PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

J. H. MAIZE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
OFFICE.—Room No. 2, COLUMBIAN building.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 20th 1888, tf.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Exc'n Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA

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

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Offices 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.

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

L. S. WINTERSTEEN,
Attorney-at-Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
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. [apr30,86.

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

ROBERT R. LITTLE.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office, COLUMBIAN Building, second floor, front room.

GRANT HERRING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over Rawling's Meat Market.

DR. RONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov26 88 1y.

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

DR. J. O. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
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Office and residence 3rd Street, West of Market near M. E. Church.
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Treatment of Chronic Diseases made a
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Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,
Having opened a dental office in
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s prepared to receive all patients requiring professional services.
ETHER, GAS, AND LOCAL ANAESTHETICS administered for the painless extraction of teeth free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED.
Oct 26-1y.

W. H. HOUSE,
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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 Klein's drug store, first floor.
To be open at all hours during the day
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Bloomsburg Fire and Life Ins. Agency.
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AGENT AND BROKER.
COMPANIES REPRESENTED:

	Assets
Ætna Fire Ins. Co., of Hartford,	$ 9,948,388.97
Hartford of Hartford	5,268,609.97
Phœnix of Hartford	4,778,469.13
Springfield of Springfield	3,096,403.98
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,512,792.29
Guardian of London	10,663,825.71
Phœnix, of London	6,804,561.48
Lancashire of England (U. S. branch)	1,647,195.00
Royal of England " "	4,853,564.00
Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. of Newark, N. J.	41,879,225.33

Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY OF
J. H. MAIZE,
Office 2nd floor Columbian Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Liverpool London and Globe, largest in the world.

	ASSETS.
IMPERIAL of London,	$9,658,479.00
CONTINENTAL of New York,	$5,639,981.26
AMERICAN of Philadelphia,	$2,401,956.11
NIAGARA of New York,	$2,260,479.84

ulse 1, 1888, tf.

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.
6-y27] SAMUEL DRAKE, Proprietor

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1889

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXIII, NO 27
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LIII, NO 12

THE JOLLY OLD MARINER.

A jolly old mariner sailing the sea,
Was roaring a solo and thus thundered he.
"Our ship is as bold as an eagle on wing,
And she carries a cargo that's fit for a king;
A cargo that's welcome to peasant or pope,
Our ship she is laden with IVORY SOAP.'

"I've plowed all the oceans to every port,
To visit all nations and climes is my sport;
We carry our goods to the ends of the world,
Our trade is announced on our banner unfurled;
See! blazoned on pennant from top-mast and rope:
'We bring to all people the Ivory Soap.'

"From Procter & Gamble, my lads, do you mind?
We carry a blessing to gladden mankind;
For dirt is a foe to the body and soul,
And soap must precede e'en the gospel's control;
Then hurrah! hip hurrah! for philanthropy's hope,
Hurrah for the advent of Ivory Soap.

"Its bars, like the truth, or a life-saving boat,
Ever rise to the top and triumphantly float;
As the foam on the wind-fretted billow 'tis light,
As the elephant's tusk it is glossy and white;
The poets all praise it in measure and trope,
The ocean is thundering—IVORY SOAP."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NO; 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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Hop PLASTER
QUICKEST REMEDY KNOWN
For backache, and all sudden, sharp, or long standing pains or weaknesses of every kind. Virtues of fresh hops, hemlock and pine balsam combined. It is wonderfully SOOTHING, PAIN-KILLING, CURATIVE and STRENGTHENING.
It satisfies every time. TRY ONE NOW.
25 Cts. 5 for $1.00.
Sold everywhere, or mailed for price.
MY BACK!
OH! for one of these HOP PLASTERS.
Look for signature of the proprietors, HOP PLASTER CO., BOSTON, on the genuine goods.

QUALITY AND PRICE

We don't starve Quality to throw a bone to Price. In other words, we don't slight our work or use inferior trimmings to tempt you with a low price for poor goods. None but the Best Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

A. C. YATES & CO
LEDGER BUILDING,
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT,
PHILADELPHIA.

Swithin C. Shortlidge's Media Academy

Near Philadelphia.
School Opens Sept. 19th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Quarterly Pay'nts, $125.

