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THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 44 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 35

NO ONE NEED

Remain

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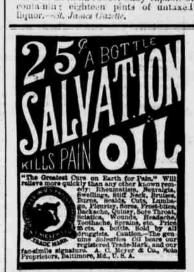
SALES ME NUMBER OF THE SALES WE NUMBER OF THE SALES WANTED TO CARRESTER AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, saling age. (Refer to this paper.)

MILICENT'S PUPIL.

When appears as a casual glance to be a block of Carrara marcle is really a painted sheet-from hox. It arrived at the frontier in a train from Italy, along with five similar ones. A curious depression from one of these blocks aroused the suspician of a domnier, and upon examinate on the treek was discovered. The suspician of a domnier, and upon examinate on the treek was discovered. The suspician of a domnier, and upon examinate on the treek was discovered. The suspician of a domnier hostory worn filled with builtest to make them heavy, and at the botton of each lay \$5.00 weath of Venetian lace. A pile of a nos all coving logs of firewood, such as are burned in Paris, were found to be hollow metal trees, covered with the bark of trees and filled with dutiable liquors. Propagity only an odaser who the bark of trees and filled with dutiable leaters. Proceeding only an obser was passed for far at larity with the ways on sangulers would suspect a pile of four dean or many some places. Here is such a pile. There is nothing in the least suspicious about the top, at bottom desens, but the twenty-four plates in the mathic form one deep vessel with two dates per entire from the state and when the attraction of the processed with two a traditive arrangement was sensed this vessel was full of contratant branky. A cold in departured from Marseilles and bearing a ranguage like of contratant branky. During the epidemic of enoties at Marseilles, two or three years are, collins were constantly passing the liarriers of that city and the officers respectfully uncovered as another collined victim of the positioned was solen ally wheeled past on a hand-cart. The fear of infection lulled their suspicions perhaps but when the choicers was salapsiout and stid the collins did not diminish in number it was resident to their our

in number, it was resolved to pluck out the heart of the mystery. The next cof-fin that arrived was opened, and was found to be crammed with choice ci-Perhaps the most during scheme for cheating the Parisian city cheat, of which the museum contains evidence, was elaborated by a gentleman who was in the habit of driving his elegant victoria the habit of driving his elegant victoria every evening past the barrier to the entrance of the Bois di Boulogne. He was always accompanied by a smart grom, who shumbered peacefully upon the box white his master drove. Shorely afterwar is—sufficiently long to allow the gentleman to make the regulation "tour dit lac"—the carriage would return; and the officials became so accustoned to its passage that they ceased to examine it, and the owner drove back into dirivis at a smart frot, confeously returning their salutations with his whip. That supart trot was his undoing. One evening the victoria ran into a heavy wagon and master and groom were thrown out. Monsieur was picked up insensible, while from a deep wound in the head of the groom slowly trickled a stream of champagne. The interesting the heal of the groom slowly trickled a stream of champagne. The interesting menial was composed of zine dextributely assituted and painted; and he has found a resting place in the sauggler's musum. The carriage was found to contain a zine "web" which was likewise full of champagne. India rubber dress improvers, arranged to conceal articles of contraband, have often been seized, while not the least curious exhibit is in an india rubber alay canable of but is in an india rubber baby capable of

out and still the collins did not diminish



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LIFE SCHOLARSHIP IN

At Scalp Level we all had the art fever, At Scalp Level we all had the art fever, and organized a sketching clab.

One afternoon we were off to the woods on a kind of resthetic picnic, or what Jule called a "sketching jamboree." Our party was a large one, but Milleent Lehigh was the only one who had a trick of slipping off alone in quest of heauties.

She was seated alone on a bridge, making a sketch of a prostrate tree that lay at the water's edge.

"There!" she murmured. "That's the prettiest thing I've done this season."

The words had scarcely left her lips, when she started to her feet in alarm.

A cold nose had been thrust into her face, and she confronted a big dog.

