The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO 32
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LII, NO 29

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

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nov26 '86 1y.

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DUELS AND DUELISTS.

AN OLD MASTER AT ARMS' COMMENT ON BOULANGER.

The French General's Fatal Impetuosity. Fighting with a Foreigner—The Code in Various Countries—Rescued from an Extremely Embarrassing Predicament.

There is no man living who has fought more real, hard, to the death duels than Col. Monstery, the veteran disciple of the art of running one's fellow man through the ribs. Col. Monstery has fought duels in Europe, in Mexico, South and Central America and other countries where the sword is the arbiter of the quarrel.

To a reporter who enjoyed a chat with him the other day, the colonel explained why Gen. Boulanger's course in his recent encounter had damaged his (Boulanger's) reputation as a great soldier.

"Gen. Boulanger," said he, in his brisk way, "from what I learn by the papers, brought about his defeat by his lack of coolness and consequent fury of attack. He rushed blindly on his foe, losing all sight of prudence and skill in the desire to inflict injury. For an expert swordsman to overcome such an attack is an easy matter. He has only to wait coolly for his antagonist to leave an opening and then sail in. Boulanger's fatal impetuosity in this instance is the best possible proof, to the view of any soldier, of his lack of ability to command. Such a man makes a good fighter in ordinary warfare, but no commander. He is fitted to obey orders; to give them—never! I have admired Boulanger until now, and looked for great things from him as a general. But in my judgment he has no discretion. His conduct in this duel justifies the supposition that in a great conflict, in which two great armies were engaged, he would act in precisely the same way as he did in his fight with Floquet; he would hazard all on one desperate move, and as a result—lose. This, mind you, is the view of an old soldier, and I tell you it can't be wrong. A hot head makes a good fighter, but no general."

Passing on to a general commentary on dueling, past and present, Col. Monstery expressed the keenest contempt for the average French duel of the day. It is the explicit understanding, he said, that when two Parisian gentlemen of today decide to settle a quarrel with the rapier, the first flow of blood, no matter by which received, shall end the combat. He thought the existence of this understanding was the French government's pretext for its recognition of dueling as a national institution.

"There are, of course, occasional exceptions to this rule," he added, "and there is nearly always an exception when one of the combatants is a foreigner. A Frenchman will always kill a foreigner in a duel if he can, particularly if it is an Englishman. This was the case in the famous duel between Mr. Dillon, an English journalist, and the Duke de Grammont de Chartreuset, which took place in Paris eighteen or twenty years ago. The duke was a thorough master of the rapier, and the Englishman knew nothing of the weapon. At the very first assault the duke, by a skillful play, sent his adversary's sword flying from his hand. He then sprang like lightning on his unarmed adversary and ran him through. As fought today, however, the French duel with swords is mere child's play and is always ended at the first scratch. It is different, of course, when the duel is fought with pistols. Firearms cannot be fooled with safely, and are much more likely to kill than to maim. There was an instance of this in Paris a few weeks ago, when an artist shot dead at the first fire a journalist who had too harshly criticised some of his pictures.

"When a Frenchman who is challenged to fight a duel chooses pistols as the weapons, one may know he means business. His choice of swords only means a little theatrical display and a reconciliation. It is evident, though, that the Floquet-Boulanger affair was serious enough. Boulanger plainly meant to kill his adversary, and when Floquet saw what he was at I have no doubt but that he fought to kill also. No man can see another striving to take his life and not return the compliment. Between you and me, I think Boulanger was in great luck. A man who employs the tactics he did in the presence of a skillful swordsman will be killed in nine cases out of ten."

With regard to the code in other countries, Col. Monstery remarked that the men of Mexico and the Central American republics were the fiercest and most inveterate duelists. He recalled the famous duel of twenty years ago in the City of Mexico, between Col. Garcia, an American, and Col. Mejea, a Mexican. Rifles were the weapons used, and Col. Garcia, who was lame, chose to fight sitting in a chair. He never rose from the chair, though, for the range was short, and the Mexican shot him dead at the first fire.

