The Columbian.

J. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 20
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 9

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. E. WALLER,
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Bloomsburg, Pa
Office over 1st. National Bank.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Exc'l's Building.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets, Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL
—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on First floor, front room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Room No. 2, second floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Browers' Building, 2nd floor.
may 1-tf

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN.
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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W. E. SMITH,
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Berwick, Pa.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
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SELECT STORY.

A STREETMAN'S TALE.

We will begin by saying that a person dressed up in a strange fantastic manner, and going about the streets distributing circulars, selling patent medicines, or advertising some house or business by show cards, is called a "street fakir."

When Teddy Banker came home in the disguise of a frog, his little girl, (Baby Bobinet, as she was called,) was rather in doubt at first; but after the father had explained matters, the odd dress became a source of perpetual delight to her heart.

It was Teddy's first employment since rheumatism had taken him prisoner and obliged him to resign the head watchman's place of the "Fidelity Bank."

The humiliation was a grievous one, and Teddy was about to decline wearing the ugly suit, when Baby Bobinet's infantile face came before him, and for her sake he concluded to parade the busy thoroughfares in that disguise.

Teddy's new employer was desirous of introducing to the attention of the public a new brand of shaving soap, or toothpicks, (I can't now say which,) to which he had given the irrelevant title of "Jim-jams." In the equally irrelevant dress of a frog he meant to attract the eyes of the buying world.

Closely-fitting breeches, of green stuff, came to his knees—continuing from thence downward in vivid yellow—and concluding in broad shoes painted to represent the splay-footed expanse of a frog's extremity; a coat, with long and narrow tails, also of green, fitted closely about his body, and was literally spotched with black, the breast being of deep yellow; while a mask, with huge, goggle eyes, completed the outfit.

Of course the "street arabs" could not resist an instinct, natural to every boy, to pelt Teddy with orange and banana skins, and objects of a more solid character—it being, apparently, the incontestable right of every urchin to stone bull frogs, from Æsop's day down to the present.

Baby Bobinet could not know this and her papa's costume was a source of unmitigated pride, in which her delight never lessened. Baby Bobinet was the priceless treasure which Teddy Banker's wife had bequeathed to him some five years before, and the legatee cherished the little sunbeam with a devotion to which all other objects were small indeed.

Teddy Banker occupied two rooms, with an honest, Irish widow, Mrs. O'Glinty, and Baby Bobinet remained in her charge during the tireless wanderings of the "street fakir."

After her father, no one fostered greater love and pride in the little lass than Mrs. Catharine O'Glinty. It would have been, however, a hard heart that could not have resisted the claims of Baby Bobinet, to a reigning place among the first ladies of the royal heart-chamber.

Teddy's mortification had lost much of its wire-edge at the time of which I write, although Baby Bobinet had not ceased to enjoy the costume in an eminent degree.

It was somewhere about dusk one day, and the coal-oil lamp was illuminating the front room, with its window looking out upon the rather out-of-the-way street. Baby Bobinet was seated on the floor, in the centre of the room, surrounded by her collection of marbles, blocks, and miscellaneous toys.

Mrs. O'Glinty came in from the kitchen, with a platter in her hand and an apron thrown over head—going, as she said, "to the corner beyant for a rasher for daddy's bite of supper."

She had been absent but a moment, when Baby Bobinet was attracted by the closing of the street door which opened directly upon the street. She looked up and saw a slender young man pass hastily through the room. She was attracted by the fur collar he wore about his throat, and the haunted expression of his colorless face. As he passed rapidly across the room, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the moisture from his forehead. Baby Bobinet stared in a placid way at the intruder's exit, and then went across the room to pick up one of the glass marbles which had evidently come in contact with the briskly moving toe of the stranger.

The marble had an especial attraction for the little maid; and when Mrs. O'Glinty came in from the grocer's, she held it up admiringly, that the dame might observe it.

