The Cobra's Victim.

A TERRIBLE STORY FROM REAL LIFE IN THE EAST INDIAN SETTLEMENTS.

On a boiling hot day, such as one often experiences in the East Indies, the sun was pouring down its fierce rays upon the scorching earth, writes Mr. E. A. Crawshay in the San Francisco *Examiner;* life seemed to be extinct, all was so calm and silent, and even the few men employed around my house moved noiselessly about, as if to be in keeping with the rest of nature.

My house, situated a little distance from a busy town, was built of stone, with a veranda overgrown with creepers all around it, such as seen in most Anglo-Indian residences, and surrounded by a small garden in which all the beauties of a tropical climate flourished.

During this afternoon I was resting myself in an easy bamboo chair alone in my room; the blinds were drawn down to keep it as cool as possible, but nevertheless the heat was intense, making me feel restless and irritable. Novel after novel I opened, and after reading a few pages flung the book aside; and having tried for a few minutes to sleep, I got up and went to one of the windows. Drawing up the blind quietly, I saw on the veranda my little daughter Gladiz.

She was adored by my wife and myself, being our only child, and I was about to tap the glass in order to attract her attention, when I noticed that she was carrying a bowl of what appeared to be bread and milk, and seemed to be looking for some one. At the same time I saw, to my horror, a huge snake of the most venomous kind—cobra—creeping from the side of the house along the veranda toward her. She went slowly to meet it.

I knew that it would now be impossible for me to go out or to make the slightest sound without attracting the snake's attention, and then I shuddered, for when once it was alarmed the consequences might be fearful, so I had to watch what was going to happen in a cold prespiration of fear for the safety of my child.

The cobra, on reaching the child, reared its loathsome head in the air until level with the bowl, meanwhile darting its tongue backward and forward and casting fierce glances around to see if danger was near, while it devoured the bread and milk. Gladiz stroked its head gently and called the reptile "her pet," "her pretty snake."

I watched the food gradually disappear, and could have cried for relief when I saw the snake had finished its meal, which I inwardly vowed should be its last. It then crept slowly toward a hole in the side of the house, to which it disappeared.

I rushed from the room, and, meeting Gladiz coming into the hall, picked her up in my arms and kissed her frantically, exclaimed: "Oh, Gladiz, Gladiz, the snake!" The child began to cry, knowing then I had seen her with her pet. Her nurse, coming up to see what was the matter, I gave Gladiz into her charge, and went to find my wife, to whom I told all that had occurred.

My wife learned from Gladiz that she had been accustomed to feed the snake twice a day—after breakfast and during the afternoon—for the last three months, and often, if she thought she was being watched, she would leave the bowl on the veranda, fetching it away at another time.

We, my wife and myself, arranged that the bowl should pe put in its place as usual to-morrow morning, and that I should shoot the snake from the window of my room while it was eating. We also thought it best that Gladiz should not be told that her pet was going to be killed.

Breakfast was rather hurried next morning for I was anxious to get this dangerous pet killed as soon as possible. The bowl was temptingly put in its place, as directed by Gladiz, and I took up my position with a gun at the window of my room, completely hidded from the outside by the Venetian blind. The child was taken by my wife to the nursery, as arranged between us the evening before. All was ready now, the snake alone was wanting.

It did not keep me long waiting. Soon I saw its head appear out of the hole. The snake looked around with its glittering eyes, and seeing the bowl crawled out on to the veranda and made its way toward it.

It seemed frightened; once or twice it turned round as if to return

My time had come; the cobra was on Saturday by its meal, dinding to Sydney Smith as one of "the splendid [illegible] of Scotland's stars." Carefully rapidly eating [illegible] bringing the gun to my shoulder, fired. The brute rolled over, quivering and writhing on the ground.

I began to pull up the blind with the intention of going out and giving the cobra the death blow, when I heard a fearful scream and a moment after saw Gladiz run past the window—her golden hair loose, her dress torn—toward the wounded snake.

Before I could prevent her she had thrown herself on her knees before it, and lifting its head in her hands pressed it against her cheek, weeping bitterly while she did so; instantly the cobra buried its poisoned fangs into her delicate flesh. She screamed and unclasped her hands from around the snake.

