

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890.

VOL. 25, NO. 31

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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- DR. J. C. RUTTER,** PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, North Market Street, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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- L. S. WINTERSTEN,** Notary Public, W. D. BECKLEY, WINTERSTEN & BECKLEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Loans secured, Investments made, Real estate bought and sold, Office in First National Bank Building, Bloomberg, Pa.
- HONORA A. ROBBINS, M. D.,** Office, West First St., Special attention given to the eye and ear and the fitting of glasses.
- J. J. BROWN, M. D.,** Office and Residence, Third Street, West of Market, near M. E. Church, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
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- M. J. HESS, D. D. S.,** Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, having opened a dental office in LOCKHART'S BUILDING, corner of Main and Centre streets, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Is prepared to receive all patients requiring professional services.
- WAINWRIGHT & CO.,** WHOLESALE GROCERS, TEAS, SPICES, COFFEES, SUGAR, MOLASSES, RICE, STARCHES, BICARBONATE SODA, ETC., ETC. N. E. Corner Second and Arch Sts. PHILADELPHIA, PA. Orders will receive prompt attention.
- M. C. SLOAN & BRO.,** MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sigs, Platform Wagons, &c. BLOOMSBURG, PA. First-class work always on hand. Repairing neatly done. Prices reduced to suit the times.
- W. H. HOUSE,** SURGEON-DENTIST, Office, Barton's Building, Main St., bet. Market, BLOOMSBURG, PA. All styles of work done in a superior manner, and all work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by the use of Gas and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted. To be open all hours during the day.
- THE COLUMBIAN IS THE BEST.**

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



B. F. Savits, PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER.

DEALER IN STOVES, PUMPS, FITTING, &c.

Tin coating a Specialty.

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of this disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine. I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough night and day, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me.—A. J. Eldon, M. D., Middleboro, Vermont.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Dalton, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted a severe cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician called on me, and gave me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I used it, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. E. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle, 60¢ per half bottle.

Kop Plasters

A New English Household Remedy. Universally popular because of its medicinal merits. For the relief of rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, sprains, and all other pains. It is a powerful and safe remedy, and is used by the people of all nations. It is sold by all druggists.

CROWN ACME,

The Best Burning Oil That Can be Made From Petroleum.

It gives a brilliant light. It will not smoke the chimneys. It will not char the wick. It has a high fire test. It will not explode. It is pre-eminently a family safety oil.

We Challenge Comparison with any other illuminating oil made.

We Stake our Reputation, as Refiners, upon the Statement that it is

The Best Oil IN THE WORLD.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CROWN - ACME.

ACME OIL COMPANY,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DR. I. C. BREECE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office over Meyer Bro's Drug Store, Residence West Main Street, 12-20-21.

J. S. GARRISON M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over I. W. Hartman & Son's store, residence N. E. corner Centre and Fourth streets.

DR. J. T. FOX, DENTIST. All the latest appliances for manufacturing, treating, filling and extracting teeth. All styles of work warranted as represented. Office on Main Street, near East. 5-16-17.

ALTAMAHA'S REWARD.