Milicent stood for a moment in terror, and her apprehensions were hardly les-

sened when she saw the owner of the dog omerge from the brush with a gun over his shoulder. He advanced toward Milleent, who took a backward step with half a mind

to run away.

The same instant she glanced around The same instant she glanced around, and was conscious that her hat was gone. "Oh!" she exclaimed, starting forward again, for she saw it bobbing up and down on the surface of the water.

The owner of the dog saw it, too. "After it, Czar!" he cried. "Quick, sir! For shame! Don't you know better than to startle a lady so?"

"I am sorry the dog frightened you," he said, lifting his hat. "They don't understand the courtesies."

Milicent made some faint reply as she watched the setter swim out into the middle of the stream after her hat.

"I hope it's not injured," said the stranger, as he restored it to her.

"I think not," Milicent answered.

"I ham afriad it will be more thoroughly drenched than it is before you get home," he said. "It is going to rain." She now saw there was a thunderstorm

She now saw there was a thunderstorn 'I had not noticed it," she said in

"Have you far to go?"
"Yes—indeed, I don't know. I have some friends somewhere in the woods."
"That is rather an indefinitelocation," said the stranger, smiling.
"I left them at the waterfall," Millcent explained, beginning to feel that the

man was not positively dangerous.

Big drops splashed on their faces.

"I wouldn't advise you to go backthere, we are going to have a heavy
storm, and you had better go at once
to the nearest farmhouse. Allow me." He drow forth his gossamer coat from his game-bag, and throw it around her. "I don't know the way," she stam-mered, making a futile effort to decline mered, marking, his protection.

"If you will come with me—" he began, and then Jule came dashing began, and then began are dashing. began, and then sum through the brush crying: "Miss Milicent! Miss Millcent! I've "Miss Milicent! Miss Millcent! Come! "Miss Milicent! Miss Milleent! I've been hunting for you everywhere. Come! It's going to rain, and they have all gone off to the farmehouse."
Then he stopped in astonishment at the sight of the stranger and his dog. "I have just been advising the young lady to go there," the gentleman said.

'I guess we had better go," Milicent observed, making a motion to lay aside

observed, making a motion to lay aside the gossamer.

"Keep it on," said the gentleman.

"You will need it, and I am going to walk over to the farmbouse myself."

So they started all three together.

Mrs. Pointdexter and the rest of us were already seated on the piazza when they came hurrying up out of the rain.

Not being a prey to alarm, we could judge dispassionately of the remineman's

Not being a prey to alarm, we could judge dispassionately of the gentleman's appearance, and all of us thought him "sketchable."

"Ask him if he'd mind posing, Mrs. Pointdexter." Mabel Waring said in French, when the stranger had scated himself like the rest of us. "Dearknows how long we may have to stay here; and I'm sure he'd make a line sketch."

The moment she had spaken she saw the stranger understood French. Ho terned and said:

"I shall be dappy to do so. Shall I stand or sit?"

Mabel was so confused that she could Mabel was so confused that she could

not answer.
"Sit," Jule replied; "if it is not too much of a bore."
"Not at all," he said glancing toward



I had a letter from Anthon this morning. our chaperon. "I could move mountains in the name of Pointdexter." "You know the name, then?" queried Jule ... It is the name of my best friend.
Anthon Pointdexter, of Boston."
Jule jumped up and grasped the

stranger's hand with great cordiality.

"Do you know him?" he cried eagerly.

"As well as myself."

"Mother!" Jule exclaimed turning to
Mrs. Pointdexter. "This gentleman is a
friend of Anthon's, Are you from Bos-

friend of Authon's, Are you from Boston, sir?"
The stranger drew out a card and handed it to Julo, and while he was reading the name, "Niel Halleck," and passing it to his mother, the stranger drew forth a letter addressed to himself, "I had a letter from Anthon this merning," he said, handing it to Jule, who read it with much pleasure.