A cry escaped my lips as I saw what happened, and taking Gladiz in my arms, carried her indoors. All that medical skill could do to save our child was done, but of no avail. In less than two hours she was dead. Years have passed since then, but I never can forget the events of that fearful day.

Damon and Pythias.

A SORDID DETROIT GROCER WHO TAKES NO STOCK IN ROMANTIC TALES.

A very hard-up looking man entered a grocery on Fort street west the other day and said to the proprietor.

"I have come to give myself up. My name's Damon."

"No one want's you that I'm aware of," replied the grocer.

"But my partner, Pythias, stole a cake of maple sugar here the other day, and I've come as a hostage until you can catch him. Excuse me if I slice off a bit of this cheese and take a few crackers."

"But I haven't missed any sugar."

"Perhaps not, but Pythias took it all the same. I saw him an hour ago, and I told him I should wait here until he surrendered himself. Beg pardon, but I'll take a herring to go with my crackers and cheese."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Damon, sir, and there's nothing mean about me! When I pass my word nothing on earth will make me break it. Is this sweet milk in this jug? Ah! there, but you'll excuse me if I take a glass."

"Look here, you old beat, I want you to get out of this!" exclaimed the grocer, who began to see a colored man in the fence corner.

"But I agreed to wait for Pythias."

"I don't care a copper for Pythias or you, either! There's the door.

"I promised Pyth. I'd wait here. What will he say when he finds that Damon has lied to him?"

"So you won't go? Well, you will! Now, you come along, and take that—and that—and that!"

The grocer pulled him to the door and bestowed three hearty kicks on his coat-tails. The man received them meekly and kindly, and when the performance was over he walked across the road and turned and said:

"All right. If Pyth. comes along just explain how it was. Tell him old Damon is waiting for him down in the saloon at the corner."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Boycotting in India.

Boycotting, differing in some particulars from the way in which it is done in the land where the English term originated, has been practiced for ages in India. Says a Hindoo writer in the *St. James Gazette*: There is great difference between Irish and Hindoo boycotting. The former is based mainly on political, semi-political or fiscal reasons; whereas the latter is practiced on purely social or religious grounds. Then the Irish is severer than the Hindoo method in this sense—that no tradesman will sell anything to the boycotted man, who is more or less like a prisoner in his own house; whereas a boycotted Hindoo can buy anything anywhere or go to any place he likes, only people will not go to his house or associate with him or his family in any way.

On the other hand, the Hindoo is severer than the Irish boycotting in that the latter may be only temporary, and rises at the caprice of the boycotters whereas the former is often permanent, or can be done away with only by going through certain expiatory rites or costly ceremonies, which come hard, even on the richer classes. A man may be boycotted in Ireland for no fault of his own, but in India boycotting follows upon a breach of observance of some time-honored custom, or by any public offense against traditional notions of propriety. Indian boycotting is allied to outcasting, but is quite distinct from it and not half so severe. A man may lose his caste only by breaking one of its well defined rules, which are quite different from mere customs for observaneces. An outcast man is necessarily boycotted; but a boycotted man keeps his caste all right as long as he does not act against its rules. Again, a man may be outcast, but not his family for that reason; yet his relations will be boycotted if they associate with him.

Let me now cite some examples: Some years ago a learned Pundit gave his daughter in marriage when she was a few years older than the prescribed marriageable age among the Hindoos; and the offense was rendered doubly heinous by the perpetrator being a Brahmin of high order. He was strictly boycotted accordingly; and, I believe, notwithstanding his great reputation as a scholar and a benevolent person, and in spite of his endeavors to propitiate the Brahmins in many ways, he is still avoided by orthodox Hindoos. A whole family has been boycotted for receiving and associating with one of its members who returned from England and had lost his caste through eating with Englishmen. One gentleman has been boycotted forever for getting his widowed daughter married.

If anybody's son or daughter-in-law associates with non-Hindoos publicly the offending individual is outcasted and the whole family is boycotted. If a son does not mourn for his deceased father in the prescribed manner he is boycotted. In some parts of India men are boycotted for wearing trousers of European fashion—or, indeed, any dress that was not worn by their ancestors of a thousand years ago. A well known historical example of Hindoo boycotting is that of the Jeypore royal family, which was boycotted for hundreds of years by the other Rajpoot royal families for being the first Hindoo family of princely rank who offered a daughter in marriage to a mogul Emperor. In Rajputana whole tribes are often boycotted if somebody does not properly observe the traditional customs or forms a connection with a lower caste or with non-Hindoos.

