

OLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, PART OF THE NORTH AND CO. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1883.

Table with columns for advertising rates: One inch, Two inches, Three inches, Four inches, Five inches, Six inches, Seven inches, Eight inches, Nine inches, Ten inches, Eleven inches, Twelve inches.

JOB PRINTING. The Jobbing Department of the Columbian is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the largest office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. L. E. WALLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C. R. BUCKALEW, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

B. FRANK ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

GEO. E. ELWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

PAUL E. WIRT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

B. BROCKWAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JOHN C. YOCUM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

K. OSWALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

R. HAWN & ROBINS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

W. E. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

J. B. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH.

DR. J. C. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DR. WM. M. REBER, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

DR. R. EVANS, M. D., SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

JAMES REILLY, TONSORIAL ARTIST.

W. H. HOUSE, DENTIST.

John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Cashmere for 50 cents

A Bleached Muslin, full yard wide, for 10c.

A Black Dress Silk at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's Hair, 46 inches wide, at 50 cents.

A good 36-inch all-wool Cashmere at 40 cents.

An excellent Black Cashmere, all-wool, a yard wide, at 45c.

A very few much adorned Robes at one-third off of a quality of Lapis' usual price.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, \$4.35.

172 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, \$3.25.

245 pairs Women's Curved Kid Button, \$4.25.

185 pairs Women's 185 pairs Women's 141 pairs Women's

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented.

In Furniture. Young couples should see

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at \$1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good thing.

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose from.

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street. Market Street and New City Hall.

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE. F. B. DRINKER, GUN & LOCKSMITH.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. DR. J. C. RUTTER.

DR. WM. M. REBER, SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

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POETICAL.

THE 3-CENT STAMP.

Good-bye, old stamp! thy duty done. That ends our friendship so.

READY FOR FALL. Our Clothing is known to be superior in make and style.

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

SELECT STORY.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Mrs. Piercy was not in a good humor that day, as she sat at the breakfast table pouring coffee for her husband.

"That's just like Abel!" said Mrs. Piercy, scornfully. "He'd take in all creation if he could."

"I am sorry that I intrude," said Plume, with dignity. "I shall not be long. I will look at the newspaper at once."

"Yes, that's a deal the best plan," assented Mrs. Piercy, ungraciously.

"But what was I to do, my dear?" said he, after a brief silence, which was by no means peaceful.

"Do!" shrilly repeated Mrs. Piercy. "Why, what do other people do? Are we to keep a home for the indigent poor? Or a refuge for the widowed and fatherless?"

"My dear, my dear," pleaded Mr. Piercy, who was a small man, with thin hair and spectacles, "you may be a widow yourself some day."

"And if I am I shall not go begging among my relatives, that you may be sure," said Mrs. Piercy. "And, after all, she isn't any relative of yours—only your brother's wife! I'd like to know what earthly claim she has upon you! I declare, the more I think of it the more I am amazed at the woman's presumption."

Her very name is an objection, too," Plume Piercy, indeed, ill wagger my new lace pin that she was a second-rate actress when she married her brother. No, Mr. Piercy, if you think that I—"

But here the torrent of the lady's eloquence was cut short by the unexpected entrance of the scene of the very subject of her objurgation—a tall, pretty woman of about four-and-twenty, whose wavy golden tresses and delicately fair complexion contrasted vividly with the deep mourning weeds she wore.

"A veil down to her feet," mentally ejaculated Mrs. Abel Piercy. "And a six-inch band of the very best Courtland crepe on her gown. I wonder who's expected to pay for all this?"

Abel Piercy, the kindest hearted of the men, welcomed her brother's wife with his overcoat and gloves he came back to the breakfast room, while his wife was putting up the children's school lunches in the pantry.

"In not much of a talker, Plume," said he, in an odd, hesitating way, "but you are welcome, my dear, very welcome. And I hope you will try to feel at home. Don't mind Matilda—just at first. She's a little peculiar, Matilda is, but I do assure you she—"

"Mr. Piercy!" uttered a sharp warning voice, at this instant, from the threshold, and it was possible that he never started so. "And you know how particular Budge & Bodley are as to your getting to the store at 9 precisely."