Admits and classifies young men and boys at any time; fits them for Business, any College, Polytechnic School, for West Point or Annapolis. Advanced classes in Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Electrical or Civil Engineering, Classics, Mathematics, etc. One of the best equipped and best managed Schools. All students board with the Principal. Teachers all men and graduates of first-class Colleges. Fine buildings; single or double rooms. Every room has in it a steam radiator and is completely furnished. Grounds (ten acres) for foot-ball, base-ball, athletics, etc. Gymnasium. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Private tutoring and special drill for backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies, or a Business, College-Preparatory, Electrical, or Civil-Engineering course. Physical and Chemical Laboratory. Practical Business Department, with Telegraphy, Short-hand, Type-writing, etc., etc. More fully supplied with apparatus than any other College-fitting school. Media Academy affords every home comfort; the best education, and the best training. Fixed prices cover every expense. No examinations for admission. New illustrated catalogue sent free to any address. SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B., A.M. (Harvard Graduate), Principal and Proprietor, Media, Pa. Circulars at this office.

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G. W. BERTSCH,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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,
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W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath room hot and cold water; and all modern conveniences

EXHAUSTED VITALITY
UNTOLD MISERIES
Resulting from the Errors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Ignorance, &c., may be cured at home without fail or exposure. Infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 200 pages, only $1 by mail, sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
June 21-d-4t.

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DONE AT THE
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts.
Orders will receive prompt attention

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
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Ask your dealer for
ACME OIL COMPANY.
DANVILLE, PA.
Trade for Bloomsburg and Vicinity Supplied by
MOYER BROS.,
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LOOK!
If You want a good situation write NAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y., as they are in want of honest and upright salesmen to sell their choice and hardy varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission. Many new and valuable varieties to offer. Write them at once for terms.
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.
July 2-3-4t.

A WISH.

From din and strife of town afar,
In summer I would find a home
Set in the green fields like a star,
That burns in heaven's sapphire dome;

And like the placid sweep of sky
Around that jewel of the night,
I'd have the clover meadows lie,
Wherin the bees should find delight;

A winding silver brook to play
The pebbly music of its mirth,
To mirror heaven's milky way,
And be its echo on the earth.

For clouds be mine the fringed trees,
In whose leaf arches birds might bide,
And hang their cradles in the breeze
And rock their young upon its side.

My paths, paved by the sun and shade,
Swept by the wind and washed by dew,
Should be mosaics deftly laid,
Forever fresh, forever new.

Such be my summer home, where time
So softly, unrecorded, goes,
That life seems like melodious rhyme
Set in the world's majestic prose.

And as the star—night overpast—
Dies in the dawn's dew scented breath—
Lord, be it mine, to find at last
Day on the morning side of death.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Youth's Companion.

LOWLAND FOLKS.

The "Hines Place," as it was called, was a squatter's farm. That is, Tom Hines had dumped his wagon load of household goods down by the highway at a certain spot, built a brush shanty to shelter his family for a few days, and eventually erected a rude log cabin, and there he had stuck for the last fifteen years. He had "brushed" over two or three acres of land around the house and raised a little corn and a few bushels of potatoes, and I found him sitting on his doorstep as good natured and content as a house cat after a full meal.

"Powerful glad to see yer—powerful glad," he said as we shook hands. "The stage driver was a-saying you'd be along today, and I was sorter on the watch. You thar, Jenny?"

A woman appeared in answer to the call, and the man said:

"Jenny, this is he 'un. Stranger, Jen's my ole woman. We've got a boy named Moses, but he's off arter roots. Now come right in and feel home made."