But nowadays boycotting can be raised in India by a judicious use of the almighty gold. I may mention a well-known case. A distinguished Hindoo gentleman and merchant of a large Indian town was boycotted for reforming propensities. The old orthodox mothership of this body there are some as certainly seems to be the case, determined to long [illegible] ever, who lived in the country, on the occasion of a religious festival directed the servants as usual to distribute offerings of rice, fruits and sweetmeats among the Brahmins of the neighborhood. To a man they refused to accept the same on the ground that her son was deserting her caste. The old lady was deeply chagrined and began to be mortally afraid of the destination of her soul after death. On hearing this her son went down to his country house and ordered the servants to take the offerings again to the Brahmins, this time placing five rupees on each of the plates. The expedient answered wonderfully well. The very Brahmins, who a few hours before had turned away the servant, ignominously now came running to the merchant's house and literally scrambled for the presents. This story seems to justify the saying of another rich Hindoo that "caste was in his iron chest."

Boycotting and outcasting are made doubly impressive to Hindoo women, and for the most trifling reasons. A married woman not putting the sindoor (a red powder) on the parting of her hair is boycotted. In the country if a mother-in-law eats or lives in the house of her son in-law before her daughter has a child she will at once be boycotted. A young married lady was boycotted for not observing some ceremony at the birth of her child. A man can regain his caste by performing his expiatory rites; but an outcast woman, especially if she has broken away from the zenana or associated with non-Hindoos is never taken back to her caste.

The Granger's Inning.

There are times when the ablest liar has to hang up his fiddle and look with awe upon the horny handed granger, who occasionally tells a little one that wakes the echoes, and causes Ananias to turn in his grave and groan. We overheard a conversation the other day which speaks for itself: "Speaking of heavy rains," remarked one farmer to another recently, "reminds me of one we had last spring. I put a barrel out in the yard, bung up, and it was filled with rain water through the bung in just ten minutes by the watch." "That's nothing," said farmer No. 2. "I put a barrel in my yard, bung up, with both heads out. The rain went through the bunghole so fast that it couldn't run out and overflowed at the bung." The farmers saluted each other and drove on.

Persian Customs.

BRIDAL FORMS IN THE LAND OF THE SHAH.

The seat of honor was given to me, the bride sitting on my right, her elder aunt (her uncle had two wives) on my left. Persians think a great deal of appearance and outward show, and all the ladies were decked in their gaudiest attire, and were blooming in all the ficticious glories of painted womanhood. Fair hair and eyes are not admired by them, but a fair skin and florid complexion are greatly sought after, and call forth the tribute of general admiration. Even when nature has distributed her gifts with no niggard hand they will furvish up the complexion with quantities of rouge and powder until they look like full blown roses. Many an old woman of hideous forbidding aspect, whose appearance would be invaluable in melodrama, is made up into the bad semblance of a young woman; the furrows Time with his ruthless fingers has traced, are filled in with powder, not artistically faced as the European belle—many of whose charms might not bear close overhauling—often sets off her loveliness with artfully arranged aids to beauty, but laid on in thick layers. Although the bride was very young, having at the most seen sixteen summers, rouge, alas, was no stranger to her pretty face! Her hair, which was jet black and very long, was plaited into a number of tiny tails, the ends of which peeped forth from under the chagat of folded white linen she wore on her head. Nothing can exceed the ugliness or unbecomingness of this head gear; it is merely a square piece of muslin or cotton folded corner wise, and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch under the chin, with two ends hanging down the back, and the remaining two falling over the breast.

Over this again is worn the house veil which envelopes the whole figure; it is a large square or rounded piece of muslin or gay patterned chintz and is not fastened on but simply kept in its place by the arms. Her voluminous skirt was of white and pink striped satin, handsomely trimmed with gold lace, and reached only half way to the knee; the legs were bare.