It proved to be in the warmest terms of friendship, and warse strong an evidence

tuition," he said; "I suppose a man can be a hunter and an artist, too?"

be a hunter and an artist, too?

"You don't look as though you had a very asthetic temperament," she said, looking up with a laugh, and then down again us she remembered how he had frightened her at first; "but perhaps I can give you any idea of perspective."

"I'm sure you can give me a great many ideas," he said, taking off his hat with so profound a reverence that every one laughed.

The next morning we started out bright and early, Mr. Halleck with us.

Milicent had a pupil who seemed bent on exacting her full time and attention.

It was four weeks after we had had this addition to our club, and Mr. Halleck was now a familiar friend.

He was one of the brightest, most convivial spirits I ever met; but it



The letter dropped from Milicent's hand. seemed quite impossible for him to draw

seemed quite impossible for him to draw a straight line.

His trees seemed to be all toppling over, his bridges were bowed, and he had no more perspective in his lands scapes than a born Japanese.

'Tm afraid you will never be a Raphael or a Tilian, Mr. Halleck, Millicent Sala one afternoon as she sat looking over some of his recent distortions.

Millicent fluttered the leaves of the fakeich book, and glansed ruefully at its contents. As she did so a piece of paper fell out on the grass.

Mr. Halleck reached out his hand for it; but Millicent had picked it up and was looking at it in astonishment. looking at it in astonishment It contained an exquisite little sketch

Did you do ft?" she asked. "Yes—no!" he answered hastily. "Let me see it." me see it."

"No, you can't have it! It doesn't belong to you, I am sure, You never could have done it. It is perfect in its way; but it is entirely too flattering. Who painted it, Mr. Halleck?"

"I did," he said, "under an inspiration. You know such things happen occasionally. Give it to me, Millicent; I want both the sketch and the original."

"You can't have it." she said, sand.

"You can't have it," she said saucily, but looking away to hide what shone in her eyes.
"I must," he said in a low tone. "I cannot live without you. Darling—"
But Jule's voice was heard calling:
"Miss Milicent, Miss Milicent! Here

"Miss Milicent, Miss Milicent! Here—mother said you were to read this."
He came up with a lotter in his hand.
Grasping the situation he left as soon as he had executed his commission.
Mr. Halleck was naturally provoked at the interruption to his wooling. He looked away with a vexel expression while Milicent glanced over the letter Mrs. Pointdexter had sent her.
It was signed, "Your son, Anthon," and began: and begon:
"My DEAR MOTHER, -I am delighted "MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am delighted to learn that you have met Halleck. He is one of the best fellows I know, and is considered by the Boston Society of Artists one of the rising stars of this country," and so on.

The letter dropped from Milleent's hand.

'You-you deceived us!" she cried "You—you deceived us!" she cried in a choking voice. "You allowed me to—to attempt to teach you. Oh, what a fool I've made of myselt!"

She burst into tears of vexation, and covered her face with her hands.

"Den't be angry, darling," he whispered, gathering her in his arms. "I did not mean—"

"Let me go!" she cried passionately;
"I cannot endure the sight of you."

"I cannot endure the sight of you."
His face paled for an instant, and he would have released her, but he changed his mind, and drawing her closely to him, he said gravely;
"I love you, Millcent. Tell methat you are not angry with me. I cannot bear

fee not angry with me. I cannot bear your displeasure.

For a few moments Milicent struggled feebly in his arms, but his eloquence quieted her at last.

"Forgive me, darling!" he begged.

"What a silly thing you must think me!" she sotbed.

"I think you're an ange!! And as for talent, dearest, you have quite as much

"I think you're an angel! And as for talent, dearest, you have quite as much as I have. It only needs cultivation."
"To think you were making all those theurdly crooked trees on purpose. It's too ridiculous."
He laughed.
"But you haven't told me," he said.
"Will you marry me, Milicent?"
In the Boston papers the following winter there appeared the following:
"Mr. Nell Halleck, artist, was married to Miss Milicent Lehigh, of Pittsburg. The young couple will start on Saturday

A Very Strong Story. A Very Strong Story.

