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.

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The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 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
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Quarter column..	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Half column.....	10 00	14 00	17 00	25 00	50 00
One column.....	20 00	25 00	30 00	50 00	100 00

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Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars. Must be paid for when inserted.

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Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

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J. H. MAIZE,
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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

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	Assets.
Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$7,678,220
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,161,710
Phœnix, of London	5,296,276
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,970
Hartford of Hartford	3,273,050
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oct. 24, 1

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Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences

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THE ARTIST
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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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HATS, CAPS, AND UMBRELLAS
Always of the latest styles. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.
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April 25-1y

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Plumber and gas fitter. Rear of Schuyler's hardware store.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
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.
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Special attention given to heating by steam and hot water.
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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.
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Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
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Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
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SELECT STORY.

THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

This Ogre's castle was a big white house set on a hill overlooking the village, and it had been a deserted castle, until one summer the owner suddenly appeared and took possession. He lived in London, and had not been to this quiet out-of-the-way place since boyhood.

And now he kept singularly secluded, and the girls from the seminary called him the Ogre. A party of them passed there every morning and afternoon, but not once did they see the mysterious stranger.

"Surely he has committed a murder, and is in hiding," said Nelly Blakesly, one afternoon, peeping between the bars of the gate.

She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl of about seventeen, soft-voiced, generous-hearted, and a very imp for mischief. You would not judge from her face, so demure and sweet; but those bright dark eyes were sparkling with mischief, though they could be very soft and tender, and even fill with tears when her sympathies were roused.

"Now, to-day you said you could dare to do anything, Nell, and yet I wager my ruby ring you would not dare to enter the Ogre's Castle," said Sadie May.

"I would dare to do it."

"Prove it—prove it!" cried half-a-dozen eager voices.

The color rose to Nell's fair cheeks.

"Now?"

"Yes, now."

"Then take my books, and I will go in and ask the Ogre for some of those roses blooming by that window; and I will go in at the one opened down to the floor, and not run the risk of being turned away from the door."

She raised the latch of the gate and pushed it boldly open. It creaked loudly on its rusty hinges, and the girls hurried away a short distance, all but Nell. She stood her ground bravely and walked in. No one appeared. The Ogre's Castle might have been deserted for all the sounds around it that summer afternoon, and the girl's light steps echoed on the veranda, and her heart beat quick in a sort of fear when she stretched out her hands to part the lace curtains hanging straight down over the window to the floor.

The room beyond looked so dark at first, that she, just coming from the yellow glare of the sunshine, could not distinguish objects.

"Who enters?" suddenly inquire a deep voice, and a man who was sitting in a large armchair, with his head bowed on his hands, raised up and turned towards the window. Nell grasped her breath and retreated a step or two, secretly wishing herself outside of the gate again.

"'Tis Nell Blakesly, a school-girl," she faltered; then, plucking up courage, and stepping in, ventured to look at the ogre.

He was slender and handsome, with a refined face, and manly, well-cut features, but something in his expression puzzled the girl.

"Come in," he said, rising to his feet, and speaking politely but coldly. "Excuse me for asking you to get your own chair, Miss Blakesly. I am blind."

"Oh, how sorry I am, sir!" cried Nell, with the deepest pity in her voice and eyes. "Pray pardon this intrusion, Mr. Chichester; I came in simply because the girls said I would not dare to do it."

"Ah yes; I am the ogre," he said with a faint smile.

"Now did you hear that?" exclaimed Nell in confusion.

"Ogres have many mysterious ways of hearing remarks—particularly if they are about themselves. Do not be in haste to go. I am blind and harmless."

Such a look of gloom overspread his face, that, in pity for him, the girl lost her embarassment. She longed to do something for him—to lighten, if possible, that darkness which, night and day must, envelop him.

"It has been a good while since I received a caller."

What could she say to him—a stranger—that would comfort him? She saw a new uncut magazine on the table.

"Would you like me to read a little to you?" she said rather timidly.

"If you are a good reader you may, unless you have other and more pressing engagements. My aunt sometimes makes an effort to read; but her voice is weak."

It was not a very graceful acceptance, and for a moment Nell felt the color rise in her cheeks; but one glance at the pale weary face of her ogre, and compassion rose uppermost again. She had a clear young voice, well modulated, and read with interest—in fact, she almost forgot her listener, until a stately, elderly lady entered the room. Mr. Chichester introduced her as Mrs. Lanel, his aunt. She looked somewhat surprised at his company; but, as though he knew her thought, he quietly explained that Miss Blakesly called to gather a few roses, and kindly consented to read for him.

