PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. L. FRITZ,
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.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Ent's Building, near Court House,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brower's building, 2d floor, room No 1.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office cor. Centre & Main Sts., Clark's building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office, Second floor, COLUMBIAN Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Wirt's Building, 2nd floor, Main St.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

L. S. WINTERSTEEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in First National Bank Building, 2d floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ Pensions and bounties collected.

F. P. BILLMEYER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(DISTRICT ATTORNEY,)
Office over Dentler's Shoe store, Front room,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ROBERT R. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office, COLUMBIAN Building, 2 floor, front room.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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

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

J. B. McKELVY, M. D.,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Office, North side Main Street, below Market,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DR. J. C. RUTTER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, North Market Street,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DR. WM. M. REBER,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Office, corner of Rock and Market Streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS,
Office and Residence, West First Street,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. J. BROWN, M. D.,
Office and Residence, Third Street, West of Market, near M. E. Church,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ Office hours every afternoon and evening. Special attention given to the eye and the fitting of glasses. Telephone connection.

DR. J. R. EVANS,
TREATMENT OF CHRONIC DISEASES MADE A SPECIALTY.
Office and Residence, Third St., below Market,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

M. J. HESS, D. D. S.,
Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, having opened a dental office in LOCKARD'S BUILDING, corner of Main and Centre streets,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
Is prepared to receive all patients requiring professional services.
ETHER, GAS, AND LOCAL ANÆSTHETICS,
administered for the painless extraction of teeth free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS.
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, ETC., ETC.
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.

M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs, Platform Wagons, &c.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
First-class work always on hand. Repairing neatly done.
☞ Prices reduced to suit the times.

W. H. HOUSE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office, Barton's Building, Main St., bel. Market,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
All styles of work done in a superior manner, and all work warranted as represented.
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,
by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
☞ To be open all hours during the day.

FARMS BEST suited. Climate and Location in the South. CHA. Claremont Va. 8-30-d-4t.

The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1889. VOL. 23. NO 35.

BEWARE!

I KNOW of soaps quite fair to see,
Take care!
They can both white and spurious be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust them not,
They are fooling thee!

They claim to be the purest made,
Take care!
They are of an inferior grade,
Beware! Beware!
Trust them not,
Buy the IVORY!

If they are recommended you,
Take care!
The grocer speaks not always true,
Beware! Beware!
Like as not
He is fooling thee!

Some counterfeits are white as snow,
Take care!
Almost like Ivory Soap they show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust them not,
They are fooling thee!

Hold on to that and shun the rest,
Take care!
It is the cheapest and the best;
Of frauds beware!
Trust them not,
Trust pure IVORY.

A WORD OF WARNING.

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.

Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

Eases Pain Instantly.
Strengthens Weak Parts.
Quiets Nervousness.
Fresh Hops, Hemlock Gum and Pine Balsam, prepared and spread, all ready to apply.
Best Plaster Ever Made.

HOP PLASTER

COMPLETELY AND SPEEDILY CURES All Aches, Pains, Soreness or Weakness in the Back, Chest, Side, Kidneys, Shoulder, Neck, Limbs, or Muscles.

Sold by Drug and country stores. 25 Cts. 5 for $1. Mailed for price.

Look for the proprietor's signature
HOP PLASTER CO., BOSTON,
on all genuine goods.

TWO CHOICE SCHOOLS

Brooke Hall,
For Girls and Young Ladies.

Shortlidge Media Academy,
For Boys and Young Men.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.M. (Harvard Graduate),
MEDIA, PENNSYLVANIA (NEAR PHILADELPHIA).

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
North American, of Philadelphia,
Franklin, " "
Pennsylvania, " "
York, of Pennsylvania,
Hanover, of New York,
Queens, of London,
North British, of London.
OFFICE on Market Street, above Main, No. 5.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

M. P. LUTZ,
(Successor to Freas Brown.)
AGENT AND BROKER,
BLOOMSBURG FIRE & LIFE INS. AGENCY,
(Established in 1865.)
COMPANIES REPRESENTED:

	ASSETS.
Ætna Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford,	$9,528,388.97
Hartford, of Hartford,	5,288,609.97
Phœnix, of Hartford,	4,778,469.13
Springfield, of Springfield,	3,699,903.98
Fire Association, Philadelphia,	4,512,782.29
Guardian, of London,	20,603,323.71
Phœnix, of London,	6,924,563.48
Lancashire of Eng., (U.S. Branch)	1,642,195.00
Royal of England, " "	4,853,564.00
Mut. Ben. Lf. In. Co. Newark, N J	41,379,228.33

Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,
Office, Second Floor, COLUMBIAN Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Liverpool, London, and Globe, largest in the World, and perfectly reliable.

