The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO. 19
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LIII, NO. 7

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Feb. 19, 1886. 3mo.

SELECT STORY.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

MR. BOWSER TAKES A TURN AMONG THE STORES.

I had mentioned in a casual way that we needed some dishes, a new carpet, and some table-linen, and that I must get down town and buy them, when Mr. Bowser came home at 2 o'clock one afternoon and said:

"Well, are you ready?"

"For what?"

"Why to go down and buy those things."

"But I didn't know you wanted to go. Indeed I wish you wouldn't."

"Oh, you do! Are you ashamed to be seen with me on the street?"

"You know I'm not. I'm afraid you—you—"

"Well, what?"

"You'll jaw folks and get into a quarrel."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you going soft in the head? Jaw folks! Get into a quarrel! Humph! Are you coming?"

We first visited the carpet store. I had not yet made up my mind whether to buy a brussels or velvet, nor whether to get light or dark colors. I expected to take a chair and have the clerk roll down about fifty pieces of each kind, and to be all of two hours making up my mind. One clerk ran to place chairs for us. A second arranged the window curtains, and a third inquired of Mr. Bowser:

"Did you wish to look at some carpets?"

"Did I come up here to buy oysters?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Ah—um! Light or dark colors?"

"Light."

"But the dark are all the style you know."

"I don't know anything of the sort! There are plenty of white horses and houses, and white shirts and hats; and I don't know why light carpets shouldn't be fashionable. Roll down this piece."

"Yes, sir; but you won't like it. This dark pattern is what Mrs. Gov. Smith selected for her front bedroom."

"Yes. Well, I may get that for my horse barn later on. Send a man to measure the room, and give me that pattern."

"Why, Mr. Bowser!" I said. "You haven't selected already!"

"Certainly."

"But we—we—"

"Five minutes is enough for any one to select a carpet, Mrs. Bowser. We want body-brussels, and we want a light ground. That's all there's to it. We will now go over and buy the table linen."

"But can't I have time to look around?"

"Time! What do you want of time? You want three linen tablecloths and two dozen napkins. We've got the money to pay for 'em. What more is desired?"

"But it's so sudden."

"So are earthquakes. We'll go in here."

We entered a dry goods store and sat down to the linen counter. A young man came forward to wait on us, and after being told what was wanted, he inquired:

"So you want some real linen. Well, here is something I can recommend."

"Is that all linen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he turned to me.

I didn't think it was, but I told Mr. Bowser to let it go. It was the custom in all dry goods stores to lie about such things, and no one thought of raising a row.

"Madam," said Mr. Bowser, as he took the cloth over to a motherly old lady, "is this all linen?"

"No, sir; it's half cotton!" she replied, after an inspection.

"Where's the proprietor of this store?" he demanded of the clerk.

"I—I'll call him, sir."

The proprietor came up.

"Is that linen?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"It passes for linen, sir."

"If you put a cow's horns and a tail on a horse he'd pass for a cow would he? Sir, this looks to me like a petty swindle, and one you ought to be ashamed of!"

The proprietor began to blow up the clerk, and clerk said he'd resign, and as we got out doors I penned Mr. Bowser into a doorway and said:

"I'll never, never dare enter this store again!"

"Don't want you to. The man is a liar and the clerk lied by his instructions. We'll try another."

The next store was crowded, and as we reached the linen counter it was to find every stool occupied. I tried to get Mr. Bowser out, anticipating trouble, but unfortunately at that moment one lady observed to another:

"Dear me, but this is the third afternoon I've come down town to buy a table cloth and haven't got suited yet."

"And I want four crash towels, and I've been all over town twice," replied the other.

"Here, you!" snapped Mr. Bowser to the clerk, "are you busy?"

"Waiting on these ladies, sir."

"Have they bought anything?"

"No, sir."

"Are they going to?"

"I—I don't know."

"Well, I've no time to fool away. We want three linen table cloths and two dozen napkins."

