The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO 30
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 18

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. L. FRITZ
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE—Front Room, Over Postoffice.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Room No. 3, COLUMBIAN building.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 20th 1888, tf.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Ext's Building. BLOOMSBURG, PA

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA
Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL
—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on second floor, third room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Third floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Flowers' Building, 2nd floor.
may 1-tf

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

F. P. BILLMEYER,
(*DISTRICT ATTORNEY.*)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
☞ Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30.86.

W. H. RHAWN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets

MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Conveyancer, Collector of Claims.
—AND—
LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES, &c.
☞ Office in Dentler's building with F. P. Billmeyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, 2nd floor Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-9-86.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov28 86 1y.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloomsburg, Pa

DR. WM. M. REBER Surgeon and Physician. Office corner of Rock and Market treet.

ESTABLISHED 1870.
J. J. BROWN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence on Third street near Methodist church. Diseases of the eye a specialty.

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

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
North American of Philadelphia.
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania.
Hanover, of N. Y.
Queens, of London.
North British, of London.
Office on Market Street, No. 8, Bloomsburg.
Oct. 24. 1y

Bloomsburg Fire and Life Ins. Agency.
ESTABLISHED 1865.
M. P. LUTZ
(Successor to FRANK BROWN)
AGENT AND BROKER

COMPANIES REPRESENTED:

	Assets
Ætna Fire Ins. Co., of Hartford,	$ 9,528,383.97
Hartford of Hartford	5,288,609.97
Phœnix of Hartford	4,778,469.13
Springfield of Springfield	3,066,063.98
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,512,782.29
Guardian of London	20,603,225.71
Phœnix, of London	6,924,563.48
Lancashire of England (U. S. branch)	1,649,195.00
Royal of England " "	4,853,564.00
Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. of Newark, N. J.	41,379,288 33

Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.

FIRE INSURANCE
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOME, OF N. Y.
MERCHANTS', OF NEWARK, N. J.
CLINTON, N. Y.
PEOPLES' N. Y.
READING, PA.
GERMAN AMERICAN INS. CO., NEW YORK.
GREENWICH INS. CO., NEW YORK.
JERSEY CITY FIRE INS. CO., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

☞ These OLD CORPORATIONS are well seasoned by age and FIRE TESTED and have never yet had a loss settled by any court of law. Their assets are all invested in SOLID SECURITIES are liable to the hazard of FIRE only.
Losses PROMPTLY and HONESTLY adjusted and paid as soon as determined by CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG, Pa.
The people of Columbia county should patronize the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.
☞ PROMPTNESS. EQUITY, FAIR DEALING.

W. H. HOUSE,
—DENTIST,—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, Pa
All styles of work done in a superior manner, work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
Office in Barton's building, Main street, below Market, five doors below Kleim's drug store, first floor.
To be open at all hours during the day.
NOV 23-1y

Exchange Hotel,
BENTON, PA.
The undersigned has leased this well-known house, and is prepared to accommodate the public with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel.
27may87] [SAMUEL DRAKE, Proprietor.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING
DONE AT THE
COLUMBIA OFFICE

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH
HOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know. Send stamp. BAKER REM. CO., Box 84 Buffalo, N. Y.

PERSIAN BLOOM, Best Complexion Beautifier, Skin Cure and Blemish Eradicator known. Send stamp for trial package. Address as above.
dec25n.c&coly.

Best Pianos! Lowest Prices!!
D. S. ANDRUS & CO.,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Steinway, Sohmer, Kranich & Bach Fischer, Emerson, Pease
PIANOS,
AND THE CELEBRATED
Wilcox & White Organs.
☞ Pianos Tuned and Repaired by competent workmen.
Send for Catalogues.
21 WEST THIRD ST.,
Williamsport, Pa.
nov11-87-1y.

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

BOOK MAKING and BINDING.
Business men who have tried it find it greatly to their advantage to have Account Books made to order, to suit their special needs. Every kind of Blank Book, with or without printed headings, Check Books and Ruled Blanks I make in the best manner at honest prices. Unexcelled facilities for Numbering, Eyeleting, Perforating, Punching and Stamping. Work for county and borough offices especially solicited. Miscellaneous Book Binding of the highest class. Missing magazines supplied. Estimates and particulars cheerfully furnished.
J. W. RAEDER,
7 and 9 Market St.,
WILKES-BARRE.
sept6-1yc&bro.

