The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1889.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXIII, NO 11
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LII, NO 49

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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OFFICE—Front Room, Over Postoffice.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
OFFICE.—Room No. 2, COLUMBIAN building.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 30th 1888, tf.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
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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 second floor, third room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
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Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Third floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Wirts' 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.
Pensions and Bounties Collected.

F. P. BILLMEYER,
(DISTRICT ATTORNEY.)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30-86.

W. H. RHAWN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets

GRANT HERRING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office over Rawling's Meat Market.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Conveyancer, Collector of Claims.
—AND—
LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES, &c.
Office in Dentler's building with F. P. Billmeyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, 2nd floor Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-9-86.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov28 88 1y.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

DR. J. C. BUTTER,
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Office, North Market street,
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Springfield of Springfield	3,099,903.98
Fire Association, Philadelphia	4,013,787.79
Guardian of London	20,603,325.71
Phoenix, of London	6,304,861.48
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June 1, 1888, tf.

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Jan 4-89-6t-eow L & T

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Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00.

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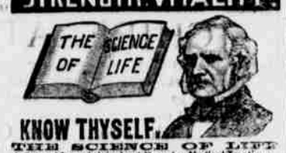

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For the treatment of Youthful Imprudence, Loss of Vigor, Nervous Debility and Special Diseases. Consultation by mail free of charge.
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"Oh! will you tell
"What makes your hands so white,
"So smooth and soft?
"I've wondered oft,
"For mine are such a sight!
Said Belle to Lill:
"Of course I will!
"'Tis IVORY SOAP, my dear,
"Use it, and your
"Hands too, I'm sure,
"Like mine will soon appear."
A WORD OF WARNING.
There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.
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Best Plaster Ever Made.
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COMPLETELY AND SPEEDILY CURES All Aches, Pains, Soreness or Weakness in the Back, Chest, Side, Kidneys, Shoulder, Neck, Limbs, or Muscles.
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Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
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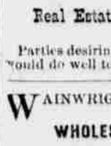
Orders will receive prompt attention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Full particulars with Maps sent free. Address
CHAS. L. COLBY
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Feb 22-L & T-4t.

SELECT STORY.

THE "CLAIM-JUMPER"

HOW HE GOT EVEN WITH THE TWO "PARDNERS."

"What's that over thar, Bill?" asked Joe Scaggs, pointing toward an object that had made its appearance on the prairie, a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or I'm a livin' liar!" exclaimed Bill, with emphasis. An' on Dick Barber's claim, too!" he continued, with a gesture of excitement.

"Do ye suppose he's goin' ter jump Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answered Bill. "I guess he's not stoppin' ont thar fer his health. If he is, I'm thinkin' he'll soon go 'way on the same arrant, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sanctioned Joe. "But ther way ter find out is ter go over an' see; an' while ye air cookin' supper, I'll ride over an' interview the stranger."

With this, he walked from the door of the half-board, half-dugout shanty, where the two had been standing, and approached a small barb-wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse, and galloped away across the stretch of wind-swept prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dug out shanty that nestled in the side of a little hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie stood a covered wagon, or "prairie-schooner," as they are familiarly termed in the West.

A pair of sorrel mules, tied to the rear end of the wagon, were busily engaged in eating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon-oox. A man came out of the shanty with a frying pan in his hand, and held it over a fire in front of the dwelling.

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe, angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' hyar?"

The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said, quietly: "Fryin' meat."

"Joe's anger rose. "Oh, ye air, air ye?" Wal, as ye seem ter be so smart, mebby ye ken tell me whose claim ye air squattin' on!"

"I reckon I ken; h'it's mine."

"H'it is?"

"That's the way h'it looks ter me."

"Look hyar, stranger!" said Joe Scaggs, clinching his fist, "me an' my pardner over thar," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his own shanty, "air holdin' this yere claim fer Dick Barber, who's comin' hyar in the spring from Injiany, an' we'll jist give ye tell ter morrer ter git out o' this!"

"Tain't long enough time," said the stranger, deliberately turning over a liberal slice of "muddling" that smoked in the frying-pan.