The cabin consisted of one room about sixteen feet square. There was a fireplace, two beds made of poles, a rude shelf on which were a few dishes, an old clock which did not go, a rifle resting on deer horns, a few garments hanging to pegs and a photograph of Cleveland tacked to the logs. The cash inventory, outside of the rifle, would not have been $5. I expected to hear the woman begin the usual "nagging" after a bit, and the man to start off with excuses, but nothing of the sort took place. On the contrary, as soon as I had been furnished with a bite of cold bacon and corn bread, and washed it down with a summer tonic made of roots, we went out for a smoke, and Hines inquired:

"How ar' ye findin' the people along the road?"

"Much discouraged."

"Over what?"

"Oh, the weather and so on."

"That's jis' like 'em, the onery, fault finders! When it isn't one thing it's another. Stranger, kin ye expect to find better weather than this outside of heaven?"

"Hardly."

"That's what I say. Ye found most of 'em lazy and shuckless, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's nobody's f'ult but thar' own. Things don't look very peart around yere, do they?"

"Well, no."

"Thar's reasons fur it. In the fust place I'm a squatter. Can't tell when I'll hev to pull up and git. Tharfore, ye can't expect me to rush things. In the next place we hev 'nuff to eat and w'ar, and that's all we want. We is pore folks, and we is satisfied to be."

"There are very few that way."

"Zactly, stranger, and that's what ails this nashun. Thar' hain't 'nuff philosophy about common folks. Now, then, s'posin' the president should 'pint me postmaster down at Red Bridge? I can't read nor write, an' I can't talk grammar, an' I'd jist feel onery incan all the time. S'posen that Jay Gould should send me down a kerridge an' hosses as a free gift! Hev I got ary place to stable them hosses an' put that kerridge? How would I look ridin' 'round these yere parts in a thousand dollar rig?"

"Then you don't want to be rich?"

"Yes, I do, but t'ain't fur me. When I got growed up to 21, an' found myself pizen pore, an' homely, an' long shanked, an' ignerent, I knowed figures an' riches wasn't fur me. I cut my sticks acordin'. That's jist the way with Jen, too. Jen, come out yero an' talk."

The woman came out, lighted her pipe and sat down, and her husband continued:

"Jen, he'un thinks it mighty quare that we don't yarn fur bizness an' riches. Tell he'un how you feel about it."

"You was pizen pore an' ignerent," she said as she looked over to him, "an' I was all that biled down an' mo', too. I knowed right off that riches wasn't fur us, an' so I didn't yarn fur 'em."

"And you are content to live as you do?"

"Pooty nigh, stranger—pooty nigh. If I had a hull pound of sixty cent tea an' five pounds of brown sugar in the cabin all to once I wouldn't trade places with any woman in the state."

"Ye see, it's like this," said the husband as he dug up the soil with a stick. "If we was wantin' we'd hev to hev a fine house. Then we'd hev to furnish it an' git hired help. Then we'd hev to hev watches an' diamonds an' sich, an' good clothes, an' go to the theatre, an' travel around, an' keep dressed up, an' talk sweet, an' so whar' would the comfort come in? It's too much to put on a puson's shoulders."

"He 'un is jist right," added the wife. "We's pore an' can't git no better off. What we's got we's got. What we hevn't got don't hurt nor help us."

A couple of men, going to mill with a few bushels of corn in a cart, came along just then and stopped to get a drink of water and "chitter" with us.

"How's Mandy, Jim?" queried Hines of one.

"Pore—very pore."

"How's crops?"

"Powerful bad showin' fur crops this year."

"How's yer own feelin's, Jim?"

"Only sorter. Hav been chilling (having chill) mo' or less."

"An' how's the children?"

"Jist fairly kickin', thank ye."

"Waal, now, Jim, yere's a stranger from the no'th, an' he can't make us out. Do you want an offa?"

"Shucks, no!"

"Want a gold watch?"

"Hu! Whar'd I keep it?"

"Want horses an' kerridges?"

"Shoo! Tom, but you ar' funnin' me!"

"Want ter quit yer 'squat' up thar', which ar' about the same as mine, an' git rich an' big an' live in grand style?"

"Why, Tom, hold yer blab!" gasped the astonished man.

