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G. E. ELWELL, J. E. BITTENBENDER, Proprietors.

Ortheris-landed at last in the "lit

tle stuff bird shop" for which your soul longed; Learoyd.-back again in

the smoky, stone ribbed north, amid the clang of the Bradford looms; Mul-

vaney-grizzled, tender and very wise;

Ulysses sweltering on the earthwork

of a central India line—judge if I have forgotten old days in the Trap!

Orsh'ris, as allus thinks knaws more

han other foaks, said she wasn't a

real lady, but nobbut a Hewrasian.

don't gainsay as her culler was a bit

Why, she rode in a carriage, an' good osses too, an' her 'air was that oiled as

yo' could see your faice in it, an' she

wore diamond rings an' a goold chain

an' silk and satin dresses as mun a' cost a deal, for it isn't a cheap shop as

ceeps enough o' one pattern to fit a

igure like he s. Her name was Mrs.

De Sussa, an' t' waay I come to be ac-

quainted wi' her was along of our col-

onel's laady's dog Rip.
I've seen a vast o' dogs, but Rip

was t' prettiest picter of a cliver fox tarrier at iver I set eyes on. He could do owt yo' like but speeak, an' t'

colonel's landy set more store by him

than if he had been a Christian. She

hed bairns of her awn, but they was

England, and Rip seemed to get all t' coddlin' and pettin' as belonged to a bairn by good right.

But Rip were a bit on a rover, an' hed a habit o' breakin' out o' barricks

like, and trottin' round t' place as if he

were t' cantonment magistrate coom

round inspectin.' The colonel leathers bim once or twice, but Rip didn't care an' kept on gooin' his rounds, wi' his

tasil a waggin' as if he were flag sig-

nallin' to t' world at large 'at he was

"gettin' on nicely , thank yo" an how's

sen!" An then t' colonel, as was

oop. A real clipper of a dog, an' it's noa wonder you laady, Mrs. DeSussa,

hould tek a fancy tiv him. Theer's

one o' t' ten commandments says yo

naun't cuvvet your neebor's ox nor

bout his terrier dogs, an happen that's

dong wi' her husband, who was so

good coost tiv his back yo' might ha'

called him a black man and nut tell a

lee nawther. They say he addled his

Well, yo' seen, when they teed Rip

up t' poor awl lad didn't enjoy very

good 'elth. So t' colonel's laady sends

for me as 'ad a naame for bein' knowl-

So she says her dog maunt nive

fight an' noa Christians iver fought.

edgable about a dog an' axes what'

brass i' jute, an' he'd a rare lot on it.

nich darker 'at if be bedn't such

is jackass, but it doesn't say nowt

reason why Mrs. De Sussa cuvveted

But she was a lady.

doosky like.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890.

THE PRIVATE'S STORY Far from the haunts of the company officers wao insist upon kit inspections, far from keen nosed sergeants who sniff the pipe stuffed into the bedding roll, two miles from the tumult of the barracks, lies the Trap. It is an old dry well, shadowed by a twisted pipal tree and fenced with high grass. Here, in the years gone by, did Private Ortheris establish his depot and menagerie for such possessions living and dead as could not safely be introduce the barrack room. Here were gathered Houdin pullets and fox ter-riers of undoubted pedigree and more than doubtful ownership, for Ortheris was an inveterate poacher and pre-emicent among a regiment of neat handed log stealers Never again will the long, lazy even ngs return wherein Ortheris, whist ling softly, moved surgeonwise among

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I 8 not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become deprayed and the system en-feebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla



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Very Young Hoon

Indigestion

maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treafed me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions. I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

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B. P. HARTMAN

AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES

"Why," says I, "he's getten' to mopes, an' what he wants is his lib baty an' company like t' rest on us; well happen rat or two 'ud liven him oop. It's low, mum," says I, "is rats, but it's t' nature of a dog; an' soa's cuttin round an' meetin' another dog or two an' passin' t' time o' day, an' hevvin a bit of a turn up wi' him like

Christian.

