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

H. V. WHITE,
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June 1, 1888, tf.

The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1889.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXIII, NO 5
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 45

This picture shows two laundresses, one at work the other not able to, because her hands are cracked and sore—she has been using soap containing too much alkali. Read Prof. Leeds's report.

Gentlemen:—The sample of "IVORY" Soap which you sent to me for analysis has been received, and you will find analysis herewith. As a result, the "IVORY" Soap while strongly cleansing, leaves the skin soft and pleasant to the touch instead of harsh, uncomfortable, and liable to chap, as results from the use of many common laundry soaps, in which the ratio of uncombined to combined alkali is large. The percentage of uncombined fat in the "IVORY" is very small, hence the lather is clean, white and abundant, with entire absence of oil or grease. There are no injurious substances.

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There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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SELECT STORY.

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes," contains several "Incidents in the War of Mexican Independence," from which we select the following thrilling scene. A captain in the insurgent army is giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda, situated in the Cordillera, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details, he continues—

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obsurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding across the trees, formed a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one, chiselled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which incessantly boiled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depths. This place was known in the country by the name of "*the Voladero.*"

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice, there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day the passage would not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement, and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task, even for as practiced a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farmhouse and abyss of the Voladero. I had got over half the distance with out accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was just wide enough for the four legs of my horse, and it was impossible to retrace my steps.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine! Keep back."

It was too late, for at that moment a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses, which here and there obstructed this accursed path way. He advanced towards me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not return?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we both were placed.

"Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path which we had traversed, or to dismount from them, these were three impossibilities which placed us both in the presence of a fearful doom. Between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably become the prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face—the unknown and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together with their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence. Above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distant from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for *Mexico and the Insurgents!*" I exclaimed, in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unfortunate horseman if he answered me in the negative.

"*Mexico e Insurgente*—that is my pass word,' replied the chevalier. "I am the Colonel Garduno."

"And I am the Captain Castanos."

Our acquaintance was of long standing, and, but for our mutual agitation, we should have had no need to exchange our names. The colonel had left us two days since at the head of a detachment, which we supposed to be either prisoners or cut off, for they had not been seen to return to the camp.

"Well, colonel, "I exclaimed, "I am sorry you are not a Spaniard—for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hand in the holsters of my saddle to draw out my pistols.

"I see it so plainly," replied the colonel, with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact, that the colonel already held his pistols in his hands. We both maintained the most profound silence. Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. "What are we going to do?" I demanded of the colonel.

"Draw lots which of the two shall leap into the ravine."

It was in truth the sole means of solving the difficulty. "There are nevertheless some precautions to take," said the colonel. "He who shall be condemned by lot shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but in short, it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You cling not to life, then?" I cried out, terrified at the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself,' sharply replied the colonel, "for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is slipping away. Are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery in which one of us will ever assist?"

How were we to proceed to the drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the school-boys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudently stretched out over the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark to distinguish which side fell upwards. The colonel bethought him of an expedient, of which I never should have dreamed.

"Listen to me, captain," said the colonel, to whom I had communicated my perplexities; "I have another way. The terror which our horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh——"

"Wine!" I hastily exclaimed.

"No! so—shall be the loser. I know that you are a countryman, and such as you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore the gown of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh—to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter."

We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. This silence lasted for a minute—for an age! It was my horse who neighed the first. The colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy, but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will allow me a minute to make my peace with Heaven?" I said to the colonel, with failing voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"It will," I replied. The colonel drew out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the colonel.

I answered nothing, and with infirm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

"Yet one moment more," I said to the colonel, "for I have need of my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manœuvre which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Garduno.

My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth had almost been passed upon horseback. I may say, without flattering myself, that if there was anyone in the world capable of executing this equestrian feet, it was myself. I rallied myself with almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst, I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant, I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first since my encounter with the colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle and the hams, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and, with the bridle, the body, and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was at a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me with his voice. This done, I let the poor, trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments—and then recommenced the same manœuvre. All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a single turf of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement, joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to have turned him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was passed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last vertebræ unites with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over toward the wall, my feet slipped from the stirrups, and with one vigorous stroke I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principal. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion; and for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved! I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the ayss. I then arose, and cleared at a few bounds the place that separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk in a swoon upon the ground. When I reopened my eyes, the colonel was by my side.

Against Imported Beef.

GRANGERS AND BUTCHERS ASK FOR THE PASSAGE OF THE DRESSED BEEF BILL.

Leonard Rhone, master of the State Grange, Colonel Thomas and Representative Taggart, appeared before the Judicial General Committee last Wednesday and advocated the bill against the admission of Chicago dressed beef in the State.