Col. Monstery has in his studio the records of an instance where he was able, on the shortest kind of notice, to extricate a truculent young man from an extremely embarrassing predicament. He was sitting in his office in New York one gloomy evening in 1871, when there was a nervous knock on the door. "Come in," cried he, and on the invitation there entered a young man, who proved on inquiry to be one Col. Canzi, a soldier of the days of Garibaldi, who immediately began to unfold the tale of his plight. He was under contract, it seemed, to fight at dawn with Gen. Fardella, also a tried and courageous veteran. The weapons to be used were sabers, and Canzi knew about as much of handling a saber as he did of cooking a Welsh rarebit. He needed sleep badly, and two hours was all he had in which to learn enough to save his life.

Those blessed two hours the colonel employed in teaching him two vicious cuts, either one of which, if well delivered, was calculated to cut off his adversary in his prime. He was told to hide his time, wear the general out by defensive tactics, and then send his cut home at the proper moment. Canzi departed full of hope, and followed out his orders to the letter. After twenty minutes of hard fighting, during which he successfully repelled Fardella's attacks, he delivered one of his two cuts with such conscientious effect that the general's sword arm was slit clear from elbow to waist, completely disabling him. The press of the country teemed with extended accounts of the affair, and Canzi was ever afterward regarded as a bad man with the saber.—Inter Ocean Interview.

Cider in the Metropolis.

I should imagine that cider had become as popular a beverage in New York as it is in Maine. Wherever I go in the humbler quarters of the town I come on cider shops. They vend buttermilk and pop beer, too, I believe, but cider is certainly their chief commodity, and I have never seen a cider shop in which I did not also see people drinking cider. Some fifteen years ago a speculative individual opened a cider shop in an unleased store on Broadway. The beverage was advertised as manufactured on the premises, and in the window of the shop was a miniature cider press, which was operated by a miserable big dog that toiled on a treadmill all day and half the night through. I believe Mr. Henry Bergh put an end to this establishment and some others that sprang up in imitation of it.

Since then the cider industry has evidently settled on a legitimate basis. That it has already enjoyed the developing influences of civilization is evidenced by the fact that in one of the shops on the east side where I dropped in to satisfy the cravings of thirst and curiosity at one and the same time, I read announcements of "cider and milk," "spiced cider," "hot mulled cider" and half a dozen other curious combinations. The champion combination of all, however, the immortal and soul enthralling "stone fence," was, perhaps fortunately for the patrons, absent from the list.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Jealousy of Friendship.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship; and when they hear us praised by others will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.—Colton.

REVIVING THE DROWNED.

The Method Used in New York Harbor. Explicit Directions.

The following method of Dr. Howard is used in New York harbor: Rule 1—Upon the nearest dry spot expose the patient to a free current of air; rip the clothing away from the waist and give a stinging slap upon the pit of the stomach. If this fails to arouse the patient, proceed to force and drain away the water which has entered the stomach, according to rule 2.

Rule 2—Turn the patient upon his face, the pit of the stomach being raised upon a folded garment, above the level of the mouth. For a moment or two make steady pressure upon the back of the stomach and chest, and repeat it once or twice until fluid ceases to flow from the mouth.

Rule 3—Quickly turn the patient upon his back, with a bundle of clothing between it so as to raise the lower part of the breast bone higher than the rest of the body. Kneel beside or astride of the patient, and so place your hands upon either side of the pit of the stomach upon the front part of the lower ribs, that the fingers fall naturally in the spaces between them and point toward the ground. Now, grasping the waist and using your knees as a pivot, throw your whole weight forward as if you wished to force the contents of the chest and stomach out of the mouth. Steadily increase the pressure while you count 1—2—3, then suddenly let go with a final push, which springs you into an erect kneeling position. Remain erect upon your knees while you count 1—2, then throw your weight forward and proceed again as before. Repeat the process at first about five times a minute, increasing the rate gradually to about fifteen times a minute, and continue it with the regularity of the natural breathing, which you are imitating. If another person be present, let him with the left hand hold the tip of the tongue out of the left side of the mouth, with the corner of a pocket handkerchief, while with the right hand he grasps both wrists and pins them to the ground above the patient's head.

After treatment—When breathing first returns, dash a little cold water in the face. As soon as breathing has been perfectly restored, strip and dry the patient rapidly and completely, and wrap him in blankets only. Give hot brandy and water, a teaspoonful every five minutes the first half hour, and a teaspoonful every fifteen for an hour after that. If the limbs are dry, apply friction. Allow an abundance of fresh air, and let the patient have perfect rest.

