The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, Consolidated.]

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The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1885.

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map 1-1f

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

SELECT STORY.

A GEORGIAN AT THE OPERA.

Of all the sightly places in this subloonary spear New York is the sightliest, and by the help of my friend Bob Tompkins I saw all there was to see. It will always be a livin', growin' consolation to me that thar wasn't a monkey nor none that acted like 'em (and plenty thar was which for antics and foolery you couldn't tell from the fool-blooded animal) that I didn't see by the help of Bob. What's that? You say you bet I didn't see the Opery? You bet I did.

What Opery did I see? I see the Opery of the Bohemian Gal. How did I like it? Well, I liked it pretty tolerble, not out and out; the fact is they spiled it by overdoin' the singin' part. You know yourself the way to spile a thing is to overdo it, and that's jest what they does in the Opery. They overdoes it. The fiddlin' and drummin' is fine. The actin' is beautiful, and the rooms is fixed up splendid; but the singin' is overdone. But I am makin' a transgression, as the preachers say.

You see, I went to New York on a sight-seein' experdition. I had made a fine cotton crop, and my wife said she would go and stay at her mother's with the baby, and I could go and see the world; so I went right to New York, and I saw it. Bob he stuck to me, and he put me right through. Well, I thought I must have seen everything that was to be seen, and I was tired, and could go home with a clar conscience, when Bob come to me and sez,

"La, Jack! I like to let you go home without seein' the best thing in New York."

"What's that?" sez I, surprised, not to say discouraged.

"Why, it's the Opery of the Bohemian Gal. I tell you she's beautiful, she is!" sez Bob.

"Now look here, Bob Tompkins," sez I, "I'm a married man, and I'm goin' back to my wife able to answer any question she may put without shirkin', and I ain't goin' to see no gal, however beautiful, be she Bohemian or be she Dutch."

Well, Bob at that commenced rollin' round and laughin' and screechin' like he had a fit of some kind. I see I had made a mistake, and I was slightly afraid I had looked green, which, on account of the State of Georgy, which I was a representin', I didn't like to do, so I thought round in a rapid way and remembered that I had heard of a opery cap, and I supposed my error was jest thar, so I said in a strategem way, tryin' to laugh like Bob did, and so make him think I had intended a joke all the time:

"Well' Bob, I'm glad to see you can take a joke; 'tain't every man can; but, jokin' aside, who is this here Bohemian gal, and what colored Opery has she got?"

At that Bob lost his breath laughin', and the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks. Then I got mad, which any man would have done under like cirumstances. Sez I:

"Bob Tompkins, if you don't stop skirmishin' round thar like a monkey, and tell me what under heaven you're makin' a fool of yourself about, I'll up and knock you inter the middle of next week."

Well, Bob drawed up when he found my feelins was hurt, and said, while he was a wipin' his eyes:

Oh, Jack! you blade of grass, you! Barnum ought to have you for a circus; you'd dror sure. A Opery is a play-actin' thing set to music, and the Bohemian Gal is the name of the Opery, jest like 'Oh, Susanna,' and 'My Mary Ann.'"

"Well, why couldn't you say so at first," sez I, "without makin a fool of yourself?"

Bob he apologized, and we shook hands and made up, and I asked him to go to the Opery with me and I would stand treat; but he said he had an engagement, and I must excuse him. Then I asked him whar I was to go. He said to the Academy of Music. Sez I: "Ef this here show is a school show, I will not go; I have had enough, in my life, of children exhibitin', and as I haven't got no New York stock in that line, neither duty nor pleasure will draw me."

Bob like to bust out larfin agin, but choked it back with such power that he risked a apoplexy.

"Oh, Jack, sez he, it ain't no school; they is Italien men and women, and you won't understand what they sez, unless you read a library before you go."

"Thar it is agin," sez I: "read a library! Why don't you tell me to build a house in five minutes? How big is your library! I ain't so much at readin', anyhow."

Bob choked agin, but didn't say a word; jest went to a book stall and bought a pamphlet, which it looked like a tract, about as big as "Allen's Alarm to the Unconverted, and he told me to take it home and read it, and that was the story they was goin' to sing at the Opery. And it's well I did read the American side of it, for of all the foolish gibberish that Italien takes the lead.

After I had eat my supper I went off to the Academy of Music, and thar was the ticket man settin' up in his stove box, and he sez, "You want a ticket, sir?"

Sez I, "That's about what I come for." I was very dignified, 'cause I had Georgy on my shoulders, and determined to be a honor to my State, and above all things not to look green. I spose the ticket man thought I was pretty stuck up, for he sez, as imperdent as you please,

"Will you have a cheer or a box?"

Ef I could have got at him I would have knocked him down then and thar; but not bein' able, I used my sarcastic vain on him and said, "I'd have you for to know, sir, I am a gentleman from the State of Georgy, and we sets on cheers down thar, and leaves the boxes to the people from New York."

To all appearance sarcasm run off of that man like water off a duck's back. He only grinned and showed off to advantage a full sett of store teeth, which must have cost a sight of money. He throwed me a ticket, and told me to go in a door he pinted out. But law me! them people haven't any manners. A man at the door took my ticket from me without sayin' "by your leave," and tore it in two and gave me back half, and before I could take it out on him for his rudeness a boy seized that and dragged me off by the arm down a passage between the seats, which was all folded neatly up like they had just come in from the wash. He unfolded one of these, pushed me in, and throwed my little piece of ticket after me, and was gone before you could say "Jack Robinson."

It seemed a pretty hard case that—with people insultin' him right and left a Georgy man couldn't get a chance to knock one of 'em down. But so it was, and I tried to kind a devirt my thoughts from my aggrawations by lookin' round. It certainly was a sightly place, and what with the big chandeleer up in the ceilin', and the little chandeleers all around, it sorter looked like a sunshiny day; and then the lights glitterin' on the diamonds and pearls and chalcedonies and jacinths that was hangin' round the women would a put the foundations of the celestial city out o' countenance. The men was mostly bald headed and wared swallow tail coats, and men and women was armed with double barrel spy glasses, which they gave them a comical appearance. Some of these said spy glasses was so large in proportion to the men that they looked like steam engines with a double light. One little bald headed gentleman sitting next to me had the biggest pair in the house. He actually looked as if he was hitched onto them instead of them being hitched on to him; and again, as I turned my eyes on his white bald head with the machinery in front he might have been mistaken for a bomb shell, and the idea come into my head that a slight tap would explode him, but being a stranger in a strange land I had better keep quiet or I might get arrested for dynamiter. Up in the top of the room was hanging a tremenjuous curting, with fine pictures on it, and just on the floor close to it was a row of candles, which seem to be set down in a trough, sorter, with the wicks above the floor. In front of the candles was what looked like a music school, the schoolmaster setting up on a high three-legged stool with a big stick in his hand, though it did look to me as if them boys was too old to be whipped. There was every kind of musical instrument you ever heard of. There was drums as big as hogshead, drums as big as flour barrels, and drums as big as pails. Then there was big fiddles, middle sized, and little fiddles, and long horns twisted up like the brazen serpant, and all sizes from that down to a baby whistle; and there was every size and sourt of tambourines, besides plenty of instruments I never see or hear of before. It altogether reminded me of that consort of Nebuchadnazzars we read of in the Holy Bible, and I have no doubt they had the sackbut, psaltary, dulcimer and so forth, among the machinery I didn't know the names of.

Well, while I was a workin' out these here thoughts the old music teacher give his stick a waft, as much as to say, "Now, my fine fellows, do your best, or you will get a taste of this." And I tell you they went at it neck and heel, each one of 'em tryin' to beat the other. I never heard such a din. It was like happenin' in at a menagerie at feedin' time, and all the lions, tigers, hyenas and Jackasses was bellowing at one and the same time; and the old music teacher he swung that stick a threatening them old boys, until it seemed like he got so wore out he could just manage to move it soft like; and believe me as soon as them boys see he was sorter disabled they took a rest too, and the noise got lesser and lesser, until you could hear only the little baby whistle, and it sounded real sweet. Ef it had just lasted a minute longer I think I might have caught that chune, if there was one; but the old man got up his wind too soon, and away they all went again like a pack of hounds in full cry. At last human natur' could stand no more, and they blowed and beat therselves cleen out, the school-master dropped his stick, and the boys fell back breathless, and before they could get up more steam the curting went up and the Opery began.

You want to hear the story, does you? Well, it was pretty, but ef I hadn't read that Library I never would have knowed what they was after.