Mr. Rhone said that the Chicago dressed beef syndicate killed diseased beef and sent it here. He said this bill would prevent diseased meat from coming into this State by requiring an inspection on the hoof.

A. M. Warthman, a Philadelphia beef packer, described the diseased cattle that he had seen in the slaughter pens at St. Louis and Chicago. He said he had seen cattle suffering with ulcerous sores in their throats, with lockjaw and with pleuro-pneumonia sent into the slaughter-houses. He said there was no way of detecting this diseased meat after it was dressed for the market. He said the Grangers' bill should be adopted in the interest of the public health.

Representative Taggart said the Chicago syndicate had driven the farmers of Pennsylvania out of the cattle growing business. He said the farmers had been unable to find a market for their healthy beef.

When Colonel Thomas came before the committee he was asked whether it was true that the butchers and drovers of Philadelphia and Pittsburg were the instigators of the Grangers' bill. The Colonel said the measure was entirely that of the Grange. The farmers were heartly for the bill and if it was passed they wanted all the credit for it. Messrs. Peters and Kalthaller, two Pittsburg butchers, gave the committe a graphic description of the diseased cattle they had seen in the Chicago stock yards.

No representatives for the Chicago syndicate appeared before the committee. They are expected to come here next week. Colonel Thomas sent out word to-night to all the local organizations of the State Grange to send in their petitions for the bill. He said that within the next week or so their will be petitions before the Legislature bearing the names of 100,000 farmers asking for the passage of the Grangers' beef bill.

General Grant on Guard.

It was a drizzly day, only a short time before General Grant drove the enemy from Petersburg and moved toward Five Forks and Appomattox. A chill northeast gale made overcoats comfortable even there, and more men who could wore them than left them off.

A sentinel down toward the river, near some stores, shivered as he strode to and fro on his post, his gunlock under his arm to keep off the wet. He was a raw recruit from "Down East," sent out to help fill the ranks of a regiment which had lost one half its men since the campaign began.

He saw a man in a regulation overcoat and with a slouch hat, but with the steady carriage of a veteran, passing along a few yards away, and he called out to him:

"Say, friend, have you any terbacker in yer clothes?"

The passerby was smoking a cigar. "No," he replied, "I can give you a cigar, but I don't chew."

"And I don't smoke, but I'm starving for a chaw," replied the sentinel, as he looked over to the other wistfully. "An' I chaw, and dasn't smoke on post. Say, couldn't you stand on post a minute till I run over to the sutler's yonder?"

"I could," said the other, with a grim smile on his face, and then he added: "I will. Give me your gun and orders."

"There isn't no orders, only to halt anybody going nigh them stores, and to stop 'em as has no business there."

So the sentinel relieved of his post, hurried to the sutler's for the desired tobacco. Returning promptly he took his gun and quietly said:

"If I get a chance I'll do as much for you, friend. What regiment be you in?"

"Not any. I belong to headquarters."

"What, to the General's guard? What's your name?"

The quiet-looking man puffed out a cloud of smoke and said: "My name is Grant."

"Great Jerusalem!" gasped the sentinel. "I have been relieved by General Grant himself, and didn't know him."

How could he, when not a mark of the General's rank was in sight, and the poor fellow was yet too green in service to know what a fault he had committed in yielding post and gun to any but his regular relief?—*The Hartford Post.*

Tall Tale of a Dog.

Last Fall I received a letter from my son saying that he and his wife and daughter were coming to pay us a visit; he concluded by saying: "Kill the fatted calf and put a bottle on ice." I read the letter aloud to my wife, the dog (an Irish setter) sitting up beside me and looking so wise that I called my wife's attention to him, saying: "look at the judge!' After I had finished reading, he barked to go out, and did not get home until quite late. He came in the sitting-room where I was reading, and made such demonstrations that I followed him to the outside door, and in the porch I found the lower part of the leg of a calf. He wagged his big tail and jumped up me, saying as plainly as he could: "There's the calf, now you attend to the bottle!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A lady who had lost her soldier husband continued to decorate his grave long after being remarried to another. One Decoration Day, when a son by her second husband was about 10 years old, she sent him to strew the flowers. Having finished his task, several of the decorating committee came up, and the boy pointed with pride to the flowers he had deposited saying. "This is the grave of my forefather."

