

## THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Exhibition Meets with Immense Success, but the Wicket Falls Into the Clutches of Pious People—Also of a Female Seminary.

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IV. ON THE WING.  
Gents of the Editorial Corps:



SINCE I last rit you I've met with immense success a showing in various places, particularly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. Russel's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to eum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar hantin cased watch round considerable, & as I was drest in store clothes & had a lot of sweet scented wagon grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I looked putty gay. It never once struck me that I looked green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes, Sir, every dollar of it! You can't eum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself.

From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin' female, with a green cotton umbrella in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressing the people in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockings & be the ser-lave of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the equal of man? Is there a sister in those keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female whirl'd her umbrella round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it. "I have no objections to your going into the Spear bizness," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickerl. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of sustin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

"Sez I, 'this ain't wine, this is Old Rye.' 'It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Serpent!' sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe makin bizness," I replide.

"This is a cold world," sed the man. "That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by if you don't mind your own bizness better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm onwell. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injure men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightl'icker which is retailed round the country I shall heartily rejoice. Better give men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to death by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwheemal success. The celebrated Albion Female Seminary is located here, & there air over 800 young ladies in the Institution, pretty enough to eat without seasonin or seas. The young ladies was very kind to me, voluntarin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a sublime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with an advertisement of A. Ward's unparalleled show, conspicuously posted onto their dresses. Virtuo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

THE OCTOORON.

It is with no ordinary feelings of Shagrin & indignashun that I rit you these here lines. Sum of the best and most pure feelings which actuate the human hart has bin tramp on. The Amory-can flag has bin outraged. I've bin nussin in a Adder in my Boozum. The fax is these here:

A few weeks ago I left Baldwinville to go to N. Y. fur to git out my flamin yeller handbills fur the Summer kampa-ne, & as I was perousin a noospaper on the kars a middel aged man in speckterkuls cum & sot down beside onto me. He was drest in black close & was apparently as fine a man as ever was.

"A fine day, Sir," he did unto me strately say.

"Middlin," sez I, not wishin to kommit myself, tho he peered to be as fine a man as there was in the world—"It is a middlin fine day, Square," I observed.

"Sez he, 'How fares the Ship of State in yure regins of country?'"

He pawsed a minit and then sed, "Airt you aware, Sir, that the kris is with us?"

"No," sez I, getting up and lookin under the seat, "where is she?"

"It's here—'t's everywheres," he sed.

"Sez I, 'Why how you talk!' and I gut up agin and lookt all round. 'I must say, my fren,' I continued, 'as I resomel my seat, that I can't see nothin of no krisis myself.' I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentorian voice observed that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis concealed about their persons they'd better projice it to onct or suffer the consequences. Several individuals snickered rite out."

"Sit down, my fren," sed the man in black close, "yu miskomprehend me. I mean that the perillitler elements air creesat with black klouds, & bodeen a friteful storm."

"Wall," replide I, "in regard to perillitler elements I don't know as how but what there is as good as anny other kind of elements. But I maik bold to say thar is all a ornery set & unpleasant to hav around. They air powerful hevvy eaters & take up a right smart chans of room." The man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world. He smilt & sed praps I was rite, tho it was elements instid of elements that he was alludin to, & axed me what was my prinsorpus?

"I haint git enny," sed I—"not a prinsorpus. Ine in the show biznis." The man in black close, I will hear observe, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You cumpathize with the misfortunit, the loly & the hart-sick, don't you?" He bust into teers and axed me if I saw that yung lady in the seat ont yender, pntin to as sliick a lookin gal as I ever seed.

"Sed I, '2 be shure I see her—is she mutch sick?' The man in black close was apparently as fine a man as ever was in the world ennywheres.

"Draw closer to me," sed the man in black close. "Let me git my mouth foremost yure ear. Hush—shush! A OCTOORON!"

"Wall, what upon arth dntz she doo it fur?" I inquired.

"She can't help it," sed the man in black close. "It's the brand of Kane."

"Wall, she'd better stop drinkin' Kane's brandy," I replide.

"I sed the brand of Kane was voper her—not brandy, my fren. Yure voper obtoose."