"What I want to know," I explained, "is if you are content to live as squatters, never getting ahead, never seeing any better times?"

"Look-a-yere, stranger," said Jim as he sat down to the pipe and tobacco I gave him, "this yere kentry would be better off if thar' wasn't so much yarnin' an' mo' common sense. We can't all be rich and big. Somebody has got to be pore an' backwards. If each one of us was found to be rich—if we was yearnin' fur silks and satins and fine hosses, somebody would hev' to be pulled down to help us git up. Thar'd be jist so much mo' fussing. An' s'posen we got rich—what of it?"

"They say it's nice to be rich," I replied.

"Waal, mebbe 'tis, but I don't hanker. We've got meat an' meal an' sugar an' tea, and it seems to me we orter be purty well satisfied."

"But there must be something beyond—some ambition to be gratified. You are not going to live this way to the day of your death?"

"No, stranger, I hain't. My ambishun is to git this grist to mill an' home agin, and I'm sort o' calkerlatin' to leave my squat in the fall an' cum down yere 'long side o' Tom, so our wives kin make soft soap in the same kettle an' use one washboard betwixt 'em."—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Conquest of the Smoker.

The following little incident is worth noting as arising out of a great change in national custom.

Scene—A railway carriage, occupied by an enormous man smoking a cigar, with which he makes the atmosphere resemble the Strand in a November fog, and a thin, nervous person, with a bag of sandwiches. Says the latter: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will it incommode you if I venture to eat?" The former, with a gracious wave of the cloud giving weed: "Not at all."

Twenty or thirty years ago this would have looked like burlesque. Then the smoker had only a bare toleration afforded him. He was not allowed to indulge his favorite propensity even on the platform of a railway station, but was warned off by placards, which may still be seen at some stations. The accommodation provided for him was poor and scanty, and woe betide him if he ventured to take any liberties in prohibited places. Now he has things all his own way. To his supreme will and pleasure the misguided persons who do not smoke must conform, and wherever friends meet arrangements are made for his convenience, while even those strong minded ladies who assert their rights to attend public dinners and other functions heroically endure rather than protest against the once detested fumes. This is nice for the smoker, who would go to few dinners if deprived of what Prince Bismarck has called the delicious seventh course.—London Globe.

Had an Object.

"My friend," he said, as he entered a shoemaker shop on Gratiot avenue, "I should like to sing you a song."

"How much you charge?"

"Not a red cent."

"Yhas it a nice song?"

"Very nice. I am sure you will be pleased with it."

"Yhell, go ahead."

The man drew a long breath and started off. It was an awful noise. It was intended to lift the shoemaker right off his bench. It did so, and after the first verse he said:

"Maype you haf some object?"

"I have, my dear sir. While I don't charge anything for singing, I do charge twenty-five cents to stop."

"I see; yhell, I yhas going down to Springwells for dis afternoon. While I doan' sharge you to come in, I make you pay feefty cent to get out."

And he stepped out and locked the door, and for two hours the itinerant talked with an inquiring public through a broken pane of glass, and freely acknowledged that there were better games than his.—Detroit Free Press.

Everything in Its Place.

Architectural Upholsterer—And how do you think of having the library furnished, Mr. Gasbuhm? Mr. Gasbuhm—Why, I want a pool table in it, and a sideboard, of course; a couple of card tables and a lay out for the chess club, and what little whimwhams and frenzies you want to make it look well. A. H.—And about the book shelves; will you—Mr. G.—Oh, shoot the book shelves; put the books in the boys' rooms; they're going to school; I don't want books stuck under my nose when I'm busy enjoying myself.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Waterproof Whitewash.

A waterproof whitewash is in use in Germany. The powder from three parts silicious rock (quartz), three parts broken marble and sandstone, two parts of burned porcelain clay and two parts freshly slaked lime, still warm, is mixed together. This forms a silicate if often wetted, and becomes after a while almost like stone. It is applied quite thickly to a wall or other surface and allowed to dry one day. The next day it is covered frequently with water, which makes it waterproof.—New York Mail and Express.