"Troth, an' yer an angel gossoon—but I can't be afther playin' with ye now. Daddy'll be wantin' his bite, I'll warrant ye; for it's sharp the weather is outside, my darlint!" and then she hustled out of the room, with the closing admonition: "Now be afther gittin' yer gewgaws in the box! Daddy'll be here in a pig's whistle."

Baby Bobinet made haste to put up her treasures, the better to devote her whole attention to the wondrous "street rig" which only her papa might wear.

Another incident happened to divert the damsel's attention; and that was a second strange face, whose bearded outlines she saw peering in at the window. But it was quickly gone also, and Baby Bobinet gave her whole mind to gathering together her valuables.

The next evening there was an event of a much more startling nature, the like of which was quite beyond her comprehension.

Papa had just come in from the street, and put aside the mask, in order to obtain his daughter's kiss in all its purity, when the door was thrown violently open, and two men laid hands upon the indignant Teddy. Why they should take him away, or tumultuously toss over and examine the boxes, drawers, and bedclothes throughout the house, Baby Bobinet could never understand; but they did so.

Even the usually sage Mrs. O'Glinty had no explanations to offer which could satisfy Bobinet's perturbed mind.

That worthy matron's mind oscillated from a tearful mood to spirited denunciations of "perlicemen" and the detective force generally.

During the afternoon, Mr. Stickem, the boisterous proprietor of "Jim-jams," called and put a new string on Mrs. O'Glinty's Hibernian harp. Mr. Stickem had come to recover his properties; he knew Banker was in trouble, and in "quod" also; but the public must not suffer for lack of "Jim-jams;" he must have another man to perigrinate the streets in the suit, that he must; he really hoped the detectives had left the suit; it hadn't been a doin' of anything against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. He confessed he would be out of pocket, but "Jim-jams" must not suffer; he would be obliged to order another suit at once.

Mrs. O'Glinty persuaded the agrieved Stickem to give her "the bottom facts" concerning Teddy's arrest, which may be thus summarized.

Some days before, a fashionably dressed young man had alighted from his carriage, in front of the establishment of Messrs. Asteroid & Carkus, and had requested to be shown some unset diamonds. A tray of gems had been placed before him; and the customer, evidently a connoisseur, had selected one, paying one hundred dollars for it. The gentleman, who was a person of education, had been very talkative, and had occupied considerable time over the purchase—saying that, as he wanted the gem for a birthday gift for his wife, he must have a stone of the best quality. He would call back in a day or two with a drawing of the setting, which he desired the Messrs. Asteroid & Carkus to manufacture.

Day before yesterday, as Mr. Stickem explained, he came back with the two drawings, and consulted with the clerk. After discussing the matter, he concluded to exchange the one large diamond for two smaller ones. While engaged in this treaty, Teddy Banker came into the store and left several advertising cards. His odd dress attracted the attention of the purchaser, and shortly after he withdrew, leaving the two diamonds and the drawing in the hands of the attendant.

Mr. Asteroid having occasion to look over the tray of gems the next day, took it from the safe. No sooner had he brought the tray forward to the light, than he exclaimed:

"Great Mercury! We've been robbed! These are all paste!"

Examination proved it, and more besides. The tray itself, notwithstanding the worn velvet, was declared to be a make up.

The amazed diamond merchant now "saw the game." The whole trick became clear as day, as it flashed upon him that the first visit of the elegantly-attired gentleman was one of discovery, and intended to create confidence. The customer had carefully studied the diamond tray, and prepared one exactly like it in size and looks, even to the worn and frayed velvet lining. Returning in a few days, with a false tray and paste stones in size and number to correspond with the genuine he had parleyed over the operation. Pending the discussion and examination of the gems and the drawing, the "street fakir" had entered, and, in one of the clerk's unwary moments the false tray had been substituted, and the valuables transferred to a convenient receptacle in the customer's ulster. It was the old "stall and sneak game" in a new shape.

