

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

THE COLUMBIAN.



G. E. Elwell,  
J. K. Bittenbender, Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 27, 1885.

VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS DEAD.

Just as we go to press we learn that Vice-President Hendricks died very suddenly at his residence at Indianapolis, in a few minutes before five o'clock, Wednesday afternoon of paralysis of the brain. Will give a full account next week.

The *Sentinel* of the 13 inst complained because the "Notice to Tax Collectors" is not published in its columns, and incidentally criticizes John B. Casey, commissioners' clerk, for advertising it over his own name. Mr. Casey has simply followed the precedent established by his predecessor in office, William Krickbaum, in so advertising this notice. We find in the files of the *COLUMBIAN* of August 25th, 1876, a "Notice to tax collectors," signed by William Krickbaum, Commissioners' clerk. Another similar notice appeared October, 6, 1876; and another on December 21, 1877. A notice to assessors appeared November 24, 1876, with the same signature, and a notice concerning a county loan, signed in the same way, appeared September 14, 1877. Previous to Mr. Casey's incumbency there was no system in the form of publishing the notices to tax collectors. It was signed sometimes by the commissioners, sometimes by the clerk, and once, in 1878, by the county treasurer. As it is only a matter of form anyway, the slur falls short of its intended effect. The milk in the coconut is made by Mr. Krickbaum wanted to be made commissioners' clerk and failed, hence his attacks on John B. Casey, his successful competitor.

## The Scalp Law.

It would be well if all the farmers and farmer's boys in this Commonwealth knew that on the 23d of last June the Legislature passed a law for the benefit of agriculture and the protection of game, by offering a bounty \$2 for every wildcat killed, \$1 for every red or gray fox slain, and 50 cents, for every mink, weasel, hawk and owl. Persons killing any of the above, and desiring to avail themselves of the provisions of the law, must go before a justice of the peace with the slain bird or animal and make affidavit of the time and place of killing, or the pelt of the animal only may be produced. The justice of the peace will issue a certificate directed to the Commissioners of the county in which the animal was killed, stating where when and by whom, whereupon the Commissioners will give an order upon the County Treasurer for the sum called for. If any one fraudulently tries to collect such premiums a fine of \$500 or one year's imprisonment, or both, awaits his illegal enterprise.

## Patents Granted.

Patents granted to citizens of Pennsylvania on Nov. 17, 1885, and reported expressly for the *COLUMBIAN* by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent lawyers, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.: R. G. Nagle, Bangor, Water elevator; J. Brooke, Pottstown, Nutlock; A. Cannon, High Spire, Vegetable Cutter; H. B. Chest, Pittsburgh, Roll grinder; W. P. Conner, Bloomsburg, Umbrella Frame; J. L. Cousins, Kane, Heat regulator for incubators; J. H. Cramer, Bradflock, Dryring; Wm. E. Deppe, Brookville, Toy; J. Lee, Plymouth, Hydrant; A. B. Farquar, York, Power Hat press; B. F. Gorsuch, Martinsburg, Fitch wheel; M. H. Gray, Pittsburg, Expansion joint; W. H. Grier, Hazleton, Vehicle spring; J. A. Hamill, Pittsburgh, Switch & Signal apparatus; M. C. Hawkins, Edinborough, Engine governor; A. T. Heiser, Scranton, Shovel handle; R. A. Johnston, Roller skating device; W. H. Stetson, North East, Steam engine governor; J. G. Biinkel, Morton, Hydraulie brake; J. A. McConnell, Pittsburg, Cigar bunching machine; F. L. McElvane, Gap, Rotary Engine; J. E. Williams, Pittsburg, Regulator Valve; J. A. Poit, McSherrystown, Tobacco treater; S. C. Rhodes, Bradford, Mechanism for converting motion; A. L. Rich, Allegheny, Bustle; F. W. Roberson, Pittsburg, Hoze nozzle; J. W. Roop, Harrisburg, Barbed fence machine; W. L. Seafie, Allegheny, Tab joint; R. H. Smith, Pittsburg, Gas producer; E. A. Uehling, Bethlehem, Water circulation.

## The New Tax Law.

The theory that personal property should pay its share of taxes is a good one, but the laws at present in force do not reach the desired result. The new tax law is cumbersome, and is objectionable because it compels every man to make known his private business to the public. The *Lancaster Intelligencer* calls it an abhorrent law, and says: "We judge that the new state tax law will prove a failure and that its administration will be abortive, if the blanks and instructions furnished to the assessors are a fit presentation of its plan and operation. The tax-payers are required to make out a complete statement of their affairs, according to rather confusing and obscure instructions, under pains and penalties of perjury if they falsify—and, if they decline to make return, the assessor can guess at their proper assessment, the commissioners will add 50 per cent, and the victim can appeal."

We predict that very few returns will be made under these circumstances, and the assessors will go on guessing, making assessments at their own sweet will, letting those whom they favor escape, piling it on to whom they dislike, and the inaccuracy and unfairness of the result will be aggravated rather than relieved by the uniform addition of fifty per cent.