	ASSETS.
Imperial, of London,	$9,658,479.00
Continental of New York,	5,239,981.28
American of Philadelphia,	2,401,956.11
Niagara, of New York,	2,260,479.86

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

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.
LEMUEL DRAKE, Proprietor.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE

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

CLOTHING! CLOTHING
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,
Bloomsburg Pa.

SUMMER VISITORS.

How They Are Cared for on Uncle William's Farm—A Lawn Tennis Incident.

"I used to think I was a farmer," remarked Uncle William as he started to kill five chickens for dinner, "but since my relatives and my wife's relatives and their relatives and our many friends took to comin' here to spend their summer vacations I begin to think I ain't a farmer any more. I dunno. Keepin' hotel and restrunt, and house of refuge, and orphan asylum, and insanitarium may be farmin', but it didn't use to be.

"Early last month my wife's sister and her husband and his brother and his brother's wife and the children of both families come down from the city with about two cords of trunks and an appetite for garden sass that me and mother and the hired man ain't been able to more'n half satisfy. Then my sister and her husband, who is sufferin' from general debility or suthin', and their children and a nurse dropped in on us and commenced tellin' what a perfectly delightful farm we was runnin'. Then Lucy's feller and a couple of dudes that used to tend college with Thomas piled in on us. Then a cousin of my wife's brother-in-law and an old feller that said he was a friend of my father's blew in, and a few days ago a chap came along that said he had a patent dingus for ketchin' potato bugs by machinery that he'd like to trade off for board through the summer. I said I guessed I'd ketch 'em by hand this season and that my hotel and restrunt was just about chock up at the present time.

"In fact, I don't know how we could crowd in any more jest now. When me and mother went to the city, one time, they put us up four flights of stairs, and I felt kindy sorry we couldn't be just as perlite when they come to see us, but our house ain't but two stories high and we didn't have time to raise the roof, so we done the best we could. Some on 'em we chucked in the spare room, some on 'em in the side room, some on 'em in the hall, and some on 'em in the garret. Lucy's feller has had to sleep on the planer, the college dudes sleep in the woodshed, and me and the hired man sleep in the granery. Cyrus and Thomas and Henry take their lodgin' in the straw stack, and mother and Lucy lodge with Lem's folks. I never knew what it was before to run a summer resort. It beats conference and camp meetin's all holler.

"They all said they was just dyin' to see us, and I reckoned they was the way they took hold of the provisions. Me and the hired man and the boys spend an hour every morning digging potatoes, shelling green peas and pickin' chickens for the crowd, while mother pieces out the table every day or two to make room for extras.

"The visitors is all the time complainin' about their appetites, but I notice that our potatoes, and our green peas, and our chickens, and our garden sass is in purty steady demand all the time, and that our milk ain't sent to the factory any more. The college dudes and Lucy's feller and the children constitoot the milk factory.

"There is some amusin' things takes place on the farm when the visitors is here. I think I must tell you jest one. Lucy's feller and the college dudes was playin' what they call lawn tennis out in the cow pastur one day when Bill Greenfield's big red critter, Mose, strolled along that way and commenced gazin' at 'em earnestly through the cracks in a stone fence. Me and the hired man was watchin' of him from the potato field and we could see he felt hurt about suthin.

"The boys was waltzin' around the pastur' with their white coats and panties on and when at the height of their enjoyment 'Mose' backed up and started. I never saw lawn tennis when it looked more thrillin'. Me and the hired man jest stood there and watched three streaks of white and a streak of bright red railroad it across the farm, the red gradually approachin' the white and danger signals all along the line. Lucy's feller had the longest legs and commenced to look fer butternuts in the top of a tall tree, but the college boys couldn't trot so fast, and was assisted by 'Mose' to a reserve seat in the blackberry patch. When it comes to red and white colors in a race of this kind you want to put your money on the red mos' generally.

