# The Columbian.

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J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1890.

VOL. 25, NO. 24.

### A THANKFUL PARSON.

A pious parson, good and true,
Was crossing o'er the seas,
When suddenly there fiercely blew
A wild and sweeping breeze.
He feared the storm the ship would wreck,
His heart was sore afraid.
He sought the captain on the deck
And found him undismayed.

The captain saw his awful fear
And led him up to where
The servant of the Lord could hear
The sailors roundly swear.
"You clearly see," the captain said,
"If danger hovered nigh,
They'd all be on their knees instead
And asking grace to die."

The parson felt his words were true,
And when the skies grew fair
He marveled how the sailors knew
Just when to pray or swear.
But when the seas which wildly flowed
Had ceased to plunge and spout,
Unto himself he said: "It showed
They know what they're about."

But later on another storm
Came fiercer than before.
The parson heard with wild alarm
The ocean's angry roar.
He sought the deck in awful dread
To hear the sailors get.
He listened—then he bowed his head—
"Thank God, they're swearing yet."
—Chicago Herald.

## MICKEY FINN'S TRAGEDY.

The noiseless, automatic wind was soughing through the little strip of piney woods on Cooney Island near the upper left hand corner of Stumpy Field. All day long the rays of the August sun had beaten down on the dry grasses and drooping wild flowers in the field. The air was tremulous with heat, and the wide expanse of landscape which could be seen from the back stoop of the Finn shanty showed no sign of life. A lazy butterfly with gaudily painted wings floated hither and thither on the zephyrs which drifted out from Lindsley's wood.

A great bumble bee nestled in the shade of the leaves of the sweetbriar bush close by the shanty, from which it flitted a moment afterward as though scenting greater sweets within, and lighted on the rubicund nose of Mrs. Finn. There was a pause like that before a storm. There was a swipe of the big red arm, a blow of the big fat fist on the side of the glowing beak, but the bee had skipped.

It was no uncertain memory which the bee had left behind upon that proboscis. Little by little the nose swelled to enormous proportions, and by the time that Mrs. Finn had reached the cracked mirror in her dingy bedroom the swelling had spread to her cheeks, her eyes, her long double jointed ears, and to that huge cavern which she called her mouth.

"Ow, wow! Millia murther!" she screamed, as she caught a sight of her phiz in the glass. At that moment the bumble bee came buzzing around her head again. Driven wild by the pain in her nose, Mrs. Finn shot out her fist at random and struck the looking glass square in the middle. There was a crash, a scream and a gush of blood. She had cut the artery in her wrist. She fainted, and before she came to she had bled to death.

The bumble bee buzzed on.

* * * * * * *

The wind soughed an extra sough through Lindsley's wood, and the water in the pond seemed troubled and wept. Nature mourned. She little knew what a sad old time she was going to have or she would have got right up and howled.

Mr. Finn came ambling in a zigzag fashion towards the shanty. He had been liquidating at Mullen's groggery. He had a suspicious looking tin can in his hand, which he set down carefully near Mickey's pansy blossoms. Then he smiled, not with ghoulish glee, but with a satisfaction born of the hope that the old Billy would meet his just deserts by and by. The old man turned his giddy footsteps into the shanty.

Again the wind soughed a mighty, mighty sough. These soughs don't cost a cent, and are only put in to fill up the time until Mr. Finn gets into his bedroom and throws off his jumper. He saw his spouse upon the floor, but he did not give her a second thought, concluding, naturally, that she had only one of her old time jags on.

"Phere the divil is that bye?" he cried, starting for the door. He was greeted by an avalanche of bees that had been summoned by the bumbler. They made a fierce onslaught upon the old man, but the liquor in his brain gave him an artificial courage to fight the foe. He struck out wildly in every direction, but the bees had come to stay and sting.

And they did sting.

In an instant the old man's face was puffed up out of all recognition, and his hands were as big as hams. He staggered back to the bedroom, and just as the wind in Lindsley's wood twisted an extra sough out of a large green bough he fell across the prostrate form of his wife.

In a moment he had joined the adult angels. The couple had been united in life, such as it had been, and the exordium of fate was complete—they were united in death.

And the bees hummed a requiem outside the cottage.