"How long do ye want?" questioned Joe, his wrath somewhat mollified by the stranger's evident intention of leaving.

"How long does a man have ter live on a claim before he ken get a deed for h'it?" was the reply of the stranger.

"Five years," replied Joe.

"Wal, then," continued the stranger, "make h'it five years, an' h'it's a barg'in."

"You impudent skunk!" roared Joe, now thoroughly aroused by the stranger's cool manner, "fer a cent I'd wallup the ground with yer onery carcass."

"Yas, ye might undertake h'it fer a cent, but ye'd never lay up any money at h'it," was the answer, as he set the frying-pan down and confronted Joe Scaggs.

Joe now moved his hand towards his pistol, but hesitated.

"Look hyar," said the stranger. "You order me ter leave this claim. Is h'it yourn?"

"No, not exactly *mine*; but we're holdin' h'it fer a friend, me an' my pardner air. We've got the two lyin' north o' this, an' we're holdin' this fer Dick Barber, an' we're goin' ter hold h'it.

"All right," he answered. "I guess h'it won't need much holdin'. H'it'll be hyar when yere friend comes so will I. If h'it is yer claim, I'll git off; but ye can't hold h'it fer somebody else. I know the law."

"Yes, ye may know the law, but ye don't know our law. We've made a special law fer sich fellers as ye, an' we're goin' ter go by that, an' don't ye fergit h'it."

"Wal, when ye force me ter go, I'll go—not before."

Angry words rose to Joe's lips, but he hesitated The cool, indifferent manner of the claim jumper puzzled him.

He was about to speak, when the tramp of a horse's feet sounded in the grass behind him, and Bill Barnum rode up, a Winchester rifle swung across his saddle.

"Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he explained, "an' that I'd come over an' see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining courage at the arrival of reinforcements, "he says he h'ain't a-goin' ter leave."

"Won't he?" Bill answered, bringing his Winchester down on the stranger. "Now, ye load up yer traps an' git."

"All right," he answered, doggedly. "You've got ther advantage o' me, I'll go, but I'll git even with ye sometime, see if I don't;" and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill, "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an' we don't mind payin' ye fer yer little shanty, seein' as ye can't take h'it along."

"No, h'it ain't worth nothin'," was the answer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wal, Bill," said Joe, "h'it's gittin' late, an' we'd better be gittin' ter the shanty and lookin' after our supper."

"Supper!" exclaimed Bill. "Thar h'ain't nothin' fer supper, ror breakfast either, unless that onery cuss gits back from Attley ter-night."

"Don't say that," answered Joe. "H'it makes me hungrier 'an a bar ter hear ye speak like that. H'aint we got nothin' ter eat?"

"No, nothin' but a few pieces of hard bread an' a bite or two o' meat. That onery cuss, John Biggs, that we sent after grub to Attley, 'll git drunker 'an a b'iled owl, and not come back till we go after him, like as not."

With this they turned their horses around and rode away in the direction of home, leaving the stranger standing in silence looking after them.

Ike Dover—for such was the stranger's name—turned and entered his shanty.

"Wal, h'it means pull out, I reckon," he muttered; "but I'll jist stay hyar till mornin' anyway."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of tawny, purple clouds, an ashy pallor overspread the sky.

"Goin' ter have bad weather," observed Joe Scaggs, as they rode through the fast gathering darkness.

Late that night Bill punched Joe in the ribs with his elbow, and said:

"Joe, h'it's gittin' colder 'an all git out. We've got ter git up an' find some more covers. Gee whiz! listen ter that wind!"

Bill got up and struck a light and put on his clothes.

The weather had suddenly grown intensely cold, and the wind was roaring across the prairie, and sweeping through the dead grass with a sharp hissing sound.

Bill opened the door and looked out. A great gust of wind swept into the room, whirling a cloud of snowflakes with it and extinguished the light.

"A blizzard!" exclaimed Bill, slamming the door and relighting the lamp.

Joe had also got up and was putting on his clothes.

"We must see ter the hosses," he said, drawing on his heavy boots. "They'll freeze ter death in that shed if they h'ain't blanketed."

He opened the door and went out, and in a few moments returned.

