The Columbian.

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

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1889.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXIII, NO 16
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LIII, NO 1

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 20th 1888, tf.

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AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
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Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
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Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
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Bloomsburg, Pa.
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Attorney-at-Law.
Office in Columbian Building, Third floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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may 1-tf

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30.86.

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

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

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June 1, 1888, tf.

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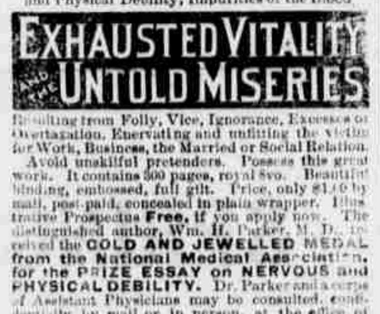

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From moon to moon unwashed we went;
But Ivory Soap came like a ray
Of light across our darkened way.

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And now I take, where'er we go,
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A DEAF AND DUMB SPY.

Sherman did not leave Chattanooga for Atlanta without knowing all about the route and its obstructions. His spies and scouts passed over almost every mile of the distance, and made full and accurate reports. I was one of the last sent out and the last to return, and I had a close shave of it. Information was required which obliged me to enter the Confederate camps and see with my own eyes, and as two or three of our spies had been captured and hung, and the Confederates were on the qui vive to prevent others from penetrating their lines, I needed something more than a disguise. After canvassing the matter for awhile, I adopted the suggestion of a regimental surgeon to play the role of a "dummy." I was to be deaf and dumb, and carry pencil and paper, and do my talking that way. He coached me for two or three days before the start, and when I was ready to go I had mastered the situation. The surgeon had been assistant superintendent in a deaf and dumb asylum for several years, and he was peculiarly fitted to teach me my steps.

You may reply that any one can "play deaf and dumb" and deceive people. Yes, any one can, up to a certain point. I was to go beyond that point. If it was discovered that I was not what I claimed to be my life would pay the forfeit. I was provided with a bundle of stationery, some tobacco, a lot of religious tracts, articles of cheap goods and a few specialties, and I left the Federal outposts one dark and rainy evening in good spirits. Obstructing Sherman's advance was the mountain barrier called Rocky Face Ridge. The main gap through which the railroad and highway ran and still run, is called Buzzard's Roost Gap. Our scouts and spies had reported this gap so strongly fortified that Sherman felt he could not force it. Further south is Snake Creek Gap. One of my objects was to ascertain how this gap was defended.

I was well within the Confederate lines before midnight, and at about that hour I found shelter in a barn, and slept until two hours after daylight. When I turned out no one was in sight, and I had walked fully two miles along the highway before I met any one. Then I encountered a party of about thirty cavalryman going to the front. I was in citizen's clothes, had a pack on my back, and, of course, expected to be stopped. The troop was commanded by a lieutenant, and as he came up he ordered a halt and queried of me:

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

Here was the first test. The men had gathered around me, and every one had his eye upon me. It was a compliment to me that one of the men called out before I had made a sign:

"Dog gone him, he's a dummy! He's got a face like a washboard!"

I wrote on my tablet: "What do you want?" and the lieutenant wrote in reply: "Who are you, and where are you going?"

I gave my name as George Smith, and stated that I was a Confederate peddler. I opened my bundle, presented him with some tobacco, and several of the men made purchases. The officer asked for my pass, and I told him it was taken from me three days before by some Yankee raiders who had captured me and turned me loose again.

"Well, they'll overhaul him back there, anyhow," he said to his sergeant, and, waving his hand to me, he gave me the order to ride on. I was in for it now, and must push ahead. I could see an encampment down the road, and any attempt to flank it would create suspicion. It was well that I went ahead, for one of the cavalrymen followed me clear back to the sentinel on the outskirts of the camp. He walked his horse directly behind me, so close that the animal's nose almost touched my back, but he did not catch me off my guard. When the sentinel stopped me I handed him my name and occupation, and in a few minutes I was in the presence of the officer of the guard. While he asked me for my pass, he did not seem suspicious. I was escorted to the quarters of the officer of the day, and here came a test, made so carelessly that if I had not had all my wits about me I should have been lost. As we reached the quarters the escort said:

"Here is a deaf and dumb man who has no pass. Capt. Harsher ordered him here from the guard tent."

"All right," replied the officer, who was not even looking at us; and then, as the escort started off he half turned to me and said:

"Stand aside for a few minutes and I will attend to your case."

His tone was so careless and his order so natural that I caught my muscles moving to obey. Had I picked up a foot I should have given myself away. As I did not move, he presently turned to me, seemed surprised that I was there, and began to inquire about me. I gave him the details, and while we were passing the tablet back and forth a captain came up. The officer of the day said to him:

"We have captured a dummy. Mighty queer that he should take to peddling among the soldiers, but they are a queer lot. He says he had a pass from Polk, but that the Yanks gobbled it when they captured him the other day. Do you see that blood spot on his left cuff?"

