The Columbian.

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

Issued Weekly, every Friday Morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA CO., Pa.

AT $1.50 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.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1885.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

	1 W	2 W	1 M	2 M	3 M	6 M	1 Y
1 inch	$ 75	1 25	1 50	2 50	3 00	4 50	7 00
2 "	1 50	2 00	2 25	4 00	4 75	7 50	12 00
3 "	2 00	2 75	3 50	5 00	6 50	10 00	16 00
4 "	2 50	3 50	4 50	7 00	8 00	12 00	19 00
¼ col	3 25	4 50	5 50	8 00	9 50	14 50	23 00
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1 column	8 00	12 00	15 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	60 00

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Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
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Phœnix, of London	5,266,376
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11 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 over Kleim's Drug Store.

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Nov 28-1y

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SELECT STORY.

A SCARBOROUGH SCANDAL.

The season at Scarborough was at its height. The hotels were crowded and inn-keepers and tradesmen were doing a roaring trade. Not only were there the usual holiday-makers, Yorkshire manufacturers, sprigs of nobility, overworked city men, with thir wives and superabundant families, but the cholera had sent over a goodly contingent of foreign nobilities with high sounding names, and of more or less distinguished appearance. There were French Marquises and Counts, German Barons, and an Italian Duke; there was a Russian Prince, and there were dozens of wealthy Hebrews of every nationality, "rivaling the sun in Oriental splendor." Many of these personages were accompanied by their wives and daughters, and most of them were exceedingly affable in their demeanor, joining in whatever amusements the place afforded, and dancing away at the periodical assemblies with an energy which, if somewhat misdirected, was obviously well-meant. The Miss Mungos, from Bradford, and the Miss Shoddys, of Halifax, grew quite sated with the adulation of foreign noblemen, and if it had not been for the advent of the brilliant and fascinating Count Splitzentoff at the Regalia Hotel there is no knowing but the affections might have returned to the somewhat deserted Toms, Dicks and Harrys of their native county. But before the Count's superior attractions all minor constellations waned into insignificance. He was young, apparently about 32 or 33, he had lovely teeth and magnificent black hair; he was evidently possessed of untold wealth, wore little jewelry, and drove an admirable mail, phaeton and pair of horses. With one consent, therefore, the maidens of Scarborough fell down and worshipped him.

The Count was accessible, and speedily made a vast number of acquaintances. He was universally popular. The women all liked him, and the men, though not a litale jealous of his success, were forced to confess that he drove well and played a remarkably good game at billiards. He spoke moderately good English, with a strong foreign accent, and conversed fluently in French with any one who had sufficiently mastered the intricacies of that language. There were, of course, certain envious persons at Scarborough who hinted broadly that the fascinating Count was no Count at all, but an individual in a very much humbler station of life. The Baron von Stufguzz, for instance, insinuated that he had met him before in a gambling hell in Vienna, and that his duties there were of a character both mental and disreputable, while the Marquis de Tombola Ferrara said he was a courier, but as neither of these gentlemen adduced any evidence in support of their assertions, they were pretty universally disbelieved. Moreover, as both the Baron and the Marquis—and, for the matter of that, quite half of the most eminent personages in the hotel—had very good reasons for wishing that their own antecedents and pretensions should not be too closely investigated, they were content as a rule, to act upon the excellent proverb which regulates the conduct of those who live in glass houses. So the Count increased in favor with all his acquaintances, and became quite a leader of the social society. Just when he was at the zenith of his popularity, there arrived at the Regalia Hotel an American gentleman, accompanied by two young ladies. The party attracted no little interest. The American was a spare, dried-up looking man of 50 or thereabouts; he had an abrupt, decisive manner, and he gave his orders with the air of one accustomed to be obeyed with promptness and precision. His name, according to the visitors' book, was J. K. Dexter, and he had scarcely retired to his private sitting room before he was recognized by the hotel gossips as one of the largest and most successful speculators in Wall street. There was no doubt at all about Mr. Dexter's millions; men looked upon him with awe and admiration, while needy scions of nobility hung upon his lips, eager for the slightest indication of the course of the markets. The two young ladies rather puzzled the company at the Regalia Hotel. Mr. Dexter was known to be childless, and he had simply entered his name in the visitors' book as "Julius H. Dexter and party, New York." One of the girls was apparently very delicate; she always went to the Spa in a bath chair, closely wrapped up and wearing a thick veil, the other being in constant attendance. The second, who was of a sufficiently attractive appearance, dressed plainly but well, and seemed to enjoy excellent health. Mr. Dexter himself never alluded to them except as "Clara" and "Annie;" and the male visitors grew prodigiously anxious to make their acquaintance. But a week passed, and the foreign noblemen, spring captains, tailors, money-lenders and seedy honorables had not succeeded in attaining the object of their aspirations. Matters were growing desperate, so the Count was deputed to devise a scheme which might produce the desired effect.