In the centre of a circle of lodges was the chief, Tomo Chioi, his eyes fixed with a peculiar meaning upon a captive who was seated near him. The captive was a beautiful young girl bound with green thongs, and she gazed upon those her lips curled in very scorn, and she gave utterance to words indicative of impatience. "Do you fancy you will ever tame me?" "We hope to do so." "Then you hope in vain. I never can tolerate you or your barbarous customs." "You will find differently after a time. You will find many charms in our wild, free life, and when you become my wife." "Your wife!" shrieked the girl something like a shudder passing over her frame. "Yes my wife. You must forget this Capt. Henry Waller, for by the great Spirit I have sworn that you shall be mine." Tomo Chioi spoke fiercely, and turning from him the captive became silent. When the morning dawned a savage yell acrossed the camp and the chief sprang to his feet. A glance betrayed the fact that his captive had disappeared. Darting from his lodge he found one of his guard lying cold in death before it. It was the discovery of the body which had raised the alarm. He called to the men and the second guard, whose name was Altamaha, was soundly sleeping. At first the chief thought that he too had been slain; but the confusion aroused the guard, and springing to his feet he saved the captive. He knew the girl, and he trembled when he contemplated his position. He had reason to do so, for at the command of Tomo Chioi he was instantly seized and firmly bound. A savage was found without the circle of lodges in a dying condition. He spoke with difficulty, and stated that he had been aroused during the night by low whisperings and the sounds of footsteps. He had left his lodge only to receive a knife in his breast, and fell senseless. The avenger wore a scarlet coat, and Helen Prescott, the only woman in the camp, was a search was made around the camp, and half a mile distant there were the marks where three horses had been tied to the trees. They had evidently come from Savannah, and had taken their departure in that direction. The chief spoke with difficulty, and he returned to his lodge foaming with rage and bent upon vengeance. For a year he had been engaged in a plot for the capture of Helen Prescott; for he had seen her in Savannah, and becoming enamored of her had resolved to abduct the maiden and make her his queen. His plan had failed, however, but at length his son, a young chief called Red Plume, had penetrated the city in the disguise of a British officer and succeeded in bringing the maiden away captive. She had been two days among the Indians when she was rescued.

As soon as Tomo Chioi returned to his camp he ordered Altamaha to be bound to a stake, and brushwood was heaped around him preparatory to burning. The savage had recovered his self-possession. He was a brave and strong man, and he stood high in the estimation of his leader. Turning to his chief he said: "I know that I deserve death for sleeping, but if my chief will spare me I will bring the captive maiden." For a moment the chief remained silent, and he replied: "You shall never be bound. Bring the maiden and tell me that her lover, Capt. Henry Waller is dead. Bring me, as an evidence of the fact, his scalp and his scarlet coat. Do this and your life shall be spared." "I have promised that it should be done, and he was released. He started immediately in the direction of Savannah. There was great excitement in Savannah when it was known that Miss Prescott had so mysteriously disappeared, and none partook of this feeling more strongly than the English Captain Henry Waller, her betrothed husband. He believed the savages were connected with the matter, and he at once communicated his suspicions to Gen. Ogilthorpe, the governor and commander of the post. The general ordered that the Indian should be broken, and a bloody warfare might be the result. He said to the captain, however, "Take as many men as you require, and approach within five miles of the Indian camp. There you must halt until you yourself have advanced and found that your suspicions are correct. In that case you have discretionary power; but act with prudence." At the head of fifty dragoons Waller approached the destination, and he halted his men and then rode forward with a single orderly leading a third horse. Approaching within half a mile of the camp he dismounted and advanced alone. Silently he entered the circle of lodges and crept to the one most prominent among the number, believing it to be occupied by the chief. He listened and heard a murmur as if uttered in sleep. His heart beat wildly, for he recognized the voice of his idol. Before the lodge a guard was seated, but he appeared half asleep. It was not until the guard had disappeared that the captain crawled slowly into the lodge. Swiftly but cautiously they passed along, and were only interrupted by a single savage, who shared the fate of the guard. The horses were reached and soon they joined the remainder, and rapidly rode for Savannah. Young Red Plume had been abroad that night, still wearing his disguise. Suddenly he came in sight of the dragoons where they were waiting. Soon he discovered that the maiden had been rescued, and he fled. The darkness and his disguise were his protection, and he determined to recapture Helen. Chance favored him. After a time the light-hearted girl bantered her companions for a race, and without awaiting a reply darted forward at a furious pace. She had followed her, and soon the two had far outstripped the others. A bend in

the road shut them altogether from view. The horse on which Helen was riding stumbled and fell, and she was rendered helpless. Now was the golden opportunity, and Red Plume was not slow to take advantage of it. He caught the maiden in his arms and carried her into the woods flanking the roadway, leaving both horse and rider in a few moments he heard the dragoon pass, not a foot of the trail, and he felt the least suspicion that harm had fallen on the maiden. The savage laughed in fiendish glee. Placing Helen on a mossy bank he watched beside her until she had recovered, and then leading her to one of the horses he began his return toward the camp. It was evident that she had been considerably injured, for after proceeding a few miles she fainted. Red Plume rode into an undergrowth and hid himself, almost shut on the daylight. He passed by a silver spring which had been reached by a narrow, winding pathway. Lifting the captive from the animal upon which she had been bound he took her in his arms, seated himself by the fountain and began to bathe her brow with the cooling water.