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Over the brow of a hill gamboled the old Billy. He had long cherished a deep sea green hatred for Mrs. O'Brien, and he was going to have it out. He saw her chopping wood near her shanty. Her back was toward him. His eyes glistened. He lowered his head until his long beard trailed on the ground, and made a rush for the enemy.

* * * * * * *

When Mr. O'Brien came home that night he found his wife dead, with an ax handle sticking through her diaphragm.

Hic jacet!

* * * * * * *

The schoolmaster was the next to cross the path of the infuriated goat. Now, alas! the old pedagogue is sitting on a damp cloud, a Green's grammar in his hand, Mickey Finn's well thumbed A B C book in his hip pocket, and a heavenly smile on his face.

"Gone, but not forgotten!" (G. W. C.)

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Little Mickey, the angel of the Finn hearthstone, came gayly tripping along a shaded pathway in Lindsley's wood. At that moment there was a fearful sough in the green fingers of the big pine, and a premonition of approaching disaster entered his little heart as he made cowboy tracks for home.

Poor little Mickey!

He sat on the side of his little trundle bed, looking at his puffed up parents, and a small tear trickled down his sad little nose, like a drop of dew on a squash, as he realized that he was an orphan.

To his childish mind the desolation was complete, and he saw no reason for lingering longer on the blue, moldy sphere.

Poor little Mickey!

His eye caught, through his flowing tears, the garter on his mother's mammoth knee.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho!" he shrieked with a maniac's lukewarm laughter, "fate has decreed. I must hence to join them."

To slip the garter from his mamma's knee, hitch it around a rusty nail over the door, and put it around his little neck was the work of an instant. In another he was strangled, and through the open door came the echo of another sough.

* * * * * * *

Three minutes after the old Billy sneaked into the Finn yard. He espied the can which Mr. Finn had left near the pansies. He lowered his head again and made a rush for it. It was full of dynamite.

Kismet!

* * * * * * *

As the sun sank in the west like a ball of red fire that evening Mickey Finn's tame crow lighted on the chimney of the ruined shanty. There were tears in his eyes and his sable breast heaved convulsively. He gazed over the scene of desolation, wiped his eyes on his wing and dived without a moment's hesitation down the mouth of the still smoking chimney. As he disappeared from view he croaked in a hoarse, strained voice:

"Nevermore!"

* * * * * * *

The wind continues to sough at the same old stand in Lindsley's wood.

[Mr. Jarrold has evidently killed off all his characters except the sough of the wind, which he still hangs on to. Now that the Finn family are dead, Mr. Jarrold will turn his attention to his Irish reminiscences.—A. F.

Later—Since the above was put in type Mr. Jarrold has indignantly denied any share in the authorship. He says that the Finn family are alive and well. —Ed.]—The Journalist.

### Leaving a Noisy Legacy.

"I once rehearsed a super in Philadelphia who bored me nearly to death by tales of his ability to play the cornet. He was wildly desirous that I should listen to one of his fantasies, and I consented, making an appointment at my hotel for the following Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. He came promptly to my room at the stipulated time. I might mention that I was to leave town at 10:30 o'clock, and my baggage had been sent to the train. I told the cornetist to station himself at the end of the long corridor so that I could get the full effect of the music.

"He asked me what he should play, and I suggested that he should touch off 'Where Did You Get That Hat?' He went to the end of the corridor, and he did touch it off with a vengeance. I jumped into the elevator and made for the office. The clerks were wildly excited. I suggested that a bell boy be dispatched to the floor to investigate. As the entire force disappeared upstairs I rushed for a cab, and as we drove off I could still hear that infernal cornetist grinding out 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'"—Buffalo Courier.

### How College Men's Heads Swell.

With regard to "head product" Mr. Francis Galton draws the following conclusions:

"(1.) Although it is pretty well ascertained that in the masses of the population the brain ceases to grow after the age of 19, or even earlier, it is by no means so with university students.

"(2.) That men who have obtained high honors have had, on the average, considerably larger brains than others at the age of 19.

"(3.) That they have, on the average, larger brains than others, but not to the same extent at the age of 25; in fact, their predominance is at that time diminished to about one-half of what it was.