The ladies arose in great indignation. Each of them gave me a look that pierced me to the heart and each one gave Mr. Bowser a look which ought to have shortened him two feet. In seven minutes we had found what we wanted, paid the bill and were ready to go. The clerk acted a bit sulky, and Mr Bowser was getting ready to give him a blast when I appealed to him to hold his peace. I told him it was the custom for several thousand ladies to come down town every afternoon and shop, and that shopping consisted of promenading up and down to show their suits off to a lot of well-dressed loafers, and entering the stores and taking an hour and a half to buy a six pence worth of lace or ribbon. The clerk melted a little at the same moment, and I got Mr. Bowser out without another eruption.

"Now for the dishes," he said as we got out, and we went to a crockery store.

My heart sank as I saw the place crowded with ladies. We halted beside one who was saying to a clerk:

"And so that tooth-pick holder is six cents?"

"Only six, madam."

"How very cute!"

"Yes, it is."

"And it is imported?"

"It is."

"How very, very charming! This is the same one I saw yesterday, is it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Dear me, but I wish I could make up my mind to take it or not. You see, we may move in the spring, and if we moved you know——"

"I want about $15 worth of dishes," interrupted Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir, in just a moment."

"How many of these toothpick holders have you got?"

"Only five."

"I'll take the lot; and now come and wait on me. I want twelve cups and saucers, twenty-four plates, three or four platters, two tureens and a fish platter."

The lady turned about and killed me dead with one long look. Then she looked at the back of Mr. Bowser's neck and tried to murder him, but he would not fall. Then she returned and killed me over again, gave her shoulders a twist and walked out of the store. She had barely departed when a fresh arrival asked our clerk, busy though he was, to show her some teaspoons.

"Madame," said Mr. Bowser, "do you wish to buy some spoons?"

"Perhaps"

"Do you know whether you do or not?"

"Why—I—I will look at them."

"Very well; you sit down and wait until I am through buying. I came to buy, know what I want, and shall pay cash down."

I was killed again, and if looks could have crushed Mr. Bowser he'd have been a mangled corpse in ten seconds. We were only thirteen minutes buying the dishes, and as we got out and reached the car Mr. Bowser said:

"Mrs. Bowser, when you come down town do you go fooling around the stores and obstructing doorways and crosswalks like the women we have seen to-day?"

"I—I guess I do."

"And end by buying four cent's worth of something?"

"Yes: it is the custom."

"And it would have taken you three weeks to buy what we bought in two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll write this very day to an idiot asylum and see if I can squeeze you in! It's no wonder every other home in Detroit is full of scandal, and every other husband wants a divorce!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

For Housekeepers.

Buttermilk Muffins.—Beat two eggs well into a quart of buttermilk, stir in a quart of flour, or enough to make thick batter, and lastly add a teaspoonfull each of salt and soda. Bake in well-greased tins in a hot oven.

The muddy taste that is sometimes noticeable in carp, cat and other mud fish is said to be due to the skin becoming throughly saturated with mud, and the remedy is to skin the fish quickly as soon as it is taken from the water, which will leave the flesh unimpaired in flavor.

A tempting way to fry and serve apples is the following: Pare sound apples, slice them half an inch thick, remove the cores without breaking the slices, fry them in hot butter until tender, lay them in little piles with sugar and spice dusted over them and serve them on slices of toast.

Rice Griddle Cakes.—The rice is cooked until perfectly soft, drained dry mashed with a spoon until the grains are well broken up. For each cupful of rice take two eggs, one pint of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to cake a thin batter.

Cup Dumplings.— Two eggs, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, a desert-spoonful of baking-powder, flour to mix a little stiffer than pancake batter. Grease and flour six cups. Put three teaspoonfuls of jam in the bottom of each cup, pour in the batter and steam half an hour. Any pudding sauce or cream and sugar can be served with these.

Curried Eggs.—Boil three eggs twenty minutes; remove the shells and slice the eggs. Fry a small piece of onion in butter and add a teaspoonful of corn starch mixed with a saltspoonful of curry powder, pour on slowly three quarters of a cupful of milk, seasoning with salt and butter to taste, and simmer until the onion is soft. Add the eggs, and serve when they are throughly heated.