I was konsiderbul riled at this. Sez I, "My gentle Sir, Ine a nonresistanter as a girnal thing, & don't want to git up no rows with nobuddy, but I kin nevertheless have in enny man's hed that calls me a obtoose," with which remarks I komment fur to pull orf my extry garments.

"Cum on," sez I—"Time! hear the Beniki Boy fur ye!" & I darned round like a poppit. He riz up in his seat and axed my pardin—sed it was all a mistake—that I was a good man, etsetter, & sow forth, & we fixt it all up pleasant. I must say the man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the world. He said a Octooron was the 8th of a negrow. He likewise statid that the female he was travlin with was formurly a slave in Mississippi; that she'd purchist her freedim & now wanted to purchist the freedim of her poor old muther. He sed he knowed the minit he gazod onto my klasses & benevolunt fust that I'd donate librally and axed me to go over & see her, which I accordinly did. I sot down beside her and sed, "Yure Sarvant, Marm! How do yer git along?"

"She bust in 2 teers & sed, 'O Sur, I'm so retchid—I'm a poor unfortunat Octooron.'"

"So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it," sed I, fur I never seed a puttier gal in the hull endoorin time of my life. I pittid the Octooron from the inmost recesses of my hart & hawled ont 50 dollars ker slap & told her to buy her old muther as soon as possibul. Sez she "kine sir mutch thanks." She then lade her hed over onto my shoullder & sed I was "old rats."

"Sez I, 'Marm, I'm trooly sprized.' Sed she, 'git out. Yure the nicest old man I've seen yit. Give us anther 50!' Had a select assortment of the most tremendous thunderbolts descended down onto me I couldn't hav bin more takin aback. I jumpt up, but she ceased my coat tates & in a wild voice cride, 'No, be never desart you—let us fi together!'"

"Sez I, 'not mutch we want,' and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. "This is plade out," I sed, "where-upon she jerk me back into the seat."

"Leggo my coat, you scandalous female," I roared, when she sot up the most unarthly yellin and hollerin you ever heard. The passinjers & the gentlemanly konduktor rusht to the spot, & I don't think I ever experinused sich a rumpus in the hull course of my ntral dase. The man in black close rusht up to me & sed, "How dair yn insult my neece, yn horey heded vagabone. You base exhibittoer of low wax figgers—yn woolf in sheep's close," & sow 4th.

I was konfoozed. The konduktor kum to me & sed the insultid parties wood settle fur \$50, which I immedijly hawled ont, & agane implord somebody to state where I was prinsipully, & if I shoobed there a grate while myself of things went on as they'd bin goin fur sun time back. I then axed if there was enny more Octooroons present, "becawz," sez I, "of there is, let um cum along, fur Ine in the Octooron biznis." I then threw my specterkuls ont of the winder, smasht my hat wildly down over my lee, larfed hysterically & fell asleep.

I dreamt Mrs. Ward & the twins had bin carrid orf by Ryonesserhosses & that Baldwinville had bin capterd by a army of Octooroons. When I awoked the lamps was a burnin dimly. The on-prinsipul Octooron & the miserbul man in black close was gone, & all of a sudden it flasht ore my brane that I'do bin swindild.

The Modern Method.

"Was their match a case of love at first sight?"

"Not exactly. It was a case of marriage at first sight."—Puck.

## "I THINK I KILLED HIM."

A Dramatic Incident of Life in the Black Belt of the South.

On a road in Mississippi we met a young lady on horseback—plain looking girl about 18 years old. We were in a wagon, and as we met the driver halted his mules and saluted:

"Mawnin, Miss Libbie."

"Mawnin, Sam," she replied.

"Gwine long up?"

"Yes."

"All the folks tolerable?"

"Yes."

With that she rode on and our team started up. The road was rough and wound through the woods, and we had proceeded about 30 rods when we heard the report of a pistol.

"Quick—we're needed!" shouted my companion, and he flung down the lines, leaped to the ground, and took the back track at a run. I followed him, and directly we came in sight of the girl. She was on her feet, working at the bridle of her horse, and lying on the ground not 10 feet away was the body of a negro, hairless, contess, and barefooted.

"He was hidden behind that tree," explained the girl. "He got hold of the bridle, and broke this rein. I think I killed him."