Spring Specialties
AT
LOWENBERG'S.
Light Colored Cheviots in
SACK
and 4-Button
CUTAWAY
SUITS,
WITH LOW CUT VESTS.
Fine Dark Blue and Black Worsteds, Corkscrew, Broadwale Diagonal and Block Worsted in Sacks and Cutaways, and
HANDSOME
OVERCOATS,
a special leader at $5.00
Very Pretty Children's
SUITS
Plain or pleated and belted in dark and light colors.
PRINCE ALBERTS
in all qualities.
NICE LIGHT SPRING
Sailor Suits
with Blue and Gray, also,
KILT SUITS
with Pleated Skirt for smaller Children
AT
D. LOWENBERG'S

INSURANCE AGENCY OF
J. H. MAIZE,
Office 2nd floor Columbian Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
LIFE.
Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, members 41,948. Paid to beneficiaries $4,051,628.17. Insures non Masons.
Travelers Life and Accident of Hartford.
FIRE.

CONTINENTAL of New York,	$5,238,961.98
AMERICAN of Philadelphia,	$2,301,357.66
NIAGARA of New York,	$2,260,479.86

Liverpool, London and Globe Fire Insurance Co., of London, the largest in the world, and the Imperial of London.
A liberal share of the business is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
J. H. MAIZE, Agent.
June 1, 1888, tf.

CROWN ACME
THE BEST BURNING OIL THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLEUM.
It gives a brilliant light.
It will not smoke the chimneys.
It will not char the wick.
It has a high fire test.
It will not explode.
It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.
WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON
With any other illuminating oil made.
We Stake Our Reputation,
As refiners, upon the statement that it is
THE BEST OIL
IN THE WORLD.
Ask your dealer for
CROWN ACME.
DANVILLE OIL COMPANY.
Trade for Bloomsburg and Vicinity Supplied by
MOYER BROS.,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
sept2-1y.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
—:o:—
G. W. BERTSCH,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR.
—:o:—
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
—:o:—
Suits made to order at short notice and a fit always guaranteed or no sale. Call and examine the largest and best selected stock of goods ever shown in Columbia county.
Store—next door to First National Bank,
MAIN STREET,
Bloomsburg Pa.

Wyoming Commercial College
This Institution is a high grade Business College, giving instruction in every department of business education. In addition to the regular business course it makes a specialty of Phonography, Type-writing, Telegraphy, and Ornamental Penmanship. The prominent feature of the Commercial Course is its practical character. Nearly every set of books has been taken from first-class business establishments, and a large proportion of the course in book-keeping is made up from our system of actual business practice, unsurpassed in the scientific application to modern business methods. A larger proportion of our graduates regularly obtain first-class positions than from any other commercial college in the state. Year begins Aug. 29, 1888. For circulars address W. L. DEAN, Principal.
July 27 8t Kingston, Pa.

Write to COLLEGE of COMMERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. or Clark's Business College, Erie, Pa., for catalogue. The best and cheapest schools in America. Actual business interchanges. Scholarships good in either college. Graduates assisted to positions. Mention this paper.
CLARK & PERRIN, Proprietors.
aug 3-d-4t.

GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to JOHNSTON & SON, Pittsburg, Penn. aug 3-d-4t.

Hay Fever CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
EASY TO USE
Is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat. The acrid discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing. Frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.
Try the Cure.
ELY'S
CREAM BALM.
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York. aug 3-d-4t.

J. R. SMITH & CO.
LIMITED.
MILTON, Pa.,
DEALERS IN
PIANOS,
By the following well known makers:
Chickering, Knabe, Weber, Hallet & Davis.
Can also furnish any of the cheaper makes at manufacturers prices. Do not buy a piano before getting our prices.
—.o.—
Catalogue and Price Lists
On application.
Sept3--86tf.