A German newspaper relates a story of the composer Verdi. Some years ago Verdi was visited by a friend in a small hathing place, where he was found quartered in a little room, which he said, served as a dining, dwelling and bedroom. As the visitor expressed surprise, Verdi broke in, "Oh, I have two other large rooms, but I keep the articles hired by me in them." With this the composer rose from his seat, and showed his astonished visitor ninety-five barrelorgans, remarking, "When I came here all these organs played 'Rigoletto,' Troall these organs played 'Rigoletto,' 'Tro-vatore' and similar stuff. I have hired them from the owners. I pay about 1,500 lire, and now I can enjoy my sum-mer rest without being disturbed."

A Dress Made of Thread.

A young lady of Austin, who has much time to spare and who is very skillful with the needle and excels in all fancy with the needle and excels in all fancy crochet work has made a unique dress. The material is common spool thread, white, and the entire dress is hand-crocheted work, beautifully flowered and strongly made, and about 10,000 yards of thread were used in its construction. The sleeves are crocheted in the proper shape, and are fastened in by a lock-crocheted stich. It is a very beautiful dress, and the young lady tells us that it took her three months to complete it.

—Austin Nev. Reveille.

English General Officers.

The English army does not lack for officers. There are 7 field marshals, 20 generals, 52 lieutenant generals and 130 major generals, in all 200 general officers. The greatest war of this century was carried on by the United States, with only two officers above the grade of major general, viz., 1 general and 1 lieutenant

City Editor (graspingly and vigorously mopping his face)—"What have you for a local editorial to day?"

Keporier—"An article on "The Fuel of the Future."

Editor—We have concluded not to publish what the editor said, but will mention, en passant that the reporter was carried off a little later in an ambulance.)

A BOX OF SKULLS.

Heads of Kings and Old-Time Monarch Gathered Together and Distributed as

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio," soliloquized Deputy Appraiser Hoffman, of Philadelphia, as he stood among the bales and boxes in the Apamong the bales and boxes in the Appraiser's store, a time stained human skull in one hand and his writing tablet and pencil in the other. This little piece of drama was enacted by Mr. Hoffman as he conducted the examination of so me thirty odd cases of curiosities and relicasent home by United States mayal officers attached to the South Pacific Squadron.

They came to this port last week by the bark Itonus, from Pisaqua, Chili, and were sent to the Appraiser's store for examination. The boxes were consigned to relatives and friends of the officers in Washington, and their contents represented the accumulated collections of extended cruises among the islands of the South Pacific Ocean, with many curious articles guthered on the Peruvian and Chilian coasts.

Chilian coasts.

The Yorick of Mr. Hoffman's fanciful The Yorick of Mr. Hoffman's fanciful imagination was probably a dusky heathen with a weakn as for tender missionaries when well served, and guilty of no more indebtedness to his tailor than was Father Adam. He was evidently old when he passed into spirit land, as the few teeth remaining in his jaw were worn down nearly to their roots. And then his jaw itself was of the kind that might have furnished a formidable wearon for have furnished a formidable weapon for a small-sized Samson. There was a whole box of these cast-off and dried-up heads, but none of them had their business card attached to show where they lived when at home. Some of the skulls were curiously marked by deeply carved lines some parallel and running back from the center of the forehead, while others converged from the temples to the center of the top. SKULIA OF KINGS.

"Here's Royalty for you," was the com-ment of the Deputy as he dragged out three skulls strang upon a cord, and he read from a tag: "Skulls of kings of the Easter Islands."

