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That's the story we're telling you now. A depreciation in prices, not in quality.

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The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1890.

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THE FOOT OF A RABBIT.

A WASHINGTON MAN WHO CARRIED ONE FOR GOOD LUCK.

He Fell Down Stairs, His Wife Became Ill, a Case Was Decided Against Him, and for a Whole Week Everything Went Wrong—Then He Threw It Away.

If a man ever tells you there is luck in a rabbit's foot, believe him if you want to, but don't let him, under any circumstances, present you with one as a souvenir to carry for luck. If he attempts it, be sure it is because he has a grudge against you, and desires to get even in a roundabout manner.

There may be good luck in some rabbits' feet, but the particular one which this story concerns was the quintessence of misfortune, and its possessor is a hollow eyed picture of despair, whose every movement has been productive of calamitous results.

Two weeks ago the owner of the charm was in the best of spirits and on good terms with himself and the world, and prospering. For a week the nightmare of ill luck has clung to him with the grasp of the old man of the sea, and cannot be shaken off.

AN UNHEEDED WARNING.

He came into the possession of the furry article which wrecked his happiness in a somewhat peculiar manner. It was presented to him as an emblem of luck by one of his friends, and he carefully tucked it away in his vest pocket. A third friend who was standing by remarked at the time: "If I were you I would throw that cursed thing as far as I could. It's certain to bring ill luck. I am usually not superstitious, but I wouldn't carry one for a thousand dollars."

The pessimist was heartily laughed at for his foolishness, and ridiculed as a prophet of bad luck. "Wait and see," was his laconic response to the other's badinage. Had that friend been listened to and his advice taken, this story would never have been written.

It was Saturday evening when the gift was received, but nothing eventful happened that day. When the possessor of the talisman went to bed he began to think of the words of warning he had listened to and it began to trouble him. He could not sleep for a time, and when he finally fell into a fitful doze it was only to see big and little rabbits' feet obstructing him and barring his progress in whatever direction he turned. They seemed to overwhelm him and crush him down, and when he awoke with a start it was to hear his wife calling him to breakfast. He arose, haggard and worn out. Sleep had been a burden rather than a rest, and in consequence he was snappish and out of humor.

The breakfast was a succession of growls. He grumbled at everything until finally his wife, who was unaccustomed to see him angry, anxiously inquired what was the matter. He gave her a curt reply, that sent the tears to her eyes and her lips to quivering, and left for his office without his usual farewell kiss, something he had never done before since his marriage.

It was Sunday, and, of course, none of his clerks were at work. He could not find any of the correspondence he desired, and this made him more angry. Finally he thought again of the rabbit's foot. "It must be that," he soliloquized, "but I'll keep it just for spite and see how far it will work its spell."

Coming down the stairs from his office, he slipped and fell, and badly sprained his wrist.

When he reached home his wife was sick, and so the doctor had two patients instead of one. Sunday night was but a repetition of the previous one, filled with bad dreams, and when the morning dawned the possessor of the emblem was thoroughly fatigued in soul and body. He determined to get rid of the rabbit's foot, and when he reached the street threw it on the sidewalk. In a moment he felt like a new man, and his former buoyancy of spirits returned. But, alas, fate had more misfortunes in store for him, and he had not proceeded half a square before a colored urchin touched him on the arm and, holding the fatal rabbit's foot toward him, said, "I seen you drop it, sir, and I thought you might want it."

There it was, confronting him like a nemesis. It would have been easy to have told the boy to keep it, but he did not do this, and moodily walked down to his office. The day was a succession of unlucky events. He did not receive a considerable sum of money he confidently expected, an important case in which he had a large contingent fee was decided against him, and his clerk was taken ill, so that it became necessary for his employer to do his own work, which he managed to get through at a late hour with the assistance of a stenographer and typewriter.

His wife was considerably worse when he returned home and he was compelled to remain up all night with her. The rest of the week was a repetition of the two days he had passed. When Saturday came he was careworn, fretful and anxious about his wife's health, for she was dangerously ill, and there were grave fears as to her recovery. His business had gone wrong and every thing he did seemed to turn out exactly opposite to what he desired.

Then he determined to get rid of that infernal rabbit's foot. Its influence had undoubtedly contributed a great deal to his moroseness, and he was well nigh ill. Into the stove he threw the foot and watched it burn with considerable pleasure. He was rid of it at last.