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The Columbia county W. C. T. U. met in Convention at Millville Jan. 17th 1889. On the previous evening the Loyal Legion gave an entertainment in the Free Church, which reflected great credit on the persons interested in the management, and in which the children were bright and interesting. The Convention proper opened at nine o'clock Thursday morning with devotional exercises. The usual routine of business followed. The Secretary reported six local Unions in the county with a total membership of 159 actives, and 31 honorary. The following resolutions were adopted—That the officers of each local Union shall constitute a committee to visit prominent citizens ot their town, and use their influence in organizing Law and Order Leagues. That the following persons shall constitute a committee to devise plans of work to bring about the Prohibitory Amendment: Mrs. Walker, Bloom Mrs. Barnitz, Catawissa, Mrs. Reichart, Light Street, Mrs. Dr. Smith, Berwick, Mrs. Edgar Espy, Miss J. Kester and Mr. T. C. Wilson, Millville. Petitions from Millville, Bloom, Catawissa and Berwick and Espy, were read and presented to a committee. These petitions pray the judge of the court as far as possible, to grant no license in Columbia County. On motion meeting adjourned. Mrs. Dr. Smith conducted the devotional exercises of the afternoon session. The address of welcome delivered by Miss Jennie Kester was one with exceptional merits. Mrs. Trescott of Berwick responded in appropriate words. The address of the President (Mrs. Guie of Catawissa) was replete with excellent advice to workers, and should stimulate the members for renewed action in the work. Greetings sent from the Espy Union were read, and business followed. The Superintendents of departments were called upon to report, none present but Superintendent of Sabbath Observance. Mrs. Roney, State Superintendent of Mothers' Work made an address—practical and helpful in all lines of work. Mrs. Trescott was elected superintendent of Mothers' Work. Motion carried to have but two Conventions a year. Thanks were tendered the kind people of Millville for their generous hospitality, and for use of the church.

On motion Convention adjourned to meet in Catawissa in Sept.

The following programme occupied the evening. Music by the choir, Recitation—Miss Guie of Catawissa. Music, Miss Hartman and Mr. McMurtrie of Berwick. Lecture "Mothers Work," Mrs. Roney of Phila. Music by the choir.

Mrs. Roney in a clear and practical way related the needs of the work, and personal experience in her particular line of work, and impressed her hearers with its importance.

Miss Guie rendered her recitation with taste and ability. The music throughout was excellent.

Winter Protection for Fruit Trees.

Where mice and rabbits are abundant they are far more destructive to apple trees than the borers If snows fall to a considerable depth in winter, rabbits readily travel over the surface and are enabled to reach the bark on the stems several feet above the roots, and from this point downward as the snow settles. But mice work under the snow, and usually at about the same place where the borers are found; consequently tar paper wrappings will answer the double purpose of keeping out the borers and prevent the attacks of mice. It is well known that rabbits dislike the taste and smell of animal matter, such as grease, blood and meat and for this reason smearing the stems of apple trees with lard, blood or stale fat pork has often been recommended and extensively employed to prevent the attacks of these pests. On the other hand mice are attracted by such applications, and while eating the grease or blood from the trees they are very likely to get a taste of the sweet bark underneath and continue their depredations so long as the snow protects them from observation. To prevent the attacks of rabbits, the stems of young trees should be wrapped with cloth or bark from the ground up to the lower branches, and these wrappings should be left on until the following spring. Then remove them and lay aside for use when they shall be needed again, provided the materials used for this purpose are of a durable nature. The thinnest kind of tarred roofing paper is an excellent material for wrapping the stems of trees to protect them against the attacks of borers, mice and rabbits, and is cheap and durable.—*American Agriculturist.*

A singular loss of memory is reported in the Jamestown (N. Y.) *Journal.* A citizen of that place who had several strokes of paralysis a few months ago has so far recovered as to be able to go anywhere about the city at his pleasure. He can converse intelligently on any subject he was familiar with before his sickness and remembers all his old friends, but has not regained the faculty of recalling the names of his most intimate friends, although he knows perfectly well with whom he is conversing. He understands and appreciates what his friends read to him and can converse readily about the subjects read, but he cannot read a word himself nor tell one letter of the alphabet from another.

Communion Wine.

Physicians who have used Speer's Port Grape Wine, of New Jersey, and have applied to it the strictest test, pronounce it strictly pure and rich body and recommend it to the aged and infirm, and for general use where wine is desirable, as the most reliable wines to be had. Mr. Speer also preserves the grape juice fresh and sweet just as it runs from the press; not by the use of spirits, but by electricity extracting the fermenting principles from the ripe grapes when mashed; it is called Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice. For sale by druggists.

A gentleman recently returned from a drive through the country towns of New York asserts that he has not very much objection to a cottage that is consistently Queen Anne all through, but he evinces a strong antipathy to those houses—and their name is legion—"that are Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne at the back."

She Was Not a Widow.

HER LONG LOST HUSBAND TURNS UP ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.