"Clara, my dear," remarked Mr. Dexter one evening to the invalid, "that black-whiskered Italian brigand look-chap, who calls himself a Count, wants us to join in a driving excursion somewhere."

"Of course, you told him you'd do no such thing," answered the young lady, somewhat fretfully.

"I said I'd ask you—not that I ever supposed you'd mix with the tagrag and bobtail lot of people there are here."

"So you're not going?" said the other girl.

"Certainly not. Why?"

"Nothing, but I thought you might like a change in the monotony," and she rose and left the room.

"I wish to goodness some Italian brigand or noblemen would take a fancy to Annie," sighed the invalid. "Her temper is really undurable. Italian Counts are generally on the lookout for heiresses. Why can't you send her on this expedition instead of me? Nobody here knows that she hasn't got a farthing in the world. We might get rid of her, and what a blessing that would be."

"I am afraid you are getting uncharitable. It would, however, be rather sport to let these hungry fellows think she is an heiress. But if I take her what is to become of you?"

"I shall get on. The people are amusing to look at, and Hannah will take care of me. Besides, Annie positively irritates me, I know she thinks nursing such a dreadful infliction."

"Have it your own way, my dear. I'll tell the Count that we shall be delighted."

So when the appointed day came Mr. Dexter, accompanied by Miss Annie, and duly mounted on a moderately well-appointed coach, was piloted by the triumphant Count to a well-known show-place a dozen miles from Scarborough.

Me. Dexter omitted to inform Count Splitzentoff that the young lady under his charge was not his niece at all, but the daughter of a defaulting clerk, who had committed forgery and then blown out his brains. Neither did he say that she had not a sixpence in the world, or that he had allowed her to use the name of Dexter, owing to the disgrace which had stained that of her father. The excursion was, therefore, highly enjoyable. The Count had asked the Baron von Stufguzz to join the party too, on the condition, of course, that he did not make himself too agreeable to the pseudo-heiress; and the rich Miss Mungo and her mother had been invited for the Baron's amusement So, after inspecting some more or less interesting ruins, the party paired off in the grounds, the Count, of course, monopolizing Miss Dexter, and the Baron Miss Mungo, while Dexter was left to the tender mercies of the chaperon. The latter gentleman had decidedly the worst of the bargain, for Mrs. Mungo, who had been originally a Halifax mill girl, subjected him to a cross-examination of the most searching and irritating description about himself, his fortune, his nieces, the amount of money he intended to leave them, and, in fact, all his most private and personal affairs.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself, my dear," said Dexter to his protage, somewhat grimly, when his torments were over, and he found himself once more at the Regalia.

"Immensely," answered the young lady with much emphasis. "The Count is simply charming, and he is so well off; he has a house in Paris, a villa in Cannes and any amount of estates in Lithuania and the 'Caucasus.'"

"A house in Paris and a villa at Cannes!" growled Dexter to himself. I must make further inquiries."

Miss Annie Dexter, once having inserted the thin end of the wedge by getting an introduction to Scarborough society, gave her guardian no peace until she allowed her to go to the ever-recurring balls, which were the almost daily solace of the young men and maidens at the various hotels. She had no difficulty in getting Mrs. Mungo, or some other affable matron, to look after her, an arrangement which suited Dexter and his niece to perfection, as thereby they got rid of her for the evening, and were left to their own devices.

Everybody knows what a Scarborough hotel ball is. The guests of one hotel ask those of another alternately. There is usually a gentleman who officiates as master of ceremonies, and introduces everybody, whether they like it or not. Hence one sees young ladies of title revolving with Hebrew money-lenders, ambitious mammas gushing over their daughter's perfections to the managers of Haymarket restaurants, and respectable British merchants worshiping at the shrine of French ballet dancers and demi-mondaines. Miss Alice Dexter was not a young lady of very refined tastes, and this sort of thing suited her admirably. Her various chaperons impressed upon the company that she was the heiress of untold wealth, and Dexter's millions made such a sensation that the young lady had half a dozen proposals in as many days, She herself did nothing to enlighten her many adorers as to the real state of the case, as she was quite shrewd enough to know that any such statement would most materially decrease both their numbers and ardor. On the contrary, as she generally borrowed Miss Clara's dresses and diamonds, sometimes with and sometimes without her leave, she did her best to confirm the popular error.