Nell rose to go, not waiting to hear the gentleman's courteous thanks. She hastily pulled a handful of roses and hurried away, but her companions had gone on home.

Next morning they gathered around her to hear the news, but she gave only a very brief, subdued account of her call.

"Girls, he is blind."

"How does he look?"

"Very pale and sad."

"Is he handsome?"

"Yes, I suppose so. He is a perfect gentleman. It must be a dreadful thing to be blind," said Nell with a shudder.

That afternoon Mrs. Lanel stood at the gate when the girls passed by, and she called Nell.

"Will you come in again, my dear? Edward desires it."

The girl hesitated. She had no duties to call her home, and she would be willing to study her lessons at night if the slight sacrifice would benefit or add anything to the pleasure of that poor prisoner. She went in.

"He talked of you last night, and seemed more cheerful than usual. He thinks you are a little girl," said the lady, her eyes glancing over the young graceful figure at her side.

Nell smiled.

"How long has he been blind?" she ventured to inquire.

"Almost a year now. The doctors think there is hope that his eyesight may be restored. It was a dreadful blow to him, he was so strong, so full of life and the joys of life. He came here to get away from the world and his friends., but the loneliness is terrible."

She talked as one pleased to have a listener, and Nell looked so fair and sympathetic.

"You will not object to giving him at least one hour occasionally, if he desires your company, will you? I know it is a great favor to ask, but anything to amuse and interest him, I will do."

"It will be a pleasure to me," said the girl earnestly.

Mr. Chichester welcomed her with a smile.

"You have come to cheer the ogre's loneliness again, have you, little friend? What is your name? Oh, yes, Nell. I may call you Nell, may I not?"

"Certainly, sir," and Mrs. Lanel nodded approval.

"Then come sit near me Nell, and read in this book if you are not tired."

So she settled herself in a low chair near him, while Mrs. Lanel took a seat by the front window.

She read a while, and then Mr. Chichester asked her some questions about her school-studies, and finally began to tell her of places and people seen abroad.

"I'm not over thirty myself, Nell, and before this terrible darkness fell on me, I loved life as ardently as any one could."

He was a good talker, and Nell felt that in listening to him, she was repaid for the kindness.

The ladies of the village called on Mrs. Lanel, but none of them except Mrs. Blakesly, Nell's mother, saw the master of the house.

She was a good woman and not given to ambitious dreams, but she could not help looking forward to the future, and thinking how this acquaintance between her young daughter and Edward Chichester might end should his sight be restored.

It was a summer never to be forgotten by Nell Blakesly. From being one of the wildest, most daring girls in the school, she became one of the quietest.

The girls teased her a good deal, but she only laughed good-humoredly at it.

Early in autumn the doctors ordered Mr. Chichester abroad. He would spend the winter in Italy and go on to Paris in the spring, where a famous oculist had promised to try his skill on his eyes.

"I wish I could adopt you and take you with me, Nell."

"Wait till next year, and you can come back for her, Edward," said his aunt.

"Yes, if the doctors do me any good, and even if they do not, I feel that you ought to belong to me now. How old are you, Nell?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked appealingly at Mrs. Lanel.

"She is seventeen, Edward."

"Seventeen," he cried in astonishment. "Why, I thought her a child of twelve or thirteen."

He became silent, and, after waiting a little, the girl approached him.

"You are not angry, sir, because I did not tell you?"

"Angry, sweet friend, no; but I must adjust myself to the new condition of things. I must plan a different future."

He stretched out his hand graspingly, and Nell laid her's in it. He carried the slender fingers to his lips.

"Can I ever repay you, Nell?"

"Oh, sir, you have more than repaid me already," she said, her tears falling. They were tears of pity for him, and tears of grief for herself. There was a dreadful pain at her heart, and she felt almost frightened at the gleam of the future. What could she do when her occupation was gone?

The Ogre's Castle looked very desolate when he went away, and Nell often paused at the gate to loook in, and to sigh for the time when the ogre would return.

It was just a year from the time he went away till he came back. Nell saw the carriage coming up the street, and ran to the window, but its closed windows made her heart sink. Alas! he came back as he went—blind.