"Runnin' a summer resort is powerful expensive, but there's some things kinder excitin' and interestin' about it once in a while and I guess we'll stand it through the season."—B. H. Colegrove in Jamestown (N. Y.) Sun.

Fleas and Mosquitoes.

Another insect pest that has developed to an unusual extent this summer is the flea. Fleas are as plentiful here now as they are in California, where they led John Phœnix years ago to prescribe as the only protection or cure a coating of coal tar, applied warm to the whole body and patched from time to time when it cracked at the joints. In Brooklyn they, I hear, have a theory that the large Italian immigration is responsible for the present prevalence of the flea. In certain sections of this city the affliction is laid to the Chinamen. I am inclined to think, however, that the weather has something to do with it. This summer has been a combination of rain and roast, mostly rain. The rain breeds the mosquitoes. The heat breeds the fleas. Consequently, as we have had more rainy than hot weather, we have more mosquitoes than fleas.—New York News.

Complicated Relationships.

On Sunday last Miss Ella Clayton was wedded to Albert Phillips. The groom is 56 years old and the bride is not yet 14. A few years ago Cyrenius Clayton, the father of the bride, who was a widower, married a daughter of Mr. Phillips, the groom of Sunday. Each husband now becomes his daughter's stepson and each of the women becomes the granddaughter of herself. There are many other complicated relationships arising from this marriage, and when children are born to either couple the relationship will become much more complicated.—Eatonville Cor. New York World.

Noble Street Singers.

Now that the aristocracy are taking to trade they seem determined to let no industry escape. Even the street singer has titled rivals, for the other night the Marchioness of Bristol, the ladies Hervey, and a few of their friends went through the streets and squares of Belgravia, singing and playing on guitars and mandolins. They tried to suit all tastes, and sang "O Bella Italia" and "Oh dem Golden Slippers!" with equal vigor. The proceeds of the night's work are to be given to the Hospital Sunday fund.—London Star.

Increase of a Bad Habit.

The cigarette habit is increasing. The commissioner of internal revenue collected taxes last year upon 2,151,515,800, which is an increase of 288,789,260 over the preceding fiscal year. The number taxed is a pretty good indication of the consumption. The number of cigars taxed during the last fiscal year was 3,867,385,640, an increase of 22,658,990, showing that the consumption of cigarettes is increasing more rapidly than that of cigars.—Exchange.

LEATHER TANNED BY ELECTRICITY.

American Tanners Hear What Has Been Done in Europe by This Method.

The process of converting hides into leather, as now followed, consumes a space of time varying from six to twelve months. It also demands close attention and good management, as well as experience. Great care has to be exercised in the selection of material, else a lot of choice hides are found at the expiration of the tanning season to have deteriorated into second or even third quality leather. Tanners, and leather dealers generally, are accredited with being very careful and conservative in all their business methods.

With these facts in view it is not surprising that when it was reported from France that leather was being tanned by electricity, American tanners regarded the statement as a newspaper sensation. Twenty-four hours was considered pretty quick work for even electricity. It was not until the doubting Thomases had seen and felt that they believed. But now since tanning by this process seems an assured fact it is no longer regarded as a sort of transatlantic offset to our electric sugar refining. Every item that can be gleaned is thoroughly discussed and every source of information eagerly sought. That the earlier efforts in this direction were failures is true, but this was largely owing to a lack of electrical knowledge on the part of the inventors. They were unable to economically produce an effective current. And again, many experiments were necessary to learn the strength of the most effective current. But this in time was learned, as was also its most economic means of production. Only a uniform current will give good results.

The process, as described by those who have seen it, is a very simple one. The hides are placed in large cylinders, which revolve upon horizontal axles. The drum is filled with a decoction of tannin and closed. Provision is made for the passing of a current of electricity through the drum. The drum is kept slowly revolving until the process of tanning is completed. The length of time required varies with the nature of the hide. For the lighter skins, such as sheep and goat, which used to require from three to six months, by the electric process are tanned in twenty-four hours. The heavier hides, such as calf, ox, cow or horse, require from seventy-two to ninety-six hours. By the old fashioned bark process twelve months or even more would have been taken.