"The hosses air gone!" he exclaimed, "broke loose and been driven away by the blizzard."

"One uv us must go after 'em," exclaimed Bill. "H'it won't do to lose 'em. They'll die in this storm if they don't find shelter."

"Yes, an' you'd die a dozen times 'fore ye'd find 'em in this storm."

"Poor animals!" exclaimed Bill, "but h'it can't be helped."

Bill kindled a fire in the little sheet-iron stove in the corner.

The air was growing colder and colder every moment, and the circle of heat around the stove grew smaller and smaller with each surge of the wind as it shook the roof and sent the sleet and snow hissing through the crevices.

The two men drew their chairs near the stove after replenishing the flame from a pile of coal in the corner of the room.

Morning came at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow and sleet sweeping across the prairie. The storm showed no signs of abating, but was increasing in its fury.

"Joe," said Bill, breaking the silence, "nobody can't come from Attley ter-day; and the pervisions! thar's nothin' in the house ter eat."

Joe got up and looked out at the small window.

"H'it's as yer say, Bill; thar can't nobody come from Attley ter-day——" And then, huskily: "H'it may be a week 'for' they can."

The two men looked at each other, and each read the other's thoughts.

"Thar can't nobody git nowhar now, and mebby not for a week. Bill, we air in a bad fix."

Bill made no reply, but filled a large black pipe, lit it, sat down by the fire and began puffing away in silence.

Joe brought more fuel from the corner and filled up the stove.

The day passed and night came down, and still the storm raged and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

It was at the close of the fifth day, and neither Bill nor Joe had tasted food for four days, and as they looked out across the desolate, snow-covered plain, their hearts sunk within them.

"Bill," said Joe, huskily, "we can't hold out much longer. H'it'll be more 'an a week 'fore any one could git hyar or we could git away."

"Yas, an' that will be too late," answered Bill, an ashy pallor overspreading his thin face.

The next morning Joe arose, kindled the fire in the little stove, and sat down in silence.

Bill did not get up, but remained in bed, a pinched look settling over his features. It was getting late in the afternoon when he called Joe to the bedside.

"Joe," he said, feebly, "I h'ain't got much longer ter stay with ye. This yere cold is freezin' my thin blood, an' I'm gittin' weaker an' weaker.

"Come, come, Bill!" said Joe, a great lump rising in his throat. "Cheer up; mebby som'thin' 'ill turn up; mebby——"

"Tain't no use, Joe. We've all got ter go sometime. 'Tain't no use in hopin' when thar h'ain't nothin' ter expect."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down presently he drew a little box from under the bed and took out a small piece of dry, hard bread and laid it by the side of Bill.

"I saved h'it for ye, Bill," he said turning away.

"No—no!" said Bill; "h'it's better fer one uv us ter go 'an both uv us. Mebbe, as ye say, somethin 'll turn up, an—"

A muffled sound like footsteps in the snow came from the outside, and something like the sound of a human voice mingled with the hissing wind.

Jo listened, but the sound was not repeated. He opened the door and looked out.

A few feet from the threshold, half buried in the drifting snow, was the prostrate figure of a man, a large bundle of something at his side. A moment, and Joe was stooping over the prostrate figure. He shook him but he did not speak. Then, by a series of heroic efforts, he dragged the unconscious man into the dug-out. As he did so a bundle that was strapped about the shoulders of the unfortunate became detached and rolled over on the floor, displaying a small bag of flour and a chunk of bacon.

"H'it's John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe; "an' he's brought enough pervisions ter carry us through, thank God! but, pore feller he's almost done fer!"

He hurriedly stirred up the fire in the little stove, and then turning to the unconscious man, he brushed the snow from his wan face.

"Bill," he said starting with surprise, "h'it ain't John Biggs—h'it's the claim-jumper. He's saved our lives, Bill, an' after we was goin' ter run him away."

"My God!" exclaimed Bill, struggling feebly out of the bed, new strength coming to his feeble frame. "We must save him, Joe, if he h'ain't already dead. We mustn't let him die.

The two men shivering with cold and weak from hunger, worked as they never worked before. By their combined efforts, they lifted the poor frozen squatter from the floor and laid him tenderly on their only bed.