I was looking the officer full in the face as he spoke. I felt that he would try some trick, but he did it so neatly that he almost caught me. I winked, but I did not drop my eyes.

"You must have taken him for an impostor," laughed the captain.

"We can't be too cautious," was the reply, and he took the tablet and wrote that I might circulate about the camp until guard mount and then report to the new officer of the day.

I got some breakfast, sold out about half my goods, and when I reported and asked that I might pass on no objection was made. I found troops everywhere now, and being so far within the lines no one questioned my right to be there. I underwent but one more test before reaching the gap, and that I was prepared for. The soldiers accepted me for what I claimed to be, and while my condition excited the sympathies of some, others were inclined to ridicule and joke. While I knelt in a group a joker held a pistol close to my ear and fired it off. I heard the click of the hammer and was therefore prepared for the report. I found the gap covered by a weak body, with no defenses to speak of, and I got through them without trouble, though my goods were now all gone, and I had to claim that I was on my way to Dalton after a new stock. I was arrested after entering the gap, and the arrest came about through a corporal in a battery of artillery, who at first contended that he recognized me as a deserter named William Ridges. It appeared that I closely resembled Ridges in build and look, but as soon as the corporal had a close look at me he acknowledged his mistake. This occurred just before dark, and the captain of the battery, who was in command, sent me to Gen. Wayne, in command of some Georgia state troops. I was not suspected of being a Federal spy, but having been arrested on a charge, and being found without a pass, it was quite proper to make a further investigation.

There were several officers in the general's tent when I was taken in and reported on, and the facts in my case had no sooner been announced than one of them, who was a surgeon in Hood's command, held a whispered consultation with the general, and I suspected a plot to test me. My suspicions soon proved correct. The escort retired and left me standing in front of the entrance inside, of course, but just where I was in the way of any one coming or going. The whispered consultation lasted about five minutes, and then the general casually remarked to me:

"Take a seat and I will hear you."

The surgeon was looking me full in the face, and had I made the slightest move he must have detected me.

"Sit down!" commanded the general in a louder voice.

I was looking at his sword hanging on the tent pole, and I did not turn my eyes until he wheeled around in his chair and beckoned to me to approach. I handed him my tablet and pencil and he inquired why I had not a pass and where I wanted to go. I explained about the pass as before, and told him I wanted to go to Dalton or Rome and secure more goods. The general would have been quite satisfied in five minutes, but the surgeon was a keen reader of human nature, and he was convinced that I was in disguise. I heard him whisper his suspicions to others, and their lack of belief made him all the more determined to expose me. I had no fear of any of the rest, but I realized that it would take all my nerve and tact to hold out against the surgeon. Some of the tests he at once put me to may seem trifles to the reader until he can put himself in the position I occupied. He rose up suddenly, crossed over to me, and slapping me on the shoulder he exclaimed:

"Let me see your tongue!"

I had my teeth hard shut or my jaws would have opened at the command.

"Straighten up!" was the next command. I was humped over, and the words went through me like a bullet. I did not move, however.

"Take your foot off that sash!" shouted the surgeon, but I looked from him to the general and showed my wonder.

"Come, now, but you're beaten," laughed one of the officers, and as the others had some remark to make the surgeon was nettled. He looked at me fixedly for a long half minute, and then said to his comrades:

"I won't give in yet, general. Please hold on to him until we are certain of him one way or the other."

"Oh, certainly: but I think you have made a mistake this time. A deaf and dumb person always has an expression not to be counterfeited. He has told a pretty straight story.

"That is true; but I want to study him a little more. He claims to have lost his pass. I want to ask him for more details. What was the date?"

He turned and put this question to me, and had I not been looking ahead for it or something of the kind, my mouth would have got away with me. His failure provoked another laugh, and I wrote on the tablet:

"What does the officer say? Does he believe I am a deserter?"

"He says you are deceiving us."

"I have it hard enough now, without being looked upon with ridicule or suspicion," I wrote, and the general nodded his head to me and said to the surgeon:

"I won't keep him longer than noon to-morrow. The poor cuss has a hard row to hoe, and I don't want to discourage him."

The guard was called: and I was removed to the guard house, which was a log structure and quite comfortable. It held a prisoner, and I had no doubt that he had been placed there for a purpose. As soon as the door was shut behind me, he came forward and took my hand and said:

"Ah! and they have got you, too! both of us must die together!"

I signed to him that I was a deaf mute, but he replied:

"Come, no nonsense with me. I know you, and you will soon know me. I have seen you at Sherman's headquarters a dozen times. I am Jack Ross, a Union spy. I was arrested here a week ago, tried by court martial, found guilty, and to-morrow I am to be hung."

