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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1889.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXIII, NO 30
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LIII, NO 14

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CORSETS ARE CURSES.

SOMETHING CONCERNING HOW AND WHEN THEY ORIGINATED.

Ovid Puts Them at the Head of Remedies Against Love—Oils and Unguents in Developing the Human Form Divine—A Few Points Also About Foot Gear.

The small accessories of toilets, whether they be necessities or only pretty adjuncts, have made industries which have employed many people in their manufacture, and have added largely to the growth of that passion for dress which has, in different centuries, broken out in both man and woman. Adoration for the human form has covered the feet, bedecked the hands with jeweled trifles, and incased the body feminine in stiff whalebones until it has become of different shape than nature intended. No article of apparel is so much discussed at this time as the corset; in truth, there is an absolute war over it.

TO MAKE THEM GRACEFUL.

Still, this same corset has held sway long and firmly. Even in the days when the Greek sculptors builded their ideal of beauty on the Venus de Milo writers inveighed against large waists, Ovid putting them at the head of remedies against love. They were an undoubted outgrowth from the bandages worn by the Greeks to restrain a tendency to corpulency, and were as much used by men as by women, if we are to believe Aristophanes. History also relates that Marc Antony had need to resort to such means "to compress his swelling figure." The bands were three in number—the strophium, a bandage wound round the bust; a zona, or the waist belt, and the tenta, wound round and round below the waist. Nor were the bandages worn alone for compressing undue rotundity of form. They were made wider and longer and wrapped in large folds about slight figures to give them the grace of undulating lines. From the latter use, more than the former, has descended the reprehensible habit of lacing, the cause of the outcry against the stiff, whaleboned corset of today.

In the ancient days a very thin, slender figure attained to a much admired position by being enfolded in a large and voluminous strophium and tenta, and using only one thickness of bandage as the zona, producing the first effect of an unnaturally small waist. When this did not prove effectual in disguising the lack of cushioning to their bones they resorted to oils and unguents for bathing the body; goose fat mixed with warm milk and the egg of a partridge, the conglomeration being highly scented, was deemed the most productive of the desired embonpoint. But great care was taken that not a drop should fall on the body near the waist; in fact, while going through the fattening process the zona was worn day and night.

Since the days of incense burning in the temples, a record of which is found in the books of Moses, have perfumes been used, and from the Egyptians, through the Jewish people, has passed the art of making them, of burning aromatics and of carrying about richly wrought flacons of scent which have sometimes been made in the form of smelling bottles and again as perfume sprinklers. The fashionable woman of today wears her antique silver vinaigrette suspended from her chatelaine or carries her scent about in a costly flacon, rich with chasings or carvings, filigree work or enamel of fragile Venetian glass, or of metal thickly studded with jewels, and none of a greater size than can be readily carried in the hand, which fashion Queen Elizabeth instituted in carrying about her pomander. By the way, it was in her reign that perfumes and scents began to be manufactured generally by Europeans, although as early as the Fourteenth century the Venetians competed with the dwellers in the far east in the manufacture of sweet odors.

Ingenuity today is not taxed to furnish fresh designs for scent bottles, as the gold and silversmiths have only to copy the relics of other days preserved in families and museums, the demand being only for antiques, and the supply is largely of imitations. Some beautiful patterns are devised in the form of the most grotesque of goblins and dragons, wrought out in gold and precious stones. Others are chased with scrolls and surmounted with coronets and coats of arms, suggesting German workmanship; others are carved of wood or some one of the semi-precious stones, as the onyx, the bloodstone, the carnelian and the like. These usually have a base or cup of gold or silver filigree work, and are usually of French manufacture, although the carvings may be brought from India, Switzerland and Italy; yet another is of silver inlaid with arabesques of gold, and is evidently Moorish.

Who would suppose that the common use of shoes and all kinds of foot coverings was of a much later date than the carrying of scent bottles? No one, I am sure; and yet the people of certain European countries, long after they had learned to clothe their bodies in an elaborate and costly fashion, were in the habit of "going barefooted." This was the custom even so late as the Sixteenth century, and in the Fourteenth warriors equipped in full armor rode about without any covering on either feet or legs below the knees. This would seem still more strange than it does did one not recollect that even in this enlightened day the Scots, who would scorn any suggestion of barbarism, still cling to their national dress, which leaves knees wholly uncovered, despite the cold climate. The earliest records bear witness, however, that Moses and Aaron were commanded to take the shoes from off their feet before entering the temple, and in Egypt at that time the rich and great wore sandals incrusted with precious stones, of which the soles were made of gold. On the bottom was engraved the names of such people as had been conquered by the owners, if they happened to be of the conquering sex. Sandals with points elongated and turned up were the exclusive property of royalty.—Chicago Herald.