"Yes, my dear—yes," said he. "I'm quite sure to be in time!"

"When he was gone, Plume took off her bonnet and veil, removed her mantle and gloves, and went into the kitchen.

"Cannot I do something to help you, sister Matilda?" said she, pleadingly.

Mrs. Abel Piercy looked, with cold blue eyes and lips firmly compressed, at the fair face, which was younger and fresher than ever without the jet black circle of the bonnet, and the slight, graceful figure before her.

"No, I thank you," said she; "I am not used to have fine ladies in my kitchen."

"But if you will lend me an apron—"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Oswald Piercy!" repeated the housewife. "You will find the newspaper in the hall. Perhaps the advertising columns may interest you."

"We are sisters," said the young widow, with a quivering lip. "Will you not call me Plume?"

"Oh, no, we're no relations at all, in reality," said Mrs. Abel Piercy, weighing the sugar and pounds of flour with an unerring hand.

"And really, your name is such a peculiar one. Jane, or Martha, or Eliza, would have been more to my taste. Perhaps, however, with a keen, sidelong glance, you have been on the stage?"

"No," said Plume. "I was a teacher when Oswald married me. But what did you mean about the advertising columns of the papers?"

"Situations, you know," said Mrs. Piercy, reaching over to the raised box. "Bridget, you have been at these raisins, as true as I live. There's half of 'em gone since I was here last."

"No, my dear, I haven't!" sharply responded Bridget, who was used to these kitchen skirmishes. "Sure I never lived in a house before where they counted the raisins and the lumps of oak, and if I don't spit, mum, it's a warning from to-day, if it's your will."

"Situations!" repeated Plume, half afraid of Bridget's warlike demeanor, half puzzled at her sister-in-law's words.

"Yes," said Mrs. Abel, rather paying no attention to Bridget and her skill—in a glove factory, you know, or a fancy store, or even as a nursery governess or attendant to some elderly invalid. For, of course, you know, with another of those oblique looks that made poor Plume feel so uncomfortable, "you expect to work for your living."

"We are not rich enough to support all our relations. Abel's salary was reduced last year, and no one knows how strictly I have to economize in order to make both ends meet. And a strong young woman like me ought to be ashamed to sit down on a sickly man with a family, like my husband, because—"

"Stop—oh, stop!" said Plume, lifting her hands, as if to ward off some invisible terror. "He said I was welcome. He said I was welcome. He said I was welcome."

"That's just like Abel!" said Mrs. Piercy, scornfully. "He'd take in all creation if he could. He never stops to think whether he can afford it or not."

"I am sorry that I intrude," said Plume, with dignity. "I shall not be long. I will look at the newspaper at once."

"Yes, that's a deal the best plan," assented Mrs. Piercy, ungraciously. "Of course, you won't mention our little chat to Abel. He might be vexed; and, after all, I'm only speaking for your good."

Plume looked at her with an expression of face which somehow made Mrs. Abel Piercy feel as if she were shrinking up like a withered walnut in its shell.

"Yes, I know," said she. "But you need not be afraid; I am no tale bearer, to make mischief in any one's family."

Mrs. Piercy felt very uncomfortable after this little conversation was ended. "How she did look at me!" thought she. "But I only spoke the truth, after all. We can't be burdened with her support, let Abel talk as he pleases. And no matter what she says, I believe she has been an actress! No one but an actress could ever put on such royal ways as that!"

Half an hour afterward, when the bell rang and some one inquired for Mrs. Oswald Piercy, Mrs. Abel nodded her head to the cake she was taking out of the oven.

"Company already," said she, "and gentlemen come, my dear. Well, if this is the way she intends to go on, she sooner settles herself with a situation than here."

Mrs. Piercy had been secretly anxious for an opportunity of quarreling with her sister-in-law. Here it was at last, and when the old gentleman with the glossy broadcloth suit was gone, she bounced into the parlor with a real spot on either cheekbone like signals of war.

"So you have been receiving company, Mrs. Oswald!" said she.

THE BIRD FIRE TO BURN A STAKE.

