

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

With faith unshaken by the night, undazzled by the day, with the sun and stars for the light, and the stars and sun for the light, and the stars and sun for the light...

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

No greater man has received the honor of a centenary commemoration than the illustrious discoverer of the World—Christopher Columbus. In every way he is worthy of grateful remembrance. He was not only a courageous pioneer of discovery, but a noble and just character. Not faultless indeed, but of such a generous nature that his errors are speedily forgiven on account of his services to the world...

Many errors concerning Columbus have been rectified within the past few years. It is no longer necessary to disguise the place of his birth, or the precise position of his family in the social scale. He was born about the year 1451, not in Genoa, but in the neighboring town of Genoa, where, according to documents recently discovered by that indefatigable historian, the Marquis Stagnoli of Genoa, documents which were first published by the writer of this article—his family for reasons of economy had taken a house, whilst their own in Genoa itself was to remain mostly in the name of a business as themselves. The family of Columbus, who were woolen manufacturers and dyers, and not wood-carvers, as has been heretofore stated, did not remain long in Savona, and their illustrious child, who was the eldest of four children, was brought to Genoa, where he was born, on the 31st of his fourth year. The family lived in an ancient house, still standing in the Portico, or Porta Anona—a long, steep, incline leading to the sea, and the name of the house, the name of St. Stefano, and mostly inhabited by merchants engaged in the sale of wool and the manufacture of woollen goods...

During about the Port and along that favorite resort of Genoese youths the Muro della Stregia, or the Witches' Wall, the little Columbus must soon have become acquainted with the love of adventure, and of that sea which stretched before his delighted vision, the deepest and bluest of seas, the Mediterranean, across the horizon of which the sails of the fleet, the ships came and went in mysterious succession, objects of singular attraction and speculation to so imaginative a child. It was an age of mystery and adventure. People were beginning to read more generally than heretofore, and everybody was full of theories, and the shape of the world, and the existence of marvellous lands beyond the Pillars of Hercules. We can imagine the child, Christopher, listening with eager delight to the tales of sailors who flocked, then as now, under the dark arched of the Ripa where in the little cavern-like ships, lighted by the flicker of the burning lamp, the Madona, the distorted over their wine and business and filled the mind of the impressionable youth with visions of lands, the mountains which were gold and the rivers, literally flowing with milk and honey, flowed over beds paved with silver and pearl. Gradually the determination to discover these happy lands took possession of the mind of this boy, and he applied himself to study with rare zeal. We will pass over the well-known story of his early career, and of the part which he played in the adventures of his father, and of his vain endeavors to persuade his jealous contemporaries that there was something "beyond human knowledge" about him, and of his subsequent departure with the fleet of the little Convent of La Rabida. Surely never was there a more pathetic scene than that of the worn-out traveler with the tired child at the gate of the little Convent of La Rabida. Surely never was there a more pathetic scene than that of the worn-out traveler with the tired child at the gate of the little Convent of La Rabida. Surely never was there a more pathetic scene than that of the worn-out traveler with the tired child at the gate of the little Convent of La Rabida.

HOW COLUMBUS WAS WRECKED. Gonsalves was eager to see more of the Spaniards, and sent numbers of his light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Thus the style of contemporary art, moreover, the early years of Columbus were passed in obscurity, and he was only for a few months in the service of the king of Portugal, where his portrait being taken by any artist of distinction. There is no mention in the contemporary documents of any portrait of Columbus, and the words "in the face of Columbus" are unmistakable. We are assured by his contemporaries that he was a tall, well-shaped man, with good features, dark hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes.

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LIONS FIGHT TO A FINISH.

A Terrible Battle Witnessed by Hunters on the Banks of the Rio Grande.

Following the mountains and rarely descending into the valleys or lowlands, the fells on, or South American lion, journeys in search of food through Mexico, and even into Texas, whence the antelope, his favorite prey, has fled from his rapacity. While lacking the bushy mane and tufted tail of his African brother, he is still a magnificent creature, with his powerful body, majestic head and lordly roar. He is more than confounded with the puma, which is of slender build, whose cowardly nature has in it nothing of the lion's boldness and courage.

A party of Nimrods from Presidio, Tex., while recently camping on the Rio Grande, had the good fortune to witness a battle between two splendid specimens of the fells on, and which they declare to have been the grandest sight in the way of gladiatorial contests they ever saw. The hunters were following the trail of a band of antelopes, and had entered a narrow gorge with extremely steep sides, when they saw just ahead of them the antelopes huddled together in a most unusual way. While they advanced on them they heard a resounding roar from the other end of the gorge, and in another instant beheld the antelopes huddled together in a most unusual way. While they advanced on them they heard a resounding roar from the other end of the gorge, and in another instant beheld the antelopes huddled together in a most unusual way.

The lion, however, was wounded in the forehead, though but slightly, and at first showed fight; but as he saw the number of his assailants, and the fact that he was surrounded, he seemed to be nearest him, and upon that gentleman by the suddenness and force of the blow, leaped from his prostrate body to the top of a boulder near by. A second volley from the party appeared to miss him altogether, and turning he fled up the incline and disappeared in the same direction the lioness had taken, though the hunters fixed at him at every glimpse they caught of his body.