Man Changes Little.

Horace's rustic waited for the river to run down. If he could have waited long enough he might have seen its last drop roll by. But human nature is always the same. If one of those who died when the world was young should return to it now he would not know its cities and their customs; but he would know its children and their ways, its mothers and their hopes, its lovers and their vows. He would not know the old philosophies by their new names, or the old sciences under the modern developments; but he would know the human heart and its ideals as he would know the midnight sky and its constellations.

We are told that ours will one day be a dead planet moving with other dead planets around a cold and darkened sun. That will not matter if love is immortal. A wandering angel, curious of such things, would find amid the ruins of our civilization here and there an infant's toy, a marriage ring, a sculptured cross. "These are tokens," he would say, "of eternity, not of time. They can teach us nothing new in heaven."—New Orleans Picayune.

The Future of Steamboating.

It is not easy to predict what is to be the future of this great boating interest. We have over twenty thousand miles of steam navigation, we have original and enterprising boat builders, and an enormous traveling public. We have had in the past a phenomenal fleet of steamboats, particularly on our western rivers, and yet the business has been greatly depressed, and there are fewer boats afloat today than twenty years ago. Moreover—and this is the most serious matter of all—our canals are being abandoned year by year. While Europe spends millions on canals and waterways, while France is trying to make every little stream navigable, and England is trying to turn her interior cities into seaports, we permit our canals to fill up or foolishly give them away to impecunious railroads for roadbeds. Is it wise? Are we safe in trusting all our freight business to railroad corporations? Today we can, if the need come, send gunboats inland from the Delaware to New York bay. If we permit the railroads to destroy the business of the canal between our ship yards and our navy yards, we may be sure that in every European war office the fact of our folly is carefully noted for future reference. Once Great Britain fought a great battle to destroy the water route that connects the port of New York with the back door of New England. Saratoga was fought to destroy a vital water route. Fortunately, the English generals who planned in London thus to cut the country in two failed, and yet today we are abandoning our canals and see our great internal steam navigation system decay without a thought of the consequences.

On the other hand—for there is a brighter side to every picture—there is a disposition among the traveling public to demand larger, finer, and safer boats everywhere. We are being taught by English tourists who visit us how to see our own country. We may complacently talk of our limited trains and all that. Every foreigner who visits us asks first of all for our steamboat routes, because our lake, river, and sound boats are known of all the world.—Charles Bernard in Century.

An Intelligent Dog.

A large dog at one of the Scranton hotels became very much attached to one of the boarders. He got in the habit of following this man in his leisure walks up town, and the boarder liked to have him along. But on a rainy day the dog didn't see the man start out, and the latter had got around the corner before the dog caught sight of him. The big dog was so tickled when he saw that his old companion was not far away that he dashed up and rubbed his great wet side against the gentleman's good clothes. That was a form of boisterous familiarity not to be put up with, and the man spoke harshly to the dog and drove him back. The dog's sensitive nature resented this unkind treatment, for from that day to this the man has never been able to get the dog to walk out with him, although he has done everything he could think of to win back the dog's friendship. He followed the man once, but he did it much against his will and only after his owner had ordered him to. It was thought the spell had been broken, but it hadn't, and he has refused to accompany the man except when his master has commanded him to.

Another illustration of the dog's intelligence is told by the same gentleman. The dog's owner and he were in the reading room one day when the dog strode in and lay down on the carpet. "I won't mention his name or make any motions," said the landlord to his boarder, referring to the dog, "but I'll say something to you in an ordinary tone, and see if he will notice it." Then the landlord added: "I think his place is behind the desk in front of the safe, instead of in this room." The dog seemed to pay no attention to what had been said, but he got up right away, walked slowly through the long hall, pushed the gate open back of the desk and lay down in front of the safe.—Scranton Special to New York Tribune.

A Wire with a History.