Now, let us suppose a similar beef-steak to be cooked by radiant heat, with the least possible co-operation of convection.

To effect this, our source of heat must be a good radiator. Glowing solids are better radiators than ordinary flames; therefore coke, or charcoal, or ordinary coal, after its bituminous matter has done its flaming, should be used, and the steak or chop may be placed in front or above a surface of such glowing carbon.

In ordinary domestic practice it is placed on a grid-iron above the coal, and therefore I will consider this case first.

The object to be attained is to raise the juices of the meat throughout to the temperature of 180 degrees Fahr. as quickly as possible, in order that the cookery may be completed before the water of these juices shall have had time to evaporate to any considerable extent; therefore the meat should be placed as near to the surface of the glowing carbon as possible.

But the practical housewife will say that, if placed within two or three inches, some of the fat will be melted and burn, and then the steak will be smoked.

Now, here we require a little more chemistry. There is smoking and smoking—smoking thus produces a detestable flavor, and smoking that does no mischief at all beyond appearances. The flame of an ordinary coal-fire is due to the distillation and combustion of the tarry vapors. If such a flame strikes a comparatively cool surface like that of meat, it will condense and deposit thereon a film of crude coal-tar and coal-naphtha, most noxious and rather mischievous; but if the flame be that which is caused by the combustion of its own oil, the deposit on a mutton chop will be a little nutton-oil, on a beef-steak a little beef-oil, or more or less blackened by carbon or beef-charcoal. But these oils and carbons have no other flavor than that of cooked mutton and cooked beef; there they are perfectly innocuous, in spite of their guilty appearances. — Popular Science Monthly.

A Bishop's Trip to Rome.

The Right Rev. William O'Hara, D. D., bishop of the Saratoga diocese, left for Rome lately to attend the conference of American archbishops in the latter part of this month, in which he will represent the province of Pennsylvania.

Bishop O'Hara was selected for this honor as the senior arch-bishop of the province during the illness which preceded the death of the venerable Archbishop Wood, and he will in all probability be the only bishop in the conference of the American archbishops. There is good reason to think that the information telegraphed from London a short time ago regarding his probable selection as the successor of Archbishop Wood is well founded and that he will receive the pallium. His familiarity with the duties of the metropolitan and his experience as a priest in the province of Baltimore strengthen this belief. Bishop John F. Shanahan, of the Harrisburg diocese, is also spoken of as the successor to the late Archbishop Wood. The New Times makes a special reference to this fact.

This is Bishop O'Hara's third visit to Rome since his promotion to the episcopate. He attended the sessions of the ecclesiastical council in 1869, and in 1880 he paid his decennial visit to the shrine of the apostles. Until the elevation of the late Bishop Wood to the archiepiscopal chair, Pennsylvania was the most important province of Baltimore. At that time it was constituted a separate province, with Philadelphia as the metropolitan city, and including in its jurisdiction the dioceses of Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Erie, Harrisburg, and Scranton, with four suffragan bishops.

The manner of selecting Archbishop Wood's successor is simple. The bishops of the province meet and recommend three names to the holy see, designating the nominees in the order of dignitas, (worthy), dignior, (more worthy), dignissimus (most worthy). The pope may select either of these or generalize the list, but at a general thing the choice rests on the dignissimus.

There Were Giants in Those Days.

Years ago the Sawkill was then only a village tavern in Milford, Pa., and was kept by a remarkable man named Lewis Cornelius, who, at the time of his death in 1841, must have been the heaviest person in the country.

The following is a copy of a certified entry in one of the books of record in the clerk's office of the county, the original entry having been made immediately after Mr. Cornelius' death:

Lewis Cornelius—Died September 27, 1841. His height was 6 feet. Circumference below the waist, 8 ft. 2 in. Circumference of arm below the elbow, 1 ft. 9 in. Circumference of wrist, 1 ft. 3 in. Circumference of thigh, 4 feet 2 in. Circumference of calf, 2 ft. 7 in. Circumference of ankle, 1 ft. 7 in. His weight was 465 pounds, without clothing.

During his lifetime Mr. Cornelius would not consent to be weighed. The above was his weight after death, and after a long illness, during which he had lost much flesh. Mr. Cornelius was survived by a wife and seven children, three sons and four daughters. The management of the hotel has never passed out of the hands of the family. The wife, three sons and one daughter are dead, and the house is now managed by the remaining daughter. Two of the sons weighed over three hundred pounds each at their death, and the deceased daughter weighed over four hundred. One son, who died two years ago, had been Sheriff of the county five times.

"I've stolen a coat," said a man to a lawyer, "and I want you to defend me. Think you can prove me innocent?"

"Oh, yes; you can prove that you were in an adjoining township when the coat was stolen and the prosecution is malicious." "How much will you charge?" "What sort of a coat is it?"

"First rate; never been worn any."

"Well, I won't charge you anything. Just give me the coat."

ODD ITEMS.

A tongue-tied man should beware the matrimonial knot.

The bigger a newspaper is the more bustle there is about it.

The youthful "rake" is not as useful as the fine tooth comb.

It takes only a grape skin to make the dullest lose his balance.

The weather reports appear to have lost their grips on the frost.

In New York city 109,000 children earn their own living. There's a good many more who don't, and never will.

Some men are so lucky that they couldn't fall forward without being pulled up with their pockets full up fish.

The man who runs for office also runs the risk of a divorce from his wife. No man knows how wicked he is until his political enemies write his life.—[N. Y. Journal.]

The difference between a besotted man and a pig is a slight one at best. One's a hunting grog, and the other's a grunting hog.

Joe Jefferson is said to believe in spirits. It will be remembered that Rip Van Winkle also had a weakness in that direction.

In Shelbyville, Ky., there is a widow who has buried four husbands, and now seems anxious to prepare another for the silent tomb.

A March Chunk maiden claims she is a small eater, yet manages to dispose of five soft-boiled eggs, three slices of ham, six pieces of toast, seven rolls, a few potatoes and four cups of coffee.

President Arthur drinks three kinds of wine at dinner, and asks no blessing. Mrs. Hayes' husband omitted the expense of the wine and asked a blessing.

"Was man descended from a bear?" asks the Detroit Free Press. Not in all cases. Why, a Nevada citizen the other day was the other extreme when a bear came along, and the citizen took to a tree.

"Young lady!"—The word "call" in poker has a different significance from what it does in society. In poker, if your opponent "calls," you have got to "see" him, without any excuse of sickness or "not at home."

It is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being very much heard.

"My wife's sister, out in Iujanna, is dead, and she's wearing mourning, and she thought it'd be more appropriate like to use black tea for a while now."

There is an old Hebrew proverb which runs: "Make haste when you are purchasing a fowl, but when you are to marry a wife, be slow."

There are two things which ought never to excite a man's anger—First, those which he can help, and, second, those which he cannot help.

"Go in swimming!" exclaimed little Johnny Barlap. "Not much. The last time I went in father gave me a woodshed bath after I got home."

America is called the land of the free because it is the only country in the world where divorce can be procured in two hours for a ten dollar bill.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-matched old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

"Show me the way to a higher plane," says Ella Wheeler, the western poetess. Certainly, Ella; just step up into the elevator and tell the conductor to let you out at the top floor. Plenty of room up there.

"Mamma, what's a bookworm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear. The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh, mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ring worm, ain't she?"

Among the unspeakable mysteries that even the day of resurrection will fail to unravel is the reason a box of boarding-house matches never lasts more than one day.

"What infance has the moon on the tide?" the teacher asked John Henry. And John Henry said: "It depended on what was tied; it was a dog it would him how!"

"Mamma," said Henry, "what's the difference between goose and geese?" "Why, don't you know?" said four-year old Annie; "one geese is goose, and a whole of geeses is geese."

"I don't see how you city folks live with no exercise at all," remarked a countryman to his new boarder. "No exercise!" exclaimed the man, "guess you never saw a fellow chasing a street car."

Six lovely school ma'ams were out rowing in Lake George recently. A bold, wicked man on shore, who was a bad boy a few years ago, instead of taking off his hat as the boats went by, simply remarked: "Behold the whaling fleet!"

A rich sensation has just been spoiled