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JUNE

The spring is congealing with summer. The sunbeams grow stronger each day. And you advancing in age...

AMONG THE REDWOODS.

It was in the country of the redwoods, that stupendous growth which has won a world-wide renown. Who has not heard of the man who built his house and barn and fenced in a two acre lot from the product of one gigantic tree...

COLUMBIAN

Table with advertising rates: One square (10 lines) first insertion \$2.00, Each subsequent insertion \$1.00.

ALL SORTS.

The Boston Globe says the reason wash day comes next to Sunday is because cleanliness is next to Godliness. A Montreal clergyman who was too full to preach on a recent Sunday wrote a sermon and had another minister read it while he listened to its delivery by the telephone...

Peter the Great and Orloff.

Peter the Great is a many sided figure, such a large one that to view him from all points would involve the making of a very considerable circuit. It would be easy to say that he was a coarse sensualist, and had undoubtably many of the tastes of the more barbarian. He drank excess of wine and smoked in such practical jokes as serving up live rats and mice in a pie dish covered with the usual paste...

Bismarck with his Candlestick.

Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser ones in proper respect. Prince Bismarck, when a boy, was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as "Fritz." "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty," said the old squire of Yarzine, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with the veneration to heart, and to this day the great chancellor lowers his eyes, assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the emperor by word of mouth, or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian court, it is the practice for all the state dignitaries to form a candle-procession—that is to say that ministers, chamberlains and high stewards take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and groom to the altar in the ball room where guests are assembled, and thence into the throne-room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the chancellor was promoted to the dignity of prince, and the emperor failed to appear in the candle procession, and court gossip quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in a semi-menial ceremony. The truth was, however, that the chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout; and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all carpers by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers.—Chamber's Journal.

Peter Cooper and the Bishop.

A correspondent says that in a talk with Peter Cooper a short time ago, the venerable philanthropist told him the following incident: "I have just had a curious caller—an Episcopal bishop, who came to see if I would not join some evangelist church, so that when I came to die nobody would say that the Cooper union was established by an atheist or infidel. I told him that I was not an atheist or infidel; I was a Unitarian in belief; I knew no object of worship but the one true and living God; and I considered religion nothing more than a science by which the movements of the material and moral world could be regulated, and I knew no better teacher than the opinion of mankind. He politely said that he perceived that I was a scholar. This compliment I was obliged to decline, and I told him that I had never been to school more than three or four months in all my life. If I had my way, I told him, the worst of the human race, the most depraved wretches, should wake up in another life, not in torment, but in the midst of loving friends and beautiful things. The good bishop did not even try to convert me to any better theology, but he went away with every expression of kindness—kindness which I am sure he felt."

How to Cut Flowers.

A reporter found his way into a florist's yesterday afternoon and feasted his eyes and nose on the beautiful buds and lay in bonquets there. "How long will this clove pink last?" he inquired. "Oh, with care, a week or ten days. A rosebud will last about the same time. There's a good deal in knowing how to cut flowers fresh." "Do you use any preparations? Any salt in the water, or ammonia, or the like?" "Not at all. That's all nonsense. All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them cool and moist. If people instead of dipping flowers in water, or putting them in a vase with water, would simply wrap them up in a piece of wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep far fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be too heavy, and would crush the blooms too much, and, beside, would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily. See that box of buds. They were packed in Boston, on Monday in wet paper, and you might say that the flowers were no longer than when they came off the bush." "Why do you send care to Boston for roses; haven't you got the same kind here?" "Exactly the same kind, but they won't grow so nicely here. Take this Boston bud, for example, and put it beside the native bud. They are exactly the same variety, both being Bon Solennes. But the stem of the Boston bud is far longer and stouter than that of the native bud. The bud is far more durable and the bud is more brilliant. When the stem is long and thick we do not have to use so much wire to

strengthen it, and that makes it much more convenient."

"What advantage has Boston over Cleveland in the raising of roses?" "It's the climate. It is true that it is not so warm there as is here, and it has not been extremely sultry here during this winter. But the temperature in a greenhouse is easily enough regulated as well as the quantity of moisture in the air, and the soil is made just so moist with all gardeners. It can't be because they are more skillful in raising flowers there than we are here, for I know of gardeners who have come here from the east and prospered on the same things they did there and failed completely. Even in New York the florists sell ten Boston buds to one of their own growth, and it is just so all over the country. You know the more culture there is bestowed upon a rose, the more double it becomes—that is, the more of these stamens turn into petals. Well, I suppose that, as Boston is credited with possessing an atmosphere of 'culchah,' that has something to do with it."—Cleveland (O) Herald.