After a few weeks of this sort of life the Count's attentions became so exceedingly marked that Annie began to expect a proposal daily. The Count, however, was a very wary gentleman, and, before proceeding to extremities, he determined to ascertain from her uncle what the young lady's prospects really were. He accordingly wrote him, begging the favor of a few minutes' conversation in his private room. The American, of course knew what was coming, but, not being overconfident in his own abilities to deal with an ardent lover, he took his niece's advice as the course he ought to pursue.

"That Polish Count, swindler, courier, or whatever he may be, means to propose for Annie. What am I to say?" he began.

"Oh, let him have her, by all means."

"But I don't believe he will unless he thinks she is an heiress, and I don't intend to perjure myself on her account; though, of course, I shall give her something when she marries."

"That is a little awkward," said Miss Clara, musing. "We must think it over. Have you made any inquiries about him?"

"Yes, and I have no reason to believe that he is not the man he represents himself to be. He is well known both at Paris and Cannes. And yet I believe he is a fraud!"

"That is quite possible; but if he really be Count Splitzentoff, I don't see why Annie should not marry him."

"But he thinks she is worth a million."

"Let him think so!"

"I am not going to tell the man a pack of lies."

"I don't want you to," said the invalid, with unusual animation. "Attend to me. When Splitzentoff proposes, you must positively refuse to hear of it, without saying a word about her prospects."

"And then?"

"Why then they will elope, of course!"

"Dexter burst out laughing, "Well, that is certainly an ingenious idea. But I am afraid he will ill-treat her when he finds out."

"Oh, nonsense! She is very well able to take care of herself, and you will make her a decent allowance."

So Mr. Dexter went to meet the Count, having made up his mind to put his niece's plan into operation. The interview was brief. The Count avowed his devotion to Miss Annie Dexter, and formally asked for her hand. Dexter, whose repugnance to the fascinating foreigner rather increased than diminished, point blank refused to entertain the proposal. The Count waxed eloquent and expostulatory; enlarged upon the splendor of his family and the extent of his possessions; went even so far as to produce a number of papers which established his identity beyond all reasonable doubt, and invited Mr. Dexter to come into his private room and inspect a quantity of foreign orders and patents of nobility. But the American was obdurate, and, seeing that all his pleading was in vain, the Count went off in a terrible rage.

The next few days were somewhat trying, both for uncle and niece. As soon as Miss Annie heard of the dreadful news of her lover's rejection she attacked her guardian with every species of argument and abuse she could invent, and was only pacified by the threat that he would disclose her identity. Failing to make an impression upon him she resorted to Clara, whom she pestered for her good offices, and reproached bitterly for having married her prospects in life.

"My dear Annie," protested Clara, "I assure you it has nothing to do with me. I should be delighted to see you the Countess of Splitzentoff. Uncle takes such violent dislikes, you know. If I were you I should elope; he will be sure to come round afterward."

"My dear Clara, what a magnificent idea!" cried Annie, embracing her effusively.

As the days passed the love-lorn young lady's temper improved materially; the Count was as devoted as ever in his attentions, though less obtrusive, and the Dexters, uncle and niece, professed to take no notice of the affair. The St. Leger week came on, and the hotels were crowded to suffocation. The night before the great race there was a ball at the Regalia of unusual splendor.

"I suppose you are going to-night, Annie?" inquired Clara

"Yes, with Mrs. Mungo; and I have a great favor to ask—perhaps it may be the last," said that young lady demurely.

"What is it?"

"I want you to lend me your diamonds; I am so anxious to look well to-night."

"Oh, yes, you may have them," answered Clara, smilingly. "Don't forget to leave them behind, though!"

So Miss Annie went to the ball arrayed in Miss Dexter's jewels, and naturally enjoyed herself immensely.

The next day nearly every one in the hotel went off to Doncaster. The Scarborough air had done Clara so much good that she determined to accompany her uncle. Annie, however, pleaded fatigue and a bad headache, and Dexter did not press her to go. Just before starting Clara entered her uncles room.

"Lend me £200," she said, laughing.

"What for?" he asked, with a responsive grin.

"Now you know you are not to ask questions, but to do as you are told."

Arriving on the course, Dexter disposed of his niece, and began strolling about the ring. Presently he felt a touch on his sleeve.