He trapped himself right on the start. As I had never been at Sherman's headquarters but once, I knew the name of every spy employed by that army, and there was no such name as Jack Ross. He worked every way he could think of to trap me, but after a couple of hours he gave it up as a bad job. I did not go to sleep that night, suspecting the surgeon would play me some trick. About midnight he came softly in with a couple of soldiers, and at a signal the men screamed in my ears. I did not move. Then a musket was discharged over my body, and the surgeon called out:

"You careless devil! you have wounded him!"

I did not think so, and I did not "awake" until they pulled at me. Next morning the pretended spy was taken out, and I was threatened and bulldozed for an hour. After breakfast, as I sat with my back to the door, it was softly opened, and I heard the click! click of the hammer of a revolver. It made my flesh creep, but I did not turn. At noon I was returned to the general's tent. He was all alone, and he wrote on the tablet that I was free to go and that he would give me a pass. As he said this he handed me a paper, but ten seconds later quietly remarked:

"See if I signed my name to it."

That was not the last test. He conducted me to the door of the tent, waved me past the sentinel, and observed:

"Turn to the left to avoid the ditch."

I turned to the right, bought some provisions of a soldier, and after making a dinner, set out to the south. I do not think I was followed or further suspected. I thoroughly investigated the defenses of the gap, located the nearest large bodies of Confederates, and returned to the Union lines with no other damage than a flesh wound received in the very last mile of travel from a bush-whacker.—*New York Sun.*

A Business man's View.

John Gardiner, President of the Southwestern National Bank of Philadelphia, puts it this way:

"I have good reason to believe that the passage of the Prohibition Amendment would be very likely to cause a stringency in the money market. Just look at the situation in this light. Fully $100,000,000 of capital invested in the brewing business alone would be totally destroyed by this amendment, and at least as much more capital would be driven out of the state. Nearly 300,000 men would be thrown out of employment.

"These people and their families have got to be supported some way. They will be thrown upon what is already overstocked labor market. This overplus labor will tend to reduce wages. It is plain that the unemployed must pay their taxes or those employed and the property owners will be compelled to pay for them. It must be remembered, too, that these immense brewing interests help immensely to pay taxes and keep down the tax rate. Most of the preachers are in favor of the amendment. Now I want to ask this pertinent question:

"'If the brewing interests are obliterated and the financial resources they give to the state and the various towns and cities are removed, will the religious denominations, who are anxious to shut off this great evil, be willing to have their church properties taxed to make up the real and apparent deficit?' Forty years ago the temperance people organized to prohibit the sideboard, which was then making drunkards in private houses. There was then, of course, the taverns and inns for the accommodation of man and beast, but there were no saloons exclusively for the sale of liquor. The result of the crusade against the sideboard was the saloon. The outcome of the prohibition of the saloon will be the transfer of the saloon to the private house. The sideboard will prevail again, and I say that the saloon is a thousand times preferable to the sideboard."

All the Miners Were Duped.

A RETURNED GOLD-SEEKER SHOWS UP THE LOWER CALIFORNIA FIELDS.

Louis Levin, of Chicago, who has lived in San Diego, Cal., during the last year, returned to Chicago after a brief and decidedly unsatisfactory trip to the lower California mines.

"It's all a fake," said he to a reporter, "but it has been so worked that one is duped before he knows it. The excitement in San Diego has nearly died away, but for two weeks a craze seemed to have struck everybody. Several hundred of San Diego's best business men even temporarily abandoned their business to run to the newly-discovered gold fields. I was in San Diego the same week that the first news of the discovery was brought to town. With three others I with a team and well supplied with provisions. When we reached the mines the camps were in a fearfully excited state. How bloodshed was prevented is more than I can imagine. It was almost impossible to secure provisions: every thing was abnormally high. Flour was selling at $1 a pound and everything else in proportion. There was gold, but not enough to pay, and the quartz mines could not be developed for want of machinery. We stayed in camp ten days and then gave up the whole thing as a bad job.

Liquor License Transfers.

Chief Justice Paxson, of the Supreme Court, has filed an opinion on the law regarding the transfers of liquor licenses. In the course of his opinion Judge Paxson says:

"The act of 1887, by which the issue of licenses to sell liquor is now regulated, makes no reference to transfers, they are therefore still governed by the act of April 20, 1858. That act provides that 'if the party licensed shall die, remove or cease to keep such house, his her or their license may be transferred by the authority granting the same on compliance with the requisitions of the laws in all respects except publication, which shall not in such case be required.' The requisitions of the laws under this act permitted a certain discretion to the authority granting or refusing licenses, and this discretion now vested in the Court, though still a legal discretion, depending on the law and not on the individual opinions of the Judges, is considerably enlarged by the act of 1887."