Cooked Celery.— Cut in small cross sections, using nearly the entire stock and roots, rejecting only the very green parts. Cook it in but little water, so that when very tender the water will have boiled nearly away; then add milk sufficient for a nice gravy, season to taste with salt and pepper, rub butter and flour to a smooth paste, and add sufficient to make it of a creamy consistency. When the flour is scalded it is done.

A very nice breakfast dish is made as follows: Split pork tender loins and rub with pepper, salt and summer savory and fry to a light brown in a frying pan Slice then a half dozen potatoes. Have some hot lard in a frying pan and put the potatoes in, covering them up closely. Take a cup of hominy boiled the day before; add a cup of milk, salt and pepper, and let it come to a quick boil. Serve also fruit or baked apples.

What to do with the cold roast mutton is often a query with the housekeeper. Here is one way of preparing it: Brown some flour in butter, moisten with the gravy, season with salt and pepper, and let it simmer about ten minutes; then add more butter, a little marjoram, and the minced meat, and let heat without boiling. Serve with turnips cooked as follows; wash and cut flat turnips into half or three quarter slices; pare and cut each slice into strips and then into cubes. Put into boiling salted water and cook until tender. Drain and pour white sauce over them.

A CONJUROR'S FEATS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

The French have had as much trouble with the Arabs of Algeria as we have had with the Indians in the far west. There are frequent risings and revolts, there are constant skirmishes and long truces, and there is rapid alternation of hostility and friendship. Every year, in the fall, there are feats and entertainments at Algiers, to which all the leading Arab chiefs are invited. Among the Arabs the marabouts, or native magicians, have great influence—greater than that exercised by the medicine men of our Indians. It was to discount the paltry wonders these marabouts were able to do that the French authorities invited Robert-Houdin to go over to Algiers and to perform his most startling feats before the assembled chiefs and the most important Arabian medicine-men. They hoped to show the Arabs that, beside Robert-Houdin's marvellous feats, the pretty tricks of the marabouts were altogether too insignificant to be of divine origin, as the more ignorant believed them to be.

Toward the middle of October, in the middle of the autumn festival, and after the Arabs had performed their wonderful Fantasia on horseback, Robert-Houdin gave his performance in the theatre in Algiers, before all the chosen Arabs, who came with their chiefs, tribe by tribe, until the little auditorium was absolutely packed. It must have been a most interesting spectacle to see these children of the desert, many of whom had never been inside of a theatre before, seated there in serried columns, wholly ignorant of the surprises in store for them. In the balcony, for example, there were sixty chiefs, each wearing the red cloak which is the sign of their submission to the French authority. All the military and civic dignitaries of the colony were also present in the full pomp of official uniform. Interpreters were scattered through the house to give the natives all needful explanations.

Robert Houdin records that he came forward solemnly and with a heavy sense of responsibility, for he was not now merely to amuse, but to astonish, to awe, to terrify, to impress powerfully the imaginations of his savage spectators. And they were as solemn as he: they received him with true Oriental gravity, giving him courteous attention, but sitting stolid and making no sign for a long while. It was only by picking out an Arab here and there, and paying special attention to him, that the performer was able to thaw the frigidity of the assembly, and to break the ice of Oriental impassiveness. The taking of a huge cannonball from a borrowed hat was the first trick which aroused general excitement.

As the Algerians are forbidden by Mohammed's law to drink wine, Robert-Houdin substituted for his inexhaustable bottle an inexhaustable bowl, from which he poured numberless cups of coffee, smoking hot. The first cups were tasted most timidly, as perhaps of evil origin, but courage soon came, and there was a general desire to try the delicious beverage.

Three tricks Robert-Houdin had arranged specially to impress the Arab imagination, and these three he reserved to the end. Then he said that the strange powers they had seen him exhibit enabled him to deprive any man of his strength, and he invited any Arab who dared to step on the stage. A solidly built Arab, with massive muscles in perfect training, stepped forward and stood beside the magician. Robert-Houdin held in his hand a little box well riveted together, and having a stout handle. Holding this box for a minute swinging on his little finger, Robert Houdin placed it on the floor "Are you strong?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the Arab, with confident carelessness.