(Successor to Freas Brown,)

"Then what's a soldier for!" says an' I explains to her t' contrairy quality of a dog, 'at, when yo' coom to think on't, is one o' t' curusest things as is, For they larn to behave theirsens like gentlemen born, fit for t' fost o' coom-pany—they tell me t' Widdy herself is do in my life. I'll stale him!" fond of a good dog an' knaws one when she sees it as well as onnybody then, on t'other hand, a tewin' round after cats an' gettin' mixed oop i' all manners o' blackguardly street rows,

an killin' rate, an' fightin' like divils. T' colonel' laady says: "Well, Learcyd, I doant agree wi' you, but you're right in a way o' speekin, an' I should like yo' to tek Rip out a walkin' wi' yo' sometimes; but yo' maun't let him fight, nor chase cats, nor do nowt or rid: an' them was her very words.

Son Rip an' me gooes out a-walkin evening's he bein' a dog as did credit tiy' a man, an' I catches a lot o' rate, an' we hed a bit of a match on in a awd dry swimmin' bath at back o' t' cantonments, an' it was none so long afore he was as bright as a button again. He hed a way o' flyin' at them big yaller pariah dogs as if he was a narrow offan a bow, an' though weight were nowt he tuk 'em so suddeut like they rolled over like skittles in a halley, an' when they coot he stretched after 'em as if he were rabhit runnin.' Saame with cats when he oud get t' cat agaate o' runnin.'

One evening him an' me was tres passin' ovver a compound wall after one of them mungooses 'at he'd started, an' we was busy grubbin' round a a prickle bush, an' when we looks up nere was Mrs. DeSussa wi' a parasel ovver her shoulder, a-watchin' us. my!" she sings out; "there's that love-lee dog! Would he let me stroke him, Mister Soldier!"

"Aye, he would, mum," sez I, "for hauporth shy nor okkord. "Oh, you beautiful-you pretee

An' then I meks him joomp ovver my swagger cane, an' shek hands; an' all, at all, beg, an' lie dead, an' a lot o' them

tricks as laudies tecaches dogs, though makin' a fool o' a good dog to do such An at lung lenth it cooms out 'at she'd been thrawin' sheep's eyes, as t' sayin' is at Rip for nany a day. Yo' see, her childer was grown up, an she'd nowt mich to do an' were allus 'ond of a dog. Soa she axes me if I'd tak somethin' to dhrink. An' we goes into t' drawn room, wheer her husband

was a setting. They meks a gurt fuss ovver t' dog, an' I has a bottle o' asle, an' he gave me a handful o' eigars. Son I coomed away, but t' awd lass sings out, "Oh, Mister Soldier, please the captives of his craft at the bottom coom again an' bring that prettee of the well; when Learoyd sat in the niche giving sage counsel on the management of "tykes," and Mul-I didn't let on to t' colonel's landy about Mrs. DeSussa, an' Rip he says vaney, from the crook of the overhanging pipal, waved his enormous boots in benediction above our heads nowt nawther; an' I goes again, an' iviry time there was a good dhrink an' delighting us with tales of love and a handful o' good smooaks. An' I telled t'awd lass a heap more about Rip than I'd ever heeard; how he took war and strange experiences of cities

> ost thotty-three pounds fower shillin' from t' man as bred him; 'at his own brother was the prouputty o' t' Prince an me stopped that, knowin' Orth'ris o' Wales, an' 'as he has a pedigree as ong as a doak's. An' she lapped it all opp, an' were nivir tired o' admirin' him. But when t' awd lass took to g'vin' me money, an' I seed 'at she was gettin' fair fond about t' dog, I beyan to suspicion summit. Oany body may give a soldier t' price of a pint in a friendly way an' theer's no harm done, but when it cooms to five rupees slipt into your hand, slylike, why, it's what t' 'lectioneerin' fellows calls bribery and corruption. Specially when Mrs. De Sussa threwed hints how t' cold weather would soon be