A small revolver lay on the ground beside her. We went over to the body, and were about to examine it when the legs began to kick, the eyes opened, and the fellow scrambled to his feet. He seemed dazed for a moment, and as he stood before us I saw blood oozing out over his chest. Then, of a sudden, he wheeled and bounded away into the thicket.

"You didn't dum kill him, Miss Libbie," said the driver as we went over to her.

"It's better, perhaps," she replied. "Here, Sam, give me a lift."

He helped her to the saddle, and as he gathered up the reins and cantered off she waved her whip as a farewell, and was out of sight in two minutes.

"She's got nerve," I observed, as we stood looking after her.

"Yes," he replied, in an absent way, "but none to brag of. She orter finished him after she got off the hoss."—[Detroit Free Press.

## WAS IT HYPNOTISM?

Sad Mental Condition of an Economical Book Buyer.

As I was coming down town a few days ago I met Grizzly in the car, and as we were old chummies and had not seen each other for a few weeks, I greeted him very cordially.

"What's new in the papers this morning?" I inquired to set the conversational ball comfortably rolling.

"Paper isn't out yet this week. Say, I hear they have discovered gold in California."

I looked at him a little curiously, and before I could make up my mind what he was driving at, he said:

"No use talking. General Taylor is our man for President."

Then I looked at him rather closely to see if he showed any symptoms of insanity in his eye; but he was in appearance as calm and rational as ever.

"Now that we've got the Mexican war closed up in good shape and the Oregon question settled, it is time we—"

"Say," said I, breaking in upon him, "are you crazy or just giving me a whirl of some kind?"

He looked at me blankly for half a minute, and then a smile began to spread over his face. "I beg your pardon, old man. I believe I am getting a trifle off. You see, I got one of those 40 year old dictionaries as a premium the other day for subscribing to a newspaper that is no earthly good itself, and it just keeps my mind working about 40 years behind the times. Let's get off and take something."—[West Shore.

## The Resistless Magnet.

Professor Snythe (the plain John Smith to commence with) was once lecturing in a Texas town on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced a most powerful magnet, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" demanded the lecturer, with an air of triumph.

"Reckon I can," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestrial object?"

"Yes, indeedly."

The lecturer, somewhat nettled, challenged the man who had spoken to name the article.

Then up rose old Laertes Quinley, said he:

"I can give you the facts, professor, and you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man there war a little piece of natural magnet, done up in kalker and dimity, as war called Betsy Mariah. She could draw me 14 miles every Sunday, over ploughed land, just as natural as slidin' down a greased plank. There wasn't no resistin' her. That ere magnet o' yours is pretty good, but it isn't a circumstance to Betsy Mariah."—[Texas Sittings.

## Two Geniuses in Conjunction.

Richard Wagner generally received his visitors in mediaval costume, such as he wore when composing. Alexander Dumas, calling upon him one day, was highly amused at the masquerade.

"You are all dressed up to play Gessler," he said with a laugh, which, in spite of its good nature, rather hurt the composer's feelings.

Nevertheless, he returned Dumas's visit when he was next in Paris. After some delay the novelist appeared magnificently clad in a dressing gown with a large flower pattern, a helmet with flying plumes, a life belt about his waist, and enormous riding boots.

## MYTHS OF THE SEA'S SALTNESS.

Some Very Interesting and Ancient Beliefs.

There are hundreds of queer myths and traditions given to account for the fact that the sea is salt.

The Arabs say that when the first pair sinned they were living in a beautiful garden on a tract of land joined to a mainland by a narrow neck or isthmus. When it became known to the Holy One that His people had sinned He went to the garden for the purpose of driving the pair out and across the narrow neck of land into the patch of thorn and brambles on the other side. Anticipating what would be the consequence of their heinous crime, they had prepared to leave their beautiful garden and had actually gone so far as to send the children and the goats across into the thicket.

When the Holy One appeared on the scene the first pair started to run, but the woman looked back. For this the man cursed her, and for such a crime was almost immediately turned into a huge block of salt. (Compare with Genesis 19:26.) The woman, more forgiving than her husband, stooped to pick up the shapeless mass of salt, when immediately the narrow neck of land began to crack and break. As she touched what had once been her companion she, too, was turned to salt just as the neck of land sank and the waters rushed through.