A bit of wire was introduced into our conversation at the club. It was a silent, uncommunicative bit of copper, about a sixteenth of an inch thick and four inches long. Most any hardware merchant would give you a similar bit of wire, because its value would be so little he could not reckon a price for it. But this particular piece, Mr. Vail (whose father co-operated with Morse in inventing the telegraph) carries in his pocketbook as carefully as if it were gold, many times more weighty. It is a passive, pliant substance—an inanimate bit of copper, but it gave the first electric thrill that has brought the inhabitants of the world close together, conquered time, and annihilated distance. It is a bit of the first three miles of wire ever used for telegraphy. It is a piece from the experimental line constructed by Morse and Vail, Sr., when they were testing their inventions. Only a little of this wire, Mr. Vail, Jr., informed me, has been preserved. After it was taken down from the experimental line, his father used part of it as a trellis for vines on his front porch. Part of it may have been used in the construction of the line between the capital and Baltimore, but if so it was lost track of. It was from the trellis that the mementoes were recovered. "I think I got less than six feet of it," said Mr. Vail. "After telegraphy became a wonder of the world we began to appreciate the value of such a memento, and we saved what we could of the original three mile wire. I have given pieces to a few persons who have been especially interested in it, and some was arranged on a card, with a photograph of the original instrument, now at the National museum, that was sent to the Paris exposition."—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

John Bright used to say that in one important respect a dog is superior to a man. When a man is utterly out of everything, he gives up; but a dog simply curls up and so continues to make both ends meet.

A Joking Indian.

The Indian has been said to be incapable of joking; but the Maine Indian has apparently degenerated, for here is Joe Susep, of the Penobscot tribe, telling about a log that became wedged under the Ripogenus Falls so that while one end was in the water the other was striking against the ledge with such force and rapidity as to catch fire.—Lewiston Journal.

Ah Sin and the Gasman.

Admiral Porter held a state dinner in Washington and Ah Sin, a Chinese servant, was assigned to duty in attendance at the door. In his country a visitor's rank is indicated by the size of the card, and a huge yellow one means the presence of a prince. The small bits of pasteboard received but scant courtesy from Ah Sin, but when the gas collector presented his bill the Celestial's demeanor underwent a change. The long, yellow slip captured Ah Sin, and with profound salaams he bowed the astonished gasman into the presence of the amazed family and irate head of the navy.—Chicago Times.

CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

A Lady Tells How She Helped Her Husband to Break the Awful Spell.

I was much interested in the notes from Dr. Ford's lecture in the Herald of Health, and wish that every woman as well as every nurse in the land could read them. Those of us who are at the heads of households may some time need all the knowledge we can get upon the subject of insomnia. The trouble grows more common every year, especially in America, where we are apt to live upon "nerve" in all times of trial or excitement.

There is no doubt that personal magnetism is one of the best medicines for insomnia, the will of the nurse subjugating and calming that of the patient. Two very unhappy cases have come under my own personal supervision. One was my husband, who became so wretched that he would sleep about two hours and then get up to walk all over the place, and often for miles into the country. One night I began talking to him when he awakened, and finding that my voice quieted him, kept on, repeating poetry, and finally mixing my sentences up in a dreadful way, I was so sleepy myself. But he went to sleep, too, and did not awaken until near morning. It was remarkable, for he had not slept so much at night for two years. That day I learned to repeat Paris Ronn, knowing that my husband was very fond of it. So when he got wakeful the next night I had something to say over to him, and to my delight, he fell asleep before I was half through the poem. And so we kept up our midnight conversations for three months, I telling all the fairy stories, the gossipy incidents, and repeating all the poems I knew. And little by little, so soon as he began to sleep every night, he was cured, and now a cannon fired in the room would hardly awaken him.

The other case was of a lady with whom I spent a year. I begged her to try the Dalsarte movements of the body—limbering herself, and swinging about until she began to feel drowsy. When she would grow restless in the night, she would arise and try the same exercise. It finally cured her, after a year of faithful practice. Her trouble was more physical, while my husband's was mental. He grew to depend upon me like a child, and if I happened to be away from the house, he could not sleep. So soon as a person so afflicted begins to sleep well, the general health improves and sleep is more easily induced. As Dr. Ford says, there is a knack of putting one to sleep, and each daughter of the family ought especially to learn the secret, if possible, for so much of the comfort and well being of humanity depends upon women.—Mrs. George W. Ogilvie in Herald of Health.

The Benevolent Foreigner.