The girl had developed wonderfully in body and mind that year. Her school-days were over now, and she might have had lovers in plenty, but her true heart remained faithful to that friend so far away. And it did not falter now when her hopes were crushed. In the evening Mrs. Lanel came after her, and without a question she hastened to make ready for the visit. She put on her prettiest white dress, and fastened roses in her hair, just as though he would her.

"It is a foolish whim, but I cannot help it."

She could not trust herself to ask how he bore the disappointment of not having his sight restored, and Mrs. Lanel, for once did not mention his name. In fact, she was singularly silent on the subject, and ushering Nell into the parlor, went away.

A lamp burned softly on the table, and there in the armchair sat Mr. Chichester, his head bent down, a bandage over his eyes. With throbbing heart the girl advanced towards him.

"Mr. Chichester."

"Nell!"

He raised his head and stretched out his hands to her.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you again!"

"Ah, Nell, it has been the strongest desire of my life to see, now for a year! Come closer; let me put my hand on your head."

She knelt down before him, and he passed his hand slowly, caressingly over her head.

"You are not a school-girl now. You will not care to read or talk to the ogre any more."

His helplessness put her shyness to flight.

"I will always care to be of service to you, sir."

"Would you be willing to sacrifice your life for the pleasure of a blind man—waste your youth in attending to the whims and idle fancies?

"It would not be wasted," she said in a low firm tone.

"Will you be my wife, Nell?"

"Yes sir," unhesitatingly.

"From pity; ah yes!"

"No, sir."

"Nell, my love, my darling, kiss me! Ah, there is, after all, some compensation in being blind," he said, as he folded her to his breast.

Tears of mingled joy and pain gathered in the girl's eyes. It would be no sacrifice to her to marry him, to devote her life to him, be eyes for him, light to his pathway, but his regret must be hers also.

"Do not think of being blind. Make me your eyes," she said softly.

"Nell, Nell, forgive me dear one, for thus trying you. The Paris doctor did cure me. I can see, and I must see you this moment."

He put her from him, snatched the bandage from his eyes, and looked at her with tenderness and love.

Nell shrank away, crimson with shame, then pale as death.

"It was not right to play on my feeling and take advantage of my ignorance," she said. "Oh, sir, how could you do it?"

"It was cruel, but I could not resist the temptation. You did not know it, but I took your picture with me, and it was the first thing I looked at when permitted to see the world again. Can you not forgive me, Nell? Love, do not turn coldly from me, for what will sight or life be if I must lose you?"

He stretched out his arms to her, but she stood still, too proud and shy to go to him now, and he went to her.

"Am I not to receive pardon, Nell?"

And Nell hid her face against his shoulder. That was answer sufficient.

Mr. and Mrs. Chichester spent their winters in London, but every summer they visited the Ogre's Castle, and Mrs. Blakesly feels satisfied.

Some New Geography.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields, and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money at 15 per cent. interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing five dollars for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse-race, boat-race, bicycle-race and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Seven—Enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and the worst laws, and produce the most criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street cars and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him a lift under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jag holding four gallons.

Picking up Driftwood.

One of the most interesting sights on the lower Mississippi is the system of utilizing driftwood. A small saw mill is erected on a steamboat and this vessel goes up and down the river and into each bayou picking up the valuable logs and at once converting them into marketable lumber, which sell at the river towns or even deliver at a planter's wharf. Now and then one may see the black and brown saw mill boat moored to the bank, with fifty or a hundred logs lashed alongside, and a stream of fragrant yellow sawdust swirling into the turbid current. The red shirted negroes slowly pull in a log and start it up the inclined plane to the whirling steel teeth that rasp it into planks with one long sweep and sound; others pile up the lumber beside the engine until the deck is loaded. Then the boat is untied and moves slowly down stream with its attendant raft of logs. It is said that the only danger to be apprehended is in finding spikes or nails in float-wood, which break the saws and cause serious accidents; but all suspicious looking logs are carefully scrutinized before use.

MISTRESS.—"Mercy, Bridget! what's the matter with the water? This did not come out of the filter, did?"

Bridget—"Indade it did, mum."

"That's strange; I'm afraid you have not cleaned it lately."

"I did this very morning, mum, and such a lot of stuff as I found in it, sure. Why, mum, there was most a peck of dirt, mum."

"Dear me! What kind of dirt?"

"Gravel and charcoal, mum."

In his article on "Shiloh," which will appear in the February *Century*, General Grant describes the anxious night after the first day of that battle. He says: "The rain fell in torrents, and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep, without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log house on the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated, as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the rebel fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain."

A Dry Period is Coming.

WHEN OLD MOTHER EARTH DRINKS UP HER OCEANS.

Prof. Cookley, of New York, says: Most of the planets have probably cooled down by radiation to a solid undercrust like the earth. The sun owing to his greater mass is still a fiery mass not yet cooled down so as to have a solid crust. But our moon being a body of small mass about one-eigieth of the earth's mass, is supposed to have had time to cool down to a solid globe all the way from its surface to its center. Its internal heat is supposed to have been radiated away into the surrounding cold space. Now the hot interior mass of the earth can, of course, contain no water, and little or none of the free gases that constitute an atmosphere. But when the earth shall have parted with all its internal heat, having thrown it into the surrounding cold space as the moon has done, then the cold, solid but porous mass within its present crust, which is now incapable of absorbing water or air, on account of the present high temperature, will begin to drink up the water and air just as the parched soil after a summer's drought drinks up the rain, and the ground is dry in a few minutes after the shower. But you may well ask, could the solid porous mass within the present crust of the earth thus drink up the whole of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and cause all the waters of our globe to disappear? Let us examine this more closely.

While the interior of the earth remains as hot as it is at present it is no more possible for the water and air of our globe to penetrate to these fiery regions than it is for a drop of water to remain on a hot stove. But the earth is losing its heat day by day and year by year, radiating it out into the surrounding cold space. I know it has been computed that the earth receives from the sun annually just as much heat as it loses in a year by radiation into the surrounding space. Grant that it be so for the present and for many thousands of years to come. But the trouble is the sun himself is cooling off, and, therefore, will not be always able to send us as much heat as he does at present. The time will, therefore, surely come when we shall lose more heat by radiation into space than the sun will be able to return to us. Then it will be only a question of time for the earth gradually to cool down, as the moon has already done, from surface to center. When that time comes will not the dry but solid and porous core of our globe drink up our oceans and atmosphere, causing them to disappear, not into large cavernous pockets, but into the minute pores of its substance?

The proposition appears to be established by strict calculation that the interior of the earth when cold will be able to absorb more than four times, the amount of water now on its surface. Now, it seems certain that in the manner first explained the earth will continue to lose both its superficial water and its atmosphere. The earth, the other planets, and even the sun himself, are regarded as doomed at some future day to the same fate. Melancholy fate! some will say. But why complain of the general law of nature? Everything in nature has its morning of life, its high meridian of glory and strength, its evening decline and its midnight of blackness and death.

A Curiosity.

Probably one of the most enthusiastic and meritorious printers and engravers in the United States is S. S. Waterman, living at Angel's Camp, Calaveras county, California. He is now twenty-seven years of age; was born a cripple—his affliction being a nervous affection similar in result to paralysis, but confined mainly to his limbs. He cannot move any of them without assistance; he cannot even walk without aid. His general bodily health is good, scarcely ever being sick, and then usually through his bodily sympathy with his afflicted limbs and want of physical exercise. His speech is somewhat impaired, otherwise he enjoys good health and spirits. His mind is strong, clear and active. He has a good common education and has never been out of the town of his nativity but once, and that in search of medical aid to alleviate his affliction, but without success. Being of a jovial and communicative nature, and, as he is unable to write, he had to dictate his correspondence and ideas to others. This he did not like to do, and at an early age he conceived the idea of printing his ideas with movable type which he set with his teeth. This was slow and difficult work at first, but by his untiring zeal and perseverance he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, and as he progressed he found a greater field for his labors, and was one of the founders of the *Mountain Echo*, a small paper published at Angel's Camp. He set a great deal of the type on this paper with his teeth, composing his editorials and other articles as he went along. He also did considerable job work in connection with his paper, and being so far away from type foundries and printers' supply outfits, and having occasionally to use large block letters and emblematic designs in his job work, he, with his usual perseverance and enthusiasm, conceived the idea of engraving. Procuring three large-sized darning needles, he had them ground to different sizes and proceeded with the extra-difficult undertaking of engraving on wood, holding his tools (needle) in his teeth. This effort, as in type-setting with his teeth, was also crowned with success, and he engraved block letters and emblems on wood as his business would require. He also printed the programmes, invitations and posters for the town, often embellished, not with his handiwork, but with his teeth work. Mr. Waterman is now out of the newspaper business and confines his whole time to job printing. He employs a boy to do his presswork, the only part of his work that he cannot do with his teeth. The writer of this has in his possession a photograph of Mr. Waterman at the age of sixteen, also some specimens of his engraving and poster printing of later date, together with dictated letters from him verifying the above statements.—*Inland Printer.*

