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The Columbian.

LOVE'S ANALYSIS

From which it springs;
If ye would gauge the secret depth and force
of hiden things;
The searching heart must be attuned aright,
The spirit capable of lotty flight
On Filing's wings.

Bo fathomics: illimitable; grand;
Love's bound or measure
Can ne'er be traced on either sea or land;
That peerfest treasure
Is Life's pure light, transparent and refined,
The rescate tinge of Hope and Truth combine
Willi chartened pleasure.

High as the glittering orbs that roll in space,

Deep as the sea;
Wide as the wind sweep over Nature's face,
Joyous and free;
Pervading Heaven and Earth, the choirs above
Echo the music of thernal love
And sympathy.

The costly gem, entombed for countless days.
Within the mine,
But half conceals the iridescent rays

THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

Mrs. Quiverfull was tired: Mrs. Quiv-

rfull was not well. The girl, after giv-

heard in all your born days, had told her

she was no lady, and had flounced away

with her bandbox in her hand, shaking

her fist on the corner and anathemizing

the humble cottage from the back plat-

form of the car as a place not fit for a

decent gurrel to stoop to live in. Conse-

quently Mrs. Quiverfull had executed

her own washing, performed her own

cooking, accomplished her own dish

washing and velocipeded her own baby to

the accompaniment of what she described as a raving headache, and was not in the

numor to greet her lord and master with

the beaming smile recommended in

'Guides to Young Matrons," and other

nent of those who are married, princi-

Indeed, not only did she fail to smile.

"Going, indeed!" with a tragic expres-

included—away in despair.
"Girl gone?" asked that gentleman, as-

suming a serious demeanor and pulling his feeble red mutton chop whiskers

He was one of the few who still cling

with tenacity to those curious outgrowths

of the masculine cheek, and are rather

"Words cannot describe how she went

or the filth of the kitchen," said Mrs.

Quiverfull. "I've been crawling over it on my hands and knees to scrub it, and

there is a nest of rats in the dresser drawer and a curtain of spider webs

over the window, and her three Saratoga trunks right in the middle of the entry,

not sent for yet. And she has left her hairbrush in the refrigerator and her

"Dear, dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Oniver-

"Take those children from under my

full. "Now what shall I do for you?

heels," said his lady, "if you want any

pot of pomade in the meat safe."

How can I help?"

excellent works written for the improve

pally by those who never were.

day?" and answered:

Will brightest shine.
--Philadelphia Ledger.

Of light divine; So Love will sparkle in the darkest night, And in Misfortune's care becouded light

If ye would trace Affection to the source

G. E. ELWELL, J. E. SITTENBENDER, Proprietors.

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ow Bros & Co sto

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Burry and happeness. New Historical Circular Press. SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.M. (Harried Graduals, Principals, Media, Pa. MES. &WITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE.
HEMLOCK C H Dettterisk hotel

H B Hirleman store LOUUST Nath us Knorr hotel
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E H Whitner slore
II M Youum store
Livingston Yeiger hotel MADISON Charles Reichart store.

Boyd R Yetter hotel
W M Longenberger store.
A W Shuman hotel
U J Campbell store.
Allison Derr store.

GP Stiner store
C W Tyrner totel
A B Stewart store
A M Dewit store
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Fleekenstine & Bro store
C W Low fertilizers
J B Delong stoves and theware
II W Low lumber.
IN Smith stores and theware.

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E P Albertson hotel.

E Hess store...

John lush restaurant.

Skitz & Co store...

J W Perry hotel.

A Cole & Son distillery.

Yorks & Herring store.

Tony Bush store.

B D Cole store.

Benjamin Lewis hotel.

R J Force store...

C Richart store.

C Richart store...

J C Smith pool table.

Appeals will be heard at the Commissioner noe in Bloomsture on the 7th day of June 1890, between the hours of 9a. m. and 4 p where you can attend if you think proper.