Mrs. Micawber, in "David Copperfield," when about to sail with her alway impecunious husband for Australia, announces that she wishes that husband to take his stand upon the vessel's prow and firmly say: "This country I have come to conquer! Have you honors? Have you riches? Have you posts of profitable pecuniary emolument? Let them be brought forward. They are mine." Fiction is always behind reality, and no fancied Micawber ever carried his effrontery so far as many instances, well authenticated, in actual life. When, for instance, the Hungarian general, Klapka, had been invited by some agent of Mr. Seward's to serve in our army during the civil war, he wrote to Gen. McClellan, giving his terms. Those terms were that he should be paid $100,000 in cash; that his annual salary should be $25,000; that he should serve as Gen. McClellan's chief of staff for a short time, until familiar with English, and should then take McClellan's place at the head of the American army. There was nothing unexampled about this. We meek and patient Americans are constantly in the position of being lectured on manners by foreigners so ill bred that, were they Americans, they would never have a second invitation into well bred company; on pronunciation and language by persons unable to make themselves heard before an audience; on the graces of literature and art by orators who cannot even dispose of their own arms and legs without the greatest discomfort. Long suffering as we are by nature, Americans have had so much put upon them in these ways that the revenge taken in Europe by Barnum and Buffalo Bill seems hardly too severe an international retribution.—T. W. H. in Harper's Bazar.

No Familiarity Intended.

An American visiting English clubs is sure to be surprised at the number of titles he hears. Besides the nobility nearly every one seems to have a special handle to his name. Colonels are not quite as numerous as in Kentucky or Georgia, but for captains and majors we can't hold a candle to them. But it was reserved for me, an American, to "knock them out" on rank in a most unexpected manner. An old waiter—an ex-soldier—at the Savage, called me Marshall several times one evening, and was reprimanded by one of the members for addressing a guest by his first name. "His name!" exclaimed the old fellow, looking astonished—and then turning said, "Why, your honor, I thought marshal his rank!" General Grant prophesied that I should be a general, but the old waiter went him one better, and the title stuck to me for awhile, too.—Marshall P. Wilder's Book.

Wash Your Hands.

Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps and a hundred other things that every one must frequently touch there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance, as well as an ordinance of decency.—Sanitary Era.

Needn't Look Like an Undertaker.

There are people in this world so good that they make you tired. You meet them most often in good places, and they are quite apt to keep people away from the good places instead of drawing them there. The good Bishop Middleton, who had studied the thing carefully, has said: "Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." Virtue ought not to do that, and such a coupling makes it all the worse for virtue. There is no reason why a virtuous young man should look like an undertaker, and why a sinful chap should be fascinating. Things are wrong this way. The good young man should be charming with wit and wisdom, and unconsciously he will mark his way in the world with sweetness and light and gladness, and let virtue have a better time than sin can ever have.—New Orleans Picayune.

ON A BIG 'POSSUM FARM.

THROCKMORTON HAS EIGHT HUNDRED OF THE FUNNY THINGS.

His Farm Near Griffin, Ga., Presents a Most Singular Sight—An Immense Orchard of Persimmon Trees—The Way the 'Possums Fight When Feeding Time Comes.

A few miles west of Griffin is the home of Mr. William Throckmorton. Mr. Throckmorton is the proprietor of the most unique and remunerative farm in Georgia. It is the "Lime Creek 'Possum farm."

On the very crest of a well wooded hill is a comfortable cottage surrounded by beautiful shade trees. At the foot of the hill is a pretty branch, running through the very center of a ten acre persimmon grove inclosed within a high board fence.

The persimmon trees are interspersed with a quantity of old hollow trees and hollow logs planted in the ground.

WHAT AN EXPERT SAW.

It was in the early afternoon when we arrived, and to the uninitiated the farm appeared to be an immense fruit orchard bearing an oblong whitish sort of fruit hanging from the dead limbs of the trees by a long, black stem. But appearances were deceptive. It was not fruit, but between seven and eight hundred 'possums taking their afternoon siesta. Our party were somewhat unacquainted with the habits of the Georgia 'possum, and consequently plied question after question to our highly amused hosts. I now consider myself an expert on the 'possum, and here is what I learned and saw:

The 'possum, when desiring to take a nap, simply climbs the most convenient tree, walks out on a limb, wraps his tail one and a half times around and swings his body out into space. His legs and feet are drawn close into his body and his head drawn up between his shoulders until it forms an almost perfect ball and appears to be a great pear covered with white fur.