Help Wanted!
Wanted at once a responsible party of good address to represent
A NEW WORK,
—BY—
HON. THOS. E. HILL, Author of Hill's Manual of social and Business Forms.
—IN—
Bloomsburg and Colubia County
An excellent opportunity to secure a good position and MAKE MONEY. Sales can be made on the Installment Plan when desired. Address for terms and particulars,
Hill Standard Book Co., Publishers,
103 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.
July 6-4w.

$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made Working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co. 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. June 15-r-4t.

SELECT STORY.

A FRIGHTFUL AFFAIR.

I do not recall whether the conflict that I am going to describe occurred in the mine of La Cata or in that of Rayas. Both are situated in the Mexican mineral district of Guanajuato, and with the reader's permission I will assume that it happened in the latter.

The main shaft of the Rayas mine has the vertical depth of nine hundred yards, and sixteen yards of diameter. For its dimensions, it is ranked as the first mining shaft of the world.

In the epoch to which I refer, eight windlasses, operated by mules, were constantly employed in raising water from this enormous hole in the planet.

The administrator at that time was Don Rafael H——, 30 years of age, pale, slender, feeble in appearance; but in whose gaze shone the flame of haughtiness and energy, and the radiant spark of intelligence.

The *cajonero* or person charged with the operation of the windlasses, was called Jose. He was an athletic fellow, sinewy and vigorous; but with the hungry, apprehensive, and unquiet look of the jackal. Under his orders and immediate direction were the cables by which the miners descended, the stream-cables for hoisting water, and all that related to the various services of the shaft.

Among the "properties" of the administrator was a young woman of more beauty than chastity, whose voluptuous form had turned the head of the cajonero, who had a long time endeavored vainly to ingratiate himself in her favor. The jade treated his advances with arrogant disdain, and this is easily explained when it is known that from the *administradora* to the *cajonera* the distance is the same as between the housekeeper and the scrubwoman.

Jose laid siege to this strong fortress of virtue, but finding that the garrison was not likely to accept terms of capitulation, he one day made an assault that cost him a superb whipping by order of the administrator.

Jose endured the chastisement but swore in the teeth of his master that he would have his revenge. Don Rafael treated the menace with contempt, and the cajonera continued to occupy his post.

Sometime afterward, the damsel in order to give a further proof of her constancy, ran away with a cavalry officer; whereat Don Rafael manifested neither indignation nor surprise.

One morning Jose entered precipitately into the apartments of the administrator, before the latter was awake, and said to him that, to judge from the unusual singing and hurrahing of the miners at the bottom of the shaft, they surely must have found a bonanza.

This word bonanza produces a more wonderful effect on the cerebrum of a miner than all the cataclysms and earthquakes joined together. Don Rafael sprang out of bed, leaped into his garments, and, without waiting to make inquiries, ran to the shaft, harnessed himself to a cable of descent, and so suspending himself over the enormous abyss, said to the cajona: "Let her go."

The horses of one of the windlasses began to move, the cable to unwind, and Don Rafael, holding a torch in one hand and with the other steadying himself in his hanging saddle, slowly descended into that immense black hole without observing that no sound whatever came from below, nor that the face of the cajonero betrayed a sinister smile when he saw him going down.

Peril not only awakens instinct, but enlightens it. When Don Rafael found himself suspended in that frightful abyss, he suddenly remembered the menace of Jose, comprehended that he had acted inconsiderately, and that his life was suspended by a thread which his enemy could cut at his pleasure and dispatch him to eternity without notice and also without a passport.

By the reflection of the torch might have been seen great drops of cold perspiration upon his brow, the convulsive tremor that agitated his members, and the look of anguish that he cast toward the black depth and perpendicular wall of the shaft. The cable had descended perhaps a hundred yards when suddenly its movement was arrested. Don Rafael felt a sudden chill that penetrated the very marrow of his bones and congealed his blood. He comprehended the horrible plot. Jose was going to cut the cable and dash him to a mass of lifeless, shapeless flesh by a fall of six hundred yards to the bottom of the shaft.

Directing a look of desperation toward the nearest wall, he perceived projecting from it, half a yard or a little more, a piece of timber that had served to support a scaffold.