The cost of production is greatly reduced by this method, for not only is the saving in time, but in labor. The actual cost of working is reduced over 50 per cent. By the bark process the cost of tanning is from seven to eight cents per pound of dry leather, as against that of three to four cents by the electric methods. And again, where a force of fifty men were required to produce a given quantity of leather, only ten are needed to produce the same by the new methods. Heretofore large capital has been required to run a tannery having a regular weekly output. As hides often require to lie in the tan vats nearly a year, it will be seen that a great number must be in process of tannage in order that a certain amount of leather be turned out each week. In addition to extensive plant, heavy investments are represented by the hides in tannage. But the electric process completely revolutionizes this. Hides purchased on Monday have been converted into leather and put on the market by Saturday.

Just what effect the electric current has upon the tannin is as yet a question of dispute. Some claim that its affect is upon the tannin, giving it more active properties. Others say that it effects the hide only. Professor S. P. Thompson, who has examined the process, thinks that the effect is to open the pores of the hide and so permit a more rapid access of the tannin solution. Another claims that the current renders the gelatine more soluble, so that it is able to combine more rapidly with the tannin. There is reason to believe that there is truth in both these statements, from the fact that the leather is much more pliable and of greater strength than that of the long process.

A company has recently been formed in England which is preparing to tan quite extensively by electric process. They will have an exhibit of their leathers at the Paris exposition, as will also the French Electric Tanning company. Our visiting tanners, leather dealers and shoe manufacturers will no doubt view it with interest. One of our largest leather dealers has decided upon a Paris trip, especially to learn more of this, what he termed a few months ago a new fangled idea.—New York Mail and Express.

A Bird That Dances.

Macon has the most remarkable bird in the known world, being nothing less than a musical gander. This wonderful bird is owned by some negroes living in the vicinity of the gas works, at the foot of Mulberry street. For several weeks the employes of the gas works, as well as the electric light works in the same neighborhood, have been seen to stop every evening on quitting work and surround a lot of little negroes who daily congregate on the square near the railroad embankment. Yesterday a Telegraph man determined to see the cause of the gathering, and on proceeding to the locality found the little negroes engaged in "patting" with all their might and an old gray goose in the center of the circle dancing, first on one foot and then on the other. The gander seemed to enjoy the dance, and, though it might read like a "fake," was keeping most excellent time to the rude music of the children. For an hour or so that fool goose will dance to the patting, always stopping when the children cease their music, and seems always ready to resume. Any one who will take the trouble to go down to the gas works any of these evenings will see the wonderful goose.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

An Empress' Economy.

The Japan Weekly Mail, in a recent issue, observes that the empress of Japan has long shown an extreme interest in all the charitable institutions of Tokio which are devoted to women and children. Especially is this the case in regard to the Tokio Female hospital, which has proved so useful to the poorer classes in the capital that larger premises became necessary, while the funds were insufficient for the purpose. Her majesty cast about for some methods of giving effectual assistance to the institution, and at last decided that she could best do so by exercising strict economy in her personal expenditure and devoting what could be spared to the hospital. As the result of one year's saving, her majesty has just bestowed a sum of 8,446 yen, 99 sen and 8 rin on the institution. This amounts to about $7,500. A sen is equivalent to a halfpenny, and contains 10 rin. "There is something picturesque," observes The Mail, "about these sen and rin. They represent an account minutely and faithfully kept between her majesty's unavoidable expenses and the benevolent impulse that constantly urged her to curtail them. Such gracious acts of sterling effort command admiration and love."

Could Not Buy Her Love.

A singular case was tried in Justice Patrick's court, two Italians, Martin Petreck and Santos Cordova, being principals. Cordova was the self assumed guardian of a pretty, dark eyed Italian girl. He clothed and educated her, and intended some day to make her his wife. About April 1 Petreck appeared upon the scene and also fell in love with the maiden, and proposed marriage, but the young lady told him that Santos had claim on her affections. Petreck asked Santos what he would take for love and affections. He set the price at $150, and a bargain was made. Petreck paid Cordova $50 in cash and gave him a note for $100, payable in two years, for which consideration Cordova gave up all claim to the maiden.