"Are you sure of remaining so always?"

"Always," the native replied.

"Lift that little box," said the magician.

The Arab lifted it, and said, coldly, "Is that all?"

"Wait," returned Robert-Houdin. Then, making a solemn gesture, he continued, "Now you are weaker than a woman;" and this to an Arab is the final degree of weakness. "Try to lift the box again."

The strong man seized the box once more, and made a vigorous effort to lift it. But now the box resisted, and despite his utmost exertion he could not raise it from the floor. After many vain attempts he paused as though to acknowledge the influence of magic beyond his ken; but this would be to confess himself beaten, so he braced himself for a final furious effort. But scarcely had he seized the handle of the box than a sudden shock shook him. He dropped on his knees, trembling and shrieking with unexpected pain. Then he rose hastily and fled from the theatre, throwing his cloak about his head, as though to conceal the shame of his defeat, while the faces of the remaining Arabs became grave, and they gazed fearfully at Robert-Houdin as though he were really a sorcerer.

The explanation of this startling trick is simple. The little box had an iron bottom. When it was placed on the floor of the stage it rested over a powerful electro-magnet. After the Arab had lifted it the first time the electric circuit was completed, and then no man who ever lived was strong enough to remove it. The cause of the Algerian's spasm of agony was a shock of electricity, which Robert-Houdin by a signal had had sent through the handle of the box from an induction coil out of sight behind the scenes.

The second of the special tricks followed. Robert-Houdin announced that he had a talisman which made him absolutely invulnerable, and that he defied the best shot in all Algiers to hit him. At this a marabout, who had shown great excitement all through the performance, sprang on the stage, saying: "I want to kill you!"

Robert-Houdin handed him a pistol, bidding him examine it. The Arab blew through the nipple and scrutinized the weapon carefully. "It is a good pistol," he said, "and I will kill you."

"Since you insist on it," replied Robert-Houdin; "and as a double precaution, put in a double charge of powder and then a wad. Now here is a leaden bullet; mark it with a knife so that you will know it again. Then drop it into the pistol and put in a second wad."

"It is done," said the marabout.

"You know that the weapon is good, and that it is well loaded," Robert-Houdin continued. "Have you no scruples in aiming at me, even if I authorize you?"

"No," answered the Arab; "I want to kill you."

The Frenchman took a pear and thrust it on the point of a knife. Then going a few paces from the Arab he bade him take aim at the heart. The marabout fired and the marked bullet was seen in the pear.

The magician does not explain the secret of this trick. Probably he made use of a device familiar to all who have studied conjuring. After the powder and wad were rammed home, and while the Arab was engaged in marking the bullet, the Frenchman had slipped into the pistol a little tube the lower end of which was closed. Into this tube the marabout dropped the bullet, and as he thrust down the wad with the ram-rod, the tube fitting snugly to the ram-rod, and polished on the outside to resemble it, was withdrawn at the end of the stick without attracting attention, thus giving Robert Houdin possession of the marked ball.

The third and last of the Frenchman's special feats for the Algerians, although no doubt most effective when performed before them is less easy to decribe. A young Arab was asked to step upon a table, where he was covered with an extinguisher. This extinguisher was then brought down to the footlights, when it was found to be empty. The young man had vanished. So horrified were the assembled Algerians at this most mysterious disappearance that they jumped to their feet and began to fly from the theatre in terror despite the utmost endeavor of some of the calmer chiefs to control them. At the door they found, to their still greater surprise, the young Arab, none the worse for his temporary vanishing, and wholly unable or unwilling to explain what had happened to him.

Nor does Robert-Houdin explain the secret of this trick. And we had best follow his example. Perhaps some of the readers of this paper, voluntary apprentices in the art and mysteries of magic, may be able to suggest an explanation.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Youngest Cowboy.

A BOY OF SIX WHO OWNS AND MANAGES A HERD OF ONE HUNDRED CATTLE.