Avoid delay. Promptness is of the first importance. A moment lost may be a life lost. Waste no time in gaining shelter. When gained it oftener harms than helps the patient.

Prevent crowding around the patient. However difficult this may be, it must be enforced. Friends must not be allowed to obstruct the circulation of air, nor engage the patient in conversation when rallying.

Avoid attempts to give stimulants before the patient is well able to swallow. It helps to obstruct respiration and may choke the patient.

Avoid hurried, irregular motions. The excitement of the moment is almost sure to cause this in inexperienced hands. Just as a flickering candle, moved carelessly, goes out, so the heart, when its beatings are imperceptible, needs but little gross motion to stop it. The movements of rule three should therefore be performed with deliberation and regularity.

Avoid an overheated room, and avoid giving up the patient too soon to death. At any time within one or two hours you may be on the very threshold of success, though no sign be visible. Frequently success has been known to follow half an hour's apparently useless effort. Rest and watchful nursing should be continued for a few days after resuscitation, or various chest troubles may ensue.—Home Physician.

The Candahar Railway's Importance.

The public generally were well informed of the progress of the Russian railway to Samarcand, but little has been known regarding a still more important line that the British have been constructing to Central Asia from the opposite direction. Since Jan. 1 this new line, the Candahar railway, has been opened to Killa Abdulla, 5,000 feet above the sea level; and there is now a daily service of trains between Killa Abdulla and Quetta, with caravans from Candahar and Herat stopping at the former place to unload and transport their goods onward by rail. From Quetta to Candahar the railway will run in almost a straight line, and its construction will be exceptionally difficult and expensive. From Gulistan to Chaman, on the Candahar side of the Kwaja Amran range, the distance is only thirty miles, but the estimated cost of the railway along this part of its course is $400,000 per mile. Pending the construction of the permanent line, it is the intention to open up communication with Chaman as soon as possible, by means of a light mountain railway. One of the chief features of the permanent line is a tunnel two and a half miles long, upon which English miners will be employed.

The importance of this railway to the Anglo-Indian empire can scarcely be overestimated. As a commercial enterprise alone, it cannot fail to be of the greatest utility, as by it the productions of central Asia can find a more direct outlet to the sea than by any other route. But the Indian and British statesman will regard it as mainly of importance as a means for the transportation of troops to the confines of India and central Asia in the event of any threatening advance on the part of Russia, or in case of a rupture with that power.—Frank Leslie's.

A "Sportsmanlike" Scarecrow.

A mechanical scarecrow has been invented. The new invention represents a man of "sportsmanlike" appearance standing with a gun in hand ready to fire at the first intruder. The arm holding the gun is made to move by clockwork, which is inclosed in a strong iron box at its feet, and at a proper elevation it fires a shot louder than an ordinary gun. After the report the arm lowers. The mechanism can be regulated at the owner's pleasure by a regulator like a clock, and only requires to be wound up once a day.—Public Opinion.

Cheating a Poor Machine.

"Dis is de kine er thing I weighs my friends wid. Lemme sho' yo'," and going inside after the crowd had dispersed he stepped up on the scales and dropped the nickel in the slot, holding on to the string. Instantly the hand flew around to the 140 pound mark, and, looking up, the porter said: "Wut I tell you! Ain't it so?"

Then he pulled the thread and out came the nickel. Winding it up, he replaced it in a box in his pantaloons pocket and walked off, chuckling to himself: "Dis nigger wuz bo'n great."—Savannah News.

Workmen's Tenement Houses.

Paris proposes to have workmen's tenement houses after the Peabody plan, and the first stone of the first house was recently laid. The building will have seven stories, and be divided into homes of two rooms and a kitchen, and the yearly rent of a suite on any floor will be $50.—New York Sun.

The Amende Honorable.

"What! Kittie going to marry that old man Jones just for his money! What will poor Ted do, after having squandered his salary in taking her driving all summer?"

"Oh, that's all right, the livery man hasn't been paid yet, and Jones promised Ted last night to settle the bill himself."—Harper's Bazar.

India's Marriage Customs.

Marriage customs in India are to be reformed. The bride and groom hereafter must have attained the ages of 14 and 19 respectively. The families will not spend so much on festivities.—Chicago Globe.