With all possible dispatch, Messrs. Asteroid & Carkus had put the matter in the hands of the city detectives, and our hapless Teddy Banker had been the first fruits of the official drag net.

In a few days the trial came on, and Widow O'Glinty, with the perversity of her sex, resolved to "see it out." She could not resist the temptation. She had attained sudden dignity among her neighbors; the arrest of her boarder elevated her into a prominent position in their eyes; and in response to the unanimous views of the folks, nothing less was expected of her.

Through the interposition of a policeman, a somewhat distant relative, she managed to secure a seat "way to the front."

Baby Bobinet was there, too—for the good woman conceived that any thing short of that would be doing something less than her whole duty. Baby Bobinet looked bewitching in a clean white dress, with a blue sprig and a blue ribbon in her curling locks—Mrs. O'Glinty having bestowed much muscle and care in "doing up the darlint's dress."

It was with the utmost difficulty that the damsel could be restrained from rushing toward the dock in search of her father's strong arms; but by means of specious promises the child was detained, and made to amuse herself with several marbles, which Mrs. O'Glinty had induced Baby Bobinet to bring with her, to relieve the tedium of the trial.

The Court assigned a young man of clever attainments to defend Teddy Banker; and to the evident discomfiture of Mr. Asteroid, it now looked as if the complainants would not be able to secure Teddy's conviction. Aside from the "frog dress," there was nothing but good to be heard of the prisoner. The fidelity bank had a good character to bestow on him, through the testimony of one of its officers, and there were no past bad records to assail Teddy.

While Mr. Allen, Teddy's counsel, was in the midst of an eloquent defense of his client, in which Mrs. O'Glinty was thoroughly absorbed to the neglect of Baby Bobinet, that young lady, whose thoughts were all with her father, managed to slip quietly off the seat, and was industriously picking her way through the crowd to the "dock," Mrs. O'Glinty, happening to look around, discovered the loss of her *protege*.

"Whirrah! whirrah! an' where's the childer sthrolled away to?" exclaimed the excited woman.

This exclamation, reaching Baby Bobinet's ears, naturally hastened her steps toward her father's side.

The toe of her chubby boot catching in the matting, the little lass fell prone upon the floor; and from between her fingers escaped the glass marbles, one of them rolling to the feet of the prosecutor.

He pounced upon it like a hawk, looked at it for a moment, and then, starting up, with the article between his fingers, held it aloft, so that every eye could see it.

"Your honor, here is one of the diamonds which were stolen from me! The thief's child has turned State's evidence!"

There was a moment of silence, in which one might have heard the beating of his own heart—a moment of deep quiet, broken at length by a stern voice, which cried aloud:

"Whoever calls my Baby Bobinet a thief's child, is a *liar*!"

Then jumping over the rail, before the officer could prevent him, the prisoner picked up Baby Bobinet, and kissed her, again and again, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

Baby Bobinet, pleased beyond words, laughed and crowed merrily at once more finding herself in papa's arms.

A child's laugh—a strange sound indeed to be heard in such a place—a laugh so innocent, so pure, so musical, that it must have startled the ghosts of by-gone perjuries, and oaths, and mockeries, which haunt the modern temples of justice.

How it touched the heart of the spectators, and penetrated the breasts of those who from day to day had grown callous from continual hearing of theft and murder and all uncleanness! For a moment the damnatory evidence of Baby Bobinet was forgotten, as they saw her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—many wishing God might have caused just such a little blossom to bloom in their hearts.

The young advocate's soul sunk within him at this episode; he was convinced of Teddy Banker's innocence; but it seemed as if Baby Bobinet had clinched a felon's chain about her father's wrist.

A thought, however, struck him; and he resolved, if possible, to turn the incident to the advantage of his client. At once addressing the judge, he said:

"Your honor, in view of this unexpected revelation, I would like to ask this child some questions. The prisoner assures me that he knows nothing about this gem; and we will explain away this matter—for however dark it may look there is no desire on our part to conceal anything."