Petreck was not as happy after the transfer as he expected to be. The maiden did not lavish upon him the same affection that she had shown Santos Cordova. He got tired of the bargain and wanted to trade back. He finally secured the note for $100, but Cordova was obstinate as to the $50 which had been paid in cash. A suit was the result. The court decided that an illegal contract had been made, the terms of which could not be enforced. Cordova won the suit, and the plaintiff had to pay the costs. The maiden thinks Petreck had a mercenary motive in the affection, and still clings to Cordova, her first love.—Tacoma Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Illuminated Water.

For a long time the illumination of cascades by the electric light has proved a never failing source of pleasure to the public; the lighting up of the Falls of Niagara, in this way, remarks an exchange, is one of the most beautiful spectacles that can well be imagined. But this method of illuminating falling water has lost its novelty, and a new idea, which was put into practice a few years ago in London, has taken its place, and is now adopted for the illumination of the fountains at the Paris exposition.

This is to imprison the luminous ray within the liquid jet, and that so perfectly that each particle of water becomes, as it were, incandescent, while the whole system is transformed into a brilliant mass of molten gold or silver of any color that it may be desired to impart.

Before the eyes of the astonished spectator the jets of water suddenly change in the intensity of their light and color; luminous in themselves and sparkling like a display of fireworks in the darkness, they throw innumerable sparks in all directions, but, unlike a display of fireworks which lasts only for an instant, the effect can be prolonged for any desired time. The variations in the luminous intensity, as well as in the power and heights of the jets, combine to give a special charm to the effects produced.—New York Telegram.

Our Legation in London.

The official quarters of the American minister in England would be a disgrace to the United States if they were no bigger than Henrico county. A small tin sign beside a door in a tall building in Victoria street contains the legend that this is "The Legation of the United States of America." You are fortunate if you can find the place, for no one you ask has ever heard of it. Some think it is at a steamship company's. Having found the place, you ring a bell. After a long time a maid opens the door. You say you wish to see the American minister. Instead of showing you into an ample office she waves her hand towards the back of the passage, where it is narrowed by the stairway, and with a sniff disappears. You wander darkly back and find a door with a card signifying that this is "The Legation" of the great country from which you hail. The upper panel is of smoked glass, to admit a ray of light into the passage, but as it does not enable you to see you feel until you find the bell, when you ring again. This time a messenger opens the door and you are ushered into "The Legation"—three or four dim, dingy little rooms—with old, worn tables and chairs and old, faded, worn carpets. There is not an insurance office in Richmond which is not better furnished.—London Cor. Richmond Times.

SHE CAN FISH.

Mrs. Brownell, of Bath, Kills an Eight Pound Salmon Trout Scientifically.

Few women include in their summer outing outfit fishing rods and an extensive selection of tackle. Prominent among the few who do is Mrs. Brownell, of Bath. Her rods and tackle are chosen with special care as to quality, and are not carried as an ornamental appurtenance, but for real practical use.

Mrs. Brownell is an enthusiastic and scientific angler. She has the record this season of killing the only salmon trout ever taken in Keuka lake on a six ounce rod. Salmon trout ordinarily lie in the deepest water, and the regulation tackle is a heavy hand line and troll, or a stiff rod rigged with heavy line and a gang of ten hooks, on which is impaled a small fish known as the saw belly. This bait is a fish with glittering scales, and is attached to the hook dead.

The rig is known as the Seth Green gang, Seth Green having introduced it among the Keuka lake fishermen. It is trolled, like the spoon, in deep water with a heavy lead attached to the line, which is let out from two to three hundred feet.

Mrs. Brownell was fishing for black bass near Gibson's, using live bait. She had landed a number of bass, when she had a strike that surprised her. She had hooked the fish, and instantly knew that it was not a bass she had fastened, for it dashed furiously for the deep water toward the middle of the lake. Although it was an almost unheard of thing for salmon trout to be feeding in the water where she was fishing, she was convinced that this was a salmon trout that she had hooked, and she quickly governed herself accordingly. Her husband was with her in the boat, and started from his seat to assist her, but she quietly told him that she wanted to get that fish, and consequently the best thing he could do was not to get in her way.