The only way for a young man to get married comfortably on $500 a year is to throw himself on the generosity of his father-in-law.

The Toilers of the Nile.

We are in Nubia, the climate, the different types of the negro race, their black skins displayed with a lavish disregard of dress, all remind us that we are indeed in Africa, for all about us are the very scenes we used to see in the geography pictures when but children. Myself a native of the south, and familiar with plantation life in half a dozen different states, before as well as since the civil war, I find these Africans in their own country a particularly interesting study. We have watched them at their daily toil, and far too often are they made to work night as well as day, until exhausted nature could stand no more. Their food is lentils, a grain something like barley, but tasting more like the bean. A coarse, dry bread, that a well bred dog would not eat at home. Sometimes a few dates as a luxury, and this is all. We buy a sheep now and then for the boat's crew, and they are as ravenous over it as a pack of starving wolves. The crews of the boats are at least decently covered, but with a great number clothing is unknown. We see these people drawing water from the river, toiling in the fields and laboring in the great sugar mills of the Nile.

For my part, I can truly say that slavery was not understood by me before visiting Egypt. In Intelligence and respectability the average of these people, not simply Nubians, but those of Egypt as well, I mean, of course, the fellaheen, do not compare with our plantation negroes. The alleged cataracts are nothing more than rapids, not as fine as those above Niagara falls, nor the Lachine of the St. Lawrence. We descended the lesser one in a small row boat, found it exciting, with perhaps, a spice of danger in it. It was good sport to watch the ebony sons of the desert leap from the rocky cliff into the seething waters of the great cataract, then, after a hard struggle, scamper up the steep bank, and, by the dozen, make our ears ring with the din of the national motto, "backscheash, backscheash," all in chorus.—William Y. Hamlin in Detroit Free Press

Disposition of Old Letters.

It is trouble, not good, that arises from old letters. A package has fallen into my care to be disposed of as thought best. It contains letters, bills, receipts, some papers of value and others worthless. In order to sort the chaff from the wheat, they must be carefully examined. Ah, what unthought of secrets they disclose—family troubles of which the world never dreamed; bitter heartaches where we thought all was serene; love letters, sacred for their time and place, ridiculous now; a whispered suspicion of slander upon a name we thought was pure as snow, and we are left to wonder whether it is true or false. Old letters. What can they be good for? Their mission is ended.

"I may like to read them while recovering from an illness," says some one.

Pshaw! as if these would be tonic you needed at such a time! Better far a breath of pure air. We are all prone to brood too much at such times, and need no such help in that direction. Let this plea for the burning of letters be a strong one. Business letters should be filed and labeled. Have a blank book into which to copy such dates or extracts as may be of value in the future for references. This can be done when letters are answered. Then burn them and see the ashes. It is the sorrows instead of the joys, that most letters contain. They are the safety valve for deep feeling from friend to friend, good in their time, but sometimes worse than useless in the future. Every day brings new experiences. We are constantly changing, and in many cases would be ashamed of our own letters written ten years ago.

Garfield said: "When you pitch your tent let it be among the living, not among the dead."—Sarah M. Bailey in The Housekeeper.

During the Siege of Paris.

A recent exhibition of French caricatures and comic drawings brought to the public eye once more the evidences of the fact that Parisian gayety was not to be suppressed even by the terrible siege that the capital went through from the German army. One of these caricatures, published during the siege, was made to represent a fashion plate; various elegant ladies and gentlemen were pictured going about wrapped in mattresses, and underneath the picture was the legend: "Fashions for the bombardment season." Most of these pleasantries of the siege turned upon the scarcity of food—a grim subject which seemed particularly inspiring to the caricaturist of the time. A servant asks his master: "Shall I put the horses in the carriage today, or in the baroucher?" "H'm," says the master, sighing, "you may put them in the oven, please!" Not unlike this is another caricature representing a servant making the familiar announcement to his mistress: "The horses are ready, madame." "What!" "Yes, madame—they are on the table!" Such pleasantries seem scarcely to have been a laughing matter to the people who went through those fearful scenes, but the Parisians must laugh at something, and these pictures prove that they could not think of stopping their gayety on account of such a passing incident as a siege and a famine.—The Argonaut.

He Was "Awfully Nice."