Above a Roaring Tempest.

The writer was one of a half dozen persons who took refuge on a recent Sunday evening in the little observatory on Lookout Mountain Point during the fearful storm. Entranced with the scenery of the mountain, and part of the time shut off by the wooded summit from a glance at the weak, hideous storm cloud had gathered unobserved by us, and was rushing towards our place of refuge. It was rolling on with awful rapidity. We could not retrace our footings and escape. Our only hope like an avenger in the observatory. We entered. Just think of it! Six persons seeking safety from a storm in a small 16x20 frame house which stands right on the verge of a precipice 2000 feet high! Good heavens! a senseless exclamation and shrank down with horror when I glanced at the coming tornado through one window, and then crossed the room to another and looked down, down, down through the tops of the trees at the foot of that mighty precipice and contemplated being overturned by the raging elements. Thunder pealed terrific blast after blast, until the huge rocks beneath us seemed to quiver at the grating sound. In another moment the building would have been hurled into the air, and the mountain beyond the valley beneath, then around the brow of Lookout, below our refuge, like a vast unpeopled ocean. The forest below before it. The timbering, crashing, roaring, sounded like an avalanche of worlds. For a while we were literally above the storm, but the clouds at length gushed around the observatory, filling our room full of dense vapors through a broken window, and due to our party seemed inevitable. The wind howled about us and lashed our frail refuge with brush, huge limbs and other things which it hurled up from the west side of the mountain. One after another the building was harder and harder, each dashed until the creaking timbers seemed to portend our early plunging, house and all, two thousand feet down through the mighty convulsed ocean of cloud and air. The raging storm gradually ceased, and just at sundown, though the rain still poured, we started down to the top. For a half mile along the mountain top we drove through clouds which seemed to us to be fairly melting into sheets of water.—Chattanooga Commercial.

Andersonville of To-Day.

Anderson is the name of a station on the southwestern railroad, about sixty miles from Macon. It is nothing but a railroad station, and the only thing that characterizes the spot is the immense Union company of some twenty acres, over which flows the star spangled banner. The cemetery is constructed on the spot where the prisoners were buried, and the trenches were dug with such precision and regularity that the soldiers were disturbed, but were allowed to remain as their comrades interred them, working under the watchful eyes and died a month after the occurrence.

The Hand of Providence.

"Yes, sir, I believe the hand of Providence is sometimes shown in these matters of speculation," replied the old broker, as he tilted his chair back. "Have you any instances?" "Yes, two of 'em. Seventeen years ago I put every dollar I could raise into a spec on cotton. If I won I vowed that I would give the Methodists in my town \$500 to build a steeple on their church. Gentlemen, I was hedged around and fenced in with difficulties and disasters, but the hand of Providence pulled me through and I made \$38,000." "What was the other case?" "Well, I put about \$40,000 into wheat and corn, and I vowed that if I won I would give \$2,000 towards a Baptist church. "And the hand of Providence pulled you through, ha?" "No, sir. She scooped me stone blind. I reckon she didn't favor the Baptist religion."

No Place Like Home.

"Have you no home?" "Oh, yes, I've got one." "Why don't you go there then?" "Because I don't want to." "But you should, for the poet says, 'he ever so humble, there's no place like home.'" "And right the poet was, too. I was at home not an hour ago, and the house was turned upside down, all the beds out of the windows, and the furniture in the corners, and my wife with a dish-rag around her head, and the children so dusty you couldn't clean 'em with a feather brush, and the hired girls raising Sam Hill, and four niggers beating carpets, and the paper hangers at work, and a window cleaner with a hose turned on, and no dinner and no prospect of any, and the deuce to pay generally—oh, you and the poet are shoutin', and you're mighty right, too, there's no place like home."—Drummer.

An Odd Firm.

Camp Curtin was not properly a camp of instruction. It was a rendezvous for the different companies which had been recruited in various parts of the state. Hither the volunteers came by hundreds and thousands for the purpose of being mustered into the service. Shortly after our arrival in camp, Andy and I went down to buy such articles as we supposed a soldier would be likely to need—a gum blanket, a journal, a combination knife-fork-and-spoon, and so on to the end of the list. To our credit I have to record that we turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of a