To cast the torch to the bottom of the shaft, swing himself upon that treacherous support, and detach himself from the cable was the work of a few seconds and hardly had he accomplished it when the cable parted far above, and fell with a great splashing noise into the water almost two thousand feet below. Involuntarily a cry of terror escaped him, which was answered at the mouth of the shaft with a sarcastic and savage horse-laugh that, in spite of himself, made him tremble.

Afterward profound silence reigned and Don Rafael, submerged in darkness, remained seated on that frail piece of wood; vacillating over that enormous abyss, into which the slightest circumstance might hurl him, with the certainty of being dashed to fragments at the bottom.

The silence was broken only by the creaking of ropes, the water dripping from the ascending buckets, and occasionally by the smothered concussion of the miners' tools somewhere in the black depths below. But, suddenly, among these divers sounds, was distinguished one that filled Don Rafael with horror.

The wooden perch on which he was seated began to manifest signs of breaking!

Time and moist air had caused decay, and the timber was yielding under his weight. In affecting his safety he had only prolonged a little while his agony.

Pressing closely against the wall, he tried to find some fissure in the rock for his hands; but his fingers were only torn by the pitiless rock, which refused to permit any diminution of the weight on his fragile perch in this manner.

Presently a lugubrious chant swelled up from the depths of the shaft—an immense sound of human voices that seemed a cry of agony wrenched from many hearts by the pain of toil. It was the *alabado* which is sung by the miners upon the death of one of their fraternity—a melancholy medley of *ayes* and lamentations that forms a kind of sorrowful and pathetic melody with which those who are condemned to incessant labor to the end of life saluted the happy departure of an emancipated soul.

Already notice of the supposed death of Don Rafael had arrived in those subterranean caverns, and all the habitants of the mine were chanting the song of praise which also was the song of mourning. Meanwhile . . . the treacherous beam on which Don Rafael sat, hearing, far below the song that announced his own death, was cracking!

The sad cadence of that song, melodious and mournful, like a psalm at the threshold of the tomb, ceased, and the muffled sound of the stream cables, going up with water and returning for more, seemed to Don Rafael a pendulum marking the moments of his departing life.

The fragile beam was already inclining toward the horrible depth of the abyss; the hands of Don Rafael were grasping the jagged points of rock with desperation; the moment of his precipitation to a horrible death was very near. Suddenly the sound of many voices came from the mouth of the shaft. The criminal had notified the directory of *an accident*, and all the employes came to see the body of the administrator brought from the bottom of the shaft.

Looking up, Don Rafael saw a rapidly descending torch. In the next moment a man suspended on a cable of descent, with his back toward him, passed his fearful perch. . . . It was the cajonero, Jose.

Instantly Don Rafael sprang from his perch and seized the cable, some distance above the man at the end of it. This movement loosened the beam from its anchorage and it fell. The noise and the movement of the cable caused Jose to look up. Seeing Don Rafael he commenced to blaspheme, and holding a dagger between his teeth, to climb toward him. Between the two men there was a space of some twenty yards, and while Jose ascended Don Rafael fastened himself in a stirrup of cable that was swinging violently.

As the torch was impending the ascent of Jose, he cast it to the bottom, and the shaft was again in darkness.

Seeing that the light was extinguished, the employes feared some new accident, and began to haul up the cable with great rapidity.

Having secured his position, Don Rafael drew from his pocket a clasp knife and tried to cut the cable below him. He could hear the labored breathing of his adversary, who comprehended the design of the administrator, and was asserting his utmost strength to gain the position of the latter in time to avert his own plunge to the bottom of the abyss to which he had a short time before, dispatched the man who had so strangely escaped the intended death. The duel in the darkness between the two combatants suspended by a cord over that horrible abyss was prosecuted by both with equal haste and desperation. Each knew that his own escape from that frightful situation depended on the destruction of the other; yet each was losing the consciousness of his own peril in his struggle to dispatch his foe.

The cajonero was so near that Don Rafael could feel his hot breath on the hand that held the knife when the cable parted, and the man below, with a yell of rage and terror, went down through darkness to his death.