There was a lot of stuff from the Easter and Friendly Islands, but none of the articles partook of the Christian attributes of the names of those far-away islands. There were curiously-carved and formid-able-looking war-clubs, made of hand-some wood and deeply stained with blood. A bundle of arrows contained som: wicked looking specimens about five feet in length, made of slender, hol-low reads and tipped with long points of bone. Some of the arrows had barbed points the teeth finely cut and very sharp. From their looks it appeared as if they might easily be driven by a newsharp. From their looks it appeared as if they might easily be driven by a powerful bow clear through a human body. There were a number of spears, short but heavy and sharp-pointed, and some of them were barbed for two feet of their length. Each barb was made of a single piece and bound upon the shaft with a cord. The weapons were of many kinds but all alike of formidable appearance. One of the most interesting weapons was a Maori mace, from New Zealand. It was pear-shaped, about a foot in length and sharp on both edges. It was made of some hard and very fine stone, and its workmanship and proportions were realworkmanship and proportions were real-ly beautiful.

IMPLEMENTS OF WARFARE.

One of the bundles contained a lot of war-clubs, in shape and size much like cricket-bats. They were made of wood closely resembling mahogany, but much heavier, and were handsomely carved. Other clubs were iron-wool, and were simply carved balls upon handles. simply carved balls upon handles.
Some of the pieces of South American
pottery were of fine workmanship. A
flat, circular flask of fine workmanship.

A flat, circular flask of fine red clay had
for a neck a beautifully carved head of a man with a pointed beard. A curiously shaped lamp from Chimbote, Peru, was of coarse clay moided in the semblance of a duck. One box contained a lot of of a duck. One box contained a lot of goards, which were delicately carved in curious designs. Another package contained a number of whales teeth, some of them in their natural roughness and others beautifully polished. A small square bale of what appeared to be all calculus was torn apart, and the isws of a oakum was torn apart, and the laws of a big shark were found within; The jaws were very tight, but strong, and were adorned with six rows of small, triangu-

lar and very sharp teeth. lar and very sharp teeth.

Among the curiosities were several bales of paper blankets. They were evidently of Japanese or Chinese make, and were made of very thick, soft paper, decorated with strange devices in differ-ent colors. There was an almost endless number of small trinkets, specimens of minerals, coral and other curios, sufficient to stock a goodly sized museum.

Keep the Eye Shut,

We are told to keep our eyes ever open, but it is often well to keep them shut. One of the chief causes of nervous shut. One of the chief causes of nervous disease is the straining of the eyes and the constant tension of the mind. When stretched out in the barber's chair do not try to read a newspaper, but close your eyelids under the soothing undulations of the lather brush or the dreamy sensation of the shampoo with the darky's big hands gid ling over your pate. In a railway carriage, instead of staring out of your sockets at the landscape that is being torn into shreds before you, fold your arms, bow your head and listen to the whirr of the wheels that make an accompaniment to the wordless song crooning in your head after in the concert room, in place of surveying the audience room, in place of surveying the audience critically or watching the beauty of the singer behind the footlights, shut your eyes once more and let the music sink into your soul, rocking it on waves of emotion and wafting in insensibly into the ideal world. In a still higher sense to keep our eyes and mouth shut is one of the wisest lessons of life.

Is this Christian Civilization?

The open-handed generosity with which Western courts distribute divorce papers brought Mrs. Ruth Lehrbaum to grief in Castle Garden recently. She arrived in the country with her theyear-old daughter in August, and has been on Ward's Island since, waiting to hear from her husband. She was sent for and told that her husband had got a divorce from her. Her grief was pitiable. The couple had parted lovingly three years ago in their native country, and her husband went to Columbus, Ohio. Agent Jaworower of the United Hebrew Charity society has been in communication with the husband. The husband had three of the children with him and offered to take the 9-year-old daughter if her mother could not provide for her. The mother thought a long time before she decided to part with her daughter. She was too poor and forlorn to interfere with the child's welfare. The parting came. A tag was put around the child's neck, telling her destination, she sobled in her mother's arms, and then she was carried away. The Hebrew society will try to get a place for the mother.—New York Nua. Western courts distribute divorce papers prought Mrs. Ruth Lehrbaum to grief in