From the Chicago News.

FORT WORTH, Tex., April 16.—The youngest cowboy in the world is at present visiting this city. He is Logan Mulhall, a herd owner in the Cheyenne Nation, and he is just a month or so over 6 years old. The boy owns over a hundred head of cattle, has his own brand, which is duly registered, and he does fully as much of his own work as any boy of 6 has done, even in the west. This very juvenile patriarch is the son of Zach Mulhall, well known through the cow country, and his father is firmly convinced that such another young prodigy has not yet appeared in the grazing lands. The young gentleman was formally put in possession of a herd some months ago. He has had made for himself a little Winchester rifle and a special revolver, with both of which arms he is said to be very expert.

The boy has his own bunch of horses and hires his own help, of course under the superintendence of his father, and during the present Spring he has every day ridden a line of more than three miles about his herd.

This is a development of young America which the herders in these parts do not believe can be equaled in any other part of the country. The boy is worth about $1200 in his own rights and his profits will not be less than $500 a year, which is more than falls to the lot of the average 6-year-old.

A Wonderful Musician.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF COUNT ZICHY, THE ONE-HANDED PIANIST.

From the London Queen.

Count Zichy, the extraordinary pianist, never plays in public except for charitable purposes, being not only of high famiy but also possessed of ample means, and the singular and romantic facts with which his present and extraordinary efficiency is connected insure him crowded audiences wherever he appears. The Count has from childhood been a great lover of music, for which he had extraordinary natural gifts. As a youth he devoted himself to the study of the violin, on which he had already attained great proficiency, when a terrible accident while out shooting turned the course of his life. It was found necessary to amputate his right arm, and it would have appeared to most persons that with this all hope of an active career in art must be abandoned.

But the indomitable character of the Hungarian noble triumphed. In a year from the time of his recovery he had mastered the most extraordinary difficulties on the pianoforte with the left hand which remained to him, and now this one-handed pianist produces effects which, if the eyes were closed, would convince the hearer that he was listening to two, and even sometimes to four, hands upon the instrument.

Gold By The Keg.

HOW THE PRECIOUS METAL IS SENT OVER TO EUROPE.

"What are you going to do with all that gold?" asked an inquisitive person of George Wilson, the cashier at the Assay Office, as three men dragged and pushed a low, heavy, four wheeled cart out of the great vault where $90,000,000 of Uncle Sam's treasures are stored in the form of bars and bricks. On the cart that the men were tugging and straining with were two wooden boxes or trays, about the length and breadth of a starch box, but not more than three or four inches in depth. Each box contained some twenty bars of gold. The bars were about four and a half inches long, but varied in width from an inch to three inches while in thickness they also differed from a quarter of an inch to an inch.

"That," said the cashier, as he looked toward the cart with a contemptuous glance, "oh! that's a little lot we are preparing for shipment to Europe."

"And, please what might be the value of that little lot, just as it lies there in the boxes."

"Well, that is worth $300,000, or, to be exact, $298,177.31. It has just been ordered by a banking house on William street for export to England."

"Do they send bars instead of coin," continued the inquirer, "and what formality does one have to go through to obtain the bars?"

"Almost all gold shipments are now made in bullion or bars, such as those you see. Coin is seldom imported now nor has it been for the last three or four years. The bars are much more easily handled, and the loss by abraison is far less. There is also a percentage in favor of the bars, as they are less liable to be counterfeited. It makes but little difference to the receivers of the gold on the other side whether gold or bullion is sent, for, in either case, they are thrown into the melting pot and recast into new bars. The same process is gone through with on this side when gold in either form is recived. It is melted and recast into bars.