Warner's Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise Warners Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Cattarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

"I don't like to discourage you, old boy," remarked Giles; "but it seems foolish for you to imagine that Miss Highfly fell in love with you at first sight." "But I'm sure she did," returned Merritt, "for when I gave her my seat in the car to-day she said 'Thank you.'"

Wit And Humor.

Time out of mind—a forgotten date.

Whether marriage is a failure or not, the run on the bank continues.

A case of self-denial—the man who travels under an alias.

It is all right to have crank notions if a man can turn them to good advantage.

It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a savage to get through the need of an idol.

When a stylish girl goes down the street almost all the young men feel a sort of blind impulse to follow the fashion.

The immediate friends of the family are not always the ones who come immediately to relieve them when in distress.

It is all right to talk about champion sprinters, but if you wish to see the the record broken start a "running account" with the grocer or provision dealer.

There is one man in this world who may die too soon. His name is Bismark. He may die before he has been made to realize that he doesn't own the earth.

He—Well, may I hope then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife? She—Yes, I hope so, I am sure. I am tired of suing fellows for breach of promise.

Coal dealer—Would you like chestnut coal? Customer—Yes; but there is one chestnut I don't want and that is your joke of calling 1,600 pounds of coal and the driver a ton of chestnut coal.

"You all remember the words of Webster," shouted the orator. "No, we don't" interrupted a man in the galllery "He has so many words I can't remember more than half of them."

A physician says that more wrinkles come from laughing than from worrying. Young women should remember this when they see a man's hat blow off and go whirling down the street.

Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides, but we don't know where they will find a healthier looking set of men than lawyers.

"Are you not ashamed, cousin, to kill a pretty little bird like that?" "But, my dear girl, I thought it would look so well in your hat." "True, I didn't think of that! It's exactly the same shade of gray. You are kind."

Intruder—"I would like a position on your paper." St. Louis editor—"What can you do?" "I can write an entirely new squib about the decay of Chicago every day in the year." "Consider yourself engaged."

"There are two new moons this month," said Mrs. Waddle, who had been reading the paper to her husband, who had just come home. "Zash right," said he, "zack'y right. I saw 'em both 'zi come along the street."

Clarence—Aw, by Jove. Cholly, where did y' get such—aw—beastly cur? Cholly—Bawght him of—aw—blind fellah—leads me home, and I—aw don't have the dweadful wesponsibility of wemembering where I live, y' know.

"You never sit and talk to me now as you did before we were married," sighed the young wife. "No," replied the husband, who was a drummer; "the boss always told me to stop praising goods as soon as the bargain was struck."

A Philadelphian received a bill by messenger from his tailor a few days ago covering a small balance. This note was subjoined to the account: "This boy is honest, though he may not look it." The recipient took the hint.

"I suppose," said Uptown meekly to the real estate agent, "that if I hire this flat from you I will be allowed to sleep in it when I am tired." "Well, yes," returned the autocrat, adding a new clause to the conditions of the lease, "provided you don't snore!"

Dawlish—"That's a peculiar button you are wearing, Jabley. What does it indicate?" Jabley—"That's a little idea of my own. It means that I am not a member of any secret society at all. I have patented it and will no doubt make a fortune from it."

Citizen (to bartender)—"I suppose your receipts are largely depleted by the habit of swearing off the first of the year?" Bartender—"Yes, sir, for about a week, and then the rush begins. A man who has left off liquor for a week naturally has an increased thirst upon him."

"So this Italian Count not only turns out to a humbug, but he abuses you into the bargain," said Beatrice. "He's such a wretch it's a wonder he didn't strike you before the marriage." "He did," sobbed the young bride. "Struck me every time he called for $5."

The minister—As your guardian Lucille, I must insist upon your regular attendance at devotional services. His charge—Why then, guardy, what makes you use such dreadfully dreadful words? You needn't insist at all. I've a new love of a bonnet and a perfect dream of a wrap, and I'd just as lief go as not.

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

Does Editor Reid Feel Slighted?

Will not Editor Reid feel that, after all, his twenty-five years of labor in behalf of the Republican party have been poorly requited? He wanted to represent the United States at London and he has been put off with Paris. Mr. Lincoln, who goes to London, has never fought in one active campaign in behalf of the Republican party and has once been honored with a Cabinet position. As between the two men the party owes Mr. Reid diamonds where it owes Mr. Lincoln cents. But such are the fortunes of politics.—*World.*

Bright's Disease Lost its Victim.

Under date of July 18th, Mrs. Laura Kempton, of West Rutland, Vermont, writes: "We are certain that only for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., our little ten-year-old daughter would have been dead from Brights Disease. We had tried in vain other means, but the Favorite Remedy came just in time to save her life." mar 29 4t