Strange to relate, his wife began to improve. He felt on better terms with himself, and his life returned to its normal channels. It may be that a rabbit's foot is not unlucky, but there is one man in Washington who will never carry one again for good luck.—Washington Post.

Logic.

Jaggs—Have a cigar, Baggs?

Baggs—No, thanks.

"But this is one of those you gave me yesterday."

"I know it."—New York Sun.

The Troublesome Father-in-Law.

Among the Piutes it is always the father-in-law that makes the trouble. Every married Piute is always glad of a visit from his mother-in-law. He welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of the mother-in-law gives him a double team, where before he had only one animal. He hails her appearance with delight, and piling a jackass load of wood upon her willing old back, sends her into town with his wife, similarly packed, to peddle out the fuel and bring back to him a supply of money for his favorite game of poker. The Piute father-in-law is no use as a wood packer, nor will he gather grass seeds or pine nuts.—Virginia City Enterprise.

A PARABLE.

The things that just about us lie
Are all that we can mark,
When light is lessening in the sky
And twilight turns to dark.

But when from sight close darkness bars
The faces next our own,
O heaven, with thy million stars,
Our eyes see thee alone!

—Charlotte Fiske Bates in Congregationalist.

Spartan Sociology.

Every student of history knows that the Spartans worshiped the beautiful and the useful, and that they took the means to get them. Bodily perfection and mental activity were attained by well appointed exercise and healthy parents. The sickly and the constitutionally diseased were not allowed to marry; the healthy were punished if they did not marry. Men that were unmarried after a certain age were excluded from the society of women, and once a year were exhibited in public as a warning to other and younger men. Young men and young women were not allowed to marry before they had attained maturity or cut loose from parental leading strings. This Spartan system, which was purely for the welfare of the state, was in force for 500 years, and no braver nor stronger men, no more healthy nor more beautiful women, were ever seen than in old Sparta. Few would wish to see Spartanism revived in these days, but we may learn some valuable lessons from that ancient state.

We may also learn something from our newly born sister republic, Brazil, where there is a remarkable and self imposed family custom in regard to marriages in the higher classes. The man about to marry is required to furnish a certificate from one or more physicians that he is free from diseases of a certain class, and that he is free also from all signs of any of the diseases that are transmissible to the offspring, and further than this, the physicians must testify that so far as they can learn there is no reason to believe that the marriage will be otherwise than in accord with sanitary laws. We, as a people, are taking more interest in the proper kinds of physical culture than before. Our women are coming to know that they can dress just as well without distorting their bodies and imperiling their health. But the day of the truly sanitary marriage is a long way off. Meanwhile a great many people are getting married that should remain single.—Chicago Herald.

Instruments of Torture.

It is stated that the renowned collection of mediæval instruments of torture at Nuremberg has been sold to a London company. Prima facie we should doubt that the municipality of a town so famous for its antique relics would be willing—or, indeed, would be permitted—to dispose of a collection unique, so far as we know. Nor do the projects of the London company, as described, incline us to faith. But the report is circumstantial. Our enterprising fellow citizens propose to exhibit their treasures in the chief towns of Europe, and then to put them up for auction. Furthermore, it is asserted that the authorities of Berlin already look forward to the sale, and meditate buying the lot in bulk.

Doubtless an exhibition of appliances for torture, authenticated by at least the belief of generations, would draw prodigiously. It is strange how few instruments of the sort survive possessing serious claims to confidence. Our own specimens in the Tower are just as authentic as the block on which, as the worthy beef eater declares, Anne Boleyn lost her head. It is easy to understand that the governor or officials in charge of an old state prison would destroy such terribly irritating objects if they had time, when threatened by events that might lead to an exposure. Thus we are not surprised to learn that no machinery for torture was discovered in any of the Inquisition buildings that have been seized. But there are so many cases where it seems improbable that they would have removed or broken them up, that one is led to suspect the executioner may have kept his smaller instruments, at least, in his own quarters.—London Standard.

Uneasy.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." One wonders that the czar of Russia does not follow the example of Charles V, and free himself from a life of continual apprehension. Is the life worth living which must be sustained by such precautions as those narrated below? Yes, if thereby one serves his generation. London Truth says:

It was given out that he would be the guest of the German emperor at the Marble palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss.

Finally, only one day before the emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his majesty would alight at the Russian embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the emperor whenever and wherever he travels.

There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search.

The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both day and night.

A Relic of the War.

