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.

All papers sent out of the State or to distant post offices must be paid for in advance, unless a responsible person in Columbia county assumes to pay the subscription due on demand.

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The Job Printing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete. It contains the latest new type and machinery and is the only office that runs job presses by power, giving us the best facilities. Estimates furnished on large jobs.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1885.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XIX, NO 34
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLIX, NO 27

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 50	4 50	7 00
2 "	1 50	2 00	2 25	4 00	4 75	7 00	12 00
3 "	2 00	2 75	3 50	5 00	6 50	10 00	16 00
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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	80 00

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Executor's, Administrator's, and Auditor's notices three dollars.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Sat's Building.

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

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—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on First floor, front room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room No. 2, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
☞ *Pensions and Bounties Collected.*

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(Office front suit of rooms on second floor of NEWS ITEM building.)
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Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

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map 1-tf

W. E. SMITH,
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Can be Consulted in German.
ALSO FIRST-CLASS
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE
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☞Office first door below the post office.

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CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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CLINTON, N. Y.
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The people of Columbia county should patronize their agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
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Plumber and gas fitter. Rear of Schuyler's hardware store.
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All kinds of fittings for steam, gas and water pipes constantly on hand.
Roofing and spouting attended to at short notice.
Tinware of every description made to order.
Orders left at Schuyler & Co's, hardware store will be promptly filled.
Special attention given to heating by steam and hot water.
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—ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.—
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Rooms are heated by steam, well ventilated and elegantly furnished. Finest Bar and Lunch Counter in the city.
Meals to order at all hours. Ladies and Gents restaurant furnished with all delicacies of the season.
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The Ever Popular
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Of Philadelphia, are fully prepared to show a new and handsome variety of Fall and Winter Goods for Men, Youths, Boys and Children (all under one roof now).
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All kinds of work in Sheet Iron, Roofing and Spouting promptly attended to.
☞Strict attention given to heating by steam.
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Offer to the Trade their Fine Brand of Cigars.
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Fine Fruits and Fine Confectionery on hand. Fresh every week. Bloomsburg, Pa. Feb. 27

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The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.
FRAMES, SASH, DOORS,
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furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.
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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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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
HATS, CAPS, AND UMBRELLAS
Always of the latest styles. Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.
Store next door to First National Bank
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April 25-1y

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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
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SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS, &C.
First-class work always on hand.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
Prices reduced to suit the times.

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CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE. PRICE $1.25. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Physicians' Testimony.
A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a *safe* and *reliable* remedy."
Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."
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"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.
A Minister's Wife.
Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."
General Chace.
General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10
"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."
C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent,

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring the color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1. sizes at Druggists.
PARKER'S TONIC
The Best Cough Cure you can use
and the best known preventive of Consumption.
PARKER'S TONIC kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly it keeps the blood pure and the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys in working order. Coughs and Colds vanish before it. It builds up the health.
If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Urinary or Female Complaints, or any disorder of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Blood or Nerves, don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day; it will give you new life and vigor.
HISCOX & CO., N. Y.
Sold by Druggists. Large saving buying $1 size.
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"All the wonderful and miraculous cures." "The unrivalled and peerless medicines." And note the following —
DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL has made the following cures, proof of which the proprietors can furnish on application.

Toothache	in	5 Minutes
Earache	"	2 "
Backache	"	2 Hours
Lameness	"	2 Days
Coughs	"	20 Minutes
Hoarseness	"	1 Hour
Colds	"	24 Hours
Sore Throat	"	12 "
Deafness	"	2 Days
Pain of Burn	"	5 Minutes
Pain of Scald	"	5 "

Croup it will ease in 5 minutes, and positively cure any case when used at the outset.
Remember that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is only 50 cents per bottle, and one bottle will go farther than half a dozen of an ordinary medicine.

ORNAMENTAL IRON FENCES.
OF CAST OR WROUGHT IRON.
Suitable for
Yards,
Cemetery Lots
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Public Grounds.
The following shows the Picket Gothic, one of the several beautiful styles of Fence manufactured by the undersigned.