Often as many as twenty yards of silk or satin are employed for these skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist, and are worn over four or five fine petticoats very much stiffened. The more a skirt stands out the more fashionable it is. The bodice is a loose sort of jacket of silk or velvet, trimmed with gold lace, the sleeves are long and terminate in a pointed caff that turns back, reaching nearly to the elbow. This is worn over a calico or linen shirt. Although all degrees agree in their leading features, and the fashions never change in the East as they do in the West, yet they differ to a great extent in detail, and afford a scope for the peculiar taste or fancy of the wearer. The contrast between indoor dress and walking attire is very striking.

Advice for the Minister.

From the Dakota Bell.

A young man who recently graduated from an Eastern theological school went out to Murray, in Cœur d'Alene country, to take charge of a church. The largest gambling hall in town was cleared for his accommodation the first Sunday, one table on which Spanish monte was usually dealt being left for him to stand behind. A large stock register book was laid on this, which was supposed to represent a bible. The whole town turned out and the young divine preached a powerful sermon. In it he strongly denounced gambling, horse-racing, drinking and profanity. That afternoon he was called on by a committee of leading citizens, one of whom said:

"Pardner, thar's a little matter we'd like to talk over with ye. I am the chairman uv the vigilance committee."

"Is it possible?"

"Mighty poss'ble, capt'n, the cussedest possible thing ye ever seed. Wot we come here to say is that we don't approve o' yer preachin'."

"I am very sorry that such is the case, but I can't see how I can change it."

"Can't hey? Well, I reckon ye'll hev to. Ye've got 'er let up on hollerin' agin gamblin', an' horse-raceing, an' swearin', an' licker. Them things air all 'lowable here, an' air highly recommended by the leadin' citizens, an' the clergy has got 'er fall inter line. As a committee we moseyed up here to warn ye, an' taint of [illegible] connection with the encampment than the free and [illegible] manifest [illegible] style to warn ye more n once."

"But, my dear sir, what can I preach against—I must denounce something?"

"What can ye preach agin! Well, I swar! Hain't there wickedness 'nough in this country 'thout goin' outer yer way to jump onter sich things? Preach agin hoss-stealin' an' jumpin' mineral claims, uv course. Rip 'em up the back an' tramp on 'em! Then there's original sin—tech that up once in a while. Jes' confine yerself to these things an' the boys will jes' crowd in to hear an' cheer yer every time ye make a good p'int."

Applauding a Dude.

THE CONSIDERATE ACT OF AN EXQUISITE OF THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT TYPE.

The Boston *Transcript* listener, as he passed along Washington street, at the foot of Cornhill, had observed a printer's boy, who had trundled an overloaded wheelbarrow into Cornhill, over the street pavement, and had essayed to get it up from the gutter upon the sidewalk. The barrow was laden with unbound books, evidently on their way to one of the bookbinderies on the street. It was a very big barrow and a very small boy; and when the little fellow attempted to get his load upon the curbstone he was quite unable to do it. Here he had struggled, it seemed, until he had become quite discouraged, and, seeing a little crowd gathering to look at his vain efforts to move his stalled vehicle, the boy burst into tears.

Just at this juncture there came up a dude of the most extravagant type; an exquisite fellow, with quite an English Derby hat, you know, straight-trimmed and low in the crown, spotless light fawn-colored overcoat; pearl-gray kids; nicely bagging trousers, with the crease down the sides; pointed shoes, with gaiters over them, and, carried level in one hand, a big cane. It seemed to take this exquisite specimen but an instant to take in the situation. Then he stepped up to the curbstone in front of the wheelbarrow, daintily and deftly removed his kid gloves, gave them and the cane to the weeping boy to hold, seized the dirty wheel of the barrow with both hands, and, lifting it clear of the gutter, set it fairly upon the sidewalk.

"Now, my little man, give me the stick and the gloves, and then you can trot along with it, don't you know," said the dude to the boy, who, though looking grateful, put his hands to the barrow, after he had handed over the articles, and moved away without a word.

There was a murmur of something like applause as the dude started along up the street.

Gold Leaf.

HOW, WHERE, AND BY WHOM IT IS MANUFACTURED.

Gold leaf is manufactured in about twenty shops in New York and its suburbs, says the New York *Evening Sun*. It is estimated that 20,800 ounces of gold are consumed annually here in making gold leaf. Gold can be beaten so thin that it will take 12,000 leaves to equal the thickness of the sheet upon which this paper is printed. An ounce can be beaten down to 2,500 leaves 3⅜ inches square.

At a establishment in Hudson street a reporter was told that the gold is bought of of brokers in small ingots, which are melted into bars about a quarter of an inch thick. These are rolled into a ribbon as thick as note paper. After passing through the hands of the beaters it is put in books interleaved with manilla tissue, and twenty books are put in a package. The ordinary sells for $7 a package, and the best $7.50 to $7.75. No dross comes from the gold as it is beaten, but there are ragged edges which drop off. The leaf is used by gilder, bookbinders, dentists, and sign painters.

"The wages of gold-beaters are $11 a week. A piece hand gets $5 a beating. A good one can possibly do two a week and as many as nine in a month have been done. Extra is paid if the workman beats the gold below five grains to a book. Some can do four and a half, and even four, grains per book."

"How thin can you get it?" a beater in Broome street was asked.

"It is beaten to one three-hundred thousandth of an inch at five grains to the book. If it gets down to four grains it is one three-hundred-and-sixty-thousandths of an inch. The New York system employs men only, with girls to do the cutting. The German system employs children of 8 to 9, which system Hastings, of Philadelphia, tried to introduce here, but his workmen struck, gnd he lost his lead. On that system men do the beating and girls do the priming and filling."

"How is the gold beaten?"

"It is beaten in molds made in London from the intestines of cows, cleaned and varnished with a secret preparation manufactured by Puckridge & Nephew, of London. The skins are put in packages of 900 skins each, and three of these molds go to a beating."

"How much gold is there in a beating?"

"Fifty pennyweight in a beating. The ribbon of solid gold is divided into 170 or 180 pieces, each about an inch square. These are put into a cutch made of French paper four inches square. This is beaten until we get the gold to the edges. It is handed with pincers at that time. It is beaten half an hour. The pieces are then piled twenty on top of each other. Then they are cut in four and doubled over, making 720. They are then put in a 'schoder,' or finer mold cut down. We fill the schoder with these leaves in the middle, and break it out to the edges. We beat it about two hours, until we draw about ten pennyweights off the schroder."

"Does it have to be kept dry?"

"We have to keep the windows shut; but the cutches, schoders, and molds take up so much moisture that they have to be put in a hot mold to press the moisture out.

"Don't that finish it?"

"Oh, no. The leaves are cut away again into four with a tool called a wagon, making 2,880, but the molds hold only 2,700. The molds are beaten four hours, at the end of each hour there being what is called a close, when they are heated. Then the beater is through with it and the cutter takes it. This is the only work done by girls in New York. They can cut from thirty to sixty-four books a day, at 3½ cents a books. The leaf, when it gets into a book, is so thin that it is handled only with the breath."

"How is the work tested?"

"Only with the eye. There is no rule about thebusiness, but it is surely a matter of skill and judgment. The best is the kind used on glass, which shows all imperfections."

"I notice that gold beaters usually work in basements. Why is that?"

"A firmer blow can be given upto, one the first story, the [illegible] the Philadelphia and Reading company given. If on Branchdale there is a jar, which deteriorates the quality."

"Is there any adulteration in the business?"

"The Germans beat what. It is called a metal leaf with an alloy. It is sold very cheap. It is the oleomargarine of gold leaf and will tarnish. Much of it is used by bookbinders."

"When did the trade start?"

"It is very ancient. It is mentioned in the Bible. Gold was used on Solomon's temple. The Chinese beat gold leaf, but it cannot ecmpare in quality with American leaf. Some of the Chinamen had trouble with their employer, but they soon ended it. They got their employer into their lodge room and then one after another took a bite out of his flesh."

The Downtrodden Negro.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I did find one colored man in Alabama who claimed that he was oppressed on account of his color and previous condition. It was at the depot in Selma. We two were alone on the platform, and as we drifted together and he made up his mind that I didn't intend to steal his satchel, I asked how he was getting on.

"Poorly, sah, very poorly," he answered.

"Don't they give you a chance?"

"No, sah,—no, sah. White folks down on us mighty bad."

"Give me a sample case."

"Well," he replied after taking a little time to think, "dey doan' respect our rights 'tall. One night las' fall free of 'em come to my house at midnight an' dun woke up an' lugged me off to jail."

"What for?"

"Said I had dun stole a hog."

"That's cool. And you were an innocent man?"