The gentlemen on the other side smiled derisively, but did not object to letting the child testify.

Taking Baby Bobinet from her father's arms, Mr. Allen placed her upon the table. She seemed a trifle dazed, and looked with wonder at the great crowd.

The judge asked her a few questions, to which she returned intelligent answers. He then remarked that whoever would doubt the simple word of such an innocent creature would not be satisfied with an oath.

Teddy Banker looked at his child through misty eyes, as he brokenly said:

"Now, Bobinet, you must answer these gentlemen, and tell them the truth. Papa is here and no harm shall come to you!"

With childish simplicity Baby Bobinet smiled back an answer, and then threw him a kiss from her rosy finger tips.

"Bobinet, where did you get that diamond?" asked lawyer Allen.

She looked questioningly at her father, and he said to his attorney:

"Show her the diamond, call it a marble, and she will answer you."

"This pretty glass marble, Bobinet! Did your papa give it to you?" questioned the lawyer.

"No, sir; the mars lost it!"

"What man, Bobinet?"

"A mans wif a white face, what comed frew and frighted Bobinet."

"Where was Bobinet?"

"Me playin' on a floor wif my fings."

"Where was papa?"

"Tumin' home."

"Where was Mrs. O'Glinty?"

"Dittin fings for papa's supper."

"What did the man say?"

"Nofin'—him just run'd frew."

"Did he give the marble to you?"

"Petty marble comed out o' his pocket when he went dis way."

Here Bobinet mopped her little white fore head with a tiny handkerchief.

"Didn't you show it to any one?"

"Troth, and she did, sar!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Glinty, rising to her feet; "an' I thought it was only wan of her old marbles—which I say now it ain't, sar!"

"Never mind now, madam—we will hear you presently!" said the judge.

"An' it's the thruth I'm tellin' yees! Taddy Banker's no thafe! d'ye moind that, sar!"

Mrs. O'Glinty was surpressed, and Mr. Allen began again to question Bobinet.

"Now, my dear little girl, are you sure your papa never had it?—never gave it to you?"

"Papa never seed it—tause the mens tooked him away."

"Can you tell me how the man that dropped the marble looked?"

"He was a long mans, and had a wolly fing around his froat."

"Your honor," spoke up Detective Starke, "I lost a man, answering that description, in that very neighborhood."

"An' a man's looked in the wintow affer a bit," said Bobinet.

"Your honor," explained the detective. "I *did* look in the window, and saw this very child on the floor."

"Now, Bobinet," asked Mr. Allen, anxiously, "try and tell us what day you saw this man?"

"They tooked papa 'way next day."

When cross-examined it was impossible to break Bobinet's testimony in the slightest degree. The prosecution were obliged to desist. The unruffled sweetness of Baby Bobinet's temper, through all the badgering, was remarkable. All thoughts of his own perilous position were chased away from the father by his admiration of his daughter's sweet serenity.

The testimony of the detective and Mrs. O'Glinty went to confirm Bobinet's story.

And now a new sensation was introduced, when another frog dress was brought into court, which must have been made for a twin brother of Teddy Banker. This had been found by an officer, and it began to seem possible that another person than the prisoner had assisted at the robbery.

It was certainly a mixed-up case, and to convict upon such light evidence would have been manifestly unjust. So at least thought the jury, and father and daughter went out of court amid the cheers of the audience.

Facts came to light shortly there after, which established Teddy's innocence beyond cavil. Two well-known thieves were "run in," the crime was placed where it justly belonged, and Messrs. Asteroid & Carkus were enabled to recover the bulk of their property.

"Dear little Baby Bobinet," when she "grows up," can wear the pretty glass marble which came so near sending her father to a felon's cell—for the diamond merchants had it set in a ring for her as some reparation for their false accusation. *Agent's Herald.*

"Bob" Ingersoll's Capture.