"I beg your pardon, sore," said some one with a strong foreign accent, "but haf I ze pleasure to address Mr. Dexter?"

"That's so!" said Dexter, turning round.

Two men stood before him, one tall and somewhat distinguished-looking, the other shorter, with a sharp, hatchet face and business-like appearance. Dexter fancied he had seen the tall man before Oddly enough, he was singularly like Count Splitzentoff, but his whiskers were nearly white, and his face was wrinkled and worn, as if from a recent illness. Moreover, he might have been at least thirty years older than the Count; but still there was a likeness.

"You are Mr. Dexter," he continued, with much volubility and manly gesticulations; "than you know a miserable who call himself the Count Splitzentoff, and reside at the Hotel Regalia? Vere is he—can you tell me?"

"Hanged if I know," said Dexter, feeling somewhat uneasy.

"Is he not here?" cried the stranger excitedly.

"No; I don't think he came. I'll, or something."

"Hang the fellow!" interposed the short man. "He's given us the slip."

"This, sare, is to you a mystery," said the other, trembling with rage. "I am ze Count Splitzentoff; that sacre brigand is my valet, Jules le Guillon. Look, you, sare, he is a voleur—what you call a pique pocket. I am at Naples; I catch ze accursed cholera; Le Guillon he pack me to hospital; I grow worse; he leave me to die; he go to my hotel; he steal my luggage, my money, my papers—everything; he go off I know not where. But I recover; I get on his traces, wis ze aid of my good friend Monsieur Ferrett, of Scotland Yard. At last I catch him—is it not so?"

Dexter was not surprised, but he started at the infuriated stranger with amazement.

"The devil! he ejaculated.

"Perfectly correct, sir," said Mr. Ferrett. "But we are wasting time. Where is the gentleman?"

"At Scarborough, I believe."

"By Jove! I trust he mayn't have got clear off! If I had only wired to the police! But I wanted to collar him myself."

Dexter promptly found his niece, and the whole party returned to Scarborough, as fast as a special train could carry them. The journey was by no means a pleasant one. The real Count was frantic at the thought of losing his prey, Ferrett was silent and sulky, while Dexter was seriously uneasy about Annie.

"I never meant to let her in for anything like this," he whispered to Clara, who was crying quietly in a corner.

"Where is Count Splitzentoff?" shouted the party in chorus, when they arrived at the Regalia.

"Went to London this morning on important business," answered the manager, and a volley of imprecations burst from the group. Dexter rushed upstairs to his ward's room. The door was locked. He kicked at it violently, and there was a faint "Who's there?"

"Open the door!" cried the American, feeling thankful that things were no worse.

"Oh, Mr. Dexter!" sobbed the forsaken damsel; where is Count Splitzentoff? We were to have eloped to-day!"

"You'll never see him again," said Dexter, savagely. "He's a swindler. By the way, did Clara give you £200?"

"Yes, and I g-g-gave it to him to take c-c care of! And he took Clara's diamonds, be-c-c-cause he said one of s-s-stones was loose! Oh, gracious, what shall I do?" And Miss Annie went off into a violent fit of hysterics

"That was a very excellent joke of yours, Clara," remarked Mr. Dexter, grimly, as his niece came to the disconsolate Annie's assistance; but at present M. Jules le Guillon has got slightly the best of it."

"Blind Tom," the Slave.

When Charity Wiggins was released from slavery in 1865, she remained at her old home in Virginia, although her husband came North and tried to induce Charity to do so. Charity never saw her husband after that and heard from him but once, and that when he died in New York State in a little settlement near Warrenton. The freed woman continued to live, supporting herself and two children by hiring out by the day. One of the children was Blind Tom, the musical prodigy.

Two years ago Tom's manager, Mr. Bethune, was killed by the cars at Wilmington, Delaware. Tom was taken back to Warrenton and his mother made another attempt to secure possession of him, but J. H. Bethune, brother of Tom's former manager, was appointed the blind pianist's guardian. Since that time Tom has been living with Mr. Bethune.

The widow of J. A. Bethune did not like the appointment, however, and alleged that as the heir of her husband, she was entitled to the proceeds of Tom's labor. Failing in this it is understood that she induced Charity Wiggins to enter suit to recover Tom, and the latter did so, swearing out a habeas corpus, setting forth that Tom was living in a state of servitude, being held in the custody of J. N. Bethune, the latter having had himself appointed a committee of lunacy to take charge of Tom.