He opened his eyes and muttered something in an incoherent manner. The two men bent over him and listened.

"H'it ain't much farther,' he muttered. "I heard 'em say they didn't have nothin' to eat over thar—an' Ike Dover, h'it's yer dooty ter help 'em—No—no—they wur goin' ter run me off—h'it can't be much farther—O, if I could only sleep a little—h'it ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as hard as icicles! He looked at bill, and uttered a groan.

"He can't live, Bill," he said, chokingly. Bill bent over the bed, his face close to that of the dying man.

"Pardner," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you've throwed away yer life fer us that didn't deserve nothing but yer hate. You've frozen them pore hands for us onery wolves that would 'a' driv' ye away from yer claim. O, if ye could only live ter tell me how mean an' onery I've been ter yer—" Here Bill broke down and wept like a child.

Presently the dying man muttered: "H'it's all right—I see h'it now—thar is the cabin, right ahead—" and with these words his spirit fled.

For a long time the only sound that broke the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of the two men and the hissing of the winter wind.—*Will Lisenbee in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

"To EITHER hold the plow or drive" requires strength. To secure and keep strength a good stomach is required and it must be kept in strong and healthy action.
WARNERS LOG CABIN HOPS AND BUCHU REMEDY
will put your weak stomach in good working order.

Inaugural Travel on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

When in 1885 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company successfully carried into and returned from Washington the vast host of inaugural pilgrims, it was considered that the perfection of railroad management, in promptly and effectively moving enormous numbers of people within a given space of time, had been reached. But notwithstanding this extraordinary record the achievement of this company on the inaugural occasion just passed surpasses all previous accomplishments in this direction. The company was prepared to do much more than it did, and had not the unusual inclemency of the weather intervened the total result would have been far greater.

One hundred and five thousand excursionists, including the public, the organizations, and the military, were delivered in Washington before noon of March 4th, and all, except the clubs and the military, were landed at the Baltimore and Potomac Station. For the conveyance of this number it required two hundred and ten trains of ten cars each, with an average of fifty persons to each car. All the trains were run in sections, and in many cases the number of sections to a given train reached ten. This involved a continuous stream of crowded cars entering the station at intervals of a few minutes, discharging their passengers, and being shifted out to make room for the incoming current. All these trains were moved promptly, and no accident of any character occured to mar the success of the work. No unavoidable delay was experienced, but under the strict rules governing the operators of the block system, there were, perhaps, here and there delays, which safety necessitated, on a line of track filled to repletion with long trains of crowded cars.

The true test of ability in management came when the thousands, impatient and eager to return, crowded into the station and filled the trains as fast as they were made up. This difficult portion of the work was accomplished with reasonable promptitude, considering the vast number of people and the multiplicity of trains to be moved at one time. On Monday night and Tuesday hundreds of trains started from the capitol, all freighted to their utmost capacity, and, under the admirable system which distinguishes the entire organization of this road, were forwarded to their destination steadily and in complete safety. Such a result could never be achieved except under the method of operation employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, coupled with the ability, sagacity, and faithfulness of the employes. It was a truly wonderful exhibition of skillful management, and finds its only parallel in a similar achievement, when the same company handled with conspicuous success one hundred and seventy five thousand people on the occasion of the Constitutional Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, in September, 1887.

The revenue from this service will amount to half a million of dollars.

Help to Mothers Nursing.

Mothers who have the care and draught of nursing infants need the aid of strengthening tonic to make up the nourishment required for the growth of the child. Ale, porter, and lager beer have often been recommended. Of late, since physicians have become aware that the Port Wine produced by Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., is strictly pure, they have prescribed it instead of ale or porter, as being more blood making. This Wine is principally sought for by mothers who have nursing infants at the breast as the best supplying medium to be found. The wine is rich in body and not intoxicant but gently stimulating and makes good blood. Druggists generally keep it, and sell it for a dollar a bottle.—*Inquirer*

"There, my daughter," said the old man as he took a torn-looking check from his pocketbook, "there is my wedding present, a check for $20,000. God bless you." "O, thank you, papa; you are kind and generous," examining the check; "but isn't this the same check you gave sister Ella when she was married?"—*Epoch.*

Communicated.