You see there was a widower Count with a name sounded like it was Arnold or something, and he had a pretty little gal which her name was Arleener, and she and her nurse was in the room with him when the curting goes up, and the Count begins to sing how sorry he is his wife is dead, and how he loves his baby. Jest think of that, *singin'* all that, and liftin' up that little gal and kissin' her to music! Who ever heard tell of sich noosense? Do you suppose if my wife was dead I would go and sing to a thousand or so people to tell 'em how sorry I was, and how I loved my baby? No; it's agin nater from beginnin' to end. Well, as soon as he got through he went away, and the nurse takes the little gal up in the mountains to pick flowers. They had hardly got out before here came a big fat Polisher named Thaddeus. He was a wailer too. The Count wailed in a voice most fine enough for a woman, but Thaddeus was a base wailer; it sounded like thunder; and he sung first in the lower part of his chist, and I thought it was morally impossible for him to go any lower, when he jumped right down to the lower part of his stomach, and before you had time to wonder how he could do it, there was his voice way down in the soles of his boots. It certainly was a feenominer how he could do it. Well, his wail was all about his country, how he had been banished, and if he went back he would have his head cut off, and all that. It would a been real distressin' ef it had only been natural for him to cry and groan and grunt to music. Jest as he had finished his story, here came in a party of Gypseys, running in that sudden from all the opesin's of the stage that it took away my breath. They rushed right up to Thaddeus and was goin to kill him then and thar to the sound of music, when ther captain, which had the name of Devilshoof (a bad name that for a honest man) he see Thaddeus was a soldier and stopped the killin'. Thaddeus sung 'em a history of his troubles, and then they all broke out like a house afire screechin' at him, "A Gypsey's life is the life to lead," and they rung the changes on that noble sentiment 'till Thaddeus lost his head entirely, and said he would jine to 'em; and then and thar they ondressed him, and put on his Gypsey clothes. I felt right shamed while this was goin' on, and I looked at the ladies, but ther faces was all hid by ther spy glasses, the which I could swar was pinted jest at the place whar Thaddeus was dressin' himself. Praps it's the music makes the difference, but I'm glad my wife was in Georgy, music or no music.

In another minute thar was another lung tearin', ear bustin' blowouts. Men, women, and children rushed in singin' at the top of their voices that the Count's little gal and her nurse had been eat up by a wild animal in the mountain. Then here came the Count singin' how sorry he was. I was fairly out of patience with this unnaturalness, instead of runnin' out to save his child, to walk up and down before all them people singin'. I ain't no sort of patience with dead beats. Thaddeus had more sense; he picked up a gun which was lying handy, and away he went. Them mountains and wild beasts must have been right at the door, for Thaddens was hardly gone before he was back again with the baby in his arms, he havin' been to the mountains, killed the wild beast, and saved the baby and nurse in not more than three minutes. He was a sight quicker than the patent exterminator. Well, then there was another ear bustin', lung tearin' blowouts. The Count embraced and kissed the baby to music, and sent her off to the house to have a little scratch on her arm tied up, which was all the hurt she had, which shows you can't believe anything you hears. The report was that baby and nurse was eat up; the nurse wasn't hurt, and the baby had a flea bite. I doubt myself if there was any wild beast in the matter; al to get up a sensation. But the Count believed it; you could see that by the way he acted. He shook Thaddeus' hand and sung he was so much obliged to him. Thaddeus sung it didn't make no difference in the world. The Count sung couldn't he do something for him? Thaddeus sung no he thanked him. The Count sung wouldn't he take a glass of wine? Thaddeus sung he didn't keer if he did.

Then as bad luck would have it, the Count purposed the health of the Emperor, which was the same which had banished Thaddeus, and Thaddeus dashed his glass down and broke it all to pieces, which made the Count so mad he forgot all about what Thaddeus had done, and had him arrested then and thar, and Devilshoof too; but Devilshoof was too smart for 'em; he got hold of the baby, and everybody took after him; but he ran across a bridge, and took a little knife out of his pocket and jest cut it down after him, and the curting come down, while the people fairly yelled and clapped their hands and tried to outdo the Opery in noise.

Then the little man next to me, which was bald headed and had the prize spy glasses, took 'em down and wiped 'em, and said, settlin' himself, "it will be twelve years before the next scene."

I was perfectly dumbfoundered at his sayin' such a thing, and I sez, sez I: "Is that a joke sir? for I can't stay here no twelve years. I am from Georgy, and my wife and child are there, and I'm got my livin' to make."

Well, he swelled up like he would bust, and the lady next him laughed right out loud. He was very polite though, and told me they was goin' to pertend it was twelve years, and Arleener would be growed up; and sure enough when it went up thar she was—leastways they wanted me to believe it was the same which was asleep on a fur skin; and thar was Thaddeus watchin' over her, and then she woke up, and then they began to sing love at each other. And it was real pretty too; more chune about it than anything I heard from 'em, only Thaddeus was too old and fat for her. When she first woke up she sang to him a dream she had dreamed, all about how she lived in a fine house built of marble, and had plenty of niggars to wait on her, and fine clothes and jewelry and everything she wanted, but how she didn't keer about any of it cause he was there and loved her, and she truly did look pretty and sang beautiful. It made me think of the time my wife and me were courtin', only we didn't sing—maybe because we couldn't. And then he kissed and hugged her, which if ther had not been so many people round would have been very natural. Then he sunk how when she was a baby he had saved her life, and he showed her the scar on her arm.

But they don't rest easy long in operies. This was too pretty and soft to last. The Gypsey Queen was in love with Thaddeus, and when she found he was sparkin' Aleenner, she laid a plan agins 'em. She made out how Arleenner had stole a locket belongin' to the Count, and she was arrested and taken before him, and it was proved agins her, and they was just about to put her in jail, when the Count saw the scar or her arm, and knowed it was his lost child; and then come another bustin' fuss. The Count sung he was so glad, and Arleenner sung so was she. And he sung he was goin' to marry her to the King's son, and she put her pretty arms around Thaddeus, and sung she wouldn't marry anybody but him, and the Count sung she couldn't marry a Gypsey, and Thaddeus up and drawed out a paper and said that proved he wasn't no Gypsey, but a big man in his own country; and so the Count gave his consent; and you thought all was goin' straight at last, when in come that Gypsey Queen with a Gypsey she had hired to kill Arleener, and, as good luck would have it, he missed his aim and killed the Queen. And I felt like jumping up and cracking my heels together I was so glad, she was such an awful shrieker and hateful besides. And then that was all.

I think if I live thirty years I will never get all that music out of my head. I've got as good an ear for music as anybody, but it would take twenty years to hold all that. If they would only talk some and sing some. "What is more beautiful than music?" some folks asks, and it seems a question which poses the world; but I'll tell you nachure is, and it is agin nachure to sing everything. Now take sich a every day sentiment as this, "Will you come to supper, your Excellency?" How much better to say the thing right off than for half a dozen people to make a jewett of it, and squall the changes on it, and roll and pitch it round like it was a ball they was playin' with, and all the appertite his Excellency had is sung out of him! I say it's riddickerlous nonsense. It's like what they calls the 'toning in church whar they sings and whines the prayers to God Almighty. Its all agin nachure. Love songs is beautiful, and serenades will teteh the hardest hearts, but I say mix in the singin' with a little common-sense talkin' and it would be a improvement all round.

Why, any body happenin' into one of them operys, without bein' prepared by readin' a library, would think they had got into a lunatic asylum—to see four or five men and women screechin' at each other, ther hands flyin' out from ther chists (which let me say is a invariable movement), stretchin' of their necks until it is agonizin' to see the bones and sinnews stand out, and their mouths so wide open that you expect every minute to hear ther jaw bones crack. And then the chorus!—that is the worst of all; fifty or a hundred men and women dressed in the most outlandish way, each tryin' to outyell the other; and add to all this the determination of the musitioners in the grand finally not to be outdone by the singers. They all get so wound up the fact is they can't stop themselves. The man with the big fiddle fairly turns a sumersault over it a tryin' to get first, and the little fiddlers saws away until it is enough to wake up the ghosts of the cats which was made into fiddle strings; and the big drummers and middle sized and little drummers is bent upon nothin' else but beatin' a hole in their instruments; and the horn blowers big and little looks dangerously appoplektic; and the tamboreeners and bell ringers comes nobly to the front, till the tempest of sound goes roarin' and surgin' thro' the house, gittin louder and louder and stronger and stronger and higher and higher, 'till they can get neither up or down; and it ends by their slammin' and smashin' everything to pieces, and all comes down together with a Blim! blam! blum!! b-r-r-r-rum!!! and you look up thinkin of course the roof is gone and the moon and stars shinin' overhead.

Maybe if I had studied it when I was a new born infant, and kept at it stiddy till now, I might like the Grand Opery. As it is it is too much for me.

Crescent City Cemeteries.

New Orleans' cemetery system is one prolific source of disease, even at its best, writes an *Inter-Ocean* correspondent. As is well known, there are many burial socities in the city, which have vaults peculiarly fitted up for the receebtion of bodies. The swampy nature of the ground makes it impracticable to inter below the surface, and so in the case of the poorer classes a large number of immense depositers are needed. Some of these have accommodations for as high as 100 corpses, to my personal knowledge. When a vault becomes quite full of bodies, and the society lacks for purchasing ground and building again, it is customary to remove the coffins, and hold a grand, open-air cremation. The evils of this operation are apparent, inasmuch as no furnaces are provided for carrying off the deadly fumes that must necessarily be generated.

But in time of epedemics the question of burial is one of difficulty, and the consequences from crowded interments are most appaling. More than once large vaults have burst asunder by the action of gases arising from a large number of freshly entombed bodies. Of course the wealthy endeavor to have their own private family tombs, or belong to influential burial socities that maintain specially imposing vaults. The colored people have cheaper burial societies by themselves, and the various secret societies have their own cemeteries. This classification system brings about a multiplicity of cemeteries, as for instance, the Free Masons' cemetery, the Odd Fellows' cemetery, the Firemens' cemetery, the Jewish cemeteries, known as Gates of Prayer, etc. The payment of a fee, varying from twenty five cents a month to several dollars, entitles the member to free burial at the hands of the society to which he belongs.

These burial socities, paradoxical as it may sound, are also instrumental in promoting social intercourse among the members. The colored people give a big yearly entertainment in connection with one of their leading societies, in which the most elaborate festivities are held, and full dress prevails.

Many rather mysterious boiler explosions having been attributed to the sudden and explosively violent flashing into steam of superheated water, the French Academy of Sciences appointed a committee, a year or more ago, to investigate the subject. That committee has since made many careful experiments, using pure and impure water, water which had been long stagnant, and water from which the air had been driven by long boiling, and generating steam by rapid and by slow firing. As a result the conclusion has been reached that if any boiler explosion has occured through superheating it must have been through the concurrence of exceptional circumstances, which are neither defined, known nor expected. The experiments have shown conclusively that, sometimes appear, the real cause must be looked for in the simple loading of the boilers with steam pressures beyond their strength.

The new bonnets are high in front and pinched in as closely at the side as the formation of the head will allow. Gold appears upon nearly every one in some shape or other, but chiefly in that of tinsel crowns on gold wires. Bright poppy color is in great favor for trimmings as well as for whole bonnets and hats. A sweet little bonnet of poppy-red crepe, arranged with narrow tucks all over the crown, is dotted with small straw bobs. A thick ruching of the red crepe surrounds the edge, and a bunch of elderberries, set in their own leaves, forms the high trimming.

A very active red insect has appeared in some of the vineyards of Yolo county, Cal., in immense numbers, covering the ground in places. A vine attacked by this new pest droops in an hour.

Superstitious Negroes Spoil an Operation and the Patient Dies.

STRANGE HOSTILITY OF WASHINGTON COLORED PEOPLE TO THE USE OF THE KNIFE BY A DOCTOR—FOUR PHYSICIANS MOBBED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

A remarkable case of local superstition was developed in the police court at Washington last week. A large number of colored people in the District believe in what they call "slab" or night doctors. They have a theory that the doctors' sole object in life is to secure as many bodies as possible for use upon the dissecting table. This class of superstitious colored people fear a surgeon as they would death. The news of a surgical operation being performed upon any member of their race is sure to create a panic. They are very timid about going out at night as they expect that some "doctor man" will run out of a dark alley and cover their mouths with plaster. When the long ulsters were first introduced into Washington their wearers were supposed by the negroes to be "slab" doctors in search of the bodies of children, and they wore those long coats for the purpose of hiding their prey.

Few people have believed in the stories of this superstition, but the mobbing of a number of prominent surgeons because they were engaged in performing an opperation will convince even the most incredulous of the strength of this superstition against surgeons among the colored people there. The name of the patient was William Harris. He is a colored man about twenty-one years old. He lived in O Neils alley, between second and third, F and G streets, South Washington. This is the centre of the most densly populated colored quarter. Harris lived in a small two-story frame house. For sometime he had suffered from a bowel complaint caused by the reception of the upper part of the smaller intestine into the lower. Dr. R. Tholden had attended Harris. He found that he could relieve his patient by performing a surgical operation, which was a very delicate one, but he had no doubts of his success. He received the consent of the patient and his family to perform this operation. He called in four assistants—Drs Crook, Leach, Hazon, Harvey, well-known Washington physicians. The surgeons met in Harris's house. The unusual number of doctors attracted a good deal of attention. Word was passed from alley to alley and the negroes came swarming from every direction. There are six entrances to the alley. In a few moments after the surgeons had begun their work the alley was packed. Inside the house the doctors were intent upon their work. The thermometer marked 100 degrees. In the midst of their operations they heard excited cries outside the doors. Shouts went up that they were cutting, poor Harris.

"The night doctors are slicing his meat off of him," cried some one in the crowd.

The doctors paid no attention; they still continued to go on with the operation, but when they were at the most critical point the mob burst in the door and came yelling into the room. The doctors were driven back with chairs and clubs from the bed of the sick man, while the blood flowed freely from the wounds which the doctors were unable to close up. The physicians were driven out and hustled to the end of the alley, while threats of the wildest character were made. If it had been night they might all have been butchered, so excited were the people. When they returned with police to come to the rescue of the sick man they found him beyond assistance. He died that night. The physicians say that there is no doubt but that he would have gotten well if he had not been interfered with in his work. The physicians would not give a certificate of death until they made a post-mortem examination. It required a strong guard of the police to enable them to make this post-mortem. Even then the doctors were jeered atand insulted as they came to and from the house.

Closing Doors.

Any one recovering from a severe fit of illness, with overstrained or shattered nerves, that respond instantly to any sudden noise, will appreciate the following from an exchange:

"Doors are what we have to deal with all our lives, and yet nineteen people out of twenty make a noise closing every door they go through. Physicians have not yet leared that they disturb the patient they are trying to quiet by closing the door noisly when they enter or leave the house or room. It is perfectly easy to close a door quietly, yet few people make it a practice to do so until some one in the house is ill, and even then it is often forgotten. The patient that for days and nights has been ill and has had no rest is finally relieved from pain, and is quietly sleeping. If there is nothing to disturb him, some hours of refreshing sleep may be expected, giving the rest and strength so much needed; but some one, forgetful of the needed carefulness, closes the door with a slam, and the patient starts with every nerve quivering, not only losing the much-needed sleep, but having to suffer from a sudden awakening, so hard for a weak person to bear. If people would and teach care in closing doors, until it became their habit to do so, no one need suffer this one of the unecessary noises."

The plan of electrically transmitting power has been in paretical operation for more than eight months at Bienne, Switzerland. A turbine and a dynamo convert the power of a mountain torrent into electricity, which passes over wires some 500 feet to a receiving dynamo furnishing two shops with their required six to eighteen horse power.

"Describe her, if you please," said the lawyer. "Well, she is dark complexioned, and wears a thingummy kind of dress, cut bias, and as to her age, why she's two or three years younger than you'd take her to be."

The extreme depth of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.

"Will the coming man work?" is the current conundrum. If he gets himself attached to a large family he will.

A Question of Identity.

TWO YOUNG MEN GO TO LAW TO DISCOVER WHICH IS WHICH.

The papers in a very strange case are being prepared by a well known law firm in this city. The case is in action in ejectment, in which the plaintiff is Joseph B. Metz and the defendant a young man by the name of Hylebrone, alias Metz. The dispute between the parties is in reference to a large farm located in the northeastern part of this State. The defendant in the action has been living on the farm for the past five years, and is known among the neighbors as Joseph Metz. The story is a long one, and adds another illustration in support of the declaration that truth is stranger than fiction. The story of the plaintiff to his lawyer is as follows:

About nine years ago Joseph Metz, a Teuton, residing in the southeastern part of Germany, decided to emigrate to America. In the summer of 1875 he, with his good wife Catharine and his five sturdy boys, started for the United States. From the sale of his real estate he realized about $30,000 and with this sum he was able to buy a well-tilled farm with a comfortable dwelling in the eastern part of the State, and still have a neat amount of cash besides. He lived on the farm for five years, but finally the desire to die in his native land took such a hold on him that in 1880 he and his wife made a deed of the farm to the supposed eldest son, the present occupant, and returned to Germany. His wife and the four younger children accompanied him. With the remaining cash in his possession he bought a farm in the vicinity of his old home, which at his death, which occurred about a week ago, he bequeated to the younger member of his family. The strangest part of this narrative transpired after his return to Germany. It appeared that at the time young Metz, the present occupant of the farm, was born, there lived in the vicinity of Metz's place a woman by the name of Mrs. Hylebrone. She was employed at various times as nurse in Metz's household, and was present at the time young Metz was born. This woman made some startling disclosures to the old man Metz just before his death, which in substance were about as follows:

At the