In the morning a party of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee people, about 100 in all, hired a train, went up to Windsor and thence up the Thames in steam launches. They were a merry crowd. When the train reached Windsor the party strolled through the parks surrounding the castle, laughing and singing, much to the amazement of the simple villagers and awe stricken attendants. Half a dozen pretty western girls were romping ahead of the main party at the foot of the castle wall when they suddenly came upon a tall, military looking young man in riding costume, carrying a big bunch of primroses and wild flowers.

"Oh, what pretty flowers!" cried one of the misses. "Where do you get them, sir?" she asked, looking inquiringly at the young man, her face betraying not the slightest sign of embarrassment.

"I picked them over there," said the one addressed, pointing to an inclosure with his riding whip. "But you couldn't reach them because that's private property. Suppose you take these. I can get some more."

He handed over the entire bunch, lifted his hat politely and walked back for more flowers. The girls thought him "awfully nice," but they didn't know he was Prince Henry of Battenberg, the queen's son-in-law, who, as a matter of duty, religiously picks wild flowers for her majesty every day.—London Cor. New York Press.

Fluency of the Sign Language.

Before spoken language was there were signs; before speech stepped in there were gestures; the face did duty as a revealer of the emotions, and the hands accompanied by gesticulation, as that of ideas, and for all the ordinary purposes of life the code is amply sufficient. Watch two deaf people as they use it. They have plenty to say and know how to say it. Their talk may not last more than ten minutes, but if all that talk was written out it would cover an astonishingly large amount of space. Politics, social topics, all may have been discussed with equal facility.

True, the deaf make a free use of the manual alphabet in connection with signs, but the cause lies rather in muscular weariness than in any inadequacy on the part of the signs themselves. As developed in the schools for the deaf, the sign language has a capacity for thought expression absolutely marvelous. Moreover, it is swift, comprehensive—and yet condensed—and above all, it is silent. A universally understood code of signs would do away with the strident and oftime profane efforts to understand and be understood, which are at once the dread and torment of the average tourist.—Detroit Free Press.

Population of Australia.

The increase of population in Australia last year was only 3½ per cent., which is by no means as large as England would like to see it. The total population is 3,546,785.—Chicago Herald.

CONGO CANNIBALS

A PRACTICE WHICH THE TRIBES ENDEAVOR TO CONCEAL.

Hundreds of Victims' Skulls Arranged in Rows Around the Huts—Warring on the Weaker Tribes for a Supply of Human Flesh.

The facts about the Congo cannibals have been very slow in coming to the light. In the thousand or more pages of Stanley's last book the subject is not mentioned. The explorer was too busy founding his twenty stations to add fresh facts to the details in his "Dark Continent" about a practice which many of the tribes endeavor to conceal. The Manyema, the first cannibal tribe of the Congo river who were made known to us, told both Livingstone and Stanley that they did not eat human flesh. When Stanley found at a village above Stanley Falls hundreds of whitened skulls arranged in rows around the huts, he was told they were the skulls of Sokos or chimpanzees, and that this species of the ape family was favorite food among the people. He offered a hundred cowries for a specimen of a Soko, dead or alive, but it was not produced. Two of the skulls were taken to England, where Professor Huxley pronounced them the skulls of a woman and a man. They bore the marks of the hatchet that gave the unfortunate prisoners their death; and Stanley said half the skulls he saw were similarly marked.

WARRING ON WEAKER TRIBES.

The middle course of the Congo from a point about 100 miles above Nyangwe to Bolobo, some 1,200 miles down the river, and the tributaries on both sides of this part of the river are the regions where nearly all of the Congo cannibals are found. They are not known near the sources of the river nor near its mouth. The traveler from Lake Tanganyika to Nyangwe on the Congo passes through a country "surpassingly beautiful," as Livingstone called it, which is the home of the cannibal Manyema. When a slave or carrier belonging to a caravan dies in their country they always wish to bury the body, offering grain or vegetables in exchange. They make war on the weaker tribes around them. To one explorer they justified cannibalism on the ground that their neighbors were thieves and ought to be eaten. "They come here," they said, "and steal our bananas, and so we chase and kill and eat them." The country abounds with a great variety of animal and vegetable food, and Livingstone said there was no reason for Manyema cannibalism except a depraved appetite. It must not be supposed that all of the Congo cannibals seek habitually to supply themselves with human flesh. Most of them, like the Manyema, limit themselves to eating the bodies of those who are killed in battle or who die. Cameron said the Manyema consider the flesh of men much superior to that of women. Although the Manyema are far more degraded than many other cannibal tribes, they are noted for their gentleness and physical superiority; and their handsome women are much sought after as slaves by the Arabs, who now support several stations in the Manyema country, and here as well as further down the Congo are doing much to destroy the practice of cannibalism.