"(4.) Consequently, high honor men are presumably, as a class, both more precocious and more gifted throughout than others. We must therefore look upon eminent university success as largely due to a fortunate combination of these two helpful conditions."—The Academy.

### Not Grieved.

A clergyman, on entering a country store not long ago, opened the door just in time to hear a man remark very emphatically, "The devil—ah-er-oh, elder, I didn't know you was here," said the man. "No apology is needed," was the reply, "he is no friend of mine."—Lewiston Journal.

### No Longer a Guy.

Everybody has laughed at the man who called at a gas office with a tin pail to buy a quart of illuminator, but an English genius has succeeded in compressing it and putting it up in vessels so that it can be carried from house to house and attached to a meter.—Detroit Free Press.

### Pretty Far Gone.

First Soldier—How is your captain coming on? I hear he is not well.

Second Soldier—You are right. He is a sick man. He tried to throw a boot at me yesterday, and was so weak he couldn't do it.—Texas Siftings.

### A Primitive Timekeeper.

Now and then the explorer among primitive people happens upon a "find" which strikingly illustrates that necessity is not only the mother of invention, but that there is a strong family likeness among the inventions. An English naturalist, while visiting Great Sangir, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes, or Spice Islands, lodged at the house of a rajah.

In front of the house was a veranda, in the corner of which stood a sentry, whose business it was to keep the time for the village, by the aid of a primitive sandglass.

Two bottles were firmly lashed together mouth to mouth, and fixed in a wooden frame, made to stand upright in reversible positions. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed.

Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hours on a large gong.—Montreal Star.

### A Columbus Novel.

We are about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent by Columbus. Many readers, not aware of the fact, will be glad to know that one of Fenimore Cooper's novels—"Mercedes of Castile"—is a Columbus story. The hero of that romance accompanies Columbus on his venturous enterprise, and a large part of the narrative consists of an account of the voyage, of the discoveries, and all that occurred. At this juncture readers will find it timely and entertaining. The real experiences of Columbus are interwoven with some romantic adventures of the hero, and there is introduced in the story an Indian girl, Ozema, who is probably the most fascinating of all the savage beauties that figure in fiction.—Appleton's.

### A Merciful Man.

Mrs. Simkins has just heard that her husband has been drawn to serve on a jury.

"John Simkins on the criminal jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Simkins. "Well, all I can say is that I congratulate the criminals."

"Why, Mrs. Simkins? Is your husband a very merciful man?"

"Merciful? Why, John Simkins wouldn't hang a pictur', much less a door, unless he was jest made to!"—Montreal Star.

## LAID DOWN BY THE LAW

### CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH A MAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE.

**The Imaginary Wall by Which Legal Fiction Surrounds a Residence—Curious Cases Have Arisen Regarding the Meaning of the Word "Entry."**

It is a principle well settled that the law does not regard trifles, and yet when it is a question of an officer entering a dwelling to serve a civil process it does trouble itself about very small things. For every man's house is his castle.

Though it be of thatched straw, and though the wind may whistle through it, and the rain may enter, yet the king cannot. So the rule was laid down by Sir Edward Coke.

But many curious cases have arisen regarding the meaning of the word "entry" and what constitutes a wrongful entry. It has long been settled that the officer may not break open the outer door to enter, but if the outer door be open he may break down an inner door.

So, also, the question has arisen whether it is a breaking in to open the outer door by lifting the latch or drawing back a sliding bar in the ordinary way in which persons entering a house open a door. In England it is held that such an entry is lawful and not a breaking into the castle. In the United States, however, the right of immunity in one's own house is more jealously guarded, and such an entry is considered a breaking in and is therefore unlawful. The raising of a latch or pushing open a closed but unfastened door, or any entry whatever which has no relation to the license express or implied, is unlawful.

Likewise in the case of a window. If it be found open the officer may come in, and if it be found to some extent open it may for this purpose be opened further; but an entry may not be made by breaking a pane or pushing in or raising a window which is closed but not fastened, even though it be hung on pulleys; nor, for a stronger reason, when the window is fastened by a hasp.

The fiction underlying all these decisions is that if a man close his doors and windows the law surrounds his home with an imaginary wall as safe for practical purposes as that of a mediæval castle.