ovver, and she was goin' to Munsoree

Pahar, an' we was goin' to Rawalpin-di, an' she would nivir see Rip any more onless somebody she knowed on Soa I tells Mulvaney an' Orth'ris all tasle thro, beginnin to end. "Tis larceny that wicked ould lady manes," says t' Irishman; "tis felony

she is sejucin' ye into, my frind Learoyd, but I'l purtect your innocince.
I'll save ye from the wicked wiles av that wealthy ould woman, an' I'll go wid ye this eveniu' an' spake to her the wurrds av truth an' honesty. But Jock, "says he, waggin his heead, "twas not like ye to kape all that good dhrink an' thim fine cigars to yerself, while Orth'ris here an' me have been prowlin' round wid throats as dry as limekilns, an' nothing to smoke but canteen plug. Twas a dirty thrick to play on a comrade, for why should you, Learoyd be balancin' yourself on butt av a satin chair, as if Terence

Mulvaney was not the aquil av any body that thrades in jute!" ago sort of a hand wi' a dog, tees him by fitted to decorate society get no soop. A real clipper of a dog, an' it's show, while a blunderin' Yorkshire-

man like vou"-"Nay," says I, "it's none o' t' blanderin' Yorkshireman she wants-it's Rip. He's t' gentleman this journey."
Soat next day Mulvaney an' Rip an' me goes to Mrs. De Sussa's, au't Irishman bein' a stranger she wor a Rip, tho' she went to church reg'lar bit ses at fost. But yo've heeard Mulvaney talk, an' yo' may believe as he fairly bewitched t' awd lass wal she let out' at she wanted to tek Rip away wi' her to Munsboree Pahar. Then Mulvaney changes his tune an' axes her solemn like if she'd thought o't' consequence o' gettin, two poor but honest solders sent' Andamning Is-

lands. Mrs. De Sussa began to cry, so Mulvaney turns round, open t'other tack an' smoothes her down, allowin' 'at Rip 'ud be a vast better off in t hills than down i' Bengai, an' 'twas a pity he should't go wheer he was so well beliked. An' soa he went on backin' an' fillin' an' workin' up t' awd lass wal she felt as it not may be worth nawt if she didn't heve t' dog. lass wal she felt as if her life warn't ye shall have him. marm, for I've eelin' heart, not like this cold blooded Yorkshireman: but 'twill cost ve not a penny less than three hundred rupees. "Don't yo' believe him, mum."

I; "t' colonel's laady wouldn't tek five hundred for him." "Who said we would?" says Mul vaney; "it's not buyin' him, I mane, but for the sake o' this kind, goo

"Don't say steal," says Mrs. De Sussa; "he shall have the happiest home. Dogs often get lost, you know an' then they stray, an' he likes me an' I like him as I never liked a dog yet. an' I must hev him. If I got him at last minute I could carry him off to Munsooree Pahar, an nobody would niver knaw. Now an' again Mulvaney looked a-

crost at me, an' though I could mak lowt o' what he was aften, I concluded o tak his leead. "Well, mum," I says, "I never thowt to coom down to dog stealin', but if my comrade sees how it could be done to oblige a laady like yo'sen, I,m nut t' man to hod back, tho' it's a bad business' I'm thinkin', an' three hundred rupees is a poor set of again t' chance o' them Damming islands as

Mulvaney talks on." "I'll mek it three fifty," says Mrs. De Sussa, "only let me hev t' dog!" So we let her persuade us, an' teks Rip's measure there an' then, an' sent to Hamilton's to order a silver collar again t' time when he was to be her awn, which was to be t' day she set off for Munsooree Pahar, "Sitha, Mulvaney," says I, when we was outside, "you're niver goin to

"An' wheer's he to come through!

says I.
"Learoyd, my man," he sings out "you're a pretty man av your inches an' a good comrade, but your head is made av duff. Isn't our friend O th'ris a taxidermist, an' a rule artist wid he's ford o' lady's coompany. Come his nimble white finger? An' wha't a here, Rip, an' speak to this kind taxidermist but a'man who can thrate lady." An' Rip, seein' 'at t' mongoose had getten clean away, cooms that belongs to the canteen srgent, up like t' gentleman he was, nivver a bad cess to him—he that's lost half his time an' sparlin' the rest? He shall be lost for good now; an' do ye mind that

ner hev Rip!

you. You are so veree lovelee—so color that divarsifies the rale Rip, an' awfullee prettee," an' all that sort o' hi timper is that av his master an' talk 'at a dog o' sense mebbe thinks nowt on, tho' he bides it by reason o' dogs tail? An' fwhat to a professional like Orth'ris is a few ringstraked shpots ev black, brown an' white! Nothin' at

Then we meets Orth'ris, an' that I don't hard wi it mysen, for it's his way through t'business in a minute An' he went to work a practism' 'air dyes the very next day, beginnin on some white rabits he had, an' then he drored all Rip's markin's on t' back of a white commissariat bullock, so as to get his ,and in an' be sure of his colors: shadin' off brown into black as natura as life. If Rip hed a fault it was too much markin', but it was straingely reg'lar, an' Orth'ris settled himself to make a fost rate job on it when be got hud o't' canteen sargint's dog. Theer niver was sich a dog as thot for bad temper, an'it did nut get no better when his tail hed to be fettled an inch an' a half shorter. But they may talk

o' theer royal academies as they like. niver seed a bit o' animal paintin' to beat t' copy as Orth'ris made of Rip's marks, wal t' picter itself was snarling all t' time an' tryin' to get a Rip stand-in' theer to be copied as good as goold. Orth'ris allus hed as mich conceit on bimsen as would lift a balloon, an' he t' foost prize at Lunnon dog show and woor so pleased wi' his sham Rip he wor for tecking him to Mrs De Sussi before she went away. But Mulvaney work though niver so eliver, was nob-but skin deep.

An' at last Mrs. D: Sussa fixed t

day for startin' to Munsooree Phar. We was to tek Rip to t' stayshum i' a baske an hand ovver just when they was ready to start, an' then she'd give us t' brass-as was agreed upon. An' my wod! It were high time she were off, for them 'air dyes upon t' cur's back took a vast of paintin' to keep t' reet culler, tho' Orth'ris spent a matter o' seven rupees six annas i' t best droogshops i' Calcutta.

An' t' canteen sargint was lookin' for 'ii dog everywheer; an' wi' bein tied up t' beast's timper got waus nor It wor i' t' evenin' when t' train

started thro' Hawrah, an' we 'elped Mra De Sussa wi' about sixty boxes, an' then he gave her t' basket. ris, for pride av his work, axed us to let him coorn along wi' us, an' he couldn't help liftin' t' lid an' showin' t' cur as he lay coiled oop.
"Oh!" says t' awd lass; "the bautee

How sweet he looks!" An' just then t beauty snarled and showed his teeth so Mulvaney shuts down t' lid and says: "Re'll be careful, marm, when ye tel him out, He's disaconstomed to traveling by t' railway, an' he'll be sure to want his rale mistress an' his friend Learoyed, so ye'll make allowance for itself and of the good fortune of vari his felings at fost."

the dear, good R.p, an she would nut oppen t' basket till they were miles away, for fear anybody should recognize him' an' we were real good and \$10,000, and not long ago bought from kind soldier-men, we were, an' she a friend of his a ticket which won for "Let me alone," sticks in Orthris, honds me a bundle o' notes, an' then that lucky mortal a clean \$100,000.
"but that's like life. Them wot's real cooms up a few of her relations anfriends to say good-by-not more than seventy-five there wasn't—an' we cuts of winnings through a series of years away.

What coom to t' three hundred an' fifty rupees? Thot's what I can scarcelins tell you, but we melted it. It was share an' share alike, for Mulvane said: "If Learoyd got hold of Mrs. De Sussa first, sure 'twas I that remimbered the sargint's dog just in the nicl av time, an' Orth'ris was the artist av ianius that made a work av art out av that ugly piece av ill nature. Yet, by way of a thank offerin' that I was not led into felony by that wicked ould woman, I'll send a thrifle to Father Victor for the poor people he's always eggia' for." But me an' Orth'ris, he bein' cockney

an' I bein' pretty far north, did nut se it i' t' saame way. We getten t' brass an' we meaned to keep it. An' soa we did-for a short time. Noa-noa, we niver heeard a wo'd more o't' awd lass. Our rig'ment went to Pindi, an' t' canteen sargent he got himself another tyke instead o' one 'at got lost so reg'lar an' was lost

for good at last .- Rudyard Kipling.

To Arrest Decaying Teeth. Mildred wants advice about the eeth. She is 36, and her teeth were neglected when young, are irregular, which she supposes cannot be helped, and are decaying fast; but she does ot want to have artificial ones. is there anything that will arrest decay? Certainly. Take powdered charcoal for the stomach daily: brush he teeth with it till they become white, which will take a week, perhaps; then use prepared chalk and a good tooth wash for rinsing the teeth after neals. Est only bread of entire wheat flour, as that supplies the phosphates for bones and teeth, and use racked wheat as a vegetable freely. It is as good as rice in every way. There is a candy for children mixed with phosphates which is said to have good effect on the teeth, and is of enefit to older people I can vouch.

Whether very strict care of health and diet would result in improvement and new growth of materials of the teeth, as some dentists say has occur red, is a question, but the advantage i every other way would be so great the experiment is worth trying. It certainly ought to arrest decay. Acidity of the stomach ruins teeth, and if this can be prevented crumbling teeth last a long time-SHIRLEY DARE.

Is very liable to follow contact of the hands or face with what is known as poison ivy, especially in hot weather or if the body is prespiring freely. The trouble may subside for a time, only to appear in aggravated form when opportunity offers. The great purify ng powers of Hood's Sarsaparille thorough'y eradicate every trace of poison from the blood, as the cures i has accomplished conclusively show. It also cures scrofula, salt rheum and all other affections arising from impure or poisoned blood.

Bafe From Entry.

First Burglar-Th' paper says th locks on th' government vaults at Washington is so weak thet any burguler oud pick' em! dog!" she says, clippin' an' chautin' he, s the very spit in shape an' siz av her speech in a way them socart has o' the colonal's, barrin' that his tail is an them big theatre hat silver dollars' their awo; "I would like a dog like inch to long, an' he has none av the New York Weekly. Second burgular-Huhl Who wants

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HOW THEY DIFFER.

HARRISON AND HIS SON ON LOTTERIES.

New York, July 31 .- The World last Thursday morning says: In Yesterday's papers was printed a sessage from the President of the United States to Congress, asking that pody for additional stringent legislation against the use of the United States mails for the transmission of letters addressed to the Louisanna Lottery Company and advertisements of that concern. In the course of his essage the President refers to "the baleful effect" of the "establishment of can towns near our border."

Last evening the following dispatch vas received from the World's corres ondent in San Francisco:

Colonel Mosby, who runs a little lottery just across the Rto Grande from El Paso, is in the city and is very much puzzled by the anti-lottery message sent out by President Harrison. He said to day:

"Three weeks ago Russel Harrison was at Et Paso and crossed the Rio Grande to the office of the lottery and began to talk business. The result was that he got \$1000 in advertising for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper and \$300 for his paper in Montana out of the lottery officers. The advertisement tells what a good thing the lottery is. Now, what bothers me is this: Is there is a family combine, is President Harrison after the saints and Russel after the sinners?" A statement of this importance

could not, of course, be printed in the World without the fullest investigation. The recent files of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper were rig-orously examined, disclosing no aivertisement—at least up to date—of he character referred to. The World last night also procured

a copy of the Helena Morning Jour-nal of Friday, July 25. At the head of the editorial columns of this number of this paper is the name of Russel B. Harrison as president of the company, and this, therefore, makes him the responsible person under the law for whatever appears in its columns. It is an eight-page paper. On the seventh page of the Journal of date of July 25 is a three-column let-ter dated at the City of Mexico. The letter describes in the most fer-

vid terms the drawing of the "grand lottery of Juarez." The three columns are interspersed with extremely well executed illustrations of the ornate pagoda in which the lottery is drawn, copy of the lottery ticket and num erous instances of persons successful in the lottery. In the course of the enthusiastic description of the drawing ous ticketholders is this paragraph She would do all that an' more for which is a sample of the entire letter

Luck! Do I believe in luck? Assuredly I do, since a friend of mine has once drawn \$4000, a year later never fails to get a prize, and his list It is to buy of the first man or woman he meets who offers a ticket. Noth

ing more simple. This letter is credited to a correscondent of the Boston Herald and its late is contemporaneous with the time of Mr. Russel B. Harrison's visit to the neighborhood of El Paso.

In the adjoining column to this ong "reading notice" is a double-colmn advertisement of the lottery uestion, in which it is stated that th frawings are "under the personal suprvision of Gan. John S. Mosby," who, appears, made the statement above to the World's correspondent in an Francisco.

The advertisement covers a space of omething above half a column of the Helena Journal, of the company pub lishing which, as said, Mr. Russel B. Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison President of the United States, is

resident. A Familiar Instance of Finest Courage. Worth Repeating-

A Russian nobleman was once travelng with his family in the interior of the country after Winter had set in. On the box of the vehicle was a serf who had been born on the nobleman' estate, and to whom he was much attached. Suddenly the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange sound?" The father listened, and far away, through the clear, cold frosty air, he heard a sound which he knew too well. He said to the servant "The wolves are atter us; drive faster and get your pistols ready." But the same mornful sound came nearer and nearer and soon the baying of the pack was distinctly heard. "When they was distinctly heard. come up to us ," said the nobleman to the serf, "you single out one and fire and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them we shall get on." Two shots were fired and

The others instantly set upon then and devoured them; meanwhile by this method the carriage gained ground The last two shots were finally fired and the carriage was once more overtaken, and the post house was still dis-tant. The nobleman then ordered the tant. The nobleman then ordered the permanently of a stubborn case of servant to loose one of the leaders that Blood Poison that defied the best hey might gain more time. This was done, and the poor horse plunged frantically into the forest. Then an other horse was sent off. The car riage labored on with the two remaining horses. But the post house was

At length the servant said to his master, "Nothing now can save you but one thing. Let me save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself among them. The pauting horses galloped on with the carriage; the gates of the post house closed upon it, and the travelers were safe.

She-And would you have loved me if I had been poor? -I never would have known you, darling.

Dissaway-Your d-dog won't bite me, will he ! Farmer Spinwheel—Gosh! I hope

OUR CANDIDATE. WHY ROBERT E PATTISON SHOULD BE ELECTED

STRONG APPRAL OF A PARMER.

THE DEMOCRATS HAVE PUT UP THE ONLY CANDIDATE THE GRANGERS CAN SUPPORT. AN INTERESTING LETTER

The following communication from Hon. Leonard Rhone will prove intersting reading to the farmers of the state. The article appears in the cur-rent number of the Farmers' Friend: OFFICE OF MASTER, CENTRE HALL, July 15, 1890.-To Patrone and Farmers of Pennsylvania: It is but just to the Patrons throughout the state that they should be advised of what has een done with the returns made by

the subordinate granges in reply to the circulars and blanks sent out from

my office requesting an expression of preference for governor of Pennylva-Over 400 returns were made to my flice, the overwhelming preference of Democrats was for ex-Governor Pattison with votes scattering for Chauncey Black, Gerard C. Brown and othbaleful effect" of the "establishment of ers—that of the Republicans was overer Taggart and a few votes for others. These blanks were sent out with a private circular, so that politicians might not influence the choice of our

The result has been that there was the largest vote at the primary elec-tions ever known in our state of both parties. To give effect to the wishes of our people interviews were had with the leading political managers of both parties to influence the nomination of the men of the choice of our

Had it not been for the arbitrary interference of a political dictator and the stupid obstinacy of a few managers, "the field," representing the choice of the people of the Republicans of this state, could have been combined and some one of the choice of the people nominated. But corrupt and orporate influence combined prevailed and the Standard oil corporation candidate was nominated for Governor. The same Senator Delamater that had promised his people at home, and time and again assured the State Grange legislative committee that he would de all in his power to pass the farmers' tax bill, but when it came up in the senate he spoke and voted even against its consideration-and was thereby lost by just the treachery of that one

The same fight was made in the Democratic convention, but the people by an overwhelming majority nominated ex-Governor Pattison for governor and Brother Black for lieutenant governor. Pattison during his gubernatorial term labored incessantly for the rights and protection of the people and enforcements of the constitutional authority of the state; that the corporations should be amenable to the same laws and authority that the people were subject to, and that they should bear an evenhanded and equitable share of the taxes to support the local

and state governments. Our people did everything in their power to secure the nomination of fair and acceptable men in both partiesmen who could be relied on as being true to their interest and see that justice be dealt out alike to people and corporations without fear or favoritism maintaining the supremacy of right and putting down the oppression of

wrongs.

This now ceases to be a contest between the Democratic and Republican arties, but becomes a contest betwe right and wrong-a contest for the supremacy between the people and corporations-a contest for justice and equity and the supremacy of constitutional government. The candidate on the side of the people is ex-Governor Pattison, a man true and tried, whose character is above suspicion. The candidate on the side of the corporations and corrupt powers of the state s Senator Delamater, a man who has been tried and found wanting, whose word can not be trusted-who, after the most positive promises that he would vote for the farmers and people's Tax bill, went back on his pledges This is not a national contest in which protection and free trade are involved, but that of the election of state officers—a state issue between the people and those who would sub-

vert and overthrow the design and spirit of our institutions. We do not ask farmers to change their political principles, but we ask them to enforce them by refusing to vote for men who misrepresented their nuerest when in political office, as did Senator Delamater. Then, and only then, will the party of our preference

nominate men the people want.

I have endeavored thus early to lay before you what has been done to en force your wishes as returned through your reports, so that political manag-ers could not construe our action as being for partisan purposes. I now submit the whole situation to your unblasted political judgment and patriotism, to do all in your power to elect men who will truly and honestly represent our interest irrespective of party prejudice, remembering that if we continue putting men into power, who, while in political position, worked and voted against the farmers and people's interest, we might as well surrender to these usurpers like menial slaves teserving the contempt and derision of public opinion.

Respectfully submitted, LEONARD RHONE.

Mr. W. H. HINMAN, a prominent and influential citizen of Mount Vernon, Ill., Writes as follows, under date of March 11, 1890: "One bottle of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured my son medical treatment available. I have recommended S. S. S. to others for blood troubles and diseases of the skin and have never known it to fail to care in any case.

RLOOD POISON CURED. I was troubled for years with a Blood Poison in its very worst form. I was treated by the very best physicians of Louisville, Ky., and Evansville, Ind, but they faild to benefit me in any way A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me sound and well. This was over four years ago, and there has been no return of the disease since, or any symptoms of it. I have recomded it to others for blood poison, and in every case they were permanen

tly cared" D. H. KAIN, Mt. Vernon, Ill. Treat se on Blood and Skin Diseases mathed free SWIPT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta Ga

Bob Burdette gets down to rock ottom facts in the premises when he says: "God wasted mud when he made a man so mean as to tell the postmaster not. It spiles 'em fer woodchucks to return a newspaper marked 'Re-when they git dade blood in their fused' when he owes two or three years subscription."