From that day to this, the Arabs say, all the waters of the ocean have rushed through that narrow channel at least once a year, constantly wearing away the salt of what was once our first parents, yet the bulk of the two salty objects is not diminished in the least.

The Pythagoreans believed that the sea was made salty by the tears of Kronos, father of Zeus. The Hebrew explanation is somewhat similar, though more poetic. They believed that the saltiness was caused by the tears of fallen angels.

Logan and Sam Ward.

General Logan used to tell an interesting anecdote about Sam Ward, said an old timer the other evening to a New Haven Register man.

"Ward, you know, always made it a habit in giving one of his entertainments to have a specialty. This specialty was always something decidedly unique. It was either a wonderful haunch of venison, a remarkable roat of beef, an exquisitely carved piece of frozen cream, or some rare old wine. Ward was a splendid story teller, and his manner, as everybody who knew him knows, was simply charming."

"Well, one evening General Logan was present at one of Ward's suppers. After the wine was produced Ward went to the sideboard and produced a queer looking flask containing a pint of liquid. He placed the glass before him and called the attention of the company to its peculiar shape and color. He then recited a most romantic tale. The flask and whisky were over 200 years old. They were the property of a French king, who presented the flask filled with the royal whisky to a personal friend, who had carefully treasured it and handed it down to you generation to generation until Mr. Ward in some strangely fortunate way had secured possession of it. Ward was at least 10 minutes telling his story, and when he concluded everybody was much impressed. The flask was passed around and diminutive glasses were set before the guests, each of whom took a small nip. As they drank it down lips were smacked appreciatively, heads were nodded significantly, and every one declared it the finest by far he had ever drank."

"Now, General Logan was just a little skeptical as to Ward's story. It was altogether too romantic to go down with the practical general, and he made it a point the very next day to make some inquiries. The answers to the first indicated that he was on the right track, and he was referred to a neighboring drug store where Ward frequently bought some liquor. He dropped into the drug store and engaged in conversation with the clerk, whom he knew, and finally asked: 'By the way, did Sam Ward get any whisky here yesterday?'"

"Oh, yes," replied the druggist. 'Ward got a pint of the best whisky we have. He brought around a queer looking flask, which he had us fill up.'"

She Had Heard Him Before.

A little girl in one of the neighboring towns is the author of a number of bright remarks. One Sunday not long ago she was visiting a friend, and went with her to church. The pastor is addicted to very long prayers. Several days later the line of conversation at the breakfast table fell upon funerals.

The little girl's mother said she wanted her funeral to be as simple a service as possible. She said she would like a certain clergyman to make a few remarks, and Rev. Mr. ——— to utter a prayer.

Rev. Mr. ——— was the clergyman the young Miss heard the Sunday before. She promptly exclaimed: "I am glad you are going to have him make the prayer."

"And why are you glad?"

"Because then we will be sure you were not buried in a trance," was the unexpected reply.—[Detroit Free Press.

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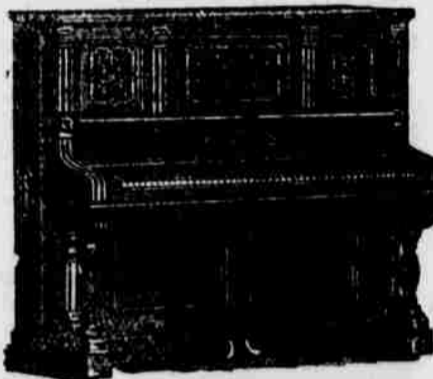
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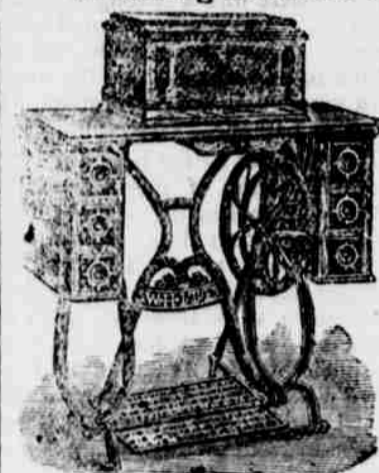
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