Mr. Warren has found a little boy of

two years, perfectly blind, who sings several hymnascorrectly and very sweetly, converses correctly on subjects suitable to such little fellows, and can say the to such little fellows, and can say the multiplication table correctly backward and forward. The little fellow can crawl about, and is in many ways very interesting and engaging. He can tell where he was born, where he lives, give his parental names correctly, answers a production number of questions, and does many other wonderful things. Arrangements have been made to place him before the public. He is still a sucking babs. His mother is a bright mulatte, and regards him as a second limit from He sang "Aroazing Grace How Sweet the Sound," without a single mistake or panse, or any hesitation. mistake or pause, or any besitation. Teras Correspondence.

TERRIBLY JEALOUS.

Josephine Archer was angry. She stamped her foot, and her brown eyes snapped fire as she exclaimed:
"Oh, the monster!" that was where the foot came down. "And right in the



face and eyes of society. Kate Bixby and Belle Bounderly both saw him gallivant-ing down the main street with her. Oh! oh, oh!"

At this point her voice seemed to fail

her; but presently she continued:

"Oh, Mr. Henry Gilman, if you don't get a piece of my mind when next you insult me by your presence, then I shall miss my guess. Oh, you black-hearted, abominable, hypocritical, faithless, wick-

abominable, hypocritical, faithless, wicked, wicked man!"

Josephine was a pretty girl and a good
girl, eighteen years of age. She was an
only child, the pet of father and mother.

Two years previous to this time Henry
Gilman, a young lawyer, had selected
our thriving town as his field of labors.

He was a man of powerful intellect, a
ready and eloquent speaker, truthful honest, and handsome; and was successful.

Henry Gilman had failen in love with
Josephine Archer, and she had failen in
love with him.

When the young lawyer spoke with her
parents on the subject of his love they
were delighted. They knew how lighthearted and impulsive and effervescent
she was, and believed that he possessed
the qualities, both of head and heart,
necessary to her happiness.

Gilman had told Mr. Archer frankly
that he possessed nothing but his profes-

that he possessed nothing but his profession upon which to depend for a living. His father had died when he was fifteen, leaving enough of property for the support of his mother, and his education. ort of his mother, and his education.

"On the day that I passed my examination and was admitted to the bar, I ceased to draw from the scanty store my father left, and I promised my mother that while she lived I would not draw another penny; and I only pray that she may live to enjoy the very last farthing of it."

So the lover was accepted by all con-cerned. But a cloud arose, as we have seen, and a storm was threatened.

More than once Josephine promised
her lover that she would never allow the

spirit of jealousy to possess her.

And yet she had let the monster in.
She was about as jealous as a girl could be, and it was on account of a blooming coung widow—the widow With Coryles. "Kitty Coryden!" Josephine pronounced the name savage-

"Josey, what is the matter with you?"
It was the first time Henry had called upon her since she had found cause for jealousy.
"What is it, darling?" he continued, "What is it, darling?" he continued, attempting to put his arm around her. But she pushed him indignantly away.

"What is it? Oh, you cruel, wicked man! And you ask me what it is?"
He stood back, and looked upon her in utter bewilderment.
He could not understard it, and he told her so.

told her so. told her so.
"You can't understand it?" she ex-claimed.
"Indeed I cannot."
"Then," she said, bestowing upon him a look which she thought would annihilate him, "you had better go—and ask—your pretty—widow—your sweet Kitty Coryden?"

A bomb bursting at his feet could not

have startled him more, but it was only for the moment.

Presently his look of consternation



that nonsense in your car?" "But there is: and she has called upon me at my office."

Yes and you are going to find a house for her, here in our village?"

I have promised her that I will do

Oh, how coolly you take it?"

