

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE—Front Room, over Postoffice, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

The Commercial

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1890. VOL. 25, NO. 27

Finest Line of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES IN THE COUNTY AT J. G. WELLS' JEWELRY STORE.

BROOKE HALL, FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES. Miss Estlin's Central School.

B. F. Savits, PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER. Tin roofing a Specialty.

CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, FIRE INSURANCE. Home of N. Y. Merchants, Newark, N. J.

CROWN ACME, The Best Burning Oil That Can be Made From Petroleum.

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ACME OIL COMPANY, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM, Cleanses and beautifies the hair.

AMONG THE BREAKERS.

At a pleasant family reunion in New York the sons and daughters of an old comrade of the navy were assembled to celebrate a domestic anniversary.

It occurred, he said, some forty years ago. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on a cruise, when the captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper came a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, but dressed in the uniform of a midshipman of the navy.

We were soon on intimate terms, and he was so frank, generous and winning in his manners that you could not for the life of you, escape loving the little fellow. Even the ragged old tars would do anything to please him.

We reached the Philippine Islands, passed the strait, and at last entered the Bay of Bangas. We were all fairly tired of close confinement on shipboard, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the islands.

"Give way! Give way! Give way!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style; "shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death, and the other is ducky, but what say you, Broton?"

"Oh, sir," replied the little fellow, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "why say an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago, and I'm sure we can do it. Besides, sir, we can try it with one boat first. It isn't such a high surf, after all, and look there, sir, they're watching us from the fort."

"I still, however, objected, feeling a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf. But the national pride of our men had been touched, and the lieutenant, seeing it, wavered no longer, and shouting this, "Give way," our crew broke into a cheer and dashed rapidly up to the gigantic breakers.

"The aspect of the surf as we approached it was terrible. Enormous billows rolled in, one after another like monsters, passing a moment with their white breasts before they descended and then hurled their mass of water down into the abyss below with the noise of a mighty cataract.

"The poor boy, thank God, was washed ashore that same afternoon, and there was not a particle of water on his person, and he had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling in the current. Had I not been engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was four of our crew were lost."

Sunday Shaving.

Some years ago the legality of conducting the business of a barber on Sunday was decided in the negative by Judge Ewell. It was one of the first cases of the kind brought before the courts of this State.

John H. Fow and Edward A. Anderson brought the question before the Court by an appeal from the summary conviction of William R. Waldman, guilty of violating the Act of 1794 by working on Sunday.

Stress was laid by Messrs Fow and Anderson in their argument on the first point that "the barber who influenced the members of the Legislature and the Constitutional Convention, that so man should be deprived of his liberty and suffer the ignominy of an imprisonment at the will of a judge, but only on a solemn conviction of a jury of his countrymen."

"For the love of heaven," he cried, "Frank—here! But as I swim, to—No! Save yourself—I'm nearly gone—am getting weak—tell mother and Fanny I died thinking of them."

"Hold on a minute, for heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was already within a yard or two of him.

"I should be glad to see that there is no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's fort, and our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended when we started to leave the boats outside the fort and to land in dunks which were used for passing the breakers, and which, being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf and cannot without great difficulty be overturned. But when we reached the shore we saw that none of these native boats were to hand, and we had but little time to lose to lay upon our oars just out the breakers and called a council to determine what to do.

"What say you, Frank, to making a dash, and passing at once? It will be something to talk of, won't it?" I shook my head in disapprobation as I pointed to the huge billows that raged by, and on curling over a cable's length ahead broke with noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivering waves foamed and foamed in the vortex below.

"Give way, my sea dog, give way!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style; "shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

"I look like a venture where one cast is death, and the other is ducky, but what say you, Broton?"

"Oh, sir," replied the little fellow, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "why say an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago, and I'm sure we can do it. Besides, sir, we can try it with one boat first. It isn't such a high surf, after all, and look there, sir, they're watching us from the fort."

W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

GWINE BACK HOME.

As we waited in the L. & N. depot at Nashville for the train, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief.

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll look you up!" "Doed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief.

"Where were you going?" "Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?" "Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when dis way dun sot me free I cum up dis way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?" "Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up far ten years, sah."

"Where were you robbed?" "Oat doas, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See! De pocket is all out. Ize had dis journey in my mind fer years an' have \$20 to spare. An' when he realized his good luck, the old snow-haired back fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed—

"My days, an' now I dun axes You to wash ober me, for dese white folks, de believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

"And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gates opened out for the train for Louisville."

DAIRY BUTTER MAKING RULES. Pure salt of medium fineness and with a body velvety touch should be used.

"The whole of the cream should be well stirred every time fresh cream is added and half a dozen times a day besides."

"The butter should be kept cool during the working and also during the few hours while it may be left for the salt to dissolve."

English Tourist—I am afraid the size of my foot is too colossal you. Chicago Shoemaker—O, no, Miss! it's quite below the average.