"Sartin I was, an' if dey hadn't s'arched my house wi'dout hevin a warrant or de slightest authority I'd hev proved it."

"But why couldn't you after the search?"

"Kas dey dun found de pork under the floor, sah! If I had bin a white man do you reckon dey would hav' attempted any high handed outrage like dat? Didn't dey do it kas dey knowed I war a poo' black man wi'dout any rights? Talk to me, sah, of a cull'd passon's rights down yere! He hain't got none. Dat pork was stole in the night, and I didn't leave a single track behind, an' yit dey cum an' jumped right in on me like dey was suah all de white folks was honest an' all de rest of de cull'd people had moved away."

Quser Stakes.

"I have heard of queer stakes in my time," remarked a Pacific coast man, "but I think I can discount anything of the sort in my own experience. I was playing cards in Georgia some years ago, and became involved in a dispute with a native that sent him to the hospital and me to the jail. There was a strong prejudice against gamblers in the vicinity, and my lawyer told me that I was in a very tight fix. I made the best of the situation, and managed to get on good terms with the sheriff—a typical Georgian, and, by the way, a pretty good fellow. One day I discovered by accident that he was a great faro bank fiend. It seems that he had been quite wealthy at one time, but he had lost all his property against the game, and would walk ten miles through a swamp to get to play. That just suited me. I chalked out a lay-out on my cell floor, and got an old deck of cards and dealt faro for him. We used buttons for chips, and he would squat outside my grated door and tell me where to place his bets. In a few days I had all his ready cash. Then he sold a mule and lost that. It is too tedious to tell in detail, but head by head his stock all vanished. Then he put up his watch and chain and suit of clothes. I won them, and made him poke them through the grates. In a week my cell looked like a country store. I had boots, hams, a pair of scales, all the sheriff's office stationery, a barrel of flour, a saddle, and a feather bed. At last he came in and said:

"John, I'll tell you what I'll do. You have won everything I can move except the kids and the old woman, and now I'll play a game of seven up for all I've lost against your liberty."

"It's a go."

"We played through the grates. I tell you it was exciting. It was neck or nothing with me, and you could hear the old sheriff breathe clear over in the next lot. We got six a piece, and it came my deal. I turned a jack.

"That puts you out," said the sheriff, unlocking the door. "Now get out."

He claimed that the conditions of the game didn't bar him from taking a shot at me, and as I went over the fence he left off a young cannon in my direction. I guess, though, that last jack made him nervous, for the load went over my head and crippled a darky in a cornfield. I didn't stop to inquire how badly he was hurt."

A Natural Mistake.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE LAWYER SCOLDED IN FRONT OF THE JURY THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

From the Merchant Traveler.

Little Nellie was in the Court room where her uncle was a witness, and found much to interest her there. She was especially struck by the impressive manner of the lawyer who was haranguing the jury.

"Papa," she inquired, "who is that man that is talking so loud."

"That is the lawyer for the defense, my dear."

"And who is the man with the scar over his eye, that just sits and never says a word?"

"That is the defendant."

"And who are those men that the lawyer is talking to?"

"They compose the jury."

After a moment's silence Nellie renewed the attack.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"What has the jury been doing?"

Mitigatng Circumstances.

"It's all his fault, your Honor!" exclaimed a wife, as she was arraigned in the police court the other day.

"Whose fault?"

"My husband's."

"How's that?"

"Well, sir, he came home half tight, just as I had finished a hard day's work and was making my supper off of cold potatoes. I felt mad and desperate, and he began to argue about Heaven."

"What did he say?"

"He said there wasn't no such place, nor Hades neither, and he argued the case so well that I believed him."

"And then what?"

"And then, sir, thinking that if that was the case, I might as well waltz in and have some fun living [illegible] Christian church will take place on earth, I [illegible] 31st [illegible] a good time on [illegible] and picked up a stick of wood and run the old man all over the neighborhood and made him roar for mercy."

Sentence suspended owing to mitigatng circumstances.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages, something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta Maine. dec24-86,1y.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE, PA.,

Opens 9th month, 13th. Thirty minutes from Broad St. station, Philadelpaia. Under the care of Friends, but all others admitted. Full college course for both sexes; Classical, Scientific and Literary. Also a Manual Training and a Preparatory School. Healthful location, large grounds, new and extensive buildings and apparatus. For Catalogue and full particulars, address EDWARD H. MAGILL, LL. D., Pres't. may3,87-13t

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING AGENTS

TIMES BUILDING PHILADELPHIA

Cor. Chestnut and Eighth Sts.