In the meantime Altamaha had reached that point on his way to Savannah. He turned also to quench his thirst and discovered the Indian and the maiden. The disguise deceived him, and there was the crimson coat, and he believed the man to be Henry Waller. His heart throbbed with fiendish delight, and creeping slowly forward, he plunged his tomahawk into his brain. "Then he tore the scarlet coat from his body and took the scalp from Red Plume's head. With the tomahawk trophies he rode proudly back, and advancing toward Tomo Chioi laid the coat at his feet with the gory scalp. The chief looked at it, started, and turning his flashing eyes upon Altamaha exclaimed in tones choking with passion, while the warrior quivered with dread: "White-headed dog and fool! You have brought me the coat of my son. Die, cursed wretch!" He drew his tomahawk from his belt and buried it forward with great force, and he buried himself deep into the brains of Altamaha, and he then fell lifeless to the ground. The grief of Tomo Chioi was very great. He led his captive into his lodge and then seated himself. He did not speak but an occasional groan came from his throat, and his powerful breast heaved violently. Hours passed on and still no orders had been given for a night guard. Suddenly the yelling of his warriors aroused him. He sprang without his lodge and listened. He heard the rattle of arms and the tramp of horses' feet. He quickly began the formation of his warriors; but now a body of dragoons burst into the circle and the fight began. In half an hour after Helen Prescott was on her way back to Savannah with the troops. She rode beside her lover, and she felt no inclination to indulge in a race. The lesson the savages had received was a salutary one, and the chief was glad to enter into another treaty of peace, for his broken faith had cost him dearly. Helen Prescott soon after became the wife of the young warrior, and he was the sole queen of his heart.—New York World.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF IT.

The Force bill is intended (its supporters allege) to protect the Southern negro at the ballot box. It seems never to have occurred to these stupid politicians that any man who is worthy of the rights and franchises of a citizen should be allowed to remain in the voting room outside the guard rail. No person besides those authorized and a number of voters not exceeding ten shall be permitted to remain in the voting place. All lists of voters with the numbers of their ballots, as now required by law, shall be closed in sealed envelopes before the opening of the ballot boxes at the closing of the polls. No person shall take a ballot from the voting place. If a voter inadvertently spoils a ballot, he may obtain another upon returning the spoiled one. Secs. 21-22. Illegality.—If any voter or declares to the presiding election officer under oath that because of illiteracy or physical inability, he is unable to mark his ballot, the officer shall direct two officers, representing opposite political parties, to aid the voter in preparing his ballot in the voting compartment. Secs. 23-25. Bribery and Intimidation.—It is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for a voter to allow his ballot to be seen with the intention of letting it be known how he is voting, or shall endeavor to induce another to do so, or shall make a false statement as to his inability to mark his ballot, or shall attempt to cast any other than the official ballot, or shall interfere with any voter when inside the guard rail. Sec. 26. It is also made a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to wilfully destroy or deface any ballot or to wilfully destroy or deface any nomination paper any letter of withdrawal, or file any certificate or paper of nomination, knowing the same to be falsely made. Sec. 27. Official Neglect.—Any public officer upon whom a duty is imposed by this Act who shall wilfully neglect to perform such duty, or who shall wilfully perform it in such a way as to hinder the objects of this Act, or violate any of its provisions, shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms, hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences.

J. S. WILLIAMS, AUCTIONEER, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Real Estate Bought and Sold. Parties desiring to buy horses and wagon would do well to call on the above.

Ever Young Hair

Who contemplates pursuing a course of study in the commercial branches, should have from option of the hundred dollar and 25th Annual Catalogue.

WILLIAM & HOBBS, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Pennsylvania Ballot-Reform Bill.

Drafted by an able committee of the Pennsylvania Ballot-Reform Association, and endorsed by many other organizations. Copies of this synopsis and the bill may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Alfred N. Chandler, Ballot Building, Philadelphia.

Secs. 1-15. Printing and distribution of ballots at all elections to be a county charge.