For Beauty and Durability they are unsurpassed. Set up by experienced hands and warranted to give satisfaction.
Prices and specimens of other designs sent to any address.
Address
S. M. HESS,
BLOOMSBURG PA.
May 4-tf

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

	Assets.
Aetna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn	$7,078,220
Royal of Liverpool	13,500,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,164,710
Phoenix, of London	5,266,376
London & Lancashire, of England	1,709,970
Hartford of Hartford	3,373,050
Springfield Fire and Marine	2,082,580

As the agencies are direct, policies are written for the insured without delay in the office at Bloomsburg. Oct. 25, '81-

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London.
Office on Market Street, No. 5, Bloomsburg.
Oct. 24, 1"

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office over Kleim's Drug Store.
To be open at all hours during the day.
Nov 28-1y

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

SELECT POETRY.

DEAD FLOWERS.

We ask and we are answered not,
And so we say God has forgot,
Or else there is no God.

The years
Roll back, and through a mist of tears
I see a child turn from her play,
And seek with eager feet the way
That led her to her father's knee.

"If God is good and kind," said she,
Why did he let my roses die?"
A moment's pause, a smile, a sigh,
And then, "I do not know, my dear;
Some questions are not answered here."

"But is it wrong to ask?" "Not so,
My child. That we should seek to know,
Proves right to know, beyond a doubt;
And so some day we shall find out
Why roses die."

And then I wait,
Sure of my answer soon or late;
Secure that love doth hold for me
The key to life's great mystery;
And, oh! so glad to leave it there!
Though my dead roses were so fair.
—*Eleanor Kirk in Christian Union*

SELECT STORY.

A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE

I am by no means a superstitious man, but in the course of my calling as detective I have seen many queer things, and have met with more remarkable adventures than the world would readily credit. The particular one I am about to relate has nothing of the supernatural about it. As a matter of fact, I never had the luck to look on a ghost, except at the theatre. Ghosts, to my mind, are unsatisfactory creatures, whose only business is to terrify poor wretches with dreadful warnings of coming misery and misfortune; but I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I was once saved by a shadow.

That seems strange, and the way in which it happened was stranger still.

It was many years ago, when I was beginning life, that I was sent to a country village to discover a mysterious robber who had broken into the church and stolen some ten pounds in money, beside the silver plate belonging to the rector.

I reached the village about sunset. It was a quiet and pretty place, with a strip of common on one side of the road; a pond, where some ducks were leisurely paddling, and a straw-thatched inn, in front of which a group of laborers were sitting over their pipes and beer. Without heeding their curious looks, I walked on to the church, which stood a few yards higher up in the middle of a neglected church yard. The solemn hush that brooded over it, the fading sunlight shining on its windows, the birds singing softly from the encircling trees, affected me strangely. The twilight gathered round me while I lingered there.

Having decided that the best thing I could do was to put up at the inn for a day or two so as to pursue my inquiries on the spot, I went back before it closed and soon succeeded in coming to terms with the landlord. He was a pleasant, talkative old fellow, a widower, and his niece had kept house for him since his wife died.

"She's gone up to the rector's, has Janet. He's preparing her for confirmation 'gainst the bishop comes," remarked the landlord, cheerfully. "You've heard of the robbery, I dare say?"

"I have heard very little of it so far," I answered.

"Indeed!" returned the old man, retreating a step to look at me, and apparently satisfied with the inspection—"indeed! Then you could not have come to a better person for particulars, though I say it as perhaps shouldn't. The wiseacres round here never thought of asking old Brown's opinion, and our village Constable owes me a grudge because I won't give him trust. The way of the world, sir, everywhere."

"Do you really think you know who the man is?" I interposed. "From what I have seen of the church it doesn't seem to have been entered from outside."

"Why, of course not. The thief got into the church as he got out of it—through the door."

Was it possible the landlord hit on the truth? His theory, at all events, seemed probable enough. In my anxiety to obtain such information as I could, I encouraged him to continue by suggesting that he could begin at the beginning and tell me all he knew.