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"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheamatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken iil with "One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

> "Well," said Mr. Quiverfull, who had eaten a slice of bread and a cold boiled egg at noon, and had had a long journey from his office to his suburban cottage and was desperately hungry, "well wife let, just a bite of something when it is

"Oh, I've no doubt. Nothing disturbs "Oh, I've no doubt. Archive, a man's appetite," replied wifelet, who was a head taller than her spouse and weighed considerably more. "If I were

at death's door you could gobble."

Whereupon she flounced into the kitchen, and Mr. Quiverfull, somewhat injured as to his tenderest feelings, for his

wifelet had never used him thus before, formed the five small specimens of young floor, together into line, headed them with the baby on his shoulder and marched them into the garden, where he played with them until his wifelet thrust er head out of the window and re-"After all my toil and trouble he in ends to let the meat get cold before he

"Certainly," said Quiverfull to himself, "Amelia is upset today."

But all he did was to marshal his host

in doors and help to incase each in a blue check eating apron, and he tried to be cheerful, poor man! and he praised the dinner, and he told a funny story that Stibbs had told him, and he helped to wipe the dishes afterward; but nothin soothed his wifelet or restored her to he usual condition of mind. She had made up her mind that her lot was hard, that she had made a mistake in marrying small clerk in a small drug store, that fate had afflicted her in bestowing five boys upon her and in recently adding a girl baby. All day she had been envy ing a maiden lady opposite, who sat in her luxurious apartment fanning herself and reading. What a happy fate was and reading. What a happy fate was hers! She had an immense income. She boarded, she were diamonds, she was driven out every afternoon; she had no cares and responsibilities.

Later, when she had retired, the baby sleep in her arms, and the five little Quiverfulls in their cots and cribs in the next room, she listened to her husband's small, peculiar snore, like the purr of a contented kitten, and scornfully curled her nose in the darkness. "Why couldn't I have waited for

marry a red headed little man like that I wish I was Miss Stickleback." "If you really wish it, you can be," said a little voice at her elbow, and open ing her eyes widely, Mrs. Quiverfull saw a little old lady perched upon the pin

ushion in her work basket. She was a very little old lady indeed not more than two feet high, and wore a Watteau dress and powdered hair. She was fanning herself with a fan made of humming birds' feathers, and she laughed

as Mrs. Quiverfull prepared to cover Ler face with the sheet.
"You need not be afraid of me," she

said. "I am your well wisher. You have never believed in fairies, I suppose? Well, now you see one. I am a fairy. heard you bemoaning yourself a little while ago—regretting that you were not Miss Stickleback, and wishing yourself rid of your little red haired husband with a small salary, your five big boys and your squalling infant. I can't blame you, either, a pretty woman like you. You weren't made for dish washing and dinner getting. Mise Stickleback does have a good time, but she wants a bus-

spinster, she the overworked married "I-don't like," faltered Mrs. Quiverfull-"I feel"-"Oh, I don't, either," sighed Mrs.
Oniverfult "Column".

band and offspring, so, if you like, FI say a few words, wave my hand and

change you. You shall be the wealth:

VOL. 25. NO 23.

"You would like a change," said the

fairy.
"Yes," said Mrs. Quiverfull.
Suddenly there was a ringing of bells in her ears—no, not quite like bells, either; rather the number of a swarm of bees. She was rising, floating, flying. She opened her eyes upon a room full of pale, rosy light. The perfume from a bunch of jack roses came to her. The quilt that covered her was of softest silk; the sleeves of her nightgown was of rich lace. She recognized the lovely lounging chair in which Miss Stickleback lolled half the day. The fairy had kept her promise. She had become the free happy, rich Miss Stickleback.

Shortly a maid entered the room and whispered that the bath was ready if

What a delightful bath! what delightful towels? what a delicious breakfast afterward? The post brought invitations to lunches, to afternoon tens, to theatre parties. What a happy life! And here was the new novel, and time to read it in. But as she flirted the pages a little voice called, "Good-by, papa," and peep-ing out of her window she saw a little man with red whiskers come out of the gate of a tiny cottage, followed by five little boys. He kissed them all round and jumped each one over the fence. Then there was a pretty woman in a blue calico wrapper with a baby in her arms, and she fixed his cravat for him, and he ng her such impudence as you never kissed them both. Then he stopped on the corner and waved his hand before he

"Oh, it's Jim!" cried the false Miss Stickleback. "Oh, it's Jim! It's my husband! Oh, oh, oh! There are my children! That's my baby! No, I mean it isn't me. I'm somebody else. Oh, oh, dear! Oh, dear me! Oh!" "Are you ill, miss? Can I do anything?" impered the maid, popping in at this

"You can go away," said the trans formed Mrs. Quiverfull, snappishly. The maid vanished.

"What shall I do?" mouned Mrs. Quiv-erfull. Instead of a plump brunette she beheld a slender blonde in a morning "Jim never would believe it was me it

but she positively frowned when Mr. Quiverfull jokingly tickled her under her chin and cried: "Well, wifelet, how swore it!" she exclaimed, wringing her "And she would not give hin up, I know. Oh, let her alone for that! Oh, miserable wretch that I am!" has the world been going with you to-"Miserable already?" cried a voice that hnew, and there on her dressing table sion and appropriate gesture, as of cast-ing all earthly things—Mr. Quiverfull

stood the little old fairy. "Haven't you money? Haven't you fine clothes, a maid, plenty of friends—all that heart can wish? Aren't you Miss Stickleback, us you wished to be?"
"Did I wish it?" moaned poor Mrs.
Quiverfull. "Oh, what an idfot I was,

Quiverfull. "Oh, what an idfot I was, when I had a lovely baby, and darling children, and such a dear, dear husband as my Jim. Now I'm all alone in the Change me back.

The old fairy shook her head, and Mrs. Quiverfull in despair threw herself wildupon the bed.
"Give me back my husband! Give me back my children! Give me back my

baby!" she screamed. "Here it is," said somebody.
"Had a nightmare, wifelet? Well, I never! Thought some one had stolen baby? I only took it down stairs so that you might sleep a bit. I've made the fire and the coffee. Feel better?" "Oh, I'm at home," sighed Mrs. Quiv-

erfull, clutching the infant. "I've got you safe—I've got them all. What a happy woman I am! Come and kiss me, woman I am! Come and kiss me, Jim. Really, have I got you?

"I've been thinking, Amelia, that per haps I wasn't much of a husband," said Quiverfull, relieving his feelings at last. That you were a little tired of me and of getting along on such a small salary and all. It's not a very lively life"—
"Oh, Jim" said Amelia, "don't say that. I was cross yesterday, but I wouldn't be anybody else but me for anything. Nobody else has such a nice husband and children, and as for ba

"She is a wonder!" said Mr. Quiver And from that day to this Mrs. Quiverfull has never envied Miss Stickleback and, though, to be sure, all that about the fairy was a stupid dream, has never uttered any rash wishes aloud.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

A large New York firm suspected a porter of stealing goods. They sus-pected and watched and waited for years, but couldn't trap him. Detec-tives were then put on the case, and in three days found stolen goods to the amount of \$1,400. He had carried them away under his clothing.—Detroit Free

Fond Mother (gently)-Dear child, do ou really care for Mr. Chasepenny? Sue (demurely)—Ye—yes, a little. F. M.—But he is so—so very parsimo

nious; so dreadfully close Brother Tom (cruelly)-Entirely too close, I thought, as I passed the parlo: door last evening.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Prospectors in Winston county had a est exciting encounter with reptiles, ne known. It is well known that for county, and travelers have told of the remarkable number of huge snakes to be on under a certain rock. Climb up to e rock above the don, and seemingly thousands of snakes appear below, writh-ing about as if in agony, entwined about each other in an indescribable mass. If a stone is dropped down into this den an odor arises which, it is stated, almost renders those above unconscious.

A party of prospectors visited this not ed den and one of them, having heard the story of the sickening odor emitted from these reptiles, concluded to test it and dropped a stone. The odor was more sudden than usual and stronger than ever known before, and the prospector, it appears, being unable pel its effects, became dizzy and fell into companions looked over the precipice and saw him fall among the snakes and then supposed that he was killed. But when he struck the shelf of rock which was occupied by the snakes he rolled off and fell, his body striking the branches of a tree, where he lodged. As he fell from the den it was seen that a snake was clinging to his arm, another around his body, and still another around his these were all knocked off by the branch es of the tree which he fell into.

His companions ran at once to the bot-tom of the mountain, then went back to the tree, which they climbed, and found the unfortunate man alive, but unconscious. They took him to a neighboring cabin, and it was found that, while he was considerably bruised and had a bro-ken arm from the fall, none of the snakes had kitten him in any exposed part of the body, and he was not injured by his thrilling experience except, as stated, from the fall.—Alabama Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Should Say So.

Miss Minnie—Was the play pathetic?

Mr. Banklurk—I should say so. Why, even the seats were in tiers. - Harper's LAWS OF OTHER DAYS.

METHODS OF TRIAL WHICH WERE MORE IN FAVOR THAN BY JURY.

Plaintiff and Defendant Compelled to Battle with Clubs from Dawn Till Darkness-Modern Instances of Demanding the Combat.

At the present day, when the jury system is receiving so many hard knoc as from lawyer and layman alike, it is in teresting to turn back the pages of his tory and read of a procedure in vogue in early English courts, especially when that procedure has survived to our own Nineteenth century. Of the trial by ordeal, wager of law and trial by battel-the three modes of trial then in general use—the last attracts our at-

Trial by battel—"an unchristian as well as a most uncertain method of trial," as Sir William Blackstone tersely describes it—was introduced into Eng-land by the chivalrous, battle loving Normans. It was used in only thre cases-trials of write of right, appeals of felony and in the court of chivalry, the last two the parties appeared in person, in the first by champions. combat a level piece of ground was set out, sixty feet square, inclosed with lists. On one side sat the justices of the court of common pleas, attired in their scarlet robes, with the learned sergeants of the law near by, to lend dignity to the scene. When the court sat, which in those early days was at sunrise (Heaven save mark!), proclamation was first made for the parties and their champions. Then the champions, armed with staves an ell long, and protected with leather armor and leather targets, with red sandals on their feet, and bare legs, arms and head, were escorted into the lists by two knights. Having sworn to the truth of the cause, and having taken an oath against sorcery and witchcraft, the champions then fell upon each other, bound to fight till the stars came out, or

ged from the knee downward, and bare

who carried a red baton of an ell long

ing a target made of double leather

Although the trial seems to have fallen into "innocuous desuctude" early in the

Seventeenth century, it was never abolished by statute. So, in 1818, in the

reign of George III, we find a defendant taking advantage of the existence of the old law. In that case, Ashford vs. Thorn-

ton, 1 B. and Ald. 405, an appeal of fel

follows: 'Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body.' And

thereupon taking his glove off, he thre it upon the floor of the court." Lo-

Ellenborough, the chief justice, delivered his opinion as follows: "The general

aw of the land is in favor of the wager

the law as it is and not as we may wish

it to be. Whatever prejudices therefore

may justly exist against this mode of

trial, still, as it is the law of the land

the court must pronounce judgment for it." The counsel for the appellant, after

this opinion, stated that he prayed for no

further judgment, and the prosecution

Here was an excellent opportunity for

a revival of the old practice; but parlia-ment, fearing a rapid extension of the old method of trial by battel, stepped in

and abolished it forever.

It is said that quite recently in Penr

at its said that quite recently in Pennsylvania a raling was given in favor of the plaintiff, sustaining some obsolete technicality. Thereupon the defendant, ising a firm believer in consistency, claimed that if mediseval practices were to be enforced at all they should be enforced in toto, and accordingly he demanded trial by battel. As the defendant was a diminuitye Dutch tailor, the point was not pressed buckets, and

the point was not pressed, however, and the Pennsylvania court was relieved from what might have been a painful predica-ment.—The Green Bag.

Revised Version.

who furnish their parents with interest-ing and amusing anecdotes. One Sunday

afternoon she came to her mother and begged for a Bible story. Her mother

was reading, but Katie begged hard, and

at last said: "If you will tell me a Bible

a real good one, too.'

Do you think that is fair?"

Little Kate was one of those children

of battel, and it is our duty to pronoun-

ony, the appellee, we read, "pleaded as

other extreme.

by hanging.

was stopped.

d bare arms to the elbow be

which he was not long in doing .- Jay Gould's History of Delaware County. A Veterau Now a Tramp. The queerest pair of tramps that Phil-adelphia people ever looked upon stood till one or the other was defeated or forced to cry "craven." If the combat at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets and begged alms from the passing throng. Both men supported themselves on crutches. One had only a stump of a leg, and the other mendicant's right limb turned out to be a drawn battle, the demandant failed; for the tenant, having maintained his ground, could retain bos ession of his land. was minus the foot and ankle. Their clothes were desperately shabby, and they seemed so utterly woe begone that the Italian bootblack offered them a The smoothness with which justice usually took its course is shown by the account of an important trial by battle in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the last reported trial of this nature in which the stake was the possession of land. At a dime, which was promptly accepted. Little else money came their way until the closing of the matinee at the Walnut certain day and place the champions were summoned to appear, "at which street theatre. day and place," we read, "a list was made in an even and level piece of

Presently there came along a tall and well dressed man, who put a silver quar-ter into the palm of the one whose leg er into the palm of the one wh ground, set out square, sixty feet on each was closely shorn off. He had hardly side due east, west, north and south, and made the gift before he wheeled around and looked the recipient of it squarely a place or sent was made for the judges of the bench without and above the lists, in the face. "I ought to know you, my man," he said. and covered with the furniture of the same bench in Westminster hall. And "And I know you, colonel," was the about the tenth hour of the day three

SOME OLD FASHIONED STOCKS.

Millionaire Jay Gould Tells About Some of Their Uses Fear New York. It was not till 1796 or 1797 that a church was erected in Harpersfield. It

was built from contributions made by

terial of some kind, such as hewn timber,

terial of some kind, such as hewn timber, boards, shingles, etc., being so very poor at the time that few could formish any money. The same year a place was built called stocks, and a whipping post prepared by Isaac Pierce for the purpose of inflicting punishment on any who had been charged with crime and found guilty of the same by a jury. A good deal of curiosity was exhibited, especially among the fair sex, to get a glimpse of the ordeal, and after they were completed Alexander Harper, who

were completed Alexander Harper, who was fond of an innocent joke, invited

his wife to accompany him and examine the stocks, which were so arranged that

by placing the criminal's foot in and making it fast he could not escape. He therefore requested his wife to put her foot in, telling her that "that fool of a

Pierce had made them, and they would

She put in her foot and he let down the

block, locked the same fast and walked

off amid the hearty laugh of the specta-tors and her own earnest entreaties, but soon returned and rolessed her. It was,

however, regarded as a rich joke for many years afterward. But one person

was ever whipped at the post and he soon left the county. It may be remark-ed in this place that three whipping posts were erected in Delaware county

at about the same period—the one al-ready mentioned, in Harpersfield, one on

the place now owned by ex-Sheriff Thomas, but then in possession of Silas

Knapp, who kept a grocery there for several years, and the other near Col.

There was but one person whipped, as

I have been able to learn, at either of the last named whipping posts. This person was one Turner, a carpenter by trade. The charge which was brought against him, and which he finally confessed, was

stealing some fifty pounds of flour be-longing to Ezra Hait, from Squire Rose's

mill. After sentence was passed he was fastened in the stocks, which were con-

structed of heavy plank, hollowed out above and below sufficiently to contain a

man's legs when the planks were shut together. They were secured by a lock. He was left in the stocks for a day, fur-

nishing a good mark for the boys, who showered him with rotten eggs. The next day he was taken out and fastened

to the whipping post, when the remainder of his sentence, fifty lashes, was inflicted,

when he was allowed to leave the county,

Dimmick's in Middletown.

not hold any one."

justices of the bench repaired to the place in their robes of scarlet; and there, 'Were you not wounded at the battle of Charles City Cross Roads?"
"I was shot there, but I fought it

public proclamation being three times made with an 'Oyes,' the demandants through and got my serious wour first were solemnly called and did not der your command on the morning that come; after which the mainpernors of the Gen. Lee surrendered." champion were called to produce the champion of the demandants' first, who "Today is the anniversary of the sur came into the place appareled in red sandals over armor of leather, bear leg-

render," said the colonel. He plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out a pile of silver and some paper money. Selecting from the lot a \$5 note, he it into the hand of the vetwho had turned mendicant, and wended his way up Walnut street.—Philadel-

tipped with horn, and a yeoman carry The two champions were then led around "You Never Visited."
A gentleman who lives out at Edge-water was starting for town the other the lists to the place where the justices sat, and all was ready for the fray. The demandants, however, did not appear and the flow of blood was prevented norning and he had occasion to cross the ailroad track on his way to the station. Jogging along before him on the road was a peripatetic peddler, who was evi-dently a Hebrew. The latter had a bony horse, which ambled along in some way. The cause went against them by default, and final judgment was given for the tenant. The report concludes: "And then solemn proclamation was made that the champions and all others there pres and the wagon in which the peddler sat was a very rickety affair. The Edgewaent (who were by estimation above four thousand) should depart, every man is er man heard the whistle of a train as the peace of God and of the open. And the wagon neared the track and he know hat the morning express was due, but this they did, all crying with one accord, 'Long live the queen!' "-a conclusion as remarkable in one extreme as the conthe Hebrew jogged on and apparently did not hear the train. As his rig struck the track the engine of the express dashed by and caught the rear wheels clusion of the earlier trial had been in the Trials by battel in appeals of felony There was a cry and a crash. were very similar to those upon writs of water man rushed toward the crossin right, except that in the former the oaths taken by the parties were more solemn ust as the bewildered peddler pulled timself away from the wreck of his stock in trade. Straightening himself up and the defendant or appellee meant death gazing after the fast receding train, he shook his finger at the rear coach and

said, reproachfully: "You never vistled!"
—Chicago Herald. Speaking of symmetry in the building of cities, the people of Berlin, Germany, are quite logical and successful in their ethods. In that city uniformity in nilding is preserved by a municipal law that dictates the height of edifices ac ording to the width of the street. For instance, on a street sixty feet wide the law provides, I think, that houses over our stories in height shall not be erected hereon. On streets eighty feet wide the ight is six stories, and on n proportion, thus giving tall houses to ride streets and less altitudinous build ngs to narrow streets. I may not have centioned the exact dimensions of treets and houses, but that is the gen eral plan of the system. By this means great and, I think, attractive uniformity s secured.

Again in Berlin the people cannot build esidences or business houses anywhere solidly and compactly simply because the law compelled buildings to be creeted adjoining each other either on the south, north, east or west extensions. A cannot build a tall minaret on some isolated tot away from B, but he must, in order o build at all, secure the land adjoining he last house built, in either direction and when C comes to build he must folow suit. These two provisions of the Berlin municipality law tend to make it he most uniform city in the world.—H

There is a kind of tin mug called the gamelle, in which the French soldier re-ceives his rations, and which he carries on his knapsack. The form is a little peculiar, so as to distinguish it from other ordinary tin mugs. A simple im-

Her mother related the story of San son and the lion, and of the bees which came and stored their honey in the lion's the emblem Scarcely three days had elapsed before reat jeweler of the Rue de la Paix had undresls of "tin mugs" in silver, gold "And now what is the Bible story you and jewels as pins and badges, which sold immediately as the "tin mug of Orare going to tell me?" she asked.

With perfect gravity Katie began at leans," and were worn all over Paris. A popular florist designed a vase in the the beginning and repeated the story which had just been told to her, using shape of the "tin mug," and presented the first specimen to the prince, who her go through it, and then said: sent it to his bride, Margaret de Chartres, filled with roses and lilies of the valley. But that is the very story I told you. In the meanwhile all Paris is sporting the soldier's tin mug in the tri-color, an mamma!" the child answered quickly, "this isn't the same story at all, for my bees were bumble bees."—Youth's

nament to remember him by.

element which, carried on the backs of French soldiers, has marched so often to victory, and of late to defeat, has at last received its reward in its glorification. When the young Duke of Orleans came before the court, and exclaimed: "I ask for nothing but a gamelle," meaning nothing but the treatment of a common soldier, the public readily seized upon