OF THE SHOW BIZNISS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Great Moral Exhibition on the Road. The Wax Figgers and the Collection of Animals-An Essay on Forts-Assnult on Judas Iscariot.

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ONE OF WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS. To the Editor of the -



niss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal-t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parckman. besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by a few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my haudbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile.

Also git up a tremenjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleled Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temper-ance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery of your peple take their tods say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality. & the life and soul of the Soshul Bered. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snair is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjeckshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. 1 know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't. Respectively ynres, A. WARD. P. S.-You scratch my back & fle

scratch your back.

ON "FORTS."

Every man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and some other men's fort to do another, while

used to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummuck & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cusscaroorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tavern on a hen lock Bored sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin

hoss isn't my Fort." MORUL -Never don't do nothin which isn't your Fort, for of you do you'll find youself splashin round in the Kanawl, figgeratively speakin.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA. In the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases,

I day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you abowt?" cried L

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger - a representashun of the his work as usual. false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself in Utility with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judasais hed. The young man belonged to 1 of and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree.

A FRAGMENT.

In one of the showman's letters he describes a visit to his home. His call upon the editor of the local paper is alluded to as follows:

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of the Bugle greeted me cordyully, and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the all resemblance to human members street:

underneath. What will the hell hounds as our rapidly increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the Editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cockeye.'

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

The red man of the forest was form'ly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboorygine warrants me in sayin' that orrigemently he was a majestic cuss. At the time CHRIS. arrove on these shores (I allood to CHRIS. COLUMBUS), the savajis was virtoous and happy. They were innocent of secession, run, draw poker and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no congress, faro banks, delirium tremens or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently days were consumed in taking off the

panies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter girls, and other metropolitan re- scalpel removing the skin layer by layer.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

Can buman life but a mere bubble be, Cast up by chance from the eternal sea. To fost an instant on the troubled wave, Then in oblivion sink into its grave?

Why from the conscious temple of the heart Like angels do our aspirations start, And o'er the boundless skies so swiftly glide Away from earthly scenes unsatisfied?

Why does the golden sun, with light divine, Why the pale moon upon us softly shine, Why cleaming stars around the heavenly

throne Unto our sight makes their bright presence

known? Why does the rainbow's variegated form. Entrance our vision at the ceasing storm? Why do the lovely clouds their charms dis-

play. To leave us musing as they roll away?

And why presented to admiring view Are beauteous forms of life of every line, Which quickly vanish, leaving naught behind Save pleasing images to cheer mankind?

This is the why. The human race was born fome brichter, nobler region to adorn— To meet again on the eternal shore Where man dies not, where beauty fades no

more.

- [Doctor Crowe,

A MAN WITH A NEW SKIN.

How He Suddenly Lost the Old and Slowly Grew the New.

The press dispatches recently gave the particulars of a serions accident to Wesley Kellar, of Indianapolis, Ind. Kellar became known as "the man who was skinned alive," and he is now well, with a whole skin, and is going about

His case is curious. As an illustration of the nice powers of modern surgery it to say, but I tell you, old man, that will be talked about from one end of the country to the other.

Kellar fell into a steam vat at the Indianapolis Veneer Works. He was taken out as quickly as possible, but he the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, had been scalded from the soles of his feet to the middle of his chest. One arm was all right, but the other was blistered to the shoulder. Huge blisters puffed up all over the man's body, and the fluid which had exuded from the flosh to fill them had been cooked to a jelly. In removing his clothes great strips of the outside or scarf skin came off, leaving exposed the true skin underneath, cooked until it looked like a par-Loiled lobster. His toes and ankles were so blistered and swollen as to lose nearly

As soon as his fellow workmen got "We have recently put up in our office Kellar out of the vat they telephoned an entirely new sink, of unique construc-tion-with two holes through which the Perry. "There is, perhaps one chance soiled water may pass to the new bucket in a thousand of saving this man," said the surgeon when he looked at the of The Advertiser say to this? We shall burns. He set to work, however, and continue to make improvements as fast greased Kellar from top to toe with a mixture of linseed oil and lime water. Then he swathed the boly in colton wadding, from which all possible impurities and disease germs had been removed by chemicals.

For two days and nights the case hung without loss or gain. A teaspoonful of brandy was given every few hours. Then a change came. Kellar seemed to be choking. The throat became swollen, but this swelling was checked. The man's temperature rose a little. Fever set in. This gave great hope. The next morning Kellar asked for something to eat, and actually ate a piece of pie and drank some coffee. The news of this shocked the surgeon at first; but he said: "I guess we'll win this fight, for a man

who can eat pie with no skin on him has life enough left to grow a new one."