A THRILLING CHAPTER OF THE GREAT INFIDEL'S WAR EXPERIENCE.

"I served in Bob Ingersoll's command," said a veteran stopping at the City Hotel, "and whenever I want to have a good laugh I recall to mind the incidents connected with his capture in Tennessee. I have seen somewhere a cruel paragraph to the effect that the Colonel surrendered very willingly, and I want to brand that falsehood for just what it is. A braver man I never saw in all the four year's service.

"We were scattered over a good deal of territory, surrounding a little village at the time the Colonel was taken and cared for by the Johnnies. We were in a skirmish at the time, and the Colonel was trying to get to a demoralized wing of his command. As he was passing through a series of cattle pens he was surrounded by a lot of Confederates, and commanded to surrender. But he did not do it worth a cent. He kept right on running at break-neck speed, He was not so stout then as now, and as a pedestrian was no slouch. The bullets were flying about him thick as hail. If he could get to another branch command he felt that he could rally the boys and win the fight. A number of his men saw that he was in imminent peril, and that if he didn't surrender he would be killed, and yelled at the top of their voices to stop and surrender. He heeded, but I could see that he did so with regret and disgust. Here is where the humor began. When the Colonel stopped he threw up his hands and screamed out:

"'Stop firing, I'll acknowledge your d—d old Confederacy.'

"The Colonel was taken over to a store for safekeeping, and he proved to be a great curiosity. People flocked to see him, listened to his stories, laughed and declared they were having more fun than they ever had in their lives. That night the Colonel sat around the store until a goodly number of rebels came in, and they began to treat and tell yarns. Finally the crowd overflowed the place and blocked the entrance to it. Then the Colonel went outside. The boys were all feeling well under the potency of drinks and words, and every man, woman and child within the sound of his voice loved him. Directly the Colonel was asked to make a speech. This was what he was working for, and a minute later he was addressing the crowd, and it was a right rough crowd, too.

"No lecture that great orator has ever delivered had so much that was good in it. It fairly bubbled over with the milk of human kindness. He pictured how regretfully the North took up arms against the South, reminding his hearers that they fired the first shot in the assault on Fort Sumter. Then he went off on slavery, placing the whites before him in the unfortunate light of the blacks—people with souls and all the instincts of the whites—but downtrodden for no other reason than they were black. He pictured the ravagers of eternity, where those who had held human souls in bondage were called before the judgment throne for sentence to be passed for deeds done in the flesh. It was a touching appeal, and brought out streams of tears and storms of applause from the ones who had but a few hours before shot at and captured him. At a moment when the most pathetic touches were being given his remarks, General Forest, the Confederate cavalryman whose command had made the capture, rushed into the crowd all aglow with excitement, but not anger, and exclaimed:

"'Here, Ingersoll, stop that speech, and I'll exchange you for a Government mule.'

"It was but a short time until Colonel Ingersoll was paroled. He was demoralizing the whole of that command, and would have had it revolting against its commander had he been given the levelage for two or three days which was accorded him the first day."

The Blanket Fish.

A STORY SHOWING HOW IT OVERPOWERS AND KILLS ITS VICTIMS.

"The first time I struck the bottom I couldn't believe I was there," said a pearl diver in a recent interview. "It was as clear as air, and the fishes swimming around might have been taken for birds. I landed on a kind of sand hill when they lowered me, and had to walk about fifty feet down into a valley like before I struck the shells. They were all in a bunch, stretched along in a ridge, looking like a black mark against the white bottom. I was dragging the hamper and when I got alongside I began to toss them in. I reckon I had filled half a dozen or so, when all at once I saw a kind of shadow moving over all. At first I thought it was the schooner, and then, perhaps, some of the other divers coming down, and then it left; but all at once it came again and grew so dark in a second that I turned quick and looked up, and, if my hair hadn't been held down by a copper cap it would have riz right on end.

"There, a-movin' over me, was what I took to be a bird about thirty feet across. It was wheeling round and flapping its big wings, just as you've seen buzzards or eagles do, overhead. Down it came, lower and lower, and I a-crouching as flat as I could get. The nearer it got the bigger it looked, and as I see it was a-setting on me I took the pike I always carried, and as it wheeled around over me I let drive. Hit it? Well I reckon I did. The next thing I knew I was standing on my head, rolling over and over, then yanked sideways, half drowned, and then I reckon I lost my senses, and when I came to I was lyin' on deck and all hands looking at me. You see the critter had given the water such a swirl that I was knocked end for end, and my pipe and line twisted around and around so that I couldn't breathe, and, of course, that pulled the line, and the men thought I had jerked it to come up, so they hauled away for all they were worth, and that's what saved my life. What was it? Why, nothin' but one of those sea bats—blanket-fish the other man called it—and they all said I had a narrow run for it. That was the way accordin' to their say, that the fish goes to work to get away with a man. They first settle down on you like a blanket, and there you are."

The Czar's Prisons.

THE GREAT GATCHINA FORTRESS IN WHICH HE HIDES IN TERROR.

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" is the reflection which springs to one's mind on hearing the rumors as to attempts on the czar's life in his rural retreat at Gatchina. The country house inhabitated by the autocrat of all the Russias is nothing more nor less than a fortress surrounded by moats, with a strong garrison, and situated in the midst of an immense camp, in which countless detachments of soldiers, horse, foot, artillery, and even engineers, are quartered. Yet even here the life of the sovereign is exposed to various perils, chief among which is the notorious disaffection of portions of his vast army. The time was when the czar could at least reckon on the fidelity of his troops, and on the blind and unreasoning devotion of the liberated serfs. Now all is changed. It is acknowleged that the revolutionary movement has spread with appalling and significant rapidity, even to classes which had always been regarded as worthy.

Meanwhile, however, Alexandre III has no alternative but to make the best of the situation. Picked soldiers guard him day and night at Gatchina, and the strictest discipline prevails in the fortress castle. A writer who a short time ago had the rare privilege of an introduction to the presence of the czarina, gives a graphic account of his visit, and of the precautions taken to prevent any mishap. Traveling from St. Petersburg to Gatchina in company with General Ignatieff and General Baumgarten, one of the emperor's aides-de-camp, he noticed all along the route small detachments of engineers encamped in the open air at short intervals from each other. Cossacks, mounted on their small horses, galloped about in every direction. The party were fetched at the station by one of the imperial carriages, which started off at full speed, and after crossing a bridge, strongly guarded, arrived at a huge gateway, at which the writer and his companions had to show their papers. Thence they were conducted to a wing of the palace, where the same ceremonial was gone through, after which they were taken through a perfect labyrinth of passages and staircases to rooms reserved for them. The writer was asked if he would have luncheon or tea, and was then left to himself until the hour appointed for his audience. At noon General Baumgarten came to fetch him.

On his way to the central building he saw the steps crowded with sentries, who in turn presented arms with such a din that he shrewdly suspected that the noise was intended to warn their comrades further on of the arrival of a stranger. Next a large hall, in which 100 soldiers of the guard were on duty, was traversed. At the further end the visitor had again to exhibit his papers, and after ascending a magnificent staircase and crossing a hall in which a gigantic Moor in a superb costume, and two huge Tscherkesses armed to the teeth with dirks and pistols were stationed, he was introduced by a man servant into a small but elegant drawing room, whence he passed under the conduct of one of the gentlemen on service, into the empress' reception room. After half an hour's conversation, in the course of which her majesty remarked that there were some very impious men in Russia, the writer withdrew, but ere he took leave of General Baumgarten, the latter, referring to the frankness with which he had spoken, told him that no