Conceit All Gone.

Old Gent—Let me see. Yes, I met your nephew five years ago, and if you must know the truth, I was disgusted with him—such a vain, conceited, insufferable puppy I never saw in my life.

Old Neighbor—Oh, he's changed completely now. He's the most modest man you could find in a day's journey—he doesn't believe he knows anything.

"You don't say so! Well, now I think of it, when I met him he was a college sophomore."

"Yes, and now he's a graduate and trying to earn his own living."—New York Weekly.

Humanity Triumphant.

"I would like to rent the large room on the second floor of your livery stable for the purpose of instructing a brass band just organizing."

"As the proprietor of the stable I should be glad to let you have the room, sir, but as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it is my duty to tell you that if you don't get out of here in just ten seconds by the watch I will have you kicked out, you heartless wretch!"—Chicago Tribune.

Force of Habit.

The tired looking little school ma'am had been obliged to give up. She had to remain away from her duties and summon a physician. "Your liver is out of order," said he, gravely. "Out of order!" she repeated in a mechanical tone. "Stay after school for fifteen minutes and lose your recess for the remainder of the week."—Merchant Traveler.

He Wanted a Show.

"You must stop this smoking during business hours," said the head clerk.

"What's the matter?" inquired one of the boys.

"The boss says he can't appreciate his five cent cigar when you clerks are puffing your Henry Clays."—The Epoch.

How He Made It.

She—Who's that finely dressed gentleman with the immense diamond stud in his shirt bosom?

He—That! Oh, that's one of the fellows who sold Washington medals on the street in New York during the centennial.—Burlington Free Press.

It Would Make No Difference.

A lady, greatly excited, asks to see the editor of a daily paper, and is told that it is impossible, the editor being too busy to speak to any one, no matter who it may be. "Oh, that makes no difference," is her reply, "I shall do all the talking myself."—Paris Figaro.

CURIOUS THINGS OF LIFE.

Miss Frankie Raymond, an 8 year old Chicago girl, has three lion cubs to play with.

The Rev. P. S. Twitty, of Cuthbert, Ga., is organizing an anti-kissing society in that town.

A Jackson county, Ga., horse can take off his own saddle and bridle, open his stable door and feed himself.

A 15-year-old boy of Fitchville, Conn., has trained six sheep to harness and drives them daily about the village.

After Southern Californians have scooped out the insides of some of their Chili squashes they successfully use the rind as rowboats.

H. C. Dodge, of Bar Harbor, Me., called to see President Harrison the other day, and when the president refused to see him, he fainted.

The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45, a result equally odd is obtained, 5,555,555,505.

There is an old negro in Quitman county, Ga., who has never owned a lock. He has been for years nailing a bar of wood across the door of his crib every night.

In a Charity fair recently held at Vienna, in the Princess d'Aremberg's palace, an English millionaire paid 10,000 florins for the pleasure of kissing one cheek of the princess.

Only 15 per cent. of the inhabitants of Paraguay can read and write. According to Consul Hill the women do the work, and the men do the smoking, gambling and cock fighting.

The largest family in Arkansas is that of W. D. Green and wife, of Murfreesboro, Pike county. They were married in 1835 and have had twenty-three children, eighteen of whom are living.

Sakurai Tezo, a clerk of the Kawasaki bank, Chiba, Japan, is charged with secreting the funds of the bank and been held for trial. He started for Canada, but was caught before he got out of Japan.

According to the Oxford county, Me., Advertiser, two little girls, one 9 and the other 12, belonging to Edwin Boynton, of Brownfield, plowed and harrowed an acre of land in one day with a yoke of oxen.

Demas Barnes, who is said to have left at least $5,000,000, began his business life in Brooklyn on a salary of $50 a year and his board. At the age of twenty he had saved enough to go into business for himself.

John D. Davis, a farmer, residing at New Diggins, Ills., put his milk cans on the woodpile to dry and the reflection of the sun's rays from them set the wood on fire, doing considerable damage to his house and barn.