"Ay, to be sure I will," returned Mr. Brown readily. "It doesn't seem much, but if I were younger I would make it enough to lay a certain gentleman by the heels as a lesson to him, and others like him, I would so."

He then told me how, a month before the church was robbed, a stranger had hired a bedroom here, stating that he had business in the neighborhood which would probably keep him away from home for a week or two. He was an extremely polite person, this stranger, but the landlord noticed after a time that he was often out all night, and then whenever this happened he would lie in bed next day till late in the afternoon. However, Mr. Brown made no complaint, and things went on as usual till the night of the robbery. On that day the stranger went off early in the morning and never came back. For the rest, the landlord described him as a tall, good-looking man, apparently about 40 years old.

"Is that all?" I asked, feeling both doubtful and disappointed.

"Is it all?" he answered.

He came nearer; he laid his hand lightly on my shoulder.

"Believe me," he said, "I cannot exactly explain what I mean, but, as sure as there is a sun above us, that man is the robber."

Before I could reply the door opened and in came a fair girl with her yellow hair braided around her head, looking, in the bloom of her youthful beauty, like a rosebud dipped in dew. She glanced round, curtsied to me, and stole quietly out again without saying a word.

Remembering what the landlord had told me, I had no difficulty in guessing that this was Janet. Under other circumstances I should have been interested in questioning him about her, but in my present condition I wanted to be alone to ponder over what I had heard, and decide on my plans for the morrow. I therefore pleaded fatigue as an excuse for retiring, pledged Mr. Brown in a glass of his own ale, and was shortly afterwards shown up stairs.

It was a close, sultry night. I blew my candle out, and, seating myself in a chair by the window, began to think what I should do next. The absorbing purpose that had guided me thus far was only intensified by the information—meagre as it was—that I had already gleaned. For aught I knew my landlord might have a personal motive for suspecting his guest into which I had no right to inquire; motives of this kind, as my subsequent experience taught me, being by no means uncommon where criminals are concerned.

For a while I waited and watched undisturbed. At intervals I distinguished old Brown's voice, talking cheerfully to his niece, and presently the noise of the window shutter being moved, sounded gratingly — then ceased. Light footsteps pattered up the stairs, and gradually died away. The silence that followed was so intense that I could hear the very rustling of the leaves outside as they stirred in the breeze.

Too hot and restless to think of lying down, I remained at my post, moodily doubting whether the trouble I had taken was likely to be of much use to me in the end. An hour or more might have passed thus, when I was startled by a sudden, stealthy sound below.

I got up, and gliding into the passage, looked over the head of the stairs.

There, seen dimly by the flickering gleam of the candle which she held in her hand, I recognized—Janet! On her head she wore a loose hood of the same color as her dress. Almost at the same moment the light was extinguished, and I heard the opening and closing of the house door.

I was so surprised by her unexpected appearance that for an instant I hesitated whether to alarm old Brown or to take the affair into my own hands. Deciding on the latter course, as by far the better of the two, I snatched up my hat and hurried after her.

It was darker than ever, and as I looked up the road I could just discern her figure some distance ahead of me. Then my misgivings vanished like a dream. The instant before I had suspected there was something wrong; now I was certain of it. She had evidently a purpose in this expedition, of which her uncle knew nothing, and I determined to discover what that purpose was.

Mine was no easy task. I dared not let her get too far in advance in the darkness, for fear of losing her altogether, and kept so close at her heels, that had she turned she must have discovered me. Fortunately, she never paused to look back, but kept straight on, and after following her for some minutes, I came in sight of the black tower of the church, set stark against the night sky.

She stopped at the churchyard gate, and was presently joined by a man who had evidently been waiting for her close by. I could not see his face, but he seemed to be of powerful build, and in the very prime of life. Creeping by the side of the hedge that bordered the road, I approached nearer and nearer till I was opposite to them, and could hear every word.

"Well, Janet," said the man, "the first and most important question, my dear, is — have you brought the money?"

"No."