Receive Advertisements for this Paper.

ESTIMATES for SENDING 25 LINE NINE FREE at Lowest Cash Rates

AYER & SON'S MANUAL

KASKINE.

(THE NEW QUININE.)

Gives Good Appetite, New Strength, Quiet Nerves, Happy Days, Sweet Sleep,

A POWERFUL TONIC that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.

"For eight years I had dumb ague intolerably. Wished myself dead a score of times. I never found a medicine worth the bottle that held it, until I took Kaskine. That was a happy day for me. It gave me appetite and strength. I can sleep like a top. I stand by every word of this.—Thos. Toole, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 25 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

Mrs. Caroline Asten, Astoria, N. Y., says: "Last winter I ran down so rapidly from malaria that I would faint away sitting in my chair. I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. Using it three weeks I was well. It caused a general getting up of my nature. I think but for Kaskine I should now be dead."

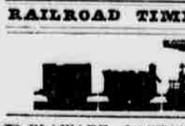
Letters from the above persons, giving full details, will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by MOYER BROS., Bloomsburg, Pa., or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 34 Warren St., New York. feb18,'87-1y

RAILROAD TIME TABLE



DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH. p.m.	NORTH. p.m.	NORTH. a.m	STATIONS.	SOUTH. a.m.	SOUTH. a.m.	SOUTH. p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30	....Scranton....	6 10	9 15	2 05
8 54	12 26	8 26	.....Bellevue....	6 15	9 20	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22	...Taylorville...	6 20	9 26	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 16	..Lackawanna..	6 27	9 34	2 22
8 33	12 08	8 10	....Pittston....	6 34	9 41	2 30
8 27	12 03	8 03	..West Pittston.	6 40	9 47	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58	....Wyoming....	6 45	9 52	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54	.....Maltby.....	6 49	9 56	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50	....Bennett....	6 53	10 00	2 47
8 08	11 47	7 47	....Kingston....	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47	....Kingston....	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42	Plymouth Junc	7 02	10 10	2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38	....Plymouth....	7 07	10 15	3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34	....Avondale....	7 12	10 20	3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30	....Nanticoke...	7 15	10 25	3 10
7 43	11 23	7 23	Hunlock's Creek	7 23	10 32	3 27
7 30	11 12	7 12	..Shickshinny..	7 37	10 44	3 39
7 18	11 00	7 00	..Rick's Ferry..	7 50	11 11	3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54	..Beach Haven..	7 57	11 06	3 58
7 05	10 47	6 47	.....Berwick.....	8 04	11 13	4 12
6 58	10 41	6 41	..Briar Creek..	8 10	11 20	4 05
6 54	10 38	6 38	..Willow Grove..	8 14	11 25	4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34	....Lime Ridge...	8 18	11 29	4 20
6 43	10 27	6 27	.....Espy.....	8 25	11 36	4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21	...Bloomsburg...	8 30	11 44	4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16	.....Rupert.....	8 36	11 50	4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11	Catawissa Bridge	8 41	11 55	4 46
6 08	9 56	5 56	....Danville....	8 58	12 13	5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49	....Chulasky....	9 05	12 20	5 12
5 55	9 45	5 45	.....Cameron....	9 08	12 25	5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32	Northumberland	9 25	12 40	5 35
p.m.	am.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.

Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb. 1st, '82

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 6.30 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.46 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 6.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.53—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate stations.

TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. With through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.55. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.55 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3.31; Wilkes-Barre, 6.00 p m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 p. m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5.05 p m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 5.30 p m; Sunbury, 6.25 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR

50 OVER 50 Changes.

Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reclining or Invalid CHAIR, LOUNGE, BED, or COUCH.

Price $7.00 and up. Send stamp for Catalogue. SHIPPED to all parts of the world.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

All furnished with the Automatic Coach Brake, and Retailed at our Wholesale Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue and mention carriages.

THE LUBURG MANF'G CO., 145 N. 8th St., Philada., Pa.

October 22 86 3yrs.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

nov1986.1y

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR F. F. ADAMS & CO.,

FINE CUT CHE