There are few anglers, no matter how experienced, who could have successfully handled, with such light tackle, the tugging, struggling, dashing fish that was doing its best to tow Mrs. Brownell and her boat out into the lake, but she manipulated the fish with such skill that with all his strength and cunning he failed to catch her off her guard, so that he could snap the delicate line and leader to which the elastic rod and its masterly handling alone gave sufficient strength to hold him. The fish fought for half an hour, and then gave up. Mrs. Brownell reeled him to the boat, and lifted him over the side with her own hands.

The fish was a splendid specimen of the salmon trout, and when laid out in the boat stretched from one side of it to the other. The trout weighed nearly eight pounds, and would have been a prize that the sturdiest angler with the regular unbreakable salmon trout tackle would have made his boast for days. Mrs. Brownell took the honors of her catch modestly, and finished the day by killing a number of thumping black bass.—Hammondsport Cor. New York Sun.

MITCHELL'S SAD CASE.

Abducted and Married, and Now Seeking Divorce from Whomever He Wedded.

Last week a young man named Mitchell applied to the courts for a divorce. If his tale is true, something should be done for him on account of the wrongs he has suffered and the patience with which he has endured them. Mr. Mitchell tells the court that just about a year ago he was wandering beneath the pleasant shades of Evanston, neither thinking nor doing ill, when two strange men accosted him and told him they were detectives and had a warrant for his arrest. He followed them submissively to a place where they met a third man, who told Mr. Mitchell he must go at once to Chicago and there be married to a young woman whose name, he says, he had never before heard. He was so paralyzed by this information that he made no effort to get his freedom. He did not cry out and implore the aid of the bystanders. There would have been humanity enough in Evanston to rescue him from his impending doom if he had cried out that he had been kidnaped and was on his way to the altar of sacrifice.

He was carried to a Chicago hotel and there locked up. Instead of ringing the bell, getting a boy and sending him for the police, this remarkable young man waited in gloomy patience for the inevitable. He did not stick his head out of the window and cry for help, nor scribble a note telling of his forlorn condition and throw it into the street hoping that some one would pick it up and hasten to his relief. He did none of the things which innocent young men do when they have been snatched away from their friends and immured in gloomy dungeons. At last there came a minister whom he had never seen before and a young woman who was quite as much of a stranger to him. A marriage ceremony was performed, though he frequently interrupted it with his protests, and when it was over he was told to go his way, which he did, and since then he has been musing over the whole inexplicable affair. He has not seen his wife since, and doubts if he would know her.

It is an unpleasant position for a man to be in to know that he has a wife and yet not know who or where that wife is. For all that he knows she may suddenly begin to run up bills in his name. She may compromise his honor. She may burst in upon him when he is in the pleasant society of ladies or is having a jolly time of it with men, and claim him as her own. A wife lurking somewhere in the darkness is a constant menace. A man in such a plight may meet and fall in love with his wife, and apply for a divorce from her, so he may marry her. All this Mr. Mitchell put up with for a year, and finally asked the court to put him out of his misery.

The nervous young men of Chicago, after reading Mr. Mitchell's story, will probably turn pale when they think that what has happened to him may happen to them; that they, too, may be abducted and married. Heiresses have often been carried off and given husbands against their will, but if young men, especially wealthy ones, are exposed to a similar fate in this enlightened age, in a city like this, western civilization is a failure. Instead of carrying arms to protect themselves from robbers, men will have to carry them to defend themselves from detectives, ministers and brides.—Chicago Tribune.

Germany's Emperor as a Baby.

It is interesting to read her majesty's opinion of her grandchild, now Kaiser Wilhelm II, when he was a baby. At the baptismal functions neither Prince Albert nor the queen was able to be present, and the latter, in her own peculiar style, wrote to her uncle, King Leopold of the Belgians, as follows: "Oh, uncle! it almost breaks my heart not to witness our dear first grandchild's christening. I don't think I ever felt so disappointed. And then it is an occasion so gratifying to both nations, and brings them so much together." The queen's introduction to her first grandchild took place about some twenty months later, when she wrote: "He is such a little love! He came walking in at Mrs. Hobbs' (his nurse) hand, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine fat child, with a beautiful white, soft skin."—London Standard.

The Great Chocolate Makers.

