

COURTSHIP RECALLED.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Betsy Was Sensible, Not Sentimental, but Makes a Good Wife—Wax Figures More Elevating Than Shakespeare—The Showman Lectures the Free Lovers.

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V. THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.



HARE are many affectin ties which make me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined on'r; their cows and on'r squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their foreheads; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so they couldn't see em, affectionately Bilin sope together & aboos in the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intently arter the object of my affections I darsent tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollop up agin the roof of my mouth & stick thar, like deth to a desesat Afrika or a country postmaster to his office.

'Twas a calm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary a zeffler disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & driving the woodchurk from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My rite arm was ockepid in ballunsing myself on the fense, while my left was woundid luvly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leve a word you say—so there now cum!"

"I wish thar was winders in my Sole," sed I, "so thar you could see some of my feelins. There's fir enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bite all the corn beef and turnips in the nabershood. Versoovins and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and comment chawin the strings of her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleepin nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lins has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gae on this wastin form and these 'ee sunken cheeks!"

I should have continnerd on in this strange probly for sum time, but unfortinly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur kernash, tearin' my close and severly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she said:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immedietly to the parson's, & was made I thar very nite.

(Notice to the Printer: Put some stars here.)

I've parst threw many tryin ordoels sins then, but Betsy Jane has been troo as steel. By attendin strictly to biznis I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this footstool can rise & and git up & say I ever knowinly injerd no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderfull colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snax in grate profushun, an endless variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amozin little cuss ever introuced to a discriminatin public.

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKESPEARE.

ONTO THE WING — 1852

Mr. Editor:

I take my Pen in hand to inform you that I'm in good health and trust these few lines will find you enjoyin the same blissins. I wood also state that I'm now on the sunnir kampane. As the Put sez—

time erlote, line erlote
On the Swift rollin tied
An the Roviz is free.

Biznis is scarcely middlin, but Sirs I manage to pay for my foode and a raiment punctooally and without no grumblin. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor birin hauls. My how konsists of a serious of wax works, nakes, a paneramy kalled a Grand Movin Diarrea of the War in the Crynear, komic songs and the Cangoero, which larst little cuss continners to konduct hisself in the most outrajus stile.

I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompled to sware so much at thar air infarnal Kangaroo that I'm frade this desime will be frustrated to some extent. And while speakin of morality, romines me that sum folks turn up their noses at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be paterinized by people of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infarnal nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakesper for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the contrary.

What sort of sense is thare to King Leer, who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straw at folks, and larfin like a silly old koot and making a ass of hisself ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Mackleth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round ain't she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkau with a cheese knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its hilly moral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, "gin me the daggers—He let his bowels out," or words to that effect—I say, this is awl strickly proper I spoze? That Jack Fawlistarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a loon.

But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the dramer in which I shall show the varst superiority of wax figgers and snakes over the ater plays, in an interloctool pint of view. Very Respektively yuros,

A. WARD, T. E.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.

[Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resolutely against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.]

Some years ago I pitched my tent and unfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had heard that Berlin Hites was ockepid by a extensive sock kalled Free Lovers, who beleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsoomever.

I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bime-by the free lovers begun to congregare around the door. A ornure set I have never sawn. The men's faces were all covered with hare and they lookt half starved to deth. The wimmin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlously short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I have found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilyently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injanny, postage paid, & she will probly give you the desired informashun."

"Then thot ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The essentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scarcely," I sed, endeavorin to git loose from her, but she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female: "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I answered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene comment for to holler "shame," "beast," etastery, etastery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I adressd them as follers: "You pusyanlarnemus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law abidin man, and beleeve in good, old fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinerty biznis is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestiferous idees! You wimmin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectfull like other wimmin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattical whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamphlets, put sum westkuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rails, or tillin the sile." I porod 4th my indigneshun in this way till I got out of breath, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methuseozer.

A Bit of Natural Philosophy.

Visiting Bostonian—Yes, you have a good town here, but you're a long way from the Hub.

New Yorker—That's why things move faster over here.—Effe.

AT MOUNTAIN MEADOW.

BRIEF STORY OF THE MASSACRE THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD.

One Hundred and Twenty Unarmed Men, Women, and Children Wantonly Butchered by Indians and White Men Disguised as Indians—Aid Sought for the Survivors.

An attempt is now being made to give Congressional aid to those who were saved at the time of the Mountain Meadow massacre in 1857. That terrible slaughter of innocent women and children, as well as of unarmed men, took place so long ago that but few now remember any of the details surrounding it. A band of emigrants numbering, it is variously stated, from 120 to 150, first started from Arkansas to reach the gold fields of California. Their train consisted of some 600 head of cattle, 30 wagons, and 30 mules and horses, and the total value of their possessions was between \$50,000 and \$70,000.

They had proceeded as far as Cedar City, Utah, and it was alleged that during their journey from Salt Lake City to that place the emigrants had been guilty of poisoning streams and of committing other outrages. These charges, it is believed, had no foundation, but were brought to cast reflection upon the emigrants and to enable the Mormons to throw the responsibility of the crime upon the Indians.