* * * * * * *

When the cable was hauled up, the appearance of Don Rafael, who had been reported dead, instead of Jose, who had been sent down to bring up his mangled body, produced no little surprise. He explained it all, however, excepting one circumstance—how it happened that his hair, had been changed, in so brief a period, to a silver whiteness.—*From the Spanish of Pedro Castera.*

A well known New Yorker, whose pen and pencil have alike brought him money and reputation, has had an adventure which discounts by about ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine the average conventional parrot story. He was fond of knocking about in out of the-way quarters of the world, and left ship on the Central America coast with a party of comrades to explore the wilderness. During a cruise of several months the entire ship's company had devoted their odd hours to singing to a parrot. The sailors also had lost no opportunities, and taught the bird all the sea-faring lingo, and a few more or less elegant expletives besides. When the artist and his exploring comrades had bidden the bird and the sailors good bye they plunged into the heart of the tropical forest. After twenty-eight miles of mortal effort they reached their camping place for the night. Just as the sun was going down they were startled to hear, in the primeval silence, a familiar voice calling down from the top of a tall palm:

"Avast there, yo, heave, ho!"

It was the ship's parrot. But before they could recover their startled senses the faithful bird, having flown ahead to prepare this unexpected treat for its chums of the voyage, fluttered down to the top of a dead stump near by, and, with a shrill call, summoned thousands of the little green parroquets of the country. It is said 11,000 of them were counted as they circled around the great gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places on the ground rank upon rank and row after row. The explorers looked on in dumb amazement. When the feathered assemblage became quiet the ship's parrot burst into the familiar words of "Nancy Lee," and to the inextinguishable laughter of the travelers the consternation of the rest of the tropical world and the delight of the festive precentor, the 11,000 parroquets, with one mighty burst of song, broke into "Nancy Lee."—*Press.*

Advise to young ladies who are setting their caps: Use percussion caps so that the pop may be heard.—*New Haven News.*

Anne's Ride for her Cow.

I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn yard and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph, the daughter of the house, aged twelve years. Of course no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British Army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general."

"But my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you come and what your business is within these lines."

"I came from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately. No one else can tell him what I have to say."

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching the opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the General.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "a little girl from the country with a message for the General" was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the General, and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her Rudolph ancestors asserted itself, and to her Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, reyresented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said that gentleman kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the General that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the General soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance. "Why did not your father attend to this for you?" he asked.

"My father is not at home now."

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp."

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?" inquired the General.

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee."

The girls eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light Horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed, "But General, my cow!"

"Ah ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the General severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental Army! I think then you are a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well, you are a brave, straightforward little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth even in a young rebel." Then calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child and through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow. And those sparkling knee buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.—*Selected.*

The Parachute Flyer.

A WOMAN AERONAUT TELLS ABOUT THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE AIR.

To most persons the ordinary balloon ascension seems a dangerous enough experiment, and this feeling is rather increased than otherwise when the spectator stands near by and sees the air-ship with its passengers sail off towards the clouds. But a new and sensational "act," as it is called, now adds to the thrilling nature of an aerial flight. This is "parachute flying," and a woman who practices the perilous act as a business thus talks about it:

"I suppose a brief story on the way I jump would be interesting to you. It's all so simple to me, though, that I can't understand why it should excite people as it does, for I have actually seen women faint away and men turn deathly pale after I had cut the ropes and started heavenward. You see, I always take a look downward when I am up a few hundred feet—just why, I am sure I can't say. And right here let me tell you that I have sometimes singled out from the sea of upturned just the ones I knew were going to be shaded with disappointment should I fail to fall and be smashed to pieces. You may think the notion is all in my brain, but I have it firmly fixed there, at any rate I know there are such people in the world.

"Where are we? Oh, yes, going up—or rather, the earth is dropping away beneath our feet—you know that is always the sensation. The parachute which we are to cut loose at the proper time hangs listlessly downward. The rope which holds it to the balloon passes through a steel ring. A sharp knife-blade, worked by a cord, is so arranged that at the proper time a little jerk—and we are free.