But, my dear Josephine, will listen to me for just one minute? No. sir! I will not! I want nothing to do with you. Go to your Kitty! Oh, don't tell me! She's been in your office, how many times? And—and—"Weil, what more? Let us have the "Well, what more?. Let us have the whole charge."
"Oh, didn't you—didn't you only yesterday, when she got out of the coach, didn't you—oh, you false-hearted

man!" Her indignation overcame her.
"Didn't I what, Josey?"
"Don't call me Josey! Never dare do it again! Oh, you took your Kitty in your

the contrary.
"Well, you—you kisse! her; so there!"
"My dear Josephine, to that I plead

"Well, you—you kisseller; so there!"
"My dear Josephine, to that I plead guilty!"
"You—you do!" gasped the girl, confounded by his audacity. She pointed to the deer.
"There!—there, sir, is the door! Go!—go! and never—never let me look upon your face again. Not a word. I have heard enough. Go!"
He gazed upon her for a brief space, then with something very much like a smile upon his face, he turned, and left the house, saying to himself.
"Poor child! I will not blame her. If she did not love me truly and well, she would not feel so deeply."
He knew very well who had made the mischief. A certain maiden, who had sought in vain to win his smiles, had seen his fair clent alight at the door of his office, and had very likely, seen him kiss her.
Meanwhile an unhappy girl sat alone in the drawing room of Judge Archer's

Belle saw it. And he acknowledged it, too!"

When her father and her mother entered the room they looked upon her in wonder and alarm.

"Josephine!—my dear child!—what is the meaning of this? What has happened?"

She did not answer him. She only bent her head lower, and sobbed mono violently. Then her mother spoke:

"Josephine, this is nothing but a lovers' quarrel, and all on your part. I'll be bound. You've been doing foolishly."

The girl was upon her feet the instant, her hands elenched, her teeth set, and her eyes flashing.

"A lovers' quarrel!" she cried. "On my part! Oh, you don't knew—you don't know what the—the wretch has been doing!"

"But, my dear child, what has he been doing?"

"He's done enough. I am not his first love—not his true love. She—she has followed him here—his aweet Kitty Coryden, and he hugged ber—and—kissed her—on the very sidewalk!"

"His what?—his who?" asked the judge.

"His Kitty Coryden!" snapped she.

"His Kitty Coryden!" snapped she.
"His Kitty Coryden!" snapped she.
The effect of this outburst upon her
father was marvelous. He sank down
into a chair, and burst into an uproarious
fit of laughter, when the door communicating with the front hall was unceremonlously opened, and—

Enter-Henry Gilman, leading by the hand a lady-a mild-eyed, sweet-faced woman, petie and plump, a wealth of golden-brown tresses escaping from beneath a jaunty little hat of lace and ostrich feathers.

She looked older than Harry Gilman; but many a match had been made her.

She looked older than Harry Gilman; but many a match had been made between parties more widely separated by age than apparently were those two.

Henry led the lady forward and presented her to the host and hostess.

"Judge Archer and Mrs. Archer, I have the pleasure of introducing to you my mother! And a mother good and true she has been to me."

The judge had recovered himself upon the entrance of the new comers, and



Henry presented her.

was not at all surprised at the introduc-Henry had spoken with him on the subject of finding a house such as his mother would like to live in, for he had persuaded her to come and make her home near him. If not with him.

Mrs. Archer was surprised, for she had not heard that Henry was expecting his mother's arrival, and the more so upon beholding in that mother a woman so

mother's arrival, and the more so upon beholding in that mother a woman so young and so beautiful; but she manifested no surprise in her greeting, which was warm and ardent.

It vas for poor Josephine to be dumbfounded. Henry had spoken of his mother, had told how good she had always been to him, how she had paid out from her own store, for his comfort and convenience while in college, far more than she was legally bound to do.

"Josephine," he now said, "this is my own dear mother; and this, mamma, is my own dear Josephine; and I hope you will love her for my sake as well as for your own."

Henry proceeded:

for your own."