The reaping and other agricultural machines shown at the Paris exhibition have been tested on the great farm, at Noisiel, of Mme. Menier, the head of the chocolate making house, she having put her land and harvests at the disposal of the jury. The manufactory at Noisiel turns out about 40,000,000 pounds of chocolate a year. The tin paper with which the cakes are covered costs $100,000 per annum, and the work of wrapping up the cakes gives employment to 600 women. The Meniers have their own railway to meet the main line; they have their own cocoa plantations in Nicaragua, and they grow their own sugar. They employ 1,500 workmen in all, whose children receive a gratuitous education, and who get 6 per cent. for all savings they confide to their employers. The house started in 1816.—Chicago Tribune.

One Trust Fund.

Trust funds certainly are sometimes well applied. Thus, a fund of $20,000, bequeathed in 1860 by Jonathan Phillips to the city of Boston, the income of which is to be "annually expended to adorn and embellish the streets and public places in said city," has given to the city fine statues of Josiah Quincy, John Winthrop and Samuel Adams, and otherwise has been used for the adornment of the city.—New York Tribune.

A Big Ox.

Presumably the largest ox in the world is on exhibition at the Bourbon stock yards in this city. He stands eleven hands high, is eleven feet in the girth, five feet from brisket to top withers, three and a half feet across the rump, and weighs 4,000 pounds. He has been exhibited at all the fairs in this section.—Louisville (Ky.) Telegram.

The Irish scientific expedition, which has been trawling in the Atlantic ocean, has returned after a successful voyage. One day the voyagers struck against a dead whale with a crowd of big sharks tearing the carcass to pieces. The scientists at once lowered a boat and with their rifles fought the monsters. They killed two of the sharks, one of which was taken on board the steamer. The scientists state that the present exploration has been far more successful than any of the four previous ones. They succeeded this time in obtaining larger takes of rarer specimens.—Court Journal.

Married Five Times.

Dr. Burke, of Walton county, Fla., who is 96 years old, is the father of thirty-nine children, five of them being girls. He has been married five times. One of his wives was an Indian, of whom six of his children were born. The old gentleman, who is humpbacked, carries himself well for his years, and says that he is at all times ready to go, having done his duty by his country. His residence is near De Funiak springs.—Herald of Health.

Horses Killed by Ticks.

A remarkable and disastrous plague to stock is now raging in Daviess county, Ind. During the last few weeks a number of farmers in various parts of that county have lost some of their finest horses. An investigation as to the cause of the strange occurrences brought to light what seems an incredulous state of affairs, but has proved an absolute fact. It was found that ticks are actually killing horses, which the pests attack in great swarms, and suck the blood from the animal until it is helpless and is relieved of its sufferings by death. Examinations show that the pests eat their way through the hide into the flesh. It is thought the ticks were brought by the Texas ponies, which have been sold here in the last few months. The ticks attack cows, but do not seem to have the same effect as on horses.—Exchange.

A Novel Turnout at Long Branch.

The funniest turnout down here is a veritable tub—one of those basket things, you know—to which is hitched the fastest of little ponies, rejoicing in the name of Venus. Whenever the owner of this trap wishes it to appear, in a loud voice so that the entire household may enjoy it he calls out: "Put Venus in the tub!" As the gentleman is singularly handsome, he is generally known to his women friends as Adonis.—"Bab" in St. Louis Republic.

She Can Outride a Comanche.

Miss Johanna Kemler, a belle of Paradise Valley, Nev., has set out for Paris. She rides any animal that wears hair and hoofs, and cares no more for a saddle than does a wild Indian. She is as much at home on the side of a galloping steed as on his back. With her horse at full speed she can pass under his neck and come up on the other side, a feat that few Comanches care to undertake.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

A Millionaire's Floating Palace.

A strange looking craft appeared off the ocean front a day or two ago, being pulled along at a slow pace by a tugboat. The fog was so dense that not even the many seafaring people around could make out what it was. Some suggested that it might be Noah's ark, sent here by the Almighty in anticipation of a flood; others said it was the floating palace from Coney Island, and others even made the foolish remark that it was one of the houses carried away during the Johnstown flood. It finally reached the bar buoy on Thursday night, and yesterday morning was brought into the inlet on the flood tide, when its true character was disclosed to the curious throng in waiting. It is a magnificently appointed boat house, on the lower floor of which is snugly resting a very handsome steam launch, which can be run out at pleasure. The name of this floating palace is the Falcon, and it is owned by Mr. Alexander MacGaw, a prominent and wealthy bridge builder of Philadelphia.—Atlantic City Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A Feline St. Bartholomew.