### Executions in Shakespeare's Time.

In old London, whenever sentence of death by hanging was pronounced (for there were many other death penalties beside, some most blood curdlingly dreadful), the place of execution was an open field, Tyburn, where disorderly masses assembled in tens of thousands on hangman's day. Macaulay declares that at the execution of Jonathan Wild the spectators numbered no less than two hundred thousand. It was a fete occasion. Labor was suspended as much as on any holiday.

Upon the gallows, then more particularly known as the Tyburn tree (a thing of many limbs), the corpses of malefactors were generally kept dangling in a row, exposed for months to the pitiless play of the elements, swaying hither and thither, while daws flocked in great black clouds to peck at every exposed morsel of carrion (men the wretched things had ceased to be, mainly dying "without benefit of clergy"). The garments of the dangling objects, torn to faded shreds, flapped and snapped spectra-diabolically with every gust, while the air around was rank with the penetrating stench of putrefaction.

The sight was grewsome, kept thus obtrusive to every eye and disgusting to every nostril, until each poor corpse literally blew to pieces—solely to terrorize all persons, and warn them in dumb language of the pungentest kind that the primordial difference between meum and tuum was a most important matter, must bide world without end and be respected always accordingly; that persons must neither kill nor steal (over "the value of a shilling"); that there must be total abstinence, too, from much else likewise more or less morally reprehensible or statutorily inhibited throughout the unfortunate England of Shakspeare, if Englishmen loved life.—London Law Journal.

### A "Blue Law" of Old Times.

In view of the large number of breach of promise cases which have been brought of late years the following extract from an old statute of New Jersey, passed in colonial times and, it is said, still unrepealed, which shows how our forefathers viewed this question, is of interest:

"That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

### Hard on the Twelve.

Some years ago Hon. Henry W. Paine defended a man in a capital case which was tried in the state of Maine. The defense was insanity, which was clearly proved to the satisfaction of the court and of every one else except the jury, who, to the astonishment of all, brought in a verdict of "guilty."

After receiving the verdict, the presiding judge asked Mr. Paine if he had any motion to make.

"Not at present, your honor," he replied; "my client has had his constitutional rights: he has been tried by a jury of his peers."

The verdict was afterwards set aside.

### "Cash," "Net Cash" and "Prompt Cash."

A bill marked "cash" leaves it in uncertainty whether it is to be paid immediately and whether or not a discount is to be made. "Net cash" disposes of the question of discount, and "Prompt cash" disposes of the question as to when the bill is payable. By ordinary business custom cash bills may run as long as thirty days. The only way to insure prompt payment is to bill the goods "C. O. D." or "Prompt Cash."

### Nature's City.

A curious group of rocks near Milan has recently been described by a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences. It is known as Montpellier-le-Vieux. An irregular mass of rocks, some 200 feet high, resembles the towers of a citadel in a striking manner. The citadel is surrounded by five depressions 300 or 400 feet deep, of which one appears like an amphitheatre, a second a necropolis, a third a parade and the fourth a regularly laid out city quarter, with public monuments, gates, straight streets and intersections suggesting at once such places as Pompeii, Carnac and Persepolis. The whole "city," covering an extent of some 200 acres, is surrounded by a natural wall 300 to 400 feet high. It is a most wonderful freak of nature.—St. Louis Republic.

### Some One Lived There.

Respectable Book Agent (to a snappish lady)—Does Mrs. E. live here?

Snappish Lady—No, sir! She doesn't!

Book Agent—Yes; well, does any one live here? (The door closes with a slam.) —West Shore.

## A RAID BY TELEGRAPH.

### REMARKABLE WORK OF JOHN MORGAN'S OPERATOR.

**How Ellsworth Tapped Union Wires, Sent Bogus Dispatches, Misled Generals and Commanded the Union Forces—It Was Not Repeated During the War.**

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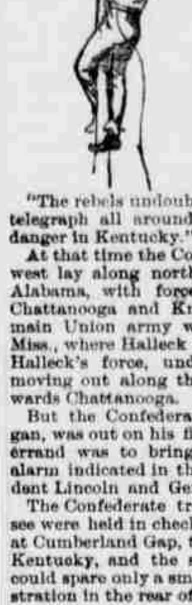


"THEY are having a stampede in Kentucky. Please look to it. A. LINCOLN."