Secs. 2-9. Nominations.—Party conventions may file certificates of nominations with the Secretary of the Commonwealth, or, for local offices, with the County Commissioners. Nominations papers, signed by a thousand citizens nominating a candidate for a State office, two hundred for a city, county, Congressional or Legislative office, and two hundred for any other office, may be similarly filed. Certificates and papers so filed shall be open to inspection and objections made thereto shall be considered. Candidates may withdraw by filing a written request.

Secs. 10-15. Ballots.—All ballots used at the same voting place at any election shall be alike, and shall contain the names and addresses of all candidates, arranged under the titles of their offices, with proper party or other designations and a space to the right of each name, where a cross or mark may be made to indicate the candidate voted for. There shall be a blank at the end of every list for the insertion of names of persons not nominated. The ballots shall be printed by the County Commissioners and sent in sealed packages to the judges at elections.

The names of all candidates to be advertised as they are to appear on the ballots, and copies of the ballots posted about the voting places. Provisions made for replacing lost ballots.

Secs. 16-18. Voting Places.—In every voting place a sufficient number of voting shelves or compartments, at least one for every fifty names on the Assessor's list shall be provided, in which voters may mark their ballots screened from the observation of other voters and a guard rail placed so that every voter shall be enabled to deposit his ballot in a sufficient number of the ballot boxes or voting compartments.

Secs. 19-20. The Secret Ballot.—Upon receiving his ballot the voter shall, before leaving the enclosed space, retire alone to one of the compartments provided for the purpose, by placing a cross-mark (x) opposite the name of the candidate of his choice, or by filling in the blank space provided therefor, and in the case of a question submitted to the vote of the people, by marking the appropriate number or cross-mark (x) opposite the answer he desires to give.

Before leaving the voting compartment the voter shall fold his ballot without displaying the marks thereon and after obtaining from the election officer under oath that because of illiteracy or physical inability, he is unable to mark his ballot, the officer shall direct two officers, representing opposite political parties, to aid the voter in preparing his ballot in the voting compartment.

Secs. 23-25. Bribery and Intimidation.—It is made a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for a voter to allow his ballot to be seen with the intention of letting it be known how he is voting, or shall endeavor to induce another to do so, or shall make a false statement as to his inability to mark his ballot, or shall attempt to cast any other than the official ballot, or shall interfere with any voter when inside the guard rail.

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Sec. 27. Official Neglect.—Any public officer upon whom a duty is imposed by this Act who shall wilfully neglect to perform such duty, or who shall wilfully perform it in such a way as to hinder the objects of this Act, or violate any of its provisions, shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both.

THE HEN LAW A FAILURE.

A DANBURY MAN SHOOTS THIRTY OF HIS OWN CHICKENS FOR HIS NEIGHBOR'S.

That peculiar hen law passed by the last legislature at Hartford has had a disastrous effect on a well known Danbury farmer's homestead, and a letter from the latter place to the N. Y. Sun and has caused the dissolution of friendship which has existed ever since the two farmers were boys and fought to escort the same girl home from singing-school. Darius and Stephen are the front names of the two former friends.

Stephen is a man who devotes his time to raising garden truck. After the hen bill became a law last June he had a field of fine sweet corn, which was coming on nicely. Hens would get into it, however, and after a while he found a large patch of the corn ruined. Returning to his house he took down his shot-gun, loaded it, and calling on Darius he began, patting his gun significantly:

"Darius, if I see any more of your chickens in my corn I'll dispose of 'em to you as the law'll uphold me in it, too. I gin you fair war'nin', Darius, and now I'm gin for 'em every time I see 'em."

"But, Stephen—" began Darius, in an explanatory tone, but he was shut off by his neighbor, who said: "You don't know what you're sayin'. If you don't keep your chickens outen my corn I'll shoot 'em on the spot, and the law'll uphold me in it."