Capt. Tip Harrison had an interesting war relic at the capitol Friday. It was an old battle flag worn thin and pierced by many holes. The story of the flag was told by Capt. Harrison: "When the war first broke out," he said, "I was a boy of 17 and was living in Bartow county. There were a number of boys of my own age who were anxious to join the army. These boys organized into a company, and we called ourselves the Bartow cadets. When, however, the time came for us to go to the front, many of the boys' parents would not let them go because they were so young. I had thirty-five left, however, and with these I meant to report for duty.

"In Bartow at that time a company of older men had been formed, under the command of Capt. Redding. They were called the Stewart Guards. I consolidated my company with the older one, and we took the name of the Bartow Guards. I was first lieutenant of the joint company. Just before marching away Miss Florida Fort, who is now Mrs. William A. Rawson, made the flag and presented it to us. Gen. Clement A. Evans was offered the position of major of the Thirty-first Georgia regiment if he could bring two companies into the service. He took our company for one and raised another, but we were still known as the Bartow guards, and carried this flag, which had been presented to me as our company colors, until the Confederate battle flag was adopted, then sent it home to my mother, and she has kept it as a memento ever since."—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, the last of a family that came over in 1685, is said to be still living in a house, in Dedham, Mass., that was brought over in the year mentioned and located on its present site at that time. The Fairbanks scale men came of this family.

VOL. 25. NO. 2.

A NEW KIND OF FISH YARN

A PISCATORIAL EXPLOIT WHICH PROVED PROFITABLE.

A Real Live Fish Caught and Cooked Under Water—How a Diver's Ingenuity Brought Him Fame and Won a Friendly Wager—A True Story.

"It was this way," replied Mr. George W. Fuller, the veteran diver, sitting back in his chair and half closing his eyes as if to recall all the circumstances of this most curious of diving experiments. "You see, I had been talking with some of the boys, telling them about what I could do, and all that, and, if I remember rightly, I made the assertion that I could catch a fish, dress it, cook it under water and bring it up to the surface in good shape for eating without wetting it a particle. Of course everybody was incredulous, and one man who was even more incredulous than the rest offered to bet me $100 that I could not do it. As I thought I had a pretty sure show of winning, and the man seemed anxious to bet, I put up my money, and when asked when I wanted the affair to come off, I set a day about a week ahead, as I had some preparations to make.

Taking a couple of my men I got a boat and went quite a distance out into the harbor, stopping over a place where I thought I should be able to catch a fish easily. I had brought a weighted barrel along with me and my diving suit. The barrel we then proceeded to sink, having the open side downward. Putting on my suit I went to the bottom and securely fastened the barrel to some rocks with ropes to make sure that it would neither rise to the surface nor float away. Mind you, I had the barrel raised about three feet from the bottom, and at this time, as a matter of course, it was filled with water. After I had secured it I stooped down and crawled up into it, standing erect upon the bottom. When I crawled in the barrel was full of water, but as I staid under there minute after minute, the water began to be driven out little by little, this being caused by the air which was issuing from my escape valve rising to the top of the barrel, and not being able to go any farther it, as a matter of course, kept forcing the water down. Soon my head was entirely out of water, and soon my chest was out.

"Then I unscrewed my helmet and stood in the air under the barrel. As it was being fed constantly from the pump above, the water lowered until there was not a drop in the barrel, and I was standing in only three feet of water. I had one of my patent lanterns with me so I could see what I was doing, and taking a hammer, nails and a small board, which I had brought down with me, I proceeded to nail up a small shelf at one side of the barrel of the height so that when my lantern was set upon it it would be convenient for me to look down on the top of it. This done, I put on my helmet, got out from under the barrel, and went up to the surface once more. All my arrangements were completed, and all I had to do now was to wait patiently for the day of the trial to come off.

"It dawned at last, bright and clear, and a considerable party of gentlemen embarked with us, to either see this, as they supposed, great feat performed, or to see me fail in my attempt to make good my assertion. I impressed it upon the mind of the party who had bet against me that to perform the feat it was very essential that I should go under water at a place where I could be reasonably sure of catching a fish, and he left it with me to select the place. Of course I steered for the spot where I had the barrel anchored, and, stopping near where I thought it would be, I put on my suit and prepared for the descent. I took with me my lantern, a small stew pan, pepper, salt, etc., and my fish hook.