This alarming notice was telegraphed by the president to Gen. Halleck, commanding the Union forces in the west, July 13, 1862. On the same day Gen. J. T. Boyle, commanding the Union forces in the state of Kentucky, wired from Louisville to the war department at Washington this startling news:

"The rebels undoubtedly have control of telegraph all around us. There is great danger in Kentucky."

At that time the Confederate lines in the west lay along northern Mississippi and Alabama, with forces in observation at Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tenn. The main Union army was around Corinth, Miss., where Halleck was, and a portion of Halleck's force, under Gen. Buell, was moving out along the Tennessee river towards Chattanooga.

But the Confederate cavalryman, Morgan, was out on his first great ride and his errand was to bring about the state of alarm indicated in the dispatches of President Lincoln and Gen. Boyle.

The Confederate troops in East Tennessee were held in check by a Union force at at Cumberland Gap, the mountain pass to Kentucky, and the southern commander could spare only a small force for a demonstration in the rear of Buell. One column, consisting of two regiments and two small detachments, was placed under Morgan to operate in Kentucky, and his success with this small force was due to the manipulation of the telegraph, which he found in working order on his route. As neither he nor his compeers were permitted to repeat the exploit by the same unique methods the case stands alone in annals of famous raids.

Morgan took with him as telegraph operator George A. Ellsworth, of his command, and after he struck the first blow, which was at Tompkinsville, Ky., July 8, four days after he set out from Knoxville, Ellsworth tapped the wire between Louisville and Nashville and learned from passing dispatches that the Union authorities were alarmed and were putting the railway and depot guards under orders. For the purpose of confusing the enemy a bogus dispatch, signed by the provost marshal at Nashville, was sent over the wires to the provost marshal at Louisville announcing that a Confederate column under Forrest was advancing on Nashville and that Morgan was in that vicinity co-operating. This was July 10, and Forrest was at the time operating against Murfreesboro; but he had not taken it, and Morgan was then over a hundred miles from that point.

On the 12th Morgan captured Lebanon, Ky., before daylight, and Ellsworth went with the advance guard and seized the telegraph office. Here he found a dispatch sent the day previously from the Union commander at Lebanon to Gen. Boyle at Louisville, stating that Lebanon was threatened and calling for re-enforcements immediately. He settled himself in the operator's chair and very soon he heard the instrument call B, which the books told him was the signal for Lebanon. The following conversation then took place between Ellsworth, Confederate, and a Union operator at a station between Lebanon and Louisville:

To B (Lebanon): "What news? Any more skirmishing?—Z."

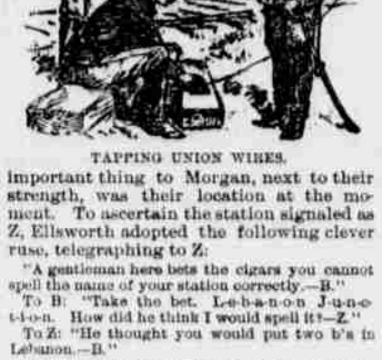
To Z (station unknown): "No; we drove what little cavalry there was away.—B."

To B: "Has the train arrived yet?—Z."

To Z: "No. About how many troops on train? —B."

To B: "About 500.—Z."

There was but one railroad, a branch from the Louisville and Nashville, but the re-enforcements were evidently coming in answer to the call of the day previous, and the important thing to Morgan, next to their strength, was their location at the moment. To ascertain the station signaled as Z, Ellsworth adopted the following clever ruse, telegraphing to Z:



TAPPING UNION WIRES.

"A gentleman here bets the cigars you cannot spell the name of your station correctly.—B."

To B: "Take the bet. L-e-b-a-n-o-n J-u-n-c-t-i-o-n. How did he think I would spell it?—Z."

To Z: "He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon.—B."

Lebanon Junction was the point of intersection of the thirty miles of branch road from the Louisville line to Lebanon. Morgan immediately sent out a party to burn the bridge and destroy the track. After some time Ellsworth heard the call of Lebanon again and received word from the unsuspecting "Z" that the train of soldiers had returned to the junction. Then, with a little urging, "Z" sent forward for the information of the Union commander, whom he still supposed to be in control at Lebanon, the copy of a long dispatch sent by the commander of the re-enforcement to Gen. Boyle. This gave Morgan just the news he wanted, for he learned where his own detachment was and that the re-enforcement was indefinitely checked.