Cannibal tribes are regarded with fear and abhorrence by all who are not addicted to the practice. Had it not been for the terror with which the Congo men eaters inspired their carriers, Livingstone or Cameron, instead of Stanley, would have solved the problem of the Congo. This abhorrence of cannibalism extends from sea to sea. Horace Waller wrote of the tribes of Lake Nyassa that it was common to hear them speak of tribes far away who eat human bodies, "and on every occasion the fact is related with the utmost horror and disgust."

THOUSANDS OF CANNIBALS.

The densely wooded regions between Nyangwe and Stanley Falls are the homes of many thousands of cannibals. The Waregga, the Wasongoro Meno, and the Bakumu are the best known among these fierce tribes. A large part of the territory they inhabit has not been visited, but in some of their villages along the river human skulls are found lining the streets, and human thigh bones, ribs and vertebræ are piled up in the garbage heaps. "Ah, we shall eat Wajimi meat today," was the cry with which they sallied forth here and there to do battle with Stanley. At Stanley Falls he sank in the river the bodies of two of his men whom they had killed to keep them out of the clutches of the cannibals. These tribes, who a few years ago swarmed by thousands along the river, have now buried themselves in the forests, the Arabs having taken complete possession of the river banks between Nyangwe and Stanley Falls.

A little below the Bangala tribe Grenfell and Von Francois, three years ago, found thousands of cannibals along the thickly populated Tchuapa affluent, which they ascended for more than 300 miles. These tribes, all of whom speak the same language, did not pretend to deny their weakness for human flesh. They share with the Manyema the peculiarity of preferring to eat men, and they do not kill women for food. They repeatedly offered to give the explorers women slaves in exchange for men, who they admitted would be utilized as food. Von Francois says they particularly coveted his fat Boruki interpreter. Once some presumptuous fellows surrounded the big Indian interpreter, pinched his arms, patted him on the back, cried "Meat! meat!" and begged the whites to reward their friendship by making them a present of the man.—Cor. New York Sun.

Cormorants Fishing in China.

Sometimes several fishers form partnership, and start a co-operative business. They invest in a shallow punt, and a regiment of perhaps twenty or more of these solemn birds sit on perches at either end of the punt, each having a hempen cord fastened round the throat just below the pouch, to prevent its swallowing any fish it may catch. Then, at a given signal, all the cormorants glide into the water, apparently well aware of the disadvantage of scaring the prey.

Their movements below the surface are very swift and graceful as they dart in pursuit of a fish or an eel, and giving it a nip with their strong, hooked beak, swallow it, and continue hunting. Sometimes they do not return to the surface till they have secured several fish, and their capacious pouch is quite distended, and sometimes the tail of a fish protrudes from their gaping bill. Then they return to the surface, and at the bidding of their keepers disgorge their prey, one by one, till the pouch is empty, when they again receive the signal to dive. When the birds are tired the strap is removed from the throat, and they are rewarded with a share of the fish, which they catch as it is thrown to them.—Youth's Companion.

Cleaning Linen Without Soap.

According to L'Industrie Parisienne, a laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap or lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst soiled cotton, linen or silk, cleaned by this method, are made whitier than they could be by the use of an alkali. Besides, the method has the advantage that brushes can be dispensed with and well water be used.—Frank Leslie's.

Phrases of the Novelists.

London Truth is in a state of mind because novelists will never refer to a hand pure and simple; it always must be a "gloved hand" or an "ungloved hand." Truth says, and intimates that the next thing in order is to find the boys of fiction bathing with "unshod feet" and playing football with "shod" ones, while the dying heroine in the last chapter may be expected to turn her "lovely, unbonneted head on the snowy pillow" and the hero to walk down Pall Mall with his "intellectual head magnificently hatted."—New York Sun.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no shadows where there is no sun;
There is no beauty where there is no shade;
And all things in two lines