"By the way, you never saw a man catch fish under water, did you? Well, it is quite a simple operation. You don't really use any hook at all, but a long line with the big sail needle on the end of it. When you are on the bottom and see a fish, good care must be taken to get behind him. Then cautiously edging up to him, you make a quick jab with the needle, and if you are a good shot your fish is caught. Then all you have to do is to push him up on the string, which must, of course, be knotted on the end, and you are ready for another one. It was one of these needles that I had, and I was very successful in not having to occupy much time in catching my fish, for I had scarcely struck bottom and got my bearings when I saw one directly ahead of me, and I succeeded in getting him impaled upon my needle in short order. Then I crawled under the barrel and, setting my lantern on the shelf, waited for the water to lower. I had not long to wait, however, and soon my helmet was hanging on a nail which I had hammered into the side of the barrel for that purpose, and I was busily cleaning the fish with my jack knife, which I forgot to mention I had brought with me for that purpose.

"This done, I unscrewed the top of the lantern, which, as you know, is quite a large one and has a big flame. This lantern is fed by a small air pipe from above, the same as a human being is, and as I could live and breathe freely under the barrel, of course the lantern could burn brightly, too. Placing the pan, which fitted exactly into the top of the lantern over the flame, I placed the fish in it and he was soon frying away at a great rate, while I soon made him palatable with salt and pepper.

"After it was well fried I shut off the blaze in the lamp and screwed on the cover, leaving the stewpan and the fish inside, where they were sure to keep perfectly dry. Then, putting on my helmet, I got out from under the barrel and gave the signal to be pulled up. I had been gone only a few minutes, and the people thought as a matter of course that I had come up to say that I could not catch the fish, never dreaming that I had caught it, dressed it and cooked it already. They were very much surprised when, on taking off the lamp, I showed them the fish steaming hot and well cooked."—Boston Globe.

Channel traffic between Dover and the Continent continues at highest human tide. No less than five extra mail packets are now employed to convey passengers, making sixteen in all.

Jewels in the Temples.

The Buddhists in Burmah do not consider the question of expense in beautifying their temples. Here is the description of the new vane of a pagoda at Rangoon: The vane is about 3 by 1½ feet broad, and thickly crusted with precious stones and lovely fans of the red Burmese gold. One ruby alone is worth 6,000 rupees, and there are several hundred rubies alone on this beautiful thing. On the tip of the iron rod on which works the vane is a richly carved and perforated gold ornament called the Semboo. It is somewhat egg shaped and a foot in height, tipped by an enormous diamond encircled by many smaller ones, crusted on like barnacles. All over this exquisite oval object are similar clumps of diamonds, no other stones being used for this part.—Exchange.

SHE SAVED HIS LIFE.

A Little Girl's Present Stops a Bullet and Prevents a Soldier's Death.

I was merely a child when the war broke out, but being a good operator on the sewing machine I was able to do considerable work on uniforms for the soldiers.

I heard old Dan Poynette, an elderly man who had just enlisted, say one day that he dreaded neuralgia in the head more than the enemy's bullets, so I made him a scarlet cap out of an old night cap that had belonged to my grandfather.

There were some scraps left over, out of which I concluded to make him a pinwheel, putting two silver dollars in the inside that I had saved up.

He tried on the cap, declared it would be the saving of his life, wondered that he or his wife had not thought to make one, and, taking up the pin holder, asked what it was, and cried out at its heft. "What has the child got in it?" he said, balancing it on his hand.

"Oh, if you ever get hungry just take it to a sutler's tent and—eat it," I sung out, dancing away on a hippety-hop.

Early on the following morning the boys marched gayly away.

Again we went back to picking lint and watching the telegraph dispatches. Then the air seemed to fill again with recruiting officers, more men had been called for, and we saw brave boys marching up and enrolling their names. There was news of battles, and the awful words, "Killed," "Wounded," "Missing," flooded the land with tears.

In one of the lists we read the name of Dan Poynette among the wounded. We thought pityingly of the wife and children and offered them all the help possible. There were many calls for help in those days, and every heart was sore and bleeding.

"Dan has three wounds," his wife told us, "not any of them fatal. He expects to get entirely well, but he says tell the little one he has a minie ball lodged just over his heart, flattened against a pinwheel, if you know what that is, I don't."

I clasped my hands in ecstasy. Then my silver dollars had saved his life. I had builded better than I knew. I think the knowledge would send a thrill of pleasure through the consciousness of one grown staid and reserved with years, but to me, an impulsive child, it was simply delightful.