"Now comes the exciting moment, even to the veteran. Above you the baloon, freed of the weight which gave it steadiness, is rocking and reeling, while the parachute is whizzing downward. You did not feel that you were ascending, but as you shut your eyes and draw in your breath in little gasps—a long-drawn inspiration would be impossible—you are fully aware that you are descending—that you are going with such frightful velocity, too, that unless there comes an end, and that end soon, the end of all things will be at hand. Prickly sensations shoot over your frame and, as you grasp for breath it seems as if a knife had been thrust into your vitals. Your thoughts are racing along with as great speed as your downward momentum; your courage, too, commences to leave you and you are threatened with a total collapse—death!

"Suddenly the mad rush is checked. The parachute has 'grasped the situation,' so to speak. At least it has 'grasped' sufficient air to open it out, and as it gradually expands the motion becomes steadier, until you are descending so slowly and gently that you actually have a sleepy sensation. And after the thrill, the shock of the moment before, the feeling is so dreamily delicious that really you are in danger from it unless you brace up and fight it off. Mother Earth is shoving her smiling but rugged face close at you again—it really appears as if the earth came back to you, just as it seemed to recede—and you must remember that you must be on the lookout for a safe landing place, and that more agility is required in this part of the feat than in any other."

A Rebel Gold Dollar.

IT IS FOUND BY A NEGRO BOY IN A TRASH PILE AND IS WORTH $650.

Jerry Johnson, a negro boy, was standing on a trash pile, running his toes through the debris. He noticed something bright in the pile, and, when he picked it up, found it to be a very small yellow coin. At first he thought it was copper, but, as he fingered it, his native sense told him it was to heavy for copper, so he at once conjectured that it was made of gold. He had some business with Mr. Walker, and while in his office showed him the piece of money. He asked the lawyer how much he would give him for it. Woolfolk's attorney thought it was a gold dollar, and, as he was particularly anxious to get such a coin to wear on his watch chain, he offered the boy $1 for it, which he gleefully accepted.

Mr. Walker gave the coin a careful examination, and became convinced that he had paid too much for it. He was in Colonel Redwine's office, and took the coin out and exhibited it to the great financier. "What will you give me for it?" he asked. "I'll give you $1," was the reply. "And I'll give you $1 25," interrupted a man who had come to renew a note. "Done," exclaimed Mr. Walker. "Here's your money," was the quick answer. The buyer left the office with his coin, and the lawyer thought he had made a good bargain.

Hurrying off to a man who buys coins, the purchaser exhibited the piece. The dealer scrutinized it closely and said: 'What will you take for it?' After a little consideration the dealer said: "Will you take $25 for it?' "No, but I'll take $30 for it." "It's a go; Here's your money," and the happy man walked out of the office.

The coin which figured in these transactions is a Confederate gold dollar. A gentleman said to a reporter: "The worst sold man of the four was he who sold the coin for $30. If it be true that it is, as is represented, a genuine Confederate dollar, it is worth $650. I am told that there are only six of these coins in existence.—*Duluth Tribune.*

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

A half loaf is better than no vacation.—*Inter-Ocean.*

English View of Mills' Bill.

THE LONDON "DAILY NEWS" FEARS TARIFF REDUCTION.

The London *Daily News* contains the following editorial:

"The Mills tariff bill, which has just been passed by the American house of representatives by 162 votes against 149, clearly removes the tariff issue in the United States from the stage of rhetoric and abstract platitudes and boldly places before the voters the completed measure upon which the democratic party takes issue in the campaign. But it has been the habit of the republicans to deride every attempt of the democrats at a reform of the tariff as a free trade measure. It is their way of giving a dog a bad name. They have employed most specious pleadings to convince the workingmen that the president, as well as the majority of congress, led by Mr. Mills, have attempted a reform in the interest of the British free traders, and that the bill under consideration if passed would swamp the industries of the United States.

"The president has, however, emphatically protested against the attempt to brand those who seek to correct the evils of the existing system of the rabid protectionism as 'free traders and enemies of our workingmen and industrial enterprises.' Whether English free traders and manufacturers have reason to congratulate or expect an increase of trade with the United States from the ultimate enactment of the Mills bill is a question of grave doubt.

SCRUTINIZING THE BILL.

"An examination of the bill seems to show that, if anything, while reducing the taxation, it is more a protectionist measure than the law which it is intended to supersede. The present American tariff is a war tariff, and it was based on the necessity of taxing all and every commodity that could possibly be taxed. Many of its provisions are due to the fact that the inland duties had to be compensated by an equivalent upon import duties. These inland duties have long been removed, while all the equivalent import duties have remained. Thus in point of fact the tariff, beside being practically higher now than at its highest before, is absolutely increased in its protective features by this removal of the equivalent inland duties.

THE WOOL TARIFF.

"The bill now before the senate contemplates lowering the possible cost of production by the removal, while leaving all duties on manufactures almost intact, of the tariff on wool. For instance, the duty is 10 cents per pound on greasy wool, and on woolen cloth made of this class of wool it is 35 cents per pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem. It takes from three to four pounds of greasy wool to make a pound of finished cloth, with the additional freight and expense, due to the fact that almost all the colonial wools are shipped to the United States from London and Liverpool. The American wool manufacturer has to pay from 11 to 11½ cents more for his wool than his British competitor. In cloth this amounts to as much as from 33 to 45 cents more than the English cost. Whatever it costs over and above 35 cents to get wool to the American manufacturer has to be made good by an ad valorem duty of 35 per cent.

FOREIGN WOOLENS.

"This frequently is the case in a number of competing importations of foreign woolens, and it explains the large imports under the present American tariff of foreign made woolen goods. Now, the Mills bill gives the American manufacturer free wool, and either free or largely reduced chemicals and dye-stuffs and places a protective duty at 40 per cent ad valorem—a clear raising of the protective provision of from one-third to one-half its present rate. Besides this, while in worsteds the duties were graded according to value from 20 cents per pound to 40 cents per pound, the bill makes the duties on all woolens and worsteds equally 10 per cent. In cottons very slight changes are made and the reduction in the linen schedule is also balanced by freezing raw material which strange to say, had to pay duties from 7½ to 12½ per cent. although hardly a pound of flax is grown in the United States for the purpose of manufacture. The fibres used in manufacturing are imported. The flax grown is raised for the seeds and not for fibre.

THE METAL SCHEDULE.

"The metal schedule shows small changes only except in steel rails, where the duty of $17 per ton is reduced to $11 per ton. But even now under the present tariff the difference between the price of steel rails in Liverpool and Philadelphia is not more than $8 or $9, and this in face of the fact that the pig iron and spiegeleisen used in a ton of rails costs the American manufacturer at least $7 more than the English rail producers have to pay.

"Mr. Schoenhof, American counsel at Tunstall, has lately made inquiries into the cost of production in England and America. The result of his inquiries are now publishing by the department of state. If any proofs were needed to convince the world of the ability of the American manufacturer to take care of himself, if on an equal footing so far as his material is concerned, Mr. Schoenhof's carefully collected data would supply them.

An Extraordinary Suicide.

The suicide in the Rue La Guerre bears the marks of a genius. In a room whose windows were all closed a headless body was found upon a rude guillotine. A note held in one hand of the dead man said it was useless to attempt to discover his identity, for he had made arrangements which would prevent the head from ever being found. Sure enough the body lay headless in a closed room and the head could nowhere be found. The man was buried as one unknown, and the case bade fair to lie dusty in the pigeon holes of the curator of mysteries. A few days after this event a peasant in a department distant some 200 miles away was attracted by a peculiar object in the branches of a tree. Impelled by curiosity he examined more closely and found a human head attached by a cord to a small silken balloon. He reported the affair to the nearest sergeant of gendarmerie, and mystery number two was given due prominence. By combination of the mysteries it became clear how the suicide disposed of the head, which, being restored, served to identify him. But how the balloon with the head attached escaped from a closed room none have ever been able to explain.—*Paris Letter London News.*

WARM WEATHER is distressing, debilitating. It requires great exertion to accomplish one's daily duties. We have found much relief by using a little of POND'S EXTRACT in a bowl of water. It is a positive luxury. It revives, invigorates and refreshens the heated skin and wonderfully improves the complexion. We caution our readers against imitations. *Get genuine* Pond's Extract.