Henry proceeded:

"I think I have never told you my mother's name. You will pardon me, mamma. My father died, as you know, when I was fifteen years of age. Three years later my mother married again—married with Judge Coryden, of Swanport. At the end of a year the judge died. My mother of course, retains his name, but she seldom speaks of him, and when old friends, who know not of of this second marriage, call her by the old name, she never corrects them."

Then he turned to Josephine, and said to her with a merry twinkle in his eyes:

to her with a merry twinkle in his eyes:

"So, now, my darling, you know my
sweet Kitty Coryden, and I think you
will not take it further amiss—

Before he could speak further, she
whispered in his ear: "Oh, Harry, don't—don't! If you can love me still, say no more till we are

alone."

Josephine is now a happy wife, with beautiful children. She has not for a moment harbored the green-eyed monster in her bosom since the time recorded.

Kitty Coryden is a joy and a blessing in her home, and if Josephine's children are brighter and more healthful than children of the same age usually are, their mother feels that she owes it to the wise and loving ministrations of

their grandmother. Pilots the World Over.

As a matter of fact, qualified pilots are As a matter of fact, quanted priots are pilots the world over; but as men they differ more widely as types than the races or nations to which they belong. Your New York harbor pilot is one of the gravest and quietest of living men. He is sober, demure, unobtrusive, earnest. You would annually summer in Europe, coming or coming scarnely ever see him. You would annually summer in Europe, going or coming scarcely ever see him. From dress and appearance you could not even tell he was a scafaring man. This English pilot lived at Pill, at the edge of the tide, near Avonmouth, where dwell a hundred other pilots in sline, ooze, filth and drunkenness. Their women are half nucle brawiers, harridans, and the husbands live rayless lives of sodden stupor, startlingly contrasting with the alertness, halfbood and daring of their hours of dangerous labor.

But a grade higher in the qualities that prompt aspiration are their brothers of

But a grade higher in the qualities that prompt aspiration are their brothers of the British northern coasts and the English channel. They are chiefly men who only possess emulation in their calling to the degree of securing note among their fellows for harding as knottiness and from in frame, heart and life. Those of the Baltic seas are held in high esteem, not only for their bravery and skill, but in a certain respect and almost awe for their vocation which have come down, like folk lore, through the centuries, from the knowledge that old Danish law behended pilots for harm befailing vessels in their charge, thus airling an element of tramendous courage to an already unapposehably dangerous calling. Our own Pacific coast pilots are a bright, nervy, ambitions lot. The gulf, Key West and Baharan pilots are a sunny crew with more than a trace of "wre king" taint in their warmer veins; and, while less harely they are full of romance and song. And your Cuban pilots—I know well the graceless throng—are nerveless slaves of a despotic regime; pictures in colors and set; bindlies of exerted elementations. a despotic regime; picturesque in color and act; bandles of excited ejaculations and oaths, and without the blood, spirit or integrity of an American barnyard

Relying on Her Teeth.

The attraction that lies in a beautiful The attraction that lies in a beautiful woman's open mouth hasn't been sauge by the poets a great deal, but it is a momentous fact just the same. There is a lovely girl, whose home is at one of our watering places, who almost always goes about with her mouth, in which there are two exquisite rows of pearly teeth, open, and who, oddly enough, generally has an admiring circle of men and youths about her. Her elder sister, who doesn't hold her mouth open, told the other day how the thing goes:

hold her mouth open, told the other day how the thing goes:

"At the party last night," said she, "Bessie was sitting with her mouth closed, for a wonder, and there wasn't anybody with her—for a wonder, too. Presently she opened her mouth a little, and a young man left me and went over to her. Then she opened her mouth a little wider, and another young man went over where she was. By and by she opened her mouth a little more, so that both rows of her teeth showed, and she kept laughing about something, and the both rows of her teeth showed, and she kept laughing about something, and the men kept gathering around her. Doar me! I thought her jaws would hreak, but it's perfectly natural for her to keep her mouth open that way. And the young men fairly swarmed around her all the evening!"