When suppuration began great care was taken to let out the pus at every point. The first dressing took three hours; the second still longer. Five good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas com- bits of old skin, four hours each day being spent with the forceps, scissors, and



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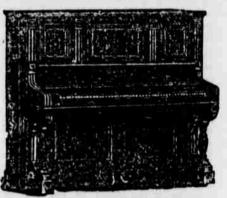
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and a force storm of co...ing event which struces the face like a thousand needles. Wind forty miles an hour. You say a man couldn't stand such ex-posure? No, he couldn't, without just the proper clothing. And there's only one outif that can keep a man both warm and dry at such a time, and that is the "Fish Brand Slicker." They are guaranteed storm-pool, waterprool, and wind-prool. Inside one of them, you are as much out of the weather as it indoors. They are light, but warm. Being re-enforced throughout, they never rip; and the buttons are wire-fastened. No rail-road man who has once tried one would be without it for ten times its cost. Beware of worthless im-itations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior cost when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated cat-alogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

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Ge any Disease where the Fhrest and Lunge are Enflamed, Lack of Strongth or Norm Penner, you can be relieved and Oured by

EMI II SION

there is numeris shiftliss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do nothin.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the releast fancy and imagginashun.

That's so!

Old George Washington's Fort was not to hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be found? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whare else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world! an-uther life saived!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisemunt.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lav a sub-machine tellegraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun, and then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Gloo, which mends everything. Won-der ef it will mend a sinner's wickid waze. (Impremtoo goak.) Zoary's Fort is to be a femaile circus

feller.

My Fort is the great moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with me.

Se., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefnit extent.

wist I've endevered to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus ches who cut a hole in my tent & krawld Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he. "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud pud-Az I aroze & rung out my dreucht garments I koncluded fitin wasn't my He now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolution in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18 -----, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so asharned in my life, & thowt I'd hist in' a few swallows of suthin strengthe

Konsequents was I histid in much I dident zackly know where with 1 was. I turnd my livin wild boosts of Pray loose into the streets and whit all my wax wurks. I then Bet i c. 11 play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Lanawl bote, there bein two other horses nitcht on also, one behind and anuther ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git up, and we did. But the hosses bein on-

inements were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take Kellar's pluck was marvelous. The raw postage stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em.

The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin' garments she bounded. with naked feet, over hills and plains, like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when CHRIS. sot his foot onto these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins had given him a warm meel and sent him home ore the ragin' billers. For the savages owned the country, and COLUMBUS was a fillibuster. CORTEZ, PIZARRO and WALEER were one horse fillibusters-COLUMBUS was a four horse team fillibuster, and a large yeller dog under the waggin. I say. in view of the mess we are makin' of things, it would have been better for us if COLUMBUS had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss. The circulation of VANITY FAIR

would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a tenpin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin' that the scalpin' wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who deserve to be murdered in the first degree, and if POPE will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em himself. I reckon they will be.

OLONZO WARD.

I have seen a low and skurrilus noat in the paper from a certin purson who sigues hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did once hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recugnise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots & his Berd fallin' off his face, thus rooinin' my prospechs in that town & likewise incurrin' the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triffin' with the feelin's of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognize him. I perfeetly disgust him.

Not a piece as big as a dime was forced. surfaces were dressed with an idoform mixture and bandaged with soft stuffs.

Meanwhile the swamps of South Bend were being scoured for two pound frogs. A bushel basket of these were cleaned with a germicide mixture and fed on pure food The raw surfaces of Kellar's body were tenderly washed with clean warm water, then with peroxide of hydrogen, which destroys pus. The ut-most cleanliness and wholesomeness was insisted upon. Just before applying the frog skin the raw surface was washed with a weak solution of corrosive sublimate. Everything ready, the first frog was brought out. With a quick snip of the scissors its spinal cord was severed at the back of the neck. Then the loose pearly white skin from over the abdomen was quickly taken out and thrust into a dish of water which had been boiled, but which was now merely warm.

In the water had been dropped a little of the corrosive sublimate solution. Being cleansed, the skin was cut up into Lits about a teuth of an inch square and applied to Kellar's body-inside in, outside out. Powdered iodoform was dusted over the graft, which was sealed tightly from impurities.

Dr. Perry made grafts on 42 occasions. Thirty-two operations were unsatisfactory; 10 were satisfactory. From each of the 10 centers healthy skin radiated, until now Kellar is "as good as new."

So Kellar went back to work-the only man in the world who has been boiled and skinned alive, and who has frog skin where he once wore his own.

No Vanity Among Men.

They were talking of the vanity of women and one of the few ladies present undertook a defence.

"Of course, " she continued, "I admit that all women are vain. The men are not. But, by the way," she suddenly broke off, "the necktie of the handsomest man in this room is up under his ear." She had worked it. Every man pres-ent put up his hand to his neck. - [Philadelphia Times.

Quite a Difference. "Isn't Jones a Christian Scientist-a believer in the faith cure?"

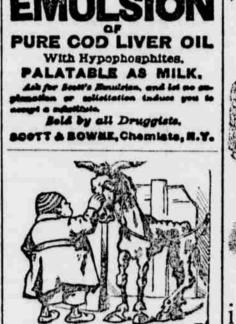
"He is?"

"Is it true that he wouldn't have a doctor for his wife the other day when she was sick?"

"It is quite true. "

"Well, I saw a doctor go into his house just now.

"Oh, that's all right. He's sick now himself. "-[Cape Cod Item.



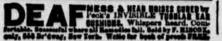
"If pop had blanketed you in the stable you would be fat, too."

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