"These bars," he continued as he took up one of them, "run from $2,000 up to $5,000 in value; it depends, of course, on the side. Each bar is numbered and its exact value stamped upon it, together with the United States seal. The bar I hold is No. 31,897, and its value is $5,113.31. When banks or individuals require a quantity of gold for shipment they come here and say what amount they want. We take bars enough from the vault to fill the order as nearly as possible and give them a memorandum of the exact value of the gold. This memorandum of the exact value of the gold. This memorandum they take to the Sub-Treasury and pay there the amount called for by the memorandum, either in gold coin or gold certificates or United States notes. National bank notes or other currency is not received in payment for gold. Upon payment into the Sub-Treasury of the amount called for they receive a receipt, or certificate, entitling them to the bars at the assay office, upon presentation of which the bars are handed over to them just as one would hand over so many cakes of soap."

"After the gold is delivered, what do those who receive it do with it?"

"Pack it in kegs for transportation. A man by the name of George S. Spear, who has a cooper shop on Fletcher street, has made a special business of making kegs and boxes for gold and silver shipment, and of packing the same. Spear has been engaged at that work for twenty years or more, as his father was before him. It is not every cooper who can make a keg suitable for carrying gold. It must be extra strong and heavy-hooped, to hold safely the weighty metal. But you can watch the manner of packing yourself, for Mr. Spear has just come to put up a lot. After the gold is packed the kegs are put on a cart and carried to the steamer, billed and delivered to the purser, about the same as any other merchandise. The purser, however has a strong compartment or safe in which he places valuable parcels, and the kegs do not find their way into the hold with the rest of the cargo."

At this point Mr. Spear began his operations. Three clerks from the bank that had purchased the gold were present to oversee and aid in the work. In size, the kegs are a little smaller than an ordinary nail keg, with extra heavy staves and heads and bound with four stout iron hoops. The bottom hoop was first knocked off and two holes bored through the staves on a level with the surface of the heading and on opposite sides of the barrel. Through the holes two lines of red tape were drawn across the head, crossed and tacked in the center. The hoop was then replaced and driven home, covering that part of the tape that was on the outside of the staves. Sealing wax was melted and dropped at the point where the two lines of tape crossed in the center, and the bank seal pressed upon it. The keg was then turned end for end and the other head removed. A layer of sawdust was first thrown in and several bars of the gold laid carefully on the dust, but so far apart as not to touch or rub against each other. More sawdust was thrown in and packed closely about the bars, when other layers of bar and sawdust followed until the keg was full and contained about $50,000. The head, tape, hoop and wax were put on the same as on the other end, and the keg was marked and ready to be sent away on its voyage over the seas. A keg thus packed is so heavy that a very strong man would find it difficult to raise it from the floor, and not a man in New York would be able to carry it on his shoulder from Wall street to the Battery even if the contents of the keg were to be his reward.

The shipment of gold in this manner is a frequent occurrence at certain seasons, though there has been but little of it for the last six months, as the balance of trade has been in favor of the United States.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Mary—George, if I die, promise me one thing.

George—What is it, Mary?

"That you will marry Emma Wilkins."

"Why, I thought you hated her, Mary."

"I do, George, I want to get even with her."

Dude—Miss, will you allow me to accompany you?

Indignant female—Sir, do you think for a moment—

Dude—Me think! Good gwacious, do I look as if I could think?

ROBIN REDBREAST.

BY JOHN SUTTON.

For the COLUMBIAN.

Robin redbreast on the tree,
Sing a little song for me,
Let some sweet and joyful note,
Warble in your little throat.
"Pheet," he said, and turned his eye,
As if to ask the reason why,
Can such a little, tiny thing
Pleasure to you great ones bring?

Yes, I said, I love the birds,
And though they cannot know my words,
I love to see them on the wing,
I love to listen while they sing.
And though their lines seem incomplete,
Not measured by poetic feet,
There is a sweetness in their tone,
That does belong to birds alone.

He turned his head from side to side
And plumed his wings with birdly pride,
Then dropped some notes so soft and low,
As only little birdies know.
Then rising higher in his song,
He piped and whistled loud and long,
He twittered, chirped and sweetly trilled,
And all the earth with music filled.

I thanked the birdie for his treat,
And hoped that we again would meet,
I bid him come another day,
Then Robin red-breast flew away.
Now if the birds can give us joy,
Why may not every girl and boy?
Their better education show,
And drop some pleasure as they go.

April 28, 1888.