Messrs Editors:

It is undoubtedly true, that the democratic party is under no obligation to the liquor interest. Its affiliations have always been with the Republicans, and it has contributed to them in votes and money more than any other organization in Pennsylvania, unless it be the especially protected interests—and if now, the liquor interest has its neck wound by its late political colleagues, we can stand by and say "served you right."

At the same time, as a matter of principle the Democratic party ought not to support the Prohibition Amendment. The enactment of sumptury laws, the regulation of drink, diet or clothing, the interference with personal rights and liberties are in contravention of the doctrines, theories and practices of the Democratic party.

Let me add to the above the following from the Philadelphia Record.

An Interesting Inquiry.

If the proposed prohibitory amendment should be adopted in this state, would it prohibit the making of home-made wine—grape wine, dandelion wine, blackberry wine, etc.—such as is made by many families in the country districts for home purposes, and used generally for the relief of certain complaints and disorders that do not require a physician's attention, which is both expensive and inconvenient in remote country places?

Phœnixville, Pa., Feb. 21. J. W. H.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution, if adopted, would clearly prohibit the making of domestic wines, beer or cider to be used as a beverage. The Legislature is empowered to authorize housewives to make wine for medicine, or the farmer to make cider for vinegar, but not to be used as St. Paul advised timothy to use a little wine, for his stomach's sake, on his own prescription. The language of the amendment is as follows:

The manufactnre, sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor to be used as a beverage is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this shall be a misdemeanor punishable as shall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale or keeing for sale of intoxicating liquors for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first session succeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement.

There is no mi-taking the iron-clad character of this language. The farmers who vote for Prohibition may as well pull down their cider-mills and have their good wives convert all their grapes and berries into jam.

The Profound Slumber of Mrs. Althouse, Whose Case is a Mystifying One.

At Attica, N. Y., they have been in a state of wonder over the case of Mrs. Emma Althouse, who has now been "dreaming the happy hours away," for days. In August, 1887, after obtaining relief from a severe illness, she fell into a series of slumbers of an average duration of from three to ten days.

In the intervals when she is awake she converses upon her condition, and predicts the length of every trance. When she goes to sleep she tells either a physician or an attendant just how long her slumber will last, and she carries out her prediction to the letter, never permitting herself to be aroused till the term is finished.

Mrs. Althouse is married and has one child. She is 25 years old. Her parents came to America from Germany 34 years ago. In March, 1888, she sank into a trance, which lasted 35 days. Just previous to this trance she partook of more nourishment than usual, a glassful of milk by means of a teaspoon. After she goes to sleep her teeth are tightly set together, and all efforts to pry them apart for the purpose of giving her food have been failures.

These trances are not all the mystery connected with Mrs. Althouse. In June last there was an attempt to poison the sick woman. The doctor, having been called, found her suffering from cramps. She appeared to be almost lifeless, and was vomiting a greenish substance. She was relieved by emetics. It appeared that almost an hour before two men called at the house asking to see the patient, affirming that the doctor had sent them.

Hearing them speak, Mrs. Althouse recognized their voices, and said she did not wish to see them. The men, however, brushed by a sister who was in attendance and entered the room where the sick woman lay. One of them talked to the patient while the other sat by a table upon which were phials of medicine and a cup of coffee. After the men left Mrs. Althouse asked for a drink. Her sister gave her the coffee that had been standing on the table. She had no sooner drank it than she complained of a burning sensation in her throat; she became very pale and was seized with cramps.

The physician examined the dregs left in the bottom of the coffee cup and also the contents of a phial standing on the table. In a few days they both turned green. The body of the patient was soon afterwards covered with black spots. The case was taken before the district attorney, but nothing was done about it.

Last December Mrs. Althouse went to sleep again for nine days, awakening January 3, when she said she would go into a trance lasting longer than any she had yet been through, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon she was again slumbering.

The doctors tried to awaken her by throwing cold water on her face and by means of a galvanic battery, but did not succeed. She awoke on February 5, after having slept 34 days. She immediately went to sleep again.

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities,