

# THE COLUMBIAN AND DEMOCRAT, BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

## Loves of the Presidents.

A Washington letter to the Cleveland *Leader* contains the following entertaining information about the various Presidents' wives and sweethearts:

Marta Skeleton, the beautiful wife of the red-headed and freckled Jefferson, had been dead nineteen years before her husband was elected President. Rachel Bonnelson, the wife of the hot headed, but courtly Jackson, had her dresses made to take her place as mistress of the Executive Mansion, but died three months before Old Hickory was inaugurated. Hannah Hoes, the consort of the foxy Miss Nancy VanBuren, lay in her grave seventeen years before Jackson made him successor, and President Harrison died in office before his wife had come to Washington.

The Presidents' wives now living are Mrs. Polk, Mrs. John Tyler, at Richmond; Mrs. Grant, in New Jersey; Mrs. Hayes, at Fremont, and Mrs. Garfield in Cleveland. Of the widows—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Garfield draw from the government pensions of \$5,000.

Mrs. Zach. Taylor died in Louisiana during the same administration for which her husband was elected. She opposed her husband's being a candidate and would have nothing to do with the social life of the capital. Abigail Fillmore died at Willard's hotel here a month after her husband had finished his term. The hard work of the White House hastened her decease. Mrs. Lincoln lay ill at the White House for a long time after her husband's death, and Andrew Johnson did most of his first executive business at the time of his administration. Mrs. Lincoln Christian Tyler is the only surviving wife who has died in the White House. Martha Washington died ten years after the death of her husband at Mount Vernon, where Washington died in 1799. She shut herself up in an attic chamber and cut a hole in the door for her cat. She saw no one and lived without a fire. Abigail Adams' health failed her after she had lived four months in the White House. She left it and went back to Massachusetts and died there aged seventy-four. Dolly Madison was driven from Washington when the British burned the capitol, in 1814, but the shock did not kill her. She returned here to live after her husband's death, and she died at seventy-seven, in 1847. Mrs. John Quincy Adams also lived to be seventy-seven years of age. She was married at twenty-two, and was born and educated in London. John Quincy Adams was engaged to her three years before he married her, and her first tour after the wedding was to Berlin, where Mr. Adams went to serve as minister.

It is a curious fact that the first three Presidents married widows. The stories of their courtship abound in romance. George Washington was a Colonel on his way to Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, where he was stopped by an old planter friend and asked to stay over night. He replied his business was urgent, and a stoppage of any kind was impossible. His friend then cited the virtues and beauty of a beautiful widow of twenty-six years in such glowing terms that Colonel Washington decided to take dinner and see the paragon. He was so delighted that he staid all night, and on his way back became engaged to her. This was Madame Custis, whose maiden name was Dandridge.

Jefferson's wife had been a widow four years when she married him, and she was only thirty-seven years old at that time. She was ten years Jefferson's wife, and in that period had eight children by him. She died in 1872. It is said she was much courted, and two of Jefferson's rivals met on her doorstep a day or two before the latter's engagement. They heard sounds of music within, and soon found that Jefferson was singing a love song to the young widow while she played an accompaniment on the harp. They concluded not to press their suits, and left their love untold.

Dolly Madison's folks were Virginia Quakers, who freed their slaves and went to Philadelphia to live. Here, at nineteen, Dolly, a demure Quakeress, married John Todd, a Quaker lawyer, who died when she was twenty-three, and left her a pretty widow. In less than a year she married again, and this time Mr. Madison, who was a member of Congress. She was thirty-seven years old when her husband became President.

Andrew Jackson's wife's husband's name was Robards, and she was only sixteen when she married him. Robards was a jealous fellow, and of an exceedingly ugly disposition. Rachel Robards separated from him, and got what both she and Jackson thought was a valid divorce before she was married to Jackson. She was about twenty-two years old at this time, and the circumstances of the union created no general remark over the country. Nevertheless, almost four years later, during the campaign of the Presidency, the matter was dug up and it was charged that Jackson had married her before she was legally divorced from Capt. Robards. The story is too long to repeat here. It is enough to say that Mrs. Jackson was cruelly slandered, and that this was one of the causes of her death. She was not anxious to come to Washington, and once she said to a friend: "I assure you I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in that palace in Washington." Andrew Jackson dearly loved his wife, and there is a tradition at the White House that he never went to bed without taking a looket holding a picture from his bosom and propping it up against his Bible so that it would be the first object upon which his eyes would rest in the morning. Andrew Jackson was the widower President. Jefferson came before him, and after him came Martin VanBuren, John Tyler, and Chester A. Arthur.