He now proceeded to seize all the Union supplies in Lebanon, and after attending to his own needs, a large amount was burned. Subsequently Ellsworth received dispatches by way of "Z" at the junction, showing that Gen. Boyle did not know of Morgan's capture of Lebanon. They showed also that Union troops from Louisville were on the road south in anticipation of his coming, and so instead of going to Louisville the raiders moved northeast, striking the Louisville and Lexington railroad between Frankfort and Lexington at a station called Midway.

### TRICKED AGAIN.

The command reached Midway in the forenoon of the 15th, the day of the great alarm in Washington and at Gen. Boyle's headquarters. Morgan was in the heart of Kentucky. Ellsworth entered the telegraph office at Midway, surprised the operator and made him prisoner, and after a few words of professional condolence carelessly asked him to call the Lexington office and get the exact time of day. This was a ruse to get the operator's style, and when he responded Ellsworth found that he was a register operator, using paper to receive answers. A little search brought to light a signal book giving all of the calls on the line, and it appeared from dispatches which passed over the wires that the towns all about were alert for Morgan. On testing the wires the raider found that he could safely cut off the Frankfort office and receive all its business at Midway. In a short time Lexington asked Midway if it would be safe to run a train between those stations. The answer was:

"All right! Come on. No rebels here!"

Following this came a military order from the Union commander at Lexington, Gen. W——, to his subordinate at Frankfort, Gen. F——, to move all his forces out on the railroad and await orders at Midway. It was now necessary to deceive the authorities and give Morgan a chance to be out in one direction while his enemies were massing troops in another direction. Ellsworth then telegraphed to Union headquarters at Lexington that the raiders had passed by Midway toward Frankfort.

It was necessary to confirm this letter by a bogus dispatch from Frankfort, but Ellsworth did not know the rules of charges and could not risk a formal message for fear of making a fatal mistake. He waited sometime until the wires were occupied by through messages, and then broke in in great excitement, calling frantically for Lexington. He got the circuit, of course, and dispatched word to the Union commander at Lexington that Morgan was before Frankfort and had driven in the Union pickets. Having the Frankfort signal he signed it and ran the wire into the ground, so that Lexington could not call Frankfort again and detect the fraud.

The command then moved on toward Lexington, reaching Georgetown at night. Ellsworth seized the telegraph office, found the instruments removed, put in his own, and called Lexington. Morgan had decided to scare Lexington and ride around it, north, so as to cross the line at Paris and get out of the state. He was within sixty miles of Cincinnati. Ellsworth said to Lexington: "Keep mum, I am in the office reading by the sound of my magnet in the dark. Morgan's men are here. I crawled in when no one saw me."

To this he signed the Georgetown signal obtained at Midway, and received the answer, "Keep cool. Don't be discovered. How many rebels are there?"

A SWAP.

Softly and mysteriously sped the answer back, so cleverly worded that it reads like the breathless whisper of a man in terror:

"I don't know. I did not notice. As Morgan's operator was asking me about my instruments, I told him I sent them to Lexington."

Cincinnati now broke in and called Georgetown, asking if the "rebels" were there. Ellsworth answered:

"Yes, Morgan's men are here," repeating his story of working in the dark.

The raiders remained two days in Georgetown waiting for the scheme to mature and draw all the attention of the Union commanders toward Lexington. When the command was ready to move off the regular operator, who was under guard, proposed to Ellsworth that his telegraph instruments, which had all the time been skillfully hidden near at hand, should be taken by the Confederates as his ransom.

"I agree to that," said the raider. "Telegraph instruments are of more value to the Southern Confederacy than Yankee operators."

The exchange was made.

Morgan now rode north, avoiding Lexington altogether. Every effort was made by the authorities at a distance to have him attacked at or near Lexington. A new general was sent out by Gen. Boyle to take command, and passing through Frankfort he reached Lexington the day Morgan passed north of it towards Cynthiana, between Lexington and Cincinnati. Ellsworth found all the offices on the line dismantled and the wires out of order.