"No? But you promised me you would, and this is the third time I have waited for it in order to take you to London, where we can be married without any fuss, and without any one's being a bit the wiser. I begin to think your body's bigger than your heart, my girl. Beside, what the deuce does it matter? The old man's money will belong to you by-and-by, you know; so, if it comes to that, you are only helping yourself to your own, and the sooner the better."

I saw Janet's head droop; she laid her hand on his arm as if to deprecate his anger.

"I would have brought it," she faltered, "but I could not. Only have patience and wait till to-morrow. There's a stranger staying at uncle's, and I was afraid he might hear me if I tried to get it to-night."

Ah," he retorted. "What does the fellow want, I wonder?"

"I don't know," answered Janet, "but from what I have saw of him—I think it is likely he's come about the robbery."

I had never taken my eyes off the man, and watched him now as he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead with it. Perhaps the heat was a little too much for him.

"And, oh, George," she continued earnestly, "I am always troubled and uneasy when I think about that. I never doubted you, but I know you were badly off when you first came to our place, indeed you told me so yourself, if you remember. I don't know how it is, either, but I'm afraid uncle suspects you, though he says nothing to me about it. If you would only trust me, dear, we might manage somehow to send the money back to the rector. I know you would never do such a thing again. It breaks my heart even to think of it."

Poor Janet, very much affected, put her arms round his neck and fairly wept aloud. I had not moved a step from my covert, but my blood turned to fever heat and my hand wandered involuntarily to the breastpocket of my coat and felt for the weapon that I had hidden there. For it needed not the man's quick start, it needed not the tears of the miserable girl to tell me the truth. Here was the church where the robbery had been committed—and here, not a stone's throw away, smiling and unconcerned, was the robber himself!

I drew back under the hedge to regain my composure. In view of this new revelation, all minor considerations shrank to nothing in my mind, and I swore then that I would capture him at any risk.

I waited till they parted—till Janet passed me and seemed to melt away like a vision in the darkness below, and then prepared to follow them.

At first he kept to the middle of the road. The idea occurred to me that I might perhaps find out where he lived and recover some of the stolen property. Meanwhile I guessed who he was. Janet had called him George, and I readily identified him as a notorious burglar named George Hanway, who had hitherto managed to elude capture. It mattered not now; his doom was sealed.

After half an hour's walking he quickened his pace, and, striding briskly along, led me on till we had left the church some distance behind us. Before long the road began to slope away; the measured beat of his feet grew fainter, and I judged that he had taken the open country. My surmise proved correct, for I presently came to a broken gate, and, looking through, saw him slowly crossing the field beyond.

He evidently knew his way well, for he never hesitated at any obstacle, and cleared hedges and ditches with the careless ease of one to whom such work is familiar. Presently he turned to the left; we were on level ground again, and at the foot of a hill. Then the villian stopped, and looked over his shoulder on the open ground behind him. No sooner did he notice me than he started off at a brisk run. But I was not to be foiled like that, and he could not easily outstrip me.

As he mounted the hill I lost sight of him, and when I reached the summit—he was gone.

Before I could realize the meaning of this, I saw a hut a little way off, and I went to it at once to see if he was there.

I knocked—no answer. I knocked again, and so vigorously that the crazy door rattled in its frame. While thus occupied I took a careful view of the surrounding plain, and satisfied myself that my man had as completely disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

Suddenly and quietly the door opened, and I found myself confronted by a woman. Her heavy cap covered half her face, and from under it her dark eyes looked at me with a hard, defiant stare as she requested to know my business.

"You have somebody staying with you," I began.

"You are mistaken," she answered coldly; "no one lives here but myself. You can come in and see, if you like."

I nodded and stepped in without answering her. I saw a change in her face as I did so, and instantly drew my own conclusions from it. Smoothly as appearances looked, there was something hidden beneath them that courted inquiry and possibly detection—something that warned me instinctively to be on my guard.

"Hanway is here," I thought, "and this hag is his accomplice."

The hut consisted of one room, roughly divided into two by a wooden partition which ran across it, leaving an aperture at one end sufficiently wide to allow a person to pass from one compartment into another. In front, and facing the window, was a table and a stool; on the other side of the partition, a mattress and some articles of bedding littered the floor. A fire burned cheerfully in the rusty grate, and the atmosphere was that of a furnace.

My attention was attracted to my guide, and I could not help remarking the sturdy strength of her figure.

"Look," she said guffly, "there's no man that I know of. Do look round now. There, you see all there is to be seen—not much, either—and unless you fancy he's hidden under the flooring, you will admit ther's no one in the room but myself. Are you satisfied now, Mr. What-d'ye-call-it?"

"No. I replied. "I shall wait a bit."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

I saw her temper flash up in her eyes, and guessed that I was on the right track.

"Because I am a detective, and am looking for a man whom I followed here."

"Bah!"

"I am not easily deceived," I continued, "and I am certain he's somewhere near."

"Bah!"

Her cool insolence irrated me beyond measure, but I conquered my rising anger.

"Come, dame," I said at last, "it won't answer for us to quarrel, and nothing you can say or do shall turn me from my duty. Short of burning the hut down, you might as well try to move a mountain as move me. You can go where the fire is, or do as you think proper. I shall not annoy you. But here I am, and here I will stay till daybreak."

We looked at each other in silence. Her breath came quicker, and her eyes lingered on my figure with a sudden fierce interest, as though she was calculating what was my physical strength, in the event of my encountering the man I sought in a hand-to-hand struggle where there was no one to help me.

The next moment I was alone, and I heard her roll herself down on the mattress with a fierce snarl as she meant to sleep.

I took a hurried turn across the floor, drew the stool in front of the door, and sat down on it, with my arm resting on the table. The fire was still burning behind the partition, and so bright was its glare that the shadow of the woman's cap loomed through the opening on to the wall opposite me. All was silent — all still as death around us.

Slowly the night wore on. Tired as I was, my anxiety forbade me to rest, and set sleep at defiance. The thought Hanway himself might suddenly attack me if I allowed myself to be surprised roused me to renewed vigilance. I was wide awake, alert in mind and body, as I waited there, with my face toward the light on the wall. Nevertheless, do what I would, a feeling of weariness stole gradually over me, and lulled me into a drowsy stupor, which I tried in vain to shake off. Still my eyes were open, and the firelight yonder had a strange fascination for me. I never looked away from it; I never even altered my position, except when I drew out my revolver, and, after ascertaining that it was in order, laid it softly down beside me. I cannot say exactly why I did so; it might have been through restlessness, or that want of occupation which an energetic man feels so painfully; I cannot clearly decide which. Indeed the events of that night are too much like a nightmare dream to give me much pleasure in recalling them.

When I noticed the woman again, I saw that she had moved. She was sitting up, the outline of her head sharply defined against the wall. I sprang to my feet.

The woman had risen too. For an instant I saw her motionless shadow—the next, and I beheld a startling transformation. The bent figure grew erect; the shawl fell from her shoulders; the concealing cap was torn aside. It all flashed on me in a moment, even as I looked. No woman's shadow was this—but a man's; the arm thrown up—the murderous knife in the strong right hand.

He burst through the partition in a headlong rage, but my finger was already on the trigger of my revolver, and I fired at him point-blank. He staggered, gave one little shivering leap, and fell back dead on the floor.

At daybreak I searched the place, and found under the mattress the plate and some of the money he had stole from the church. I found the false beard which he had worn as a disguise, I found several letters signed "Janet," which I at once destroyed, and then I went back to the inn to write out my report of the case.

Though I said as little as possible concerning the part that I had played in detecting the robber, the story leaked out somehow, and I was promoted, and I received a handsome reward into the bargain. Out of compassion for Janet I kept my knowledge of her secret to myself, and while none of the villagers suspected that Hanway had come by his death in any unusual manner, her uncle alone knew the actual truth. In time she forgot her worthless lover; she married a well-to-do miller in the next village, and I still see her occasionally, when I go down there.

Smuggling Liquor Into Iowa.

HOW CHICAGO DEALERS SUPPLY A PROHIBITION STATE WITH WHISKEY.

There is a great demand just now among wholesale liquor dealers for old grocery boxes, hogsheads, sugar barrels and the like. A dealer on Fifth avenue was seen to purchase half a dozen empty hogsheads a few days ago. They were taken into the store, and an hour later taken out and hauled away on a dray. Bits of straw protruded through their cracks, their tops were carefully marked "glass" and they were not too heavy for one man to handle easily. But they contained not "glass only, as could be told by the broad smile which lighted up the dealer's face as the ungainly things were being hauled away. "You surely do not mean to say that you ship glassware over the country?" interrogated a reporter.

"Oh, no," he answered, "not that. You see, when Iowa became a Prohibition State the inhabitants had to resort to some new method of securing liquor. If we were to ship a barrel of whiskey to an Iowa dealer without having a permit to show the railroad company it would refuse to carry it. Consequently, to accomodate all those who have no permit for selling liquor, we have adopted this method. To some we ship a hogshead marked glass It is nearly all filled with straw, but in the centre is a neat little cask of liquor. Some prefer to have it sent as though it were groceries, while others receive it in old trunks, baskets, or even among an invoice of clothing. Many a clothing merchant receives a cask of liquor in his box of clothing and then quietly passes it out to some acquaintance or takes it to his house. It is more expensive to send it packed, as the receiver has not only to pay for the liquor, but for the packing and trunk or whatever it is shipped in. In consequence of this, persons living in Davenport have it shipped in barrels or casks Rock Island, Ill., or those at Council Bluffs have it sent to Omaha, and so forth. They then put it in a boat and carry it across the river at night."

"Has the stringent law in Iowa had any depressing effect on the sale of liquor for consumption in that State?"

"On the contrary," answered the dealer, "our sales have increased. They can't pass laws enough to keep people from getting liquor if they want it, and just now Iowans seem to want it worse than they did before the law was passed. It is nothing to us. We are licensed to sell it by the government, and if they want it sent in sham boxes it is nothing to us. But bear in mind it is not only our house that does this, but many others in Chicago liquor shops in a similiar manner. We get paid for it, and that is what we are here for."

It Struck Him Too Late.

We finally came to a toll bridge, at the gate of which was a colored man. The charge for the two of us was seven cents, and it so happened that neither of us had even a small bill. A five was the smallest, and when it was handed out the toll-keeper was in a fix. He hadn't change enough into three cents.

"Well, we've got to cross," said the Colonel.

"Reckon you has, but I want dem seven cents."

"It isn't our fault if you haven't no change."

"Dat's true, but I reckon we has got to fix it somehow. Let's see. Dar am free cents comin' to you?"

"Yes."

"Or seben cents comin' to me?"

"Exactly."

"Now, boss, dar cums my son Jim. Jim am lame, an' don' git 'long nohow. He am a good boy, an' I reckon you'll be inclin' to help him a little. He's ridin' my ole mule, an' dat beast hasn't had any fun since the wah. 'Sposen you let Jim ride dat free cents out?"

"How?"

"Why, he nebeer crossed a toll-bridge in his life. It would do him proud, you see, an' nobody knows how much good it would do de ole mule."

The Colonel consented, and Jim rode the beast in the most solemn manner to the other side. We followed him across and rode away, with the father calling:

"White man, come back heah! How I gwine to git dat boy back heah without payin' fo' cents toll at de odder end?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Do not ask if a man has been through college; ask if a college has been through him; if he is a walking university.

"How's Your Liver?"

In the comic opera of "The Mikado" his imperial highness says:

"To Make, to some extent,
Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

A nobler task than making evil livers, rivers of harmless merriment no person, king or layman, could take upon himself. The liver among the ancients was considered the source of all a man's evil impulses, and the chances are ten to one to day that if one's liver is in an ugly condition of discontent, someone's head will be mashed before night!

"How's your liver?" is equivalent to the inquiry; Are you a bear or an angel to-day?

Nine-tenths of the "pure-cussedness," the actions for divorce, the curtain lectures, the family rows, not to speak of murders, crimes and other calamities are prompted by the irritating effect of the inactivity of the liver upon the brain. Fothergill, the great specialist, says this and he knows. He also knows that to prevent such catastrophies nothing equals Warner's safe cure renowned throughout the world, as a maker of

"Each evil Liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment."

He Suffered as Wellington Did.

When Prince Albert Victor was at Yarmouth last May he attended service in the parish church one Sunday without being recognized, and, having taken his seat in a large empty pew, he was presently ordered to quit by the owner, who arrived late and fuming, but resolved to insist on his rights The episode has led to a correspondence with the Bishop of Norwich, who has written expressing a hope that "the deplorable incident may be the means of effectually putting down the unjust claim of any parishioner to an exclusive right in the parish churches of the land." It may console the Prince to learn that the Duke of Wellington once suffered a similar indignity. He was staying at Walmer, and walked into Deal one Sunday to attend evening service. On entering the church he noticed that a large pew in a desirable position was standing empty, so he seated himself in it. When the service had proceeded some little time, an upstart-looking woman appeared at the door of the pew and desired the Duke to "Come out!" and when he had obeyed her command she went in, shut the door and ensconced herself in a space which would have accommodated a dozen persons. The Duke quietly took a place in the free seats, and at the close of the service desired the beadle (who was in a prodigious fluster at having missed the great man) to "go and tell the lady that she turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew." The effect of this news on a British snob of the most rampant species may be imagined. The lady would probably have crawled to Walmer on hands and knees only to obtain a recognition from the Duke; and here, when she had the chance of making his acquaintance, and praying cheek by jowl with him, she had deliberately insulted him. This experience, however, was a wholesome one, as it converted the Duke to the system of open pews, and shortly afterward he made extensive alterations in that direction at Strathfieldsaye.—*London Truth.*

A Prohibition Candidate in Trouble.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard, the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, has finally admitted that the ale and toast story was substantially correct. The admission was made to officers of his church in Springfield, and through them has reached the public. They report him as saying that when he characterized the story as "an infamous lie" he did not mean to deny its general truth, but referred to certain exaggerated features. The only such feature which he mentions, however, is the statement that during the four days he was at the Dayton camp meeting he went behind the bushes to his ale. He says the matter is a little dim in his recollection, having occured nine years ago, but he is sure that so remarkable a circumstance as the going behind the bushes to sip the ale would have impressed itself upon his memory, which makes the inference easy that the mere matter of ale drinking is not so unusual a thing with him that he would be likely to remember it.

There are two other stories afloat to which Dr. Leonard is not reported as making any reference. They are that he drank champagne for a considerable period in the belief that it would cure malaria, and that he took stronger stimulants when recovering from an attack of typhoid pneumonia. These circumstances have gained prominence in the campaign because of the intensity of the prohibition doctrine which Dr. Leonard preaches. He favors the prohibition of the use of liquor for any and all purposes, medical not accepted, and is reported as having frequently strongly advised his parishioners against the use of liquor when prescribed by their physicians. It is natural, therefore, that stories that Dr. Leonard's own practice has been so different from his preaching have been given wide circulation, and are a subject of serious comment among temperance people. At the same time the haste and positiveness which he exhibited in denying the ale story, which he now admits to be substantially true has started discussion in the Methodist Church, the tendency of which is said to be to win votes in that organization for Judge Foraker the republican candidate. In the meantime the whole matter has become a jest with a large class, and in the barrooms one can hear frequent calls for "Leonard's ale."

We are gratified to note the fact that the public schools of Alabama are mixing some industry with science and literature, some physical training with intellectual culture. In female colleges young ladies receive valuable instruction in the art and handiwork of housewifery; and in the school-rooms young men are taught that labor, whether of heard or of hand, of brain or of muscle, is always dignified, manly and honorable. It will be a proud day of promise for Alabama when every public school within her boundaries shall establish an industrial department.—*Selma (Ala.) Times.*