The writ was issued Tuesday of last week and made returnable Thursday in Alexandria before Judge Hughes. The court-room in the top of the post-office building was soon filled when it became known in the village that Blind Tom was to be seen, and the hot sun didn't keep many away. Tom was led up the iron steps and when he got to the top he was blowing and puffing, but managed after a series of facial contortions to say that it was warm.

Tom is a big, bulky fellow, who would weigh probably 180 pounds, and is about five feet six inches tall. He is not as black as some full-blooded negroes are, but he is a great deal darker than his mother. His face is full and round, and his eyeballs, in which there is no sense of light or intelligence, roll about in an unpleasant manner. His hands are large and flat, and he occupies most of the time in going through the motion of playing the piano, screwing up his face and rolling his eyes.

His mother is a little, withered-up old woman of a bright copper color. She had waited patiently about all day, and when she saw Tom coming up the steps there was a glad expression on her face, and she made an attempt to caress Tom.

"Oh, Tommy, I'm glad to see you," she said, but Tom was hurried by and led up the steps, and Charity heaved a deep sigh and followed.

Tom was given a seat facing the Judge, and Charity tugged a chair up to his side and began to talk to him in a low tone. He made no response to her for some time, then turned his back on her. Two tears rolled down the cheeks of the old woman, and her form began to tremble with suppressed emotion. Once she leaned on him and told him how much she wanted him back, but with an impatient motion Tom turned further away.

"Don't treat me like that, Tommy," pleaded the old woman, but Tom's bulky form trembled with rage. He attempted to say something, but the only sound that came was a jumble of unintelligible words.

Then one of the attendants moved his chair. His mother went over to him, but he became so angry that she afterward moved her chair beside that occupied by Widow Bethune, and the Judge came in and took his seat.

Eppa Hunton, Jr., came in with three law books to represent Tom's commissioner. Three lawyers from Washington with a great many law books were also present. Young Hunton was introduced to the Court and admitted to the bar. He began by moving that the petitioner be compelled to give bonds for costs. One of the three council got up and hoped His Honor knew that Tom's mother had already been cheated out of what was due her, and he asked that the other side bear the expense. Then the two lawyers wrangled about sentiment and the merits of the case until the Judge finally decided that both should pay.

It is said that plums, pigs and poultry flourish well together. If plums are planted in grounds occupied by pigs and chickens good crops nearly always result The pigs continually disturbing the soil, and thus preventing the growth of weeds, hinder the curculious from secreting themselves at night.

Those who are cultivating raspberries and strawberries, should not forgetthat a stem that has borne one crop is of no more value, and should be disposed of in order to make room for the new shoots, of which no more than two should be allowed to remain. These should be tied up to sticks or trellises, and when blackberries are five feet high the tops should be pinched off, and raspberries at three feet high.

A Young Girl in the Grave and Her Lover a Life Convict.

A trial which has just taken place at St. Etienne, France, has brought to light details of a dramatic affair. In January last a young man threw himself from a window on the second floor of the Hotel de l'Europe at St. Etienne, He was little hurt by the fall, but when taken up he was found to have fired a shot from a revolver in his mouth and stabbed himself in the breast with a sword cane. In the chamber from which he had thrown himself was found the body of a young girl who had been shot in the head while asleep, The young man refused to give his name or that of his companion, but said that they were lovers and had resolved to die together, drawn to death by a poetic impulse.

He recovered, and the story of their lives was revealed by the police investigation. The young man, named Auray, was the son of respectable parents at Beaujon, Rhone. He was only 24 years of age, but was already afflicted with what has been called la maladie du siecle, a heated imagination with an inordinate thirst for wealth and material pleasures, ending in morbid disgust for life and depression of spirits from envy and disappointment. He was a medical student, and had performed his military service in the hospitals. On recovering his liberty, in August last, he was absorbed by a monomania for suicide, and as he had inherited from his father a sum of 7000f. or 8000f., he resolved to die after having been loved by a woman. He went to Lyons in search of his ideal, and discovered in one evening at the theatre in a young girl, Margherite Vagnair, next to whom he was seated. He followed her when she left with her friends, and learned that she belonged to an honest family of the working class. He succeeded in making her acquaintance, and afterwards they eloped together. To dazzle the young girl, Auray represented himself as the son of parents immensely rich, and he commenced by purchasing for her elegant dresses, and then sent back her simple clothing to her friends, as he would not allow her to possess anything that had belonged to her parents. They first came to Paris, leading a life of pleasure, and when near the end of his resources went to Saint Etienne and stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe under the name of M. and Mad. Merat. There idyl was at an end, and the young woman then learned the melancholy reality of their situation and his resolution to commit suicide. He tried to persuade her to return to her friends, but she determined to die with him, threatening that if he refused she would throw herself in the Rhone. All she asked was that she should not suffer in dying. Auray, for that reason, concealed from her the moment when he intended to carry out his design, and fired four shots from a revolver through her head while she was sleeping. He has survived his own injuries, but the shot he discharged in his own mouth carried away his jawbone, and he can now only take food with an artificial palate.