After taking Cynthiana and Paris (a town half way between Cynthiana and Lexington), the raiders made a detour and passed around Lexington to the south, reaching a place called Crab Orchard on the 21st. The telegraph ran along the road toward Somerset, where Morgan, as his enemies knew, would naturally turn to recross Cumberland river. Ellsworth tapped the wire, and soon heard a message from Gen. Boyle to his subordinate at Danville, saying, "Pursue Morgan. He is at Crab Orchard, going to Somerset."

It was 11 o'clock a. m. Danville is about forty miles north of Somerset, and Crab Orchard about twenty-eight miles northeast. The raiders, therefore, had twelve miles start by this timely warning and dashed off, reaching Somerset at sundown. The Somerset office was in fine working order, but the operator in charge had just come up from the London office, and the raider had no trouble in personating a "green hand." The first message was from Stanford, near Danville, and was an inquiry about Morgan. Ellsworth answered that there were no signs of him at Somerset, and learned from Danville and Louisville via Stanford that the pursuers ordered out from Danville at 11 o'clock in the day had reported back to Gen. Boyle that Morgan was too strong to be attacked.

Resting secure on this information Morgan telegraphed to the offices at Lexington, Danville, Lebanon and other points, countermanding, in the name of Gen. Boyle, all the orders for his pursuit. The whole command then took a night's rest, and in the morning, July 22, started, well refreshed, for East Tennessee. Before abandoning Somerset and the soil of Kentucky—his old home—Morgan directed Ellsworth to celebrate his clever art by wiring north the following facetious greeting:

George D. Prentice, Louisville:
Good morning, George D. I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit, and wish to know if you will be at home. All well in Dixie.—JOHN H. MORGAN.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

### "Ephrum's" Incredible Meanness.

Down in Washington county I heard of an old fellow, a venerable octogenarian, who had seen his molars depart one by one, while his canines and incisors followed in mournful procession, until old age found him bereft of all his early assistants in mastication. Awhile ago he visited a dentist in a neighboring town and announced that he had concluded to invest in a set of false teeth, and at once began to discuss the financial points involved. During the discussion he explained why he was compelled at this late hour to make such a venture. "Yer see," said the old man, "wobbling" his toothless jaws, "I ben a-needin' suthin o' the kind for a long spell back, but brother Ephrum, who wuz more'n ten year older'n I be, he had a bran new pa'r, reg'lar double deckers they war, 'n' as Ephrum war a-ailin' and likely wouldn't last long, I jest waited erlong for his'n 'n' I ben waitin' fur them teeth," disgustedly, "sence 'way back in the seventies, tell abaout a month ago"—here his voice took on a sarcastic tone—"Ephrum he jest couldn't stick it aout no longer, 'n' he up 'n' died. But, dern it"—indignantly—"ef he didn't ensist afore he left that them thar teeth should be buried along with him!—ensisted on it, 'n' what's more he jest shet his mouth so tarnal solid no mortal man could ha' got 'em, 'n' died so!"—Lewiston Journal.

### Cincinnati Building Associations.

The building association interest in this vicinity is at this time more than ever before in need of a central exchange. Many of the savings societies in Hamilton county have accumulations of money not invested. These idle accumulations vary in amounts from $1,000 to $20,000. Of the 340 building associations in this vicinity probably fifty have at all times idle capital, and a fair average of the amount on hand would be $2,000 for each one, or $100,000 in all, which at 6 per cent. per annum would be $6,000 actual loss annually to the building association fraternity by reason of non-invested funds. If there existed an exchange supported by all the associations in this vicinity then the idle capital of the one could be diverted to excess needs of the other, and the profit on the loan would remain in the building association circle and not go outside to the banks. The cost of supporting such an exchange, including rent, clerk hire, gas, fuel, etc., would not exceed $2,000 a year, or less than $10 for each association, and would accomplish the saving of $4,000 a year for the fraternity. A movement looking forward to the establishment of the central exchange has begun. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Doctor—You must take a teaspoonful of this medicine three times a day regularly, taking a dose before each meal, until you feel better.

Journalist—But, my dear doctor, I can't possibly follow your directions.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't get but one meal every two days."—*Texas Siftings.*