The sun was slowly setting below the distant pine mountains and we were still gazing at the queer objects in amused wonder when a half dozen little 'possums emerged from the pocket of their mother, ran up her tail and commenced playing on the limb above. In a few minutes this marsupial stretched her head and then her fore feet out. She swung herself once or twice, grabbed her tail with her fore paws and climbed up it to the limb, which she caught with her claws, untwisted her tail and pulled it up. Hardly had she balanced herself when the half dozen young ones climbed into her pocket and were hid from view. She then climbed down the tree.

While this was going on more than seven hundred others had awakened and were coming down from the trees. Reaching the ground each one made for the creek, drank, and then ran up the hill to a pen in which they were to be fed.

BAKED 'POSSUM AND 'TATERS.

They were of all sizes. Some would barely weigh a half pound, while others would tip the scales at thirty. The 'possum, when hungry, utters a sound which is a cross between a mew and a moan. Over seven hundred 'possums were together so thick that the ground could not be seen between them, and the small ones had been forced upon the backs of the larger. All were uttering this peculiar sound, reminding one of an army of soldiers moaning over the death of their general, when through a gate a negro pushed a wheelbarrow, heaping full of all kinds of trash and slops—consisting of fruit pealings, vegetables, meats, bones and bread. As he hove in sight the scene among the 'possums reminded one of feeding time in a menagerie. The little ugly animals screamed and scratched and hit at one another until the negro had scattered the contents of the wheelbarrow over the ground. Then, although it was well scattered, all wanted to eat in one place just like hogs, and there was considerable more scratching and biting. But this did not last long, for the rations were soon consumed by the great drove of 'possums, and they commenced to disperse, seemingly contented, and this time climbed the persimmon trees.

During the persimmon season the 'possums are not fed at all, for it is on this fruit they become rolling fat and ready for market.

Mr. Throckmorton ships five hundred to eastern points and the cities throughout Georgia. They average him $1 each, and he makes quite a good thing out of it, as they are practically no expense to him. In shipping to Atlanta and Georgia points they are generally dressed, but the majority go to Washington and are shipped there alive. The large shipments to Washington are perhaps due to the average southern congressman's fondness for "baked 'possum and 'taters."—Griffin (Ga.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

The Way of the Negro.

The ignorant, pleasure loving, happy-go-lucky negro of Washington is as carefully discriminating with reference to the payment of bills as the insolvent merchant who is making a list of preferred creditors. The grocer or butcher who trusts him is often likely to want for his money until the ink on the account book becomes pale and illegible, but the professional man—the doctor or the lawyer—always gets his money. He looks upon a doctor with a kind of superstitious respect. The simplicity of his mind makes him an uncanny being who brings about wonderful results by means that can be little short of supernatural. He will bring his last fifty cents to a doctor whom he has employed and force it upon him, whether he wants it or not. "Take it, boss," says he; "I'll be hoodooed if you don't take it." The lawyer is also regarded with awe because of his mysterious connection with the powers of the law, and in most cases has little trouble in collecting his fees.—Washington Critic.

According to Voltaire, forks were in use on the continent in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries. This is disputed. They were not introduced into England until the beginning of the Seventeenth century.

Never Forget

That we take no "note of time," but of its loss.

That they who criticise most are often most open to criticism.

That idleness and happiness may never go hand in hand together.

That the chronic kicker does not always monopolize the kicking business.

That it is better to be buried and not dead, than to be dead and not buried.

That fitness of things does not consist in having your boots well blacked while sitting for your picture, and at the same time leaving your hair unbrushed.

That it is the height of folly as well as the height of fashion, to never care to go to church or the theatre, unless it is presumed that there will be such a crowd that you can only get in with difficulty.—Good Housekeeping.

The Poor Tree.

The local department of this paper fell out of a cherry tree Monday evening, or rather sailed out of it on a broken branch, which was not equal to holding the combined weight of local and a gallon of cherries in a tin pail. No injury was done, except to the tree.—Ashland (O.) Times.

A PARTIAL CRITIC.

"O little girl, whose twenty years
Make you seem none the older
Since that spring day when love's glad tears
Bade Bashfulness be bolder,
Tell me, and have you grown more wise,
Or any more discerning,
Or are you more inclined to prize
The benefits of learning?"

This to my love—a birthday rhyme—
I gave when she was twenty;
Her little head up to that time
I'd filled with books in plenty;
I'd offered Thackeray and Scott,
Shakespeare and some of Milton,
To show her in a measure what
An education's built on.