The only bachelor President the country has had is James Buchanan, who respected the woman whom he jilted when he was a young man too much to ever marry another.

Martin VanBuren was a great lawyer when he married his wife Hannah. She was of good family, and was a few months older than her husband. The two had gone to school together as children, and their engagement was a long one. They were married as soon as VanBuren's law practice would warrant it. Their married life, like that of Jefferson's, lasted only ten years.

When John Tyler married his first wife she was twenty-three years old and she was twenty-two. He had long been in love with her and courted her for five years. "Still," says his son General Tyler, "he never ventured to kiss her hand until three weeks before the marriage, on his last visit to her prior to the wedding. John Tyler was at this time a young lawyer, and he had already served a term or two in the Legislature. He was Governor Tyler's son, and his wife was an Episcopalian and a beautiful woman. President Tyler's second wife was a Catholic. She lived with President Tyler seventeen years and had sons and daughters.

President Fillmore was a wool carder and his wife was a school teacher when they fell in love. Both were poor, and Fillmore, after studying law and moving to Buffalo, did not see his fiancée wife for three years, because he was too poor to pay the fare of the one hundred and fifty miles which lay between them. Mrs. Fillmore was two years older than her husband, and she was twenty-eight years old when their marriage took place. She died in 1853. President Fillmore survived her twenty-one years, and married the woman who it is said became insane before she died. Mrs. Fillmore was a preacher's daughter, and so was Abigail Adams and Mrs. Frank Pierce. She was the same age as Mrs. Fillmore at the time of her marriage, and her groom was a member of Congress when he married her. Mrs. Pierce was somewhat like Mrs. Hayes in the rigid piety with which she observed Sunday at the White House. It was her custom to ask the employees to go to church. She did not like society, and made the Executive Mansion as far as possible a Christian home for her family.

Mrs. Lincoln wore a wedding ring given to her by the President, in which was engraved "Love is eternal." She was a Kentucky girl, who had gone to live with her sister at Springfield, Ill. Here she met Lincoln, then a young lawyer, and began life as boarders, paying for their accommodation four dollars a week.

Eliza McCardie was seventeen years old when she married a young North Carolina tailor who had settled in Greenville, Tenn. His name was Andrew Johnson, and he was just of age. She possessed more learning than her husband, and the two worked together, though she did not, as reported, teach him his letters. When, after many years, he became President, she was too ill to do the honors of the White House and her daughter took her place.

Mrs. Julia Dent, President Grant's wife, comes from an old family, and her great grandfather was the surveyor General of Maryland. General Grant met her in St. Louis, and was engaged to her four years before he married her. During this time the Mexican war intervened, and she was twenty-three years old when her wedding took place. Mrs. Hayes is a Quaker girl. President Hayes made love to her while she was going to school at Cincinnati, and married her after a two years' courtship. General Garfield was also associated with his wife during her school days, and there had been a long acquaintance before their engagement in 1856. Such is a brief history of the loves of the Presidents. As far as we know they seem to have been singularly happy in their love affairs.

Don't Feed on the Ground.

Learn to say no; it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

When shrewd ignorance resorts to dishonest methods, the confiding public is apt to suffer in pocket.

Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill-nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

Begin your course in life with the least show and expense possible. You may at pleasure increase both, but cannot easily diminish them.

Credit is like a looking glass which, when only sullied by a breath, may be wiped clear again, but if once cracked can never be repaired.

There is a key that will open every lock if we know how to use it; and so with life, there is a right path for every one if we will only search to find it.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Credit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation, and when a man hath run through a set of vanities in the decline of his age, he knows not what to do with himself if he cannot think.

While what we do unquestionably influences what we are, it is equally true that what we are influences and determines the real value of what we do. Let no one then imagine that he can permanently benefit his work or further his business by sacrificing his own manhood or neglecting other obligations.

**Dyeing Gloves.**

Any lady may dye her soiled gloves without difficulty, and at a very trifling cost, by the following recipes: For black, first brush the gloves with alcohol; when dry, brush them again with a decoction of logwood; when this is dry, repeat the logwood wash, and after ten or fifteen minutes, dip them in a weak solution of green vitriol.

If the color may be added to the logwood, it should be thoroughly rubbed with a mixture of pure olive oil and French chalk, until it is dry to touch. Then should be wrapped in flannel, and placed under a heavy weight. Should there be any holes in the gloves, they must be carefully mended before commencing the dying process, and the tops also should be sewed up to prevent any of the dye getting on the inside.

Gloves can be dyed brown by using a decoction of fustic, alum, and Brazil wood; this should be applied in the same manner as the foregoing. A decoction of saffron and a very weak solution of green vitriol produce gray, greenish gray being obtained by the addition of logwood and fustic to saffron.

Fancy shades can be produced by dipping the gloves in solution of the aniline colors in solution; they can be simply applied with a sponge. Thus soiled gloves may be made as good as new.—*Popular Science News*.

A better plan for removing grease spots than applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirit of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it. Every school-boy is not aware that ink spots can be removed from the leaves of books by using a solution of oxalic acid in water; nor does every housemaid know that "spots" are easily cleaned from varnished furniture by rubbing it with spirit of camphor.

Jas. H. Mercer distinctly states that Acker's English Remedy has and does cure contracted consumption. Ask for circular. An entirely new medicine guaranteed.

The two-eyed man mocked and jested at his friend, who, growing tired of the sport impatiently cried:

"I will lay you two to one that I see more than you do."

"Done; and you have lost. With two eyes, I of necessity see more than you with only one to your credit."

"One moment. I see two eyes, while you see but one." He won his wager.

Experiments have been made with the pulp of the Florida banana, and the result is that from it can be obtained a splendid quality of paper and rope.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

## ODD ITEMS.

Over 100,000 women and girls make a living as licensed vendors on the streets of Paris. Five thousand of them are under 18 years of age.

Vice President-elect Hendricks was born, baptized and bred a blue Presbyterian. Now he is senior warden in St. Paul's cathedral (Episcopal), Indianapolis.

A Massachusetts woman sold her wash tub to a party of riflemen for a target. They paid her \$1.50 for it, and after they had gone home she went out in the field and brought it home as good as ever it was.—*Burlington Free Press*.

The current "catch" is to ask your friends if Christmas and New Year come in the same year. Not a few people will answer: "No, of course they don't," and a half a minute later they feel sick over their own mental weakness.

Teamsters pretty much "all over civilization" turn either to the right or left when meeting each other from opposite directions, but in the Southern States it is said there is no such settled custom, and the agitation for the adoption of the practice of turning to the right is going on.

The demand for dwellings is rapidly growing in the South, according to reports from there, which state that in several towns in Florida, notably Key West, there is not a vacant house. In the latter city houses are being built all the time, and in some instances rented before they are finished.

A famous North Carolina clergyman, while preaching a sermon three days ago from the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep," stopped in the middle of his discourse, gazed upon his listeners and said: "Brothers, it is hard to realize the unbending love which the Lord appears to have for a large portion of my auditory."

A man arrested in northern Texas for counterfeiting six different dies. If he had been arrested for stealing a horse he would have had only one die.—*Sifters*.

It is probable that bicycle and tricycle will become in the future as much of a staple article of manufacture as the common road wagon of to-day. In England \$15,000 are now invested in their production, employment being given to ten thousand persons.

Wise Words.

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ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS

Estimated on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman.

CHARLES KRUG,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

## "I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommends Hop Bitters\* to me. I used two bottles! I am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop Bitters. It was amiss with inflammatory rheumatism!!!

For nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!!

I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well today as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success!"

"In this great and"

"anyone I am wishing to know more about my cure?"

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

I consider your

Hop Bitters the best remedy in existence

For Indigestion, kidney, &c.

—Complaint

For the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more!

Good!

Something else!

Almost a year ago I was extremely

Emaciated, and scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! and

"Flesh!"

At half a day passes but what I am complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! J. W. Wickliffe Jackson, —Wilmington, Del.

—Wilmington, Del.

—Philadelphia, Pa.

—New York City.

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—Chicago, Ill.

—Boston, Mass.

—Portland, Me.

—San Francisco, Calif.

—Seattle, Wash.

—Honolulu, Hawaii.

—Victoria, B. C., Canada.

—Montreal, Quebec.

—Quebec, Quebec.

—Halifax, Nova Scotia.

—St. John, New Brunswick.

—Fredericton, New Brunswick.

—Moncton, New Brunswick.

—Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

—Victoria, British Columbia.

—Vancouver, British Columbia.

—Victoria, Victoria.

—Victoria, Victoria.