A French fisherman who was reported lost, and whose property was divided up, returned all right after an absence of two years, but the French courts held that he is dead, and he has got to take a new name and be somebody else.

Eliza Jane Starr, an Oakland, Cal., widow, has petitioned the supreme court to increase her allowance of pin money. Her husband used to give her $1,500 per month, and she is now only receiving $1,000, which she claims is not sufficient for her incidental expenses.

A Montgomery farmer has a colt that has learned to ring the farm bell by catching the rope in his teeth and prancing back and forth. He knows, too, when to ring it—at daybreak, to awake the farm hands, and at noon, to call them to dinner, and is never five minutes late or early.

The story is told of a South Carolina colored couple who were married under difficulties. They walked twenty miles to get a license and walked ten more to a minister. One was 17 and the other 16. They are happily married now, and, despite their tender years, are getting along nicely.

An American painter, living in Florence, has painted a big picture of Satan so "realistically" that when a lot of young people who went to see it began to dance, the shaking of the canvas made the figure have such a semblance of demoniac laughter that the dancers would not continue until the picture was covered.

An odd snake was discovered by O. F. Williams, of Pattilo, Ga. The body of this snake is no larger than a very small knitting needle, yet it is fifteen inches long. It seems to be a very lively snake, and is coiled around some plants in a jar of water. The movements of the little fellow and the fact that it remains most of the time under water would indicate that it is a variety of water serpent.

Industries in Ancient Ireland.

Poets and rhetoricians have in their usual free and easy way exaggerated the material prosperity of ancient Ireland. Much of the splendor attributed to Keltic kings and bishops and bards fades under the cold light of historical research. But this very research has put beyond all doubt that beneath the exaggerations of rhetoric and song there lay a solid substratum of truth. Thus the publication by a parliamentary commission of the immense and previously almost unexplored mass of legal institutes known as the "Brehon Laws" has verified the fact that at a time when Britons were almost naked savages the Irish Kelts were clad in woolens and linens of their own manufacture.

The Brehon laws abound with references not only to woolen and linen goods, but to carding, weaving, dyeing and the other processes of their manufacture. Again, in the remarkable metrical account of the rights of the monarchs of Ireland and of the provincial kings, attributed to a contemporary of St. Patrick, and known as the "Book of Rights," we find that tribute was paid to a large extent in cloaks, tunics, mantles and other articles of woolen and linen manufacture, some white, some brown, some trimmed with purple, some with fur and some with gold. We can see for ourselves something of what was done in the more durable materials. Textile fabrics, except of the coarsest kind, perish in far less time than 1200 years. But metal work, if good in material and design, survives. Accordingly we have abundant specimens of such work come down to us from the Keltic period.

Many of these are rough, but many are rich in material, good in design, and exquisitely skillful in workmanship. Some were found deep below the surface of our bogs, where probably they were dropped in flight, and got gradually covered with peat in the slow lapse of centuries. Others were found in stone chambers made for their reception, and forgotten for more than a thousand years. Vast quantities of the gold work were consigned to the crucible. Some goldsmiths estimate that they purchased and melted down as much as £10,000 worth of ancient Keltic gold work found from time to time in Ireland. But fortunately, much also has been preserved. There is quite a magnificent collection of works in gold, silver and bronze in the Museum of the Royal Irish academy in Dublin. Besides these there are many fine specimens in Trinity college, Dublin, and in the British museum, London.—Harper's Magazine.

First Fiddle to Somebody.

In the grand orchestra of life everybody is anxious to play first fiddle. Nay, almost everybody does play it; for although the first fiddle absolute may take precedence of all the rest, yet every second fiddle is first fiddle to somebody. As "fleas have smaller fleas to bite 'em, and so on ad infinitum," so every man who tickles a superior has an inferior to tickle him. If it were not for this pleasant arrangement we should have no social harmony, and it is only when this system of relations is disturbed that we experience discords and crashes.—New York Ledger.

Mr. Buenos Ayres.

A Boston shoe manufacturer on a recent trip in the south exhibited some samples of shoes to a dealer. The latter objected to the color of the sole. The manufacturer explained that the soles were made from the best Buenos Ayres leather. "Well, Mr. Buenos Ayres may be a good tanner, but I don't fancy his leather."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Gilbert at a Rehearsal.

W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, is a tall man, with gray hair and close cut whiskers. He is a great stage manager. At a rehearsal of one of his operas he devotes his whole energies to having everything go off as he thinks it should. He never smiles, even when a whole chorus is laughing at the quaint conceits of his verses. Though extremely dignified, he does not hesitate to go through the drollest contortions of body or the most free and easy dance step to illustrate his ideas to those who are to interpret them.—New York World.

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

WE CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING WE SEE.

"Yes, madam," said Trampoline, as he gratefully took from the outstretched hand of the woman a large, moist slab of pie, mottled like Mexican onyx, and embossed with heavy incrustations of lava, "yes, I have seen better days, but just as I have seen better clothes; other people had 'em." He paused for her reply, but she bowed her head silently, and he, engulfing the pie with a convulsive movement of the throttle, lifted his hands to heaven with an agonizing gesture and passing on, was never again seen no more.

THE PATIENCE OF LAZINESS.

A man ought to have some regard for the fitness of things, even when he quotes a proverb. But he hasn't. That's why it makes a householder so howling mad when a paperhanger, who has been ten days papering three sides of a hall bedroom, answers his reproof by saying that "Rome wasn't built in a day." It wasn't built by a hired man, either. The fact that it ever was built proves that.

MEN HAD TO WALK THE PLANK FOR THIS.

Young Foremast, who hadn't been aboard ship three days before he committed some act of insubordination, for which the captain gave him an awful dose of the rope's end, said the old man's hight was worse than his barque.

HARD ON THE NERVES.

A dog down in Pennsylvania swallowed the baby's rattle the other day. It hasn't affected the dog seriously, but it's awful wearing on the people of the house. Every time the dog moves it sounds as though a rattlesnake was after you, and the result is that about two-thirds of the time everybody in the house is either climbing up on a chair or jumping down from one.

OUT ON FLY.

"George, I called to see you this morning and the maid said you were out." "Yes, uncle, I am sorry that I was." "But you were not, for I saw you sitting at the window as I came away." "Yes, that's just it; the maid did not specify; she only knew I was out. Sometimes I am staying out, sometimes walking out and sometimes looking out. She was stupid not to say which."

DEPRAVITY IN HIGH PLACES.

Queen Marguerite of Italy plays the violoncello. By the most desperate expedients and constant vigilance on the part of the royal family the matter has been kept secret for a long time, but it has leaked out at last. On account of the respectability of the queen's connections we suppress her last name.

A L'OUTRANCE.

"I see," said the man with the newspaper, "that a French journalist has been killed in a duel." "At last!" exclaimed the man reading the time card. "Yes; died of old age waiting for the other fellow to come." "Well, the French are terrible fighters when they make a business of it."

EXPATRIATED.

Particular Boarder—This fish, waiter—Truthful Waiter (promptly)—Was killed this morning. Particular Boarder (approvingly)—You did right to kill it. Truthful Waiter (inquiringly)—Yes, sir. Particular Boarder (firmly)—Because it had been ashore so long it had forgot how to swim, and would have drowned if ever it went to sea again.

THAT'S ALL THAT SAVES THE FORMS.

The "elocutionist" has hid his light under a bushel as long as he can. He is now determined to let his light shine, to lift up his voice and spare not and to magnify his office for all it is worth and toot his horn if he doesn't sell a clam. A Chicago elocutionist, discussing the elements of a successful recitation, speaks of "other pieces like 'Mother and Poet,' 'The Raven,' and like productions of no great literary merit that produce marvelous effects when well rendered." Often wondered what kept those mediocre jingles alive so long, when some of my own finest efforts, worthy to go ringing down the echoing aisles of the copy dummy, stranded on the shingly beach of the cold and sullen W. B. It's the "reading" that has rescued Mrs. Browning and Poe from the insatiate maw of that relentless monster, O. B. Livion, Sr.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

The "Spring Fever."