I'd offered Wordsworth—not too much—
Keats all, and bites of Shelley;
In Browning, whom I didn't touch,
I feared a cause built;
I'd offered Tennyson and some
Of Swinburne, that would go well
As spice with my selections from
Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell.

And now, the fruitful year at end,
The ripe result I sought for,
And wondered if her words would lend
The wisdom that I thought for.
Alas!—yet I confess it fell
Like "Paid" upon a debtor—
Said she, "I liked them very well;
I like what you write better."
—P. Medorst in Harper's Magazine.

Don't Forget Your Opera Glasses.

In connection with the Portland wedding presents, a not unamusing story was current in London. A well known and popular gentleman, on arriving at his club from the theatre, discovered that he had unwittingly annexed a pair of costly opera glasses in a dainty blue velvet case. He at once instructed the hall porter to restore them to the owner, who resided at a certain number in Grosvenor crescent. The servant, however, left them by mistake at the same number in Grosvenor place, where they were regarded in the light of a very handsome and most appropriate wedding present. The owner became uneasy, but the porter was sure he had made no mistake, and the mystery remained unsolved until the lady in question accidentally saw her glasses on the ledge of an opera box occupied by a ducal party. An explanation then ensued, and the matter was amicably settled without the intervention of the lawyers.—London World.

The Blessing of Childhood.

Blessed be childhood, which brings down something of heaven into the midst of our rough earthliness. These 80,000 daily births, of which statistics tell us, represent as it were an effusion of innocence and freshness, struggling not only against the death of the race, but against human corruption and the universal gangrene of sin. All the good and wholesome feeling which is intertwined with childhood and the cradle is one of the secrets of the providential government of the world. Suppress this life giving dew and human society would be scorched and devastated by selfish passion. Supposing that humanity had been composed of a thousand millions of immortal beings, whose number could neither increase nor diminish, where should we be and what should we be! A thousand times more learned, no doubt, but a thousand times more evil. There would have been a vast accumulation of science, but all the virtues engendered by suffering and devotion—that is to say, by the family and society—would have no existence. And for this there would be no compensation. Blessed be childhood for the good that it does, and for the good which it brings about carelessly and unconsciously by simply making us love it and letting itself be loved. What little of paradise we see still on earth is due to its presence among us. Without fatherhood, without motherhood, I think that love itself would not be enough to prevent men from devouring each other—men, that is to say, such as human passions have made them. The angels have no need of birth and death as foundations for their life, because their life is heavenly.—Amiel's Journal, translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Strategy and Tactics.

A battle does not consist, as many imagine, in a grand advance of victorious lines of attack, sweeping everything before them, or the helter-skelter flight of the unfortunate defeated. The historian must so present it in his descriptions, the artist in his paintings. Even the writer of an official account must limit himself to the presentation of such moments as demand special treatment, or to such episodes as involve important and instructive tactical movements. All those events which are less striking, which pass more quietly, but which, nevertheless, contribute to the final result, cannot be reproduced without too much expansion. Those incidents which no account of the battle, official or unofficial, takes any note of, the thousand and one events observed only by the participants, the innumerable cases in which the direction and control of affairs glide out of the hands of the officers—these are the little drops of water that make the mighty ocean of battle and determine victory or defeat.—United Service.

Mistaking a Royalty.

One night at a reception at Mrs. Ronalds' while I was perched upon a sofa watching the brilliant assemblage, I fell into conversation with a pleasant gentleman seated beside me, who was very curious about America and American life. I told him a great deal about America, and said that Americans in England would not at once know how to address people properly. "As for me," I said, "I am as green as a gooseberry on this subject; even if I supposed you were one of the nobility I should not know how to address you." A few moments afterward Mrs. Ronalds said to me: "Mr. Wilder, that's a good thing you've been saying to the Duke of Teck; you've made an impression upon his highness." I replied: "Why, I haven't met the Duke of Teck; the only gentleman I've been talking to is standing over there." "Well," says Mrs. Ronalds, "that is the Duke of Teck." Gracious! I am a little enough fellow by nature, but just then you might have put me in a pint cup.—Marshall P. Wilder's Book.

Paper Pencils.

One of the difficulties which have stood in the way of the substitution of paper pulp for wood in the manufacture of pencils has been the toughness of the paper covering, and its consequent res