The law seems to be lame and inadequate; it will not enforce itself, it is plain; and the plan it provides for its enforcement is no improvement on existing methods."

Steps have been taken in Berks county to test the constitutionality of the law, and Chester county will follow suit. A pool composed of taxpayers of the two counties has been formed to resist the law. The matter is exciting much interest, and the unpopularity of the law is manifested in the earnest endeavors of the people to fight it down.

**The Murder of John Sharpless.**  
THE AGED QUAKER LEAVES HIS FIRE-SIDE AT NIGHT TO HELP A TRAVELER IN DISTRESS, AND IS KILLED LIKE AN OX—MAN ESCAPES.

John Sharpless, a venerable Quaker, 62 years old, who had not an enemy in the world, was decoyed from his fire-side near Chester on Sunday night into a barn 100 feet from his door and brutally murdered. Mr. Sharpless was the head of the descendants of the John Sharpless who came to this country with William Penn, and the murderer was committed upon land that the founder of the Commonwealth gave to the Quaker pioneer of what was to be one of the most prominent Pennsylvania families. There was no possible reason for the crime except wanton bloodthirstiness or a desire to rob or outrage. The perpetrator was either a colored man or a white man with his face blackened, it is not certain which.

The Sharpless family live quietly and at peace with all the world upon a farm of sixty-five acres, two miles from Chester. John Sharpless had been a farmer all his life, and from Quaker thrift was wealthy. He was always looked up to by the members of the Society of Friends as a leader among them. When the Sharpless family in 1882 celebrated the bi-centennial of the arrival in this country of their first American ancestor, John Sharpless, the Chester farmer presided over their festivities and congratulatory meetings.

The farmhouse, a fine verandah building, is about two hundred yards from the road. It is surrounded by tall trees. At night the country is dark and unfrequented. The nearest farm to the Sharpless homestead is that of Joseph E. Mickie, a third of a mile away.

Mr. Sharpless, his wife and Miss Pratt, his wife's sister, were sitting in their large parlor on Sunday night, conversing quietly before going to bed.

The ancient case clock had just struck nine when there was a loud knocking at the door. The old man lit up one of the lamps, and, going to the hall, took down the heavy chain and undid the bolts. It was raining hard, and a tall, heavy man, with a black face, stepped hastily in. He wore a slouch hat, which completely covered his hair. A handkerchief under his chin hid his neck. He seemed to be thoroughly wrapped up. They thought at the time that it was to protect him from the rain.

"Good evening, friend," said the farmer, kindly. "Wha: can I do for you?"

"I was driving a buggy up the road with three ladies in it," said the man, "and the traces broke. If I could get a rope we might fix it and go on."

"I will put the horses in my stable until the traces are mended," responded John Sharpless, who was a man who never turned his door away for whom he could do anything. It was well known in the vicinity that he always gave lodgings to any wayfarer. Then the old man bustled about, putting on his broadbrim hat and heavy overcoat, buttoning the collar up to keep out the rain. While he was thus engaged Mrs. Sharpless conversed with the stranger to put him at his ease. She stood in the entry and awkwardly attempted to avoid the light. Mrs. Sharpless noticed that he had projecting teeth, a prominent tongue, and that he was something like the upper lip that made her think he had fitting false teeth or something in his mouth. It impeded his speech. His skin seemed artificially blackened.

"Is it a white or colored man?" she whispered to her husband as he lighted a lantern and prepared to go out.

"I think he's white," said Mr. Sharpless, who was a man who never turned his door away for whom he could do anything. It was well known in the vicinity that he always gave lodgings to any wayfarer. Then the old man bustled about, putting on his broadbrim hat and heavy overcoat, buttoning the collar up to keep out the rain.

While he was thus engaged Mrs. Sharpless regretted that the ill-favored coachman had not accepted their offer to go and invite the ladies into the house pending repair to the conveyance. It was raining quite fiercely, and the trees outside creaked loudly as they bowed to the heavy wind.

Half an hour passed and Mr. Sharpless did not return. The women became uneasy. Miss Pratt determined to go out and see if she could see anything of the party to whom the accident had happened. She waded through mud and puddles to the stable, where a light was burning brightly. She called loudly to her brother-in-law, but there was no answer. She was afraid to go in the building. She then walked through the storm to the adjoining farm to ask the assistance of Mr. Mickie, as there were no men in the Sharpless farmhouse and she was fearful of danger.

While she was gone the colored stranger astonished the ladies by walking boldly into the house, and in a threatening manner demanded money. The women became afraid that something had happened to Mr. Sharpless. They answered that there was no cash in the house. "Well, then," insisted the scoundrel, "I want to see that little girl who was sitting here."

"She has gone to bed," replied Mrs. Sharpless, becoming indignant and annoyed.

"Well, then, go and wake her up," the man retorted angrily. Mrs. Sharpless refused to do this, but offered to call the colored people who worked on the farm. Just then the insolent and unscrupulous guest missed Miss Pratt, and seemed to suspect that she was there.

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