I have had many people ask me for a remedy for the ills which usually visit the human body in the spring, causing the well known complaint of "spring fever." My experience has been that the best cure for this malady is plenty of healthful and invigorating outdoor exercise. The most pleasant of these is horseback riding. When one is on a trotting horse, which I prefer, every muscle is brought into play and exercised. There are other outdoor amusements which are equally beneficial. There is one prevalent form of pastime which I consider injurious, and that is bicycling. When one is astride a wheel he is bent forward, and, I am convinced, is placed in a position which has a tendency to contract the chest. This is, of course, exactly the opposite effect to be desired or expected from outdoor amusements.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Artists' Canvas.

Canvas, regarded from an artist's point of view, is the principal material upon which oil paintings are made. Two kinds are prepared for this purpose, of which the best is called ticking. Before it is put into the artist's hands it is usually primed or grounded of a neutral gray or other tint. Certain sizes of canvas being in greater request than others are kept ready stretched on frames. Those used for portraits are known by the names of kit cat, which measures 28 or 29 inches by 36; three-quarters, 25x30 inches; half length, 40x50 inches; Bishop's half length, 44 or 45x56 inches; Bishop's whole length, 58x94 inches.—New York Telegraph.

Miss Maud Howe recently met Eugene Field and expressed her feeling in this outburst, which he takes pleasure in recounting: "Mr. Field is the most charming literary man I met in the west, but he looks like a convict."

Safe Rules for the Poultry Yard.

The following rules, if systematically carried out, will insure successful poultry raising:

In buying fowls or eggs go to some trustworthy breeder who has his reputation at stake. Culls are not cheap at any price.

Do not breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time. Until your experience and accommodations warrant it confine yourselves to one or two well known varieties.

Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or setting of eggs from some reliable breeder.

Let old and young birds have as wide a range as possible, and do not crowd too many in a house. If you do you will have disease.

Construct your house good and warm, so as to avoid damp floors and afford a flood of sunshine. Sunshine is better than medicine. Give plenty of fresh air at all times. Above all things keep the house clean.

Clean roosts and bottom of laying nests, and whitewash often enough to keep all sweet and clean.

Provide a dusting and scratching place where you can bury wheat and corn and thus induce the fowls to take the needful exercise.

Give plenty of fresh water daily, and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Feed them systematically twice a day; scatter the food so they can't eat too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.

Give them a variety of both dry and cooked feed; a mixture of cooked meat and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.

Give soft feed in the morning and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching places to give them exercise during the day.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Tale of an Esquimaux.

An Esquimaux sat on a chunk of ice
In the land of the northern pole;
He cracked his heels and he whistled twice
At a sight that alarmed his soul.

For a stranger came o'er the fields of snow
At a speed that was fearful quite;
His cheeks were pallid and thin with woe
And the frost on his beard was white.

"Oh, prithee, pause," cried the Esquimaux;
"From whence do you come so fast?"
"I come from a land weary leagues below
This realm with its storm and blast.

"I came from a land in the far off south,
And I've traveled ten thousand miles
Since last the sun like a beaming mouth
Turned loose on the earth his smiles.

"I've clambered the mountains, on raging streams
Full oft I've been heaved and tossed;
I umpired a game for two baseball teams—
Alas! And the home club lost!"

—Nebraska State Journal.

He Saved the Ship.

"Captain," reported the officer, as he came up from below, pale with fear, "the water is gaining on us. We must lighten the ship."

With the presence of mind that distinguishes the true hero from the craven in the hour of peril, the captain instantly called all hands on deck.

"Men," he said, and his deep voice rang out, clear and strong, over the wild waste of waters that threatened to ingulf the stately vessel, "throw those things overboard!"

The sailors went to work with the energy of despair. In less than an hour they had thrown over the side of the vessel the