Seven-pound sage hens are killed in Nevada.

How General Scott Hanged Deserters.

At the battle of Cherubusco in the valley of Mexico, one of those series of battles which took place before the capital was captured, occurred one of the most impressive acts of the entire war. I mean as to its effect upon the men of army. It was one of those events which carried instant conviction to the minds of the soldiers that discipline and allegiance to the flag were of paramount importance. After a desperate struggle the works were carried, and among the captured were found a number of deserters, men who joined the Mexicans and served the guns against their own comrades, and the full force of their aid is apparent when it is known that they were nearly all trained artillerists. On the discovery being made intense indignation prevailed, and nothing but the strictest discipline and prompt obedience to orders prevented the men from dealing out instant vengeance upon the deserters.

But a drum-head court-martial decided with due formality, their fate, which was to be hanged, ignominiously, in the presence of all the army then at that point assembled. It must be understood that a portion of the forces were then engaged with the enemy at Chepultepec, that almost inaccessible fortress and very stronghold of the enemy, holding farther advances upon the city, and that the most desperate engagement was then undecided. The men were drawn up in due order, each with a rope around his neck—thirty deluded victims about to receive merited punishment for basely deserting the flag and turning the enemy's guns against their own comrades. The officer in charge, upon whom devolved the duty cast a quick glance in the direction of Chepultepec. Suddenly a thought seemed to impress him, and he said: "Let them stand till they shall see the American flag upon the heights of Chepultepec." With breathless anxiety they waited. It was a hard fought battle, the final result being doubtful. Many brave men went down to rise no more, and many a man carried the wounds there received through life to his grave.

The gallant Colonel Ransom, of the New England regiment, yielded his life; Captain Mayne Reid, whom I knew, and others, were wounded, and were among the first to enter the works.

Suddenly a shout went up that carried relief to some, at least, of those anxious watchers, and dismay to the hearts of those men who stood awaiting their doom. The heights had been carried and the starry banner floated to the breeze. All eyes then turned to the sad spectacle before them. The deserters stood motionless as statues awaiting the doom they could not shun. They had taken the last look of the flag they had sworn to protect, and were sent "unannointed and unanealed" to answer to the "last great roll call."—*Boston Post.*

Shorthand in History.

THE ART OF QUICK REPORTING DATES TWO THOUSAND YEARS—A FEW INTERESTING FACTS.

An illusion in an article of Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* to the fact that the quarto 1603 was printed from a stolen shorthand report of the tragedy seems to have provoked question as to the existence of shorthand reporters at that day. Why there should be any doubt on such a matter is surprising.

Shorthand, or some method of representing spoken words as rapidly as uttered is almost contemporaneous with the art of writing itself. Xenophon (444-354 B. C.) is supposed to have been the inventor of the Greek system, which he employed in recording the memorabilla of Socrates.

"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer" (Psalms xiv., 1) suggests the practice of short-hand among the Israelites at an early period.

A series of 1,100 arbitrary signs was invented and used in Rome by Eunius (239 169 B. C.

Tiro, the freeman of Cicero, perfected a system for the Romans known as the Tironian. This was used by Tiro himself to take down and preserve the great oration of Cato against Cæsar's proceedings respecting the Catilinarian conspiracy as well as Cicero's own orations on the same subject.

So fast was this system that one of Martial's epigrams, addressed to a notary, confessed that the tongue was too slow for the head.

Some lines by the poet Ausonius in praise of an expert in the same time of the Emperor Gratian have been translated to read as follows:

O wonderous art! though from my lips
The words like pattering hailstones fall
Thine ear hath caught them every one,
Thy nimble pen portrayed them all.

My words no sooner are pronounced
Than on thy tablets they appear;
My mind cannot keep equal pace
With thy light fingers' swift career.

The history of shorthand in English dates back to the sixteenth century. How much earlier it was practiced we have no means of knowing.

In 1588 Timothy Bright published in London a work entitled "Characterie, an art of Short, Swift and Secret Writing by Characters."

Two years later Peter Bales published another work on the same subject entitled "The Writing Schoolmaster, in Three Parts," in the introduction to one of the parts of which the author says: "Brachygraphy, or the art of writing as fast as a man speaketh treatably, may seem difficult, but it is in effect very easy, containing many commodities under a few principles, the shortness whereof is attained by memory, the swiftness by practice, the sweetness by industry."

This was written some ten or a dozen years before the Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was played." Our readers may take it for granted that in all time whenever there has been anything worth reporting some expert writer or industrious Boswell has been on hand to record the speaker's words.

Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it; there is nothing in its nature to produce happiness; the more a man has the more he wants; instead of its filling a vacuum it makes one; if it satisfies one want it doubles and trebles that want another way.

Pale tinted brocades velvets are in favor for making costly wraps.

Newspapers and their Prices

A newspaper, like every other business enterprise, is run for profit, and unless it yields a revenue it eventually ceases to exist. Now, if obtained in an honorable and legitimate way, this profit must be derived from either the reading or advertising patronage, or both, and the better grade of journals find little difficulty in so regulating their patronage as to fairly and equitably divide the burdens of support between all their patrons. A paper, however, that sells its issue at a positive loss and expects in advertisers not only to make up the deficit but in addition to contribute a sufficient sum to sustain it and afford a reasonable profit on its investment, is manifestly dealing unfairly with its best customers.

A newspaper is a peculiar commodity. It is not like a pound of nails or a bushel of salt. People don't shop around to find out where they can save a cent on a newspaper, but they buy the one that suits them best even though they have to pay more for it. They find out pretty soon whether they get the value received or not, and hence, a live, enterprising paper is never required to resort to such shoddy schemes as to reduce its price to secure the patronage of the intelligent public. It is only the sleepy, badly managed and worthless papers that are driven to such extremities. And let me say one more word, and that is, the readers who would buy a poor paper simply because it could be obtained a trifle cheaper than a good one would be of little advantage to advertisers. Liberal minded and intelligent people, who buy according to their judgment and know the difference between legitimate wares and absolute trash, are the class of readers that the liberal advertiser wishes to reach, and he is generally shrewd enough to reach them.

Points About Parrots.

HOW TO MAKE THEM TALK AND KEEP THEM IN HEATH.

"To teach a parrot to talk," said a parrot fancier the other day, "it should be kept separate from other parrots, though they often learn from each other. The way I think best is to keep it in your bed-room, and every night before you go to bed put a cloth around the cage and say something to the bird. It will ponder over it all night, and when you take the cloth off in the morning the parrot will say what you said the night before. For example, if you say 'Good morning' the night before, the parrot will say 'Good morning' when it sees you the next morning. After a parrot gets started talking it picks up lots of things. You can teach one to talk in six weeks.

"Parrots naturally would all be centenarians. Bringing them here shortens their lives to fifteen or twenty years on the average. I never knew one to die of old age. When they are first brought here many of them die. Inflammation of the lungs or colds kill them usually. The oldest one I know of is owned by an Albany family. It is a gray African, 109 years old. It has been handed down and treated with the best of care. In Mexico they often get to be 100. Families hand them down as heirlooms, and they are spoken of as 'our family parrot.' Parrots do not propagate in this climate. A gray one has been known to hatch out young ones in Europe, but never here. Paroquets born in Australia will propagate here, but not often. The proper temperature to keep a room with parrots in it is seventy-two degrees. I give them tepid water to drink. It might give them a cold to drink hydrant water."

Woman's "Won't" in Greenland.

When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, describes the present style as follows: The hopeful suitor coming to the missionary, says:

"I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary.

The man names the woman.

"Hast thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer:

"Yes; she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind."

More frequently the answer is:

"No."

"Why not?"

"It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her."

The missionary summons the girl, and after a little conversation, says:

"I think it is time to have thee married."

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I had a suitor for thee."

"Whom?"

The missionary names the man who sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing; I won't have him."

"But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill, and loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers:

"I won't marry him."

"Well, I won't force thee.