A terrible carnage of cats has been organized at Corbeli, not far from Paris. Two persons living in the town were bitten by a local "tabby," which was declared rabid by a veterinary surgeon, whereupon the destruction of the town pussies en masse was decreed by the inhabitants. It is to be hoped, however, that the good people who have organized the massacre will be brought to their senses before they pave the way for a plague of rats and mice, a contingency to which their present wild and extraordinary conduct would seem to point. In the meantime the victims of the "rabid cat" have started for M. Pasteur's laboratory in Paris.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Silver Point Sketching.

Mr. Charles Sainton is hard at work at his silver point sketches, which are to be exhibited at Dowdeswell's next October. Forty pictures will be required altogether, and the artist is about half way through already. A silver point is simply a sketch made on prepared paper, with a bit of silver mounted in a holder in lieu of a bit of lead. The effect is extremely delicate, and many of Mr. Sainton's portraits look like faces seen in a dream. The study of this art is said to be deeply absorbing, and it possibly owes some of its fascination from the extreme care requisite in its execution. Erasure is impossible, and a false step can never be retrieved. Mr. Sainton's sketches are varied in character, and the select party of friends who were recently invited to view his work at his studio were much delighted at the delicate effect of the pictures, all set off by white enamel frames.

A large decorative sketch of a nymph floating over a limpid lake, followed by a fairy sprite, was exceedingly well composed, and there were portraits of society beauties and heads of artists' models. But by far the most effective thing in the whole collection was the danseuses, sketched from memory at the Empire. The medium is particularly suited to the transparent draperies, fairy like effects, and the graceful figures, with their floating skirts and star crowned hair, are beautifully brought out against a soft shaded background. We may safely predict a great success for Mr. Sainton's exhibition, which will probably revive a taste for this fascinating art.—London Star.

Their Sixtieth Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse S. Butler, of this city, as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. C. Luther, celebrated on Tuesday the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. They were married at Albion, Orleans county, Aug. 6, 1829. Mr. Butler has passed an active business life, and now, at the age of 82, enjoys life at the family home in East Washington street. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Butler, of Pompey, each of whom died at the age of 93 years, lived till past their seventieth marriage anniversary, and two of his brothers and two of his sisters lived with their partners for periods varying from fifty to sixty-three years. Mr. Butler and one sister, Mrs. Ella W. Boss, of Fabius, are the last surviving members of a family of eight children.—Syracuse Courier.

The "Foreign Devil."

An anti-sewing machine guild has been formed by the Chinese tailors of Hong Kong. A Chinaman who had joined the "party of progress," and had been using the sewing machine, was recently waited upon by a deputation from the guild and requested to pay to its members thirty taels as compensation for using the "foreign devil." He refused and was instantly assailed. The police saved his life, but he is not quite so eager now to use the sewing machine.—New York Tribune.

The Koburger Bible.

The latest addition to the private collection of antiquities, curios, old manuscripts, in possession of Gen. Charles W. Darling, of Utica, N. Y., is a perfect copy of the Koburger Bible, printed in folio by Anthony Koburger, of Nuremburg, 1483. Previously to this time printing had been done mostly in Latin, although in 1480 the Italians began to print with Greek and Hebrew types. Anthony Koburger was distinguished for his learning as well as celebrated for the elegance of his printing. He was likewise a very extensive book seller, and had large book stores in his own city, Lyons, and in many other of the great European cities. In twenty-six years he printed thirteen editions of the Bible, twelve in Latin and one in Greek, all large folios, and extremely beautiful specimens of the art.—New York Times.

A Sure Sign.

Merritt—I'm afraid Cora's love for me isn't just what it might be.

Giles—That's nonsense, old boy. She fairly idolizes you.

Merritt—I don't know so much about that. I gave her a costly present last night, and before she thanked me she ran up stairs to show it to her mother.—Judge.