The next morning the report of the gun was heard in Stephen's corn field and in a few minutes that party approached Darius' garden and threw over the fence as sleek and plump a rooster as ever scratched up corn-hills for a numerous harem. Mrs. Darius went out and picked up the fowl and at noon the family enjoyed a chicken-pot pie dinner. For a week every morning Stephen's gun was hoarse, and one or two and sometimes three hens or roosters would be thrown over into Darius' yard. His wife picked them up, dressed them, like all country house-wives, dried the feathers under the stove and stowed them away for future use for Darius' arm-chair or pillows for the lounge. What Darius' family, which was a good-sized one, could not eat of the fowls were sold to the market men when they came around, and the good wifely already had a nice little sum of money laid by in a broken tin sassafras can, which she had which she expected to devote to purchases when she went into town again.

Finally Stephen's wife remarked to him one evening that her chickens were disappearing remarkably fast, and she couldn't understand it.

"I reckon that's the way 'round agin," said he, "and I'll lay for him with my gun. 'I'm gettin' to be quite a shot,' and he chuckled as he remembered how he had killed Darius' hens with bird shot. The next morning he started bright and early for the cornfield with his trusty gun. There was the flock scratching away as usual. Stephen singled out a fine rooster and laid him out cold. Picking him up he proceeded as usual to take him to Darius' yard and fling him over the fence. Mrs. Darius was in the yard as the rooster struck the ground.

"Thank you, Stephen," she said as she picked it up and started for the house.

"Mrs. Darius, how many chickens o' yours he killed in the last ten days?" asked Stephen.

"I reckon that's a chicken in it, I never kept a chicken in it as I never said the woman, while a suppressed smile crept into her eyes though her face was sober enough.

"Great Christopher! Hain't them your hens I've been shooting all this time?"

"They were not, Stephen, though we have felt grateful to you for your exceedingly kindness in giving them to us. We haven't been obliged to buy any meat in two weeks, and though I must confess we are getting kind o' tired of chicken, having had thirty of them."

Stephen sat down on a stone and reflected. He remembered his wife's remark about the disappearance of her chickens and, rising, he took his gun and brought it down with a vim across the top rail of the fence, breaking the stock off and bending the barrel. Then he threw the remaining away and went home. He met his wife in the yard and told her the story.

"I've made a consarned old fool o' myself. I thought I was mighty smart to kill them hens, for they fellers over to Hartford passed a law sayin' I could kill 'em as I please. I shot thirty hens as fine as ever I raised in Fairfield county, and I've killed 'em and giv' 'em to Darius when he hadn't no more right to 'em than he has to Gabriel's horn. I'll go right to town and see a lawyer, and if the state of Connecticut don't pay me for them hens then I'll take the law on the do-blasted fool what writ it."

THE CHAMPION OIL EATER.

George Thompson, of New York, is very fond of onions, and would rather have an onion any time than an orange. He recently ate thirty large onions in half an hour. He ate neither salt nor pepper with them, nor did he wash them over them. Mr. Thompson thinks that his capacity for onions would be about sixty.—New York Journal.

Japanese Chickens with tails from eleven to thirteen feet long are being imported into this country.

Rain in the Face, the great Sioux chief, has applied for a position on the police force of Bismack, Dak.

Mr. Goodheart—Regarding those kittens dear, the president of our society says the most humane way to drown kittens is to put them in an ordinary flower-pot upside down in a pail of lukewarm water.

Mrs. Goodheart—Why, yes, that is a good idea, but I, because you know there is a hole in the bottom of that flower-pot for the poor little things to breathe through.—New York Weekly

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THE CHAMPION OIL EATER.

George Thompson, of New York, is very fond of onions, and would rather have an onion any time than an orange. He recently ate thirty large onions in half an hour. He ate neither salt nor pepper with them, nor did he wash them over them. Mr. Thompson thinks that his capacity for onions would be about sixty.—New York Journal.

Japanese Chickens with tails from eleven to thirteen feet long are being imported into this country.

Rain in the Face, the great Sioux chief, has applied for a position on the police force of Bismack, Dak.

Mr. Goodheart—Regarding those kittens dear, the president of our society says the most humane way to drown kittens is to put them in an ordinary flower-pot upside down in a pail of lukewarm water.

Mrs. Goodheart—Why, yes, that is a good idea, but I, because you know there is a hole in the bottom of that flower-pot for the poor little things to breathe through.—New York Weekly

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