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SELECT STORY.

A WOMAN SOORNEED.

"I don't mean to vex you, Dane and I'll stay here without you if you wish me to."

"Oh, you will, will you? I rather think so myself, Dane Eekhart said, with a waver that made Ginevra's eyes lift her clear, dark eyes wonderingly.

"You needn't stare so Ginevra, it's time I told you the truth, if I'm ever going to."

Ginevra got up from the pot of geraniums she was watering and came to her husband's side, an old paler in her low, low voice.

"Yes, but they may linger. Moments are ages to me now, Go, go!"

"But the doctor's orders—you were not to be left alone for an instant."

"The doctor is an idiot! Do you serve me or him?" demanded Margaret Moxley, in sharp, querulous tones.

"Go, certainly, I only thought—"

"Stop thinking, then, and do as I bid you."

Reluctantly the woman departed. It was not that first time that she had seen this fruitless errand, and each time she had been in terrible fright lest her mistress should fall into one of her dreadful spasms, and so be dead when she got back.

She was not absent from the room more than ten minutes. She found Robert and Miss Ginevra just arrived, and she only stopped for a half a dozen words with the latter, before she dragged her up the stairs to her aunt's room.

Ginevra sprang ahead and entered the apartment first, and she shrank back upon her own steps as though she had encountered Satan himself in the shuddering with horror, and uttering screams of agony, that resounded to the farthest corner of the house.

"Thinking that what she had feared had happened in her absence, the nurse pressed past her into the room. But how much more awful the sight that met her than any she had ever dreamed of."

Margaret Moxley lay half way out of bed, as though dragged there in some awful struggle, her eyes already fixed and staring, her face as white as a sheet, and her hands as cold as ice.

The poor old woman, who had been hurried by somebody who could not wait for her death even the little time she would have to live.

"Her screams, added to Ginevra's, brought every one in the house about them."

"Somebody went tearing away for the doctor, as though he could be of some use, and the rest stood about in horrible groups, or the more stout-hearted of them, ransacked the house in search of some remedy."

There was an inquest the next morning, and when Ginevra was brought into the room to give her testimony, quivering in every limb and white with horror, the first face upon which her eyes fell in the apartment was that of Dane Eekhart.

He had been hiding in the shrubbery, watching for a chance to see Ginevra, and those who knew of the enmity between him and the dead woman, had fallen upon him as her murderer. He had resisted at first, and then, seeing that it was of no use, had slipped back into the room, and had hidden himself in the shrubbery to see, and to bid her, "she is my wife."

"A singular place to be looking for her," said the coroner mildly, then Ginevra's room first, and of the ghastly sight that had met her eyes.

"Was anyone else in the room? Did you hear of any one?" demanded the coroner.

Ginevra paused, with her eyes bent upon the floor, and an aching tremor crept around her lips.

"I cannot testify," she said in low, clear tones; "the man who is charged with her death is my husband. The law does not require the wife to speak in such cases."

Dane Eekhart shrank as though she had struck him. He understood now, if he had not before, what a fool he had been to dare such a woman as this.

"She shall give her testimony," he declared wildly; "she can say nothing to criminate me; let her if she can. She is not my wife; I deceived her with a sham marriage."

Ginevra's lips trembled into a bitter, awful smile, as the man cried out so rashly, but her falling hair hid her face, and she saw nothing but the grief of a wife who fears to criminate her husband.

Dane Eekhart gazed on the faces the conclusions his rash words had given birth to. He struck himself with his clenched hands and was silent.

The inquest went on, and he was committed for trial at the coming session of court, for the murder of Margaret Moxley.

He thought it would come to nothing. He said to himself that nothing could come of it, but he shuddered involuntarily as he met the dark, bright, muzzling eyes of the woman he had wronged.

Margaret Moxley had made her will in favor of her niece, Ginevra, in those days before she had ever seen Dane Eekhart. When Ginevra had eloped with Dane she had made great pretense of disinheriting her, but she had never made a new will, and she sent for her at last in kindness.

So the property was all Ginevra's, and Dane in his prison cell on that awful charge, had ample opportunity to meditate on his evil deeds on the evil fruit they had borne him.

Bad as he seemed, Dane Eekhart was not altogether evil. A wanderer in life, he had learned to live by his wits, and seeing life thus in many of its worst phases, he had never aspired to what is called a good man. Per-

Philadelphia Almshouse Destroyed by Fire.

A fire broke out in the insane department of the county almshouse in West Philadelphia about nine o'clock, Thursday night of last week.

The flames spread rapidly and before the 300 inmates could be released a number of them were burned to death.

The others were left to roam from the grounds at will and many of them were picked up by the police throughout the city.

The fire originated in the wing which is used for the insane department of Blooming which fronts towards the Schuylkill river and directly east of the main building of the almshouse.

This wing is 116 feet front and 60 feet deep, connected on the south with the main building of the almshouse by a narrow passage.

The three floors of the insane department were in the large room on the first floor and in each of the larger rooms on the second floor. From all the conflicting accounts to be obtained it appears pretty certain that the first alarm was given by an insane patient on the first floor of the main building.

This man, Joseph Nading, occupied the room which adjoined the stairway and drying room with about twenty other quiet patients. When about ten minutes to eight o'clock he saw smoke issuing from above the door which opened into the wing in which the cells were situated, he ran to the big iron grated door fronting on the main corridor of the building and called out "fire."

This fearful sound reached the ears of Joseph Schroeder, the attendant of the ground floor, who was in his room directly opposite the one from which Nading had given the alarm.

Mrs. Unapostrophe, who has general charge at night says that it was about 8 o'clock when the alarm reached her. She was in her office about 200 feet from the dry room and at once hurried to the scene.

She says that an attempt was made to put out flames with buckets of water and at first it was supposed that the flames were only burning from the ground floor near the stairway, but in almost an instant it was found that the real point from which the danger came was on the second floor at the top of and above the dry room. She then hastened to the cell in which the patients from the main building extending back from the east wing.

Attendant Schroeder takes up the thread of the story at this point and thus relates some of the horrors of the dreadful night: "I do not know who sounded the alarm. As soon as I heard Nading's cry I rushed to the door of the stairway and after a short attempt to check the fire at once set to work to get out the patients. First I unlocked the door of the room in which Nadine and his companions were. They ran out at once. By this time the flames were gathering in a fury and the dense volumes of smoke were ascending into the upper stories. I succeeded in unlocking the doors of all the cells on the first floor and although with difficulty some cases in getting all the inmates out. I had no time to look after them further than to run them out into the yard for the flames were getting so fierce that it was almost impossible to breathe in the now fiercely burning building. The smoke in the upper stories was so thick that breathing was impossible.

The Law all on Both Sides.

"Mr. Lawyer, I want to ask you a question," said a countryman with a bandage about his head, to one of our most honorable lawyers.

"Yes, sir, take a seat. What is the nature of the case?"

"Was, if you were a huntin' on your naber's premises an' he'd tell you to get off or he'd knock you off, and you wouldn't go, and he'd try to knock you off, could ye bring suit agin' him for tryin' to knock you off?"

"The lawyer then looked at the bandaged around the man's head and replied, in an emphatic way:

"Most assuredly; and collect heavy damages."

"Waah, then, I reckon I won't do nothin' more about it."

"Why, why not, my friend? You could certainly get heavy damages."

"The law is all on your side."

"I reckon not, mister. You just said the law was the other way."

"How's that? I probably misunderstood the case."

"Well, the fellow come in my orchard and was shootin' rabbits when I ordered him off, but he wouldn't go. So I went at it to knock him off, but I got the worst of the other way."

"I reckon he must be one of these 'ere boxin' fellers."

"Ah, ahem! Yes; just so. That puts the case in another light. Of course you can sue him for trespass and assault and battery."

"Waah, I reckon I won't do no more in the matter as you said he can bring suit agin' me and collect heavy damages."

"No, hold on. Don't go. You've got the law all on your side."

"So has the other feller. Good day, sir."—Kentucky State Journal.

Instead of sitting down and crying hard times, it would be much better to bestir one's self and create a little activity in business circles. Circulate and put to use the noblest strains of the dollar will be sure to follow. It is not always the big undertakings that achieve the most good.

The man who accepted the note of another, payable one week after he should again enter business, was some what tired when he discovered that the signer of the note was a campaign speaker.

Married in Court.

A YOUNG COUPLE ENTERED IN MATRIMONY BY JUDGE ARNOLD.

The following peculiar incident occurred in Philadelphia last week:

William Oliver and Bessie Roberts, a young couple, were assigned before Judge Arnold in the new Court House for the larceny of jewelry, clothing, etc., from various houses where they had boarded for a short time. Oliver pleaded guilty, and a jury, after hearing the evidence convicted his companion.

"Are you married?" asked Judge Arnold.

"No, sir," replied Oliver, "but I would like to be married in order to save Bessie from further disgrace."

"What is your full and right name?" said His Honor to the young man.

"William Elwood Oliver."

"What is your age?"

"24 years."

"Where were you born?"

"In Philadelphia."

"What is your name?" asked His Honor of the young woman.

"Bessie Roberts."

"Were you christened?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen years of age."

"Where were you born?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Have either of you any home in this city?"

"I have a home at Frankford road and Columbia avenue," replied Oliver.

"My home is in Williamstown, New Jersey."

The two then joined hands, and the young man repeated after His Honor: "I, William Elwood Oliver, take thee, Bessie Roberts, be my wedded wife, to have and to hold until this day for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in death, to do us part, according to God's holy ordinance and thereto I plight thee my troth." After Bessie had repeated the same the Judge pronounced them man and wife.

Before they were sent back to the dock James H. Overlin, Esq., who was present in another case, handed the bride a crisp \$5 note.

Wise Words.

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a mallet a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Nothing is so dangerous as that self-sufficiency which comes from comparing ourselves with companions who are inferior to us.

Mental pleasures never clog, unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The world deals good naturedly with good-natured people; and we never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his rank, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

When we become exclusively absorbed in one pursuit, however legitimate it may be in itself, it draws the mind and interest away from all other things, and causes us to neglect them, though some of them may be distinctly defined duties as itself.

Talking to Millions.

An improved telephone has been placed in Dr. Talnage's church in Brooklyn, to enable admirers of that clergyman who cannot attend his discourses to hear his words in their own distant homes. This is a new invention, not yet patented, and it may not be entirely successful at first; but all who are familiar with all the possibilities of the telephone unite in declaring that speaking, singing, and instrumentally worked up into plates of tin, rendered almost perfectly transparent, or given any of the brilliant colors that silk will take. It is much more flexible than either horn or ivory, and less brittle. Combs or other articles made of it in imitation of tortoise shell are said to be so perfect as to deceive the eye of the most practiced workman in that substance. The difference in the material can only be detected by tests.—Industrial News.

A machine is in use at Melbourne, Australia, for shearing sheep by steam. It is made of brass, something in the shape of a small trowel. The motion is got up by a turbine wheel, which is three inches in diameter, and this is geared into another wheel, on which is fixed a cutter; in front is a comb, which serves as a guard against cutting the skin of the sheep. The steam is conveyed from the boiler by a tube of india rubber. This tube or pipe is double, having one inside the other. The inner one is the injection, and the space between the two is the ejection. This machine is used in the same fashion as the shears, but cuts much quicker and far cleaner, without the least danger of injuring the fleece or the sheep.

"How do you do, Mr. Brown, nice weather we're having?"

"Yes, but there'll be a change soon."

"Think so?"

"Why? My morning paper says so."

"No, saw the storm signal."

"Where?"

"Look up the street at that gate; see the red headed woman up there waving a dish rag at me? That's my wife."

—Merchant Traveler.

HUNT'S KIDNEY REMEDY.

NEVER FAILS.

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