Fourteen years ago John Lamb, a well-to-do machinist of Ashley, married Mary Craginand the young couple immediately left for the West, settling down in St. Louis, where Mr. Lamb secured a position as superintendent in the locomotive works. After being married two years a disagreement arose between the couple and they separated, the wife returning to her home in Ashley. Some years later Mrs. Lamb received a copy of St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* giving the account of the drowning of her husband. Thinking she was a widow the woman went into deep mourning and did not resume her position in society for a long time. She said she would never marry again, but she changed her mind when John Adams, a man of good standing in the community, put in an appearance as a lover and later asked the fair widow for her hand.

Mrs. Lamb accepted the offer of marriage and Tuesday was the date agreed upon for the ceremony.

The bride expectant had completed nearly all her arrangemants when, to her surprise, her long lost husband put in an appearance on Saturday morning. Mrs. Lamb was at her parents' home examining the wedding dress, which the dressmaker had just brought in, when the husband knocked at the door. The woman's surprise knew no bonds, and she exclaimed: "Well I am not a widow after all!" Lamb and his wife had a long interview, and the result was a reconciliation. Adams was notified of the circumstances, but he was loath to believe that Lamb was the genuine husband. His intended, however, settled all doubts on that point by returning to the West Sunday evening with her husband.

Two Slang Phrases

SOME ANECDOTES OF CHARLES QUEEN, THE ACTOR AND HUMORIST.

Charles Queen was a good deal of a wit, in his way, and was the author of at least two well known expressions, "A cold day when we get left." and "Chuck full of blue mud."

The origin of the first expression was this: "Mr. Queen had a friend in Elizibeth, N. J., with whom he always stayed when playing in that city. One Sunday morning the two started out for a "bracer," but a Sunday closing law that had just gone into effect interfered with their project. However, they hired a rig and started to drive into the country, having made up their minds not to return until they had secured that drink. They had to drive more than fifteen miles before they were successful, and on their return to the home of Mr. Queen's friend they were glad to get near the fire and thaw themselves out, the weather being bitterly cold.

"Well," exclaimed the host's wife, as she came into the room where the two worthies were hugging the stove, "I don't wonder you two men are almost frozen; the thermometer is only ten above zero."

"Yes" replied Queen, winking at his friend, "it's a cold day but we didn't get left."

The next week, while playing in New York, he repeated the expression to one of the actors, who used it that night on the stage, and in a few weeks it had travelled from one end of the United States to the other.

One day, while walking along Broadway, Queen accidently stepped into a pail of blue calcimine that stood on the edge of the side walk. He scraped the calcimine off the best he could, but before he reached home it had dried on his shoe and on the bottom of his trowsers. A friend meeting him on the street, stopped him, and asked what was the matter.

"O, nothing," replied Queen, "only I'm chuck full of blue mud."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Legislature.

Bills have been reported favorably from the following House Committees:

From Judiciary General—Providing for the transfer of certain reformatory institutions from one county to another. (This bill is to enable the House of Refuge, in Philadelphia, to be removed to Delaware County.)

Also from Judiciary General—An act defining the offense of procuring or soliciting persons to commit misdemeanor or offenses punishable in summary proceedings under the laws of the State. Providing, that any person not an officer of the State, or an agent in the employ of any city or county or of any incorporated society of the State, who shall willfully procure or solicit any person to commit any misdemeanor or an offense punishable in summary proceedings under the laws of the State for the purpose of thereafter prosecuting or aiding in the prosecution of such persons so procured or solicited to commit such misdemeanor or offense punishable in summary proceedings aforesaid, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable with fine and imprisonment.

Counties and Townships—Providing for the erection of new counties from parts of two or more existing counties, intended to provide for a new county out of parts of Schuylkill and Luzerne, with Hazleton as the county seat.

Mining—To prevent manufacturing or mining corporations from carrying on company stores.

Municipal Corporations—Two bills, one providing for the division of the cities of the State in three classes, all containing 600,000 or more to be of first class: over 75,000 and less than 600,000, of the second class; all others to be of the third class. The other bill provides for the legalizing of the acts of the councils of cities incorporated under the general act of 1887, which has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Judiciary General—An act defining the offense of procuring or soliciting persons to commit misdemeanor or offenses punishable in summary proceedings under the laws of the Commonwealth, and prescribing the punishment for the same.

One Fact ... .

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It overcomes that tired feeling creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Scranton, in Iowa, has a man who scattered shelled corn on the ice surrounding an air hole, and then by delivering an incantation of gibberish charms the fish to the opening, where he knocks them on the head while they are trying to get the corn. He captured a string of thirty, among them a twenty-two-pound pike, in that manner last week.