He was tried for the murder of the girl, and this monomaniac of suicide will now bear the most terrible of punishments, for he has been condemned to drag on his wretched, remorseful existence, the Court having sentenced him to hard labor for life.

Safest Part in a Car.

THE LAST SEAT IN THE LAST CAR CONCEDED TO BE THE SAFEST.

The American railway conductor who, when asked which was the safest part of a car, replied: "That part which happens to be in the shop at the time of the accident," was a wit. But leaving joking apart, it is not generally known—in fact, popular prejudice rather points the other way—that the last carriage in a railway train is safest. There is no doubt that, if you are in the last carriage of a train, and especially at its rear, and another train runs into yours, you would probably not survive to tell the tale of how the accident happened. But in all other accidents you can conjure up as liable to occur, it is the safest. If there is a head collision, there is nothing back of you to force the blow. If the carriage leaves the track and collides with a bridge or any obstruction on a side track, it will not be in your end. If the train is thrown down an embankment, there is nothing to land on the top of you. Moreover the rear part of the train is the most pleasant in traveling, for from it you can best observe the scenery, and this applies more particularly to American and some continental, especially Swiss, railway cars, where, by turning in your seat or stepping to the door, you take it all in. It will therefore be conceded that the safest part of a train is in the last seat of the last carriage, although, speaking from our own experience, it is not the most comfortable, owing to the great amount of oscillation.

Starting in the World.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the pupose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will loose his bladder, and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

Where water can be commanded there is nothing so profitable as to well soak the soil about small fruits, first about the time that they have set their fruit. The advantages are least in a tenacious and greatest in a porous soil. It is said that an animal derives most benefit from food when it is hungry before it begins to eat. It is certainly so with plants. Water applied to soil already wet is an injury. A plant that never seems to want water is in a very doubtful condition in regard to its health.

"O, Lor' Hit 'Im Again!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel: I'll give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, its worse; then I thought: I'll make it 50 pun'."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'm again!"

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, listless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches is the kidney and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patchwork, they would be well and happy and would bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em" and indicated the common sense course for them to pursue.—*London Press.*

President Cleveland's Grandfather.

President Cleveland's grandfather was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, born at Haddam, Conn., February 3, 1744 Mr. Cleveland was a Federalist of the school of Jay and Hamilton, whom he supported with more than ordinary zeal, and perhaps not without something of the prejudice which ranked all Jeffersonians with French fatalists and infidels.

Many stories are told illustrating his power of repartee. Among them is the following: On horseback one day Mr. Cleveland was riding from Middletown to Durham; a little stream bounded the limits of the townships. He halted to water his horse; meanwhile a young man, having come from the opposite direction, drew rein so suddenly as to render the water by the disturbance unfit to serve for drink.

"Good morning, Mr. Minister," said the youth.

"Good morning, Mr. Democrat," replied the reverend gentleman.

"And pray why did you take me for a Democrat?" queried the young man.

"Pray why did you take me for a minister?" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.

"Oh," said the fellow, "that is plain enough—by your *dress.*"

"And that you are a Democrat is plain enough by your *address,*" was the retort of the preacher.

While visiting in New Haven, Conn., Mr. Cleveland died suddenly, September 21, 1815. His remains were interred in a cemetery in that city. His inheritance was a much-loved, respected, and stainless name.

The man of whom we are speaking must not be mistaken for his father, the great grand-father of President Cleveland, although each was called Aaron, and both were ministers of the Gospel. The elder became a resident of Halifax the year subsequent to the founding of that city. He there established what was known as "Mather's Church," so called after the great New England divine of that time. His pastorate continued five years; during that year he founded a church library. Many of the volumes were his gift. The library is still in existence, and a number of the books containing his autograph presentations may still be seen.

A Scottish preacher succeeded Mr. Cleveland, and the society has since that date been known as St. Matthew's." It was the first organized Presbyterian Church in the British lower provinces. To-day it is the fashionable church of that denomination in Halifax. The word is preached from the old-fashioned box-like