Dan never grew entirely well, as he had hoped, but was given an honorable discharge and sent home with a knee that would never bend again.

On the evening of his first day at home he came hobbling over to our house, wearing his bullet riddled uniform, to show us the dent in the outer silver dollar of his pin holder.

"I don't know that I ever killed a man," he said, looking down to me with a smile; "I hope not, though I shot at them. But I'd rather be in your place, little one, and know for sure that I had saved a man's life than wear a general's straps." He had been promoted for bravery and given a colonel's straps, so I took my compliment proudly.

"The nightcap saved me many an ache, I know, for I have not had an attack of neuralgia since I began to wear it. I'll never be without one again, but it was the money that saved my life. There is nothing between me and a trench in Virginia, but that," he said, holding it out in his hand.

Mrs. Poynette came across the room and, stooping down, kissed me. I fumbled in my small pocket for a handkerchief, but failing to find one slipped out when no one noticed and mopped up my eyes on the corner of my print apron.

"It's an awful jolly thing to save a man's life," I muttered, "but (sniff) it (sniff) sorter makes one feel kinder funny."—New York Journal.

Speculative Theories of Population.

In a paper contributed to Science, Gen. M. C. Meigs calculates, upon the past ratio of increase, that in 1990 the "possible" population of the United States will be 1,292,357,000. Of this enormous prospective population he estimates the inhabitants of African descent at 85,957,000, or 1 to every 14 whites.

As the whole area of the states and territories, including water surface of lakes and rivers, is nearly 4,000,000 square miles, the figures of Gen. Meigs would give 323 inhabitants to every square mile in the United States in 1990. This is a greater areal population than that which is contained in any country in the world at the present day except little Belgium, the inhabitants of which number 481 to the square mile. Even hoary India has only 311 inhabitants to the square mile; and for every square mile in the teeming Chinese empire there are only 84 inhabitants.

But experience has shown that, beyond amusing the speculator in theories, such calculations have little value. Except in stationary and half civilized countries, like India and China, rational tendencies are constantly operating to prevent an excess of population from encroaching on the means of living. The early growth of a new country such as the United States or Australia affords no criterion for estimating its population a century or a half century hence.

There are vast and fertile regions in Africa, South America, and other parts of the earth that are yet unpeopled; and the means of cheaply distributing surplus populations are rapidly increasing. Long before 1990 the people of the United States may be stirred by the same impulse of emigration that tends to arrest the growth of populations in most of the countries of Europe.—Philadelphia Record.

Senator Sawyer.

All the representatives from Wisconsin look on Sawyer as their patron saint. The old man eats a big luncheon every day in the senate restaurant, and he never eats alone. As a rule, three or four of the elderly senators may be found with him, and merry groups they make. Senator Sawyer has recently finished, or rather occupied, one of the most beautiful houses in Washington—a veritable castle.—Walter Wellman.

The Baboon as an Epicure.

The baboon, writes The Graaf Reinet Advertiser, seems to be changing its nature with the changing climatic conditions. In former years he was a vegetarian, his worst offense being stealing mealies in the garden when he got a chance. Now he has taken to other ways of getting a livelihood. Said a farmer the other day to a brother farmer, "Have you lots of honey on your farm?"

"No, the baboons rob all the nests."

"How do they do it? the bees would sting them to death."

The answer was that probably the baboons did the work in the night, when the bees were drowsy, sleepy and dull. Anyway, he believed the baboons got off with the swag of honey wherever they could get at a nest. Then Mr. Peter Booysen, of Moolfontein, has his story to tell of the new development of the baboon; it attacks the wild aloe, pulls it down and tears out the pith for food. Mr. Booysen, St., does not object to this, as he would be glad if all the wild aloes on his farm were cleared out by any means whatsoever. The special wish of the father and son is that baboons would take to some food providing operations which would get rid of the prickly pear.

But as the substance of the leaf and of the trunk of the prickly pear is nothing but water, the wish is not likely to be gratified. Anyway, the poisoning clubs have classed the baboon with the wild carnivora, and the rifle and arsenic are now busy to destroy him.

Farmers give interesting instances of the difficulty of poisoning the baboon, the fellow being about as "slim" as a human being. One farmer believes the fellow tastes the poison as prepared and disguised for him, and if he finds it is not a good thing for the stomach spits it out. That farmer, however has succeeded in giving the arsenic such palatable surroundings that the shrewdness of the baboon is not proof against the palatable temptation and dies.