielded nearly $2,000,000 during the last six months.

To scour knives easily, mix a small quantity of baking soda with your brick dust and then hire somebody to do the scouring.

An eagle that died in Vienna not long ago is said to have been in captivity for a period of not less than one hundred and fifteen years.

The tree in japan from which the varnish for the famous lacquer work is taken is disappearing, and the country is threatened with the loss of one of its greatest industries.

Mr. Cleveland's letter on civil service reform has created a stir among politicians and officeholders in Washington city. The real cause for alarm among many is that Mr. Cleveland has a habit of meaning what he says.

The sending of obscene literature through the mails is growing, as it should, to be a grave offense. In the Federal court in Cincinnati a young man