The dead lion was a tremendous fellow, measuring nine feet from the tip of his black nose to the end of the long, cat-like tail. He was a mass of wounds, and his skin so badly torn that it was not worth preserving. His victim, the antelope, was found to have had its back broken, probably by the lion as it hurled itself upon it. It is thought by the hunters that the lioness was the mate of the larger lion and brought on the scene by his swift flight from the antelope, and that she, after the manner of others of her sex, had thought it best to curry the favor of the conqueror with an eye to sharing the bone of contention—Philadelphia Times.

The largest pyramid in Egypt is 140 yards high, that is, about 90 times the average height of man; whereas the nests of the terns are 100 times the height of the terns which construct them. While workmen were excavating a trench for new gas pipes at Norwich, Conn., recently, a hummingbird in its swift flight from the tree overhead came in contact with the upraised pick of one of the workmen and fell dead at his feet.

Nothing is so trustworthy as love. Too much help is as bad as no help. The drivers of the work teams in Florida can beat the "crackers" of Florida at cracking their whips. This is saying much, for the latter got their peculiar designation from their skill in that direction. Honors and public favors sometimes offer themselves the more readily to those who have no ambition for them. An Indian sold a Shoshone (Idaho) business man some dried, polished buffalo horns recently, and positively refused to take silver in payment, demanding gold.

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MOURNING MATERIALS.

LIVING MODELS OF POVERTY AND WEALTH. ELEGANT AND REGIMENTARY GRAPE. TRIMMED TOILETTE. HOW HANDSOME SKIRTS ARE FINISHED.

The broken-hearted mourner, whose dry-eyed grief makes her seem almost cold and stoical, takes no heed of dress, but buttons her threadbare coat over her aching heart, and plods on her weary way, regardless of her more fortunate garments created in certain high-class materials, always jet black in hue, and of approved weave and texture.

Not prominent of these mourning fabrics stands the exquisite silk-warp Henrietta, an art fabric, perfect in weave, and sublime in surface finish, or that of the heavy, but not the like better the rich lustrous silk, or the handsome drap d'Alma, or the favorite Melrose cloth, as any one or all of these materials are perfectly appropriate for this purpose, and can be advantageously and effectively combined, with Courtland's English crepe, that typical material of sorrow which is universally accepted as the suitable and healthful trimming and combination material for mourning to be worn by the bereaved. In the meantime, the eyes grow wild, the "onward" and again that mysterious voice and power.

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LIFE.

[Translated from the French by Augustine Ducloux.]

Life is similar to a roadway—we are walking the very first step we take that it leads to a deadly precipice which will appear at an unlooked-for moment, and over which we must fall, we die. The law of this life is "ever onward."

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HUMOROUS.

ONE ADMIRABLE TRAIT. "Mr. Goolinghead is very smart, don't you think?" "No, why he never even opens his mouth. That's just where he's so smart."

LUCK OF A STAY-AT-HOME. Rosalie—How did that awful plain girl make such a good marriage? Grace—Why, she stayed at home one summer, and every man ever met called there, because everybody else was away.

RETRICHED TOO SOON. Clara—Why did you break your engagement with George? He used to bring you such delicious candy! Dora—Yes, used to; but since I accepted him, he's been bringing me the twenty-five-cent kind.

TWO SIDES TO THE STORY. Jaggles—When his wife died the old fellow fell in love with his housekeeper. His family looked upon it as a domestic affliction. Waggle—While the housekeeper, no doubt, regarded it as a master passion.

VERY AMEABLE. Jess—There is one thing to be said in Jack's favor; he is amiable to a fault. Bess—That's true enough; especially if it chances to be one of his own.

A CONGENIAL FATE. Persevering Widower—It was she who drove me to drink. Miss—(In a weary way)—What could she have driven you to that, you would have liked better.

KEEPING IT UP. "I'm afraid they've got me," said the nervous candidate. "Don't give up yet," whispered the election manager. "That fellow you started early this mornin' is still votin'!"

ROUNDBOUT INFERENCE. He (suspiciously)—Has any other fellow ever kissed you, Marcuerette? She—No, Horatio, why do you ask? He—You were well-possessed enough to scream.

IS IT ANY WONDER. He (Dr. Hoax's Certain Cure) should be so universally popular, if it were not for the fact that in its preparation, so potent in effect, it is so safe, so pure, so sweet, and so delicate in action as it is powerful in cure. Sold by drug stores, or manufactured by Dr. Hoax, Buffalo, N. Y.

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT. In The World! A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Purely Vegetable Preparation. It is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes.

SIGNS OF TROUBLE. Gerlie—Papa, will our new mamma go mad after a while? Father—What a question! Why do you ask such a thing? Gerlie—Well I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you.

When Nature Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly. No one should neglect to use the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The Chinese have a kitchen god which is supposed to go to the Chinese heaven at the beginning of each year. He reports upon the private life of the families under his care.

Foundation for a Factory City. "Four railroads, one a belt line and two city lines, are to be built in Chicago. The city is to be divided into four sections, each with a factory located at one, new houses and stores are going up daily."—Chicago News.

DR. KILMER'S GREAT KIDNEY LIVER AND BLADDER CURE. Biliousness, Headache, poor breath, sour stomach, heart burn or dyspepsia, constipation. Poor Digestion, Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pain in the heart.

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