The attack commenced on Sunday, and the emigrants at once placed their wagons in a circle, dug a pit in the center, in which they placed their wives and children, and prepared to stand a siege. In this way they offered more resistance than was expected and withstood the attack for four days. During this time their ammunition gave out and many suffered intensely from thirst, for water could only be obtained at night, and the trip to the creek, although but a short distance, was attended with great peril, as the approach was covered by the Indians.

Finally a company of Mormon militia appeared, and one of their number was sent forward with a flag of truce. These Mormons agreed to protect the emigrants if they would lay down their arms and ammunition to avoid further exciting the Indians. This was done.

John D. Lee, who was afterward executed for being the principal participator in this horrible crime, in his confession gave the following as the plan of the massacre, which he asserted was arranged and ordered by high Mormon officials.

It was arranged that Lee should conclude terms with the emigrants, and as soon as they had delivered themselves into the power of the Mormons should start for a ranche on the eastern side of the meadows with the wagons and arms, the young children, and the sick and wounded. The men and women, the latter in front, were to follow the wagons, all in single file, and on each side of them the militia were to be drawn up two deep, and with 20 paces between their lines. Within 200 yards of the camp the men were to be brought to a halt until the women approached a copse of scrub oak about a mile distant, and near to which Indians lay in ambush. The men were now to resume their march, the militia forming in single file, each one walking by the side of an emigrant, and carry his musket on the left arm. As soon as the women were close to the ambulance Higbee, one of the Mormon leaders, who was in charge of the detachment, was to give the signal by saying to the command: "Do your duty," whereupon the militia were to shoot down the men, the Indians were to slaughter the women and children, sparing only those of tender age, and Lee with some of the wagoners was to butcher the sick and wounded. Mounted troopers were to be in readiness to pursue and slay those who attempted to escape, so that, with the exception of infants, no living soul should be left to tell the tale of the massacre.

This diabolical program was fully carried out to the letter. All the men, women, and children over seven years of age were butchered and but 17 lives were spared. These were of children varying in age from two months to seven years. All the stock and property were carried off and the bodies of the dead were stripped and robbed of every ornament or money found on them.

But the latest attempt was made to bury the victims. A little earth was scattered over the bodies, but the first rain washed that away and the remains became a prey to the wolves and coyotes. Many of the bodies were frightfully mutilated and when, two years afterward, a detachment of United States troops was sent to decently inter them skulls and bones were found scattered for the space of a mile around the ravine, whence they had been dragged by wild beasts. Nearly all the bodies had been gnawed by wolves so that few could be recognized and their dismembered skeletons were bleached by long exposure. Many of the skulls were crushed in with the butt ends of muskets or cleft with tomahawks; others were shattered by firearms discharged close to the head. A few remnants of apparel, torn from the backs of women and children, still fluttered among the bushes, and near by were masses of human hair, matted and trodden in the mold.

These bones were carefully gathered together and buried, and over them was built a cone shaped cairn some 12 feet in height, and leaning against its northern base was placed a rough slab of granite with the following inscription: "Here 120 men, women, and children were massacred in cold blood early in September, 1857. They were from Arkansas." The cairn was surmounted by a cross of cedar on which were inscribed the words: "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord."

The 17 children who were saved were placed in charge of Mormon families at Cedar, Harmony, and elsewhere and were all rescued after about a year's captivity.

A HOUSEKEEPERS' TRUST.

Cooperative Cooking and Table Service in Successful Operation.

There is nothing so perplexing in the whole round of housekeeping, says the New York Herald, as the question of food. The lord of the manor must have food well prepared and well served, but the scarcity of good cooks at reasonable wages precludes such a condition in most families of moderate circumstances. It would seem, therefore, that a plan which would close the kitchen entirely, reduce the force of servants, and lessen the cost of living, while at the same time bringing a better service at meals, would be something Utopian—an "iridescent dream."

But the dream after all is not a dream. The problem is solved, and its solution is so simple and satisfactory that the wonder is it was not made clear before. Some weeks since the heads of five Utica, N. Y., families entered into an agreement after mature deliberation under which provision was made for leasing and furnishing a house, employing cook and servants, and making arrangements for a trial of cooperative housekeeping in so far as the dining room and kitchen were concerned. The gentlemen interested are all business men in moderate circumstances, who had come to the conclusion that better service at less cost could be obtained in this way than by the usual individual housekeeping method. Choosing a president, secretary, and a treasury and a "board of governors," the gentlemen set themselves to work. The first thing to be done was to draft a compact by which all were bound to give the plan a trial of three months. All are so well satisfied that there will be no changes at the end of that time, three weeks hence. In the original number 22 persons were included, which number has been augmented to nearly 30, as many as can be accommodated in the present quarters.

In the beginning it was necessary to purchase an entire new outfit of kitchen and dining room furniture, as well as the conveniences for the cook and five waiters, who, in addition to their regular duties, look after the house which they occupy, rented by the club. A competent cook of many years experience was employed, into whose charge the full management of affairs was given, with the exception of the purchase of food, which duty devolves upon one of the club, designated by the president at the beginning of each month. Books are kept in which is entered every cent of expenditure, and they are balanced at the end of the month, when an assessment is levied upon each member, and all accounts are squared. During the first few weeks of the life of the club the assessments were necessarily somewhat heavier than they are at present. As regards the table, the very best of delicacies in season, while no extravagance is countenanced by any member. If any member brings visitors they must be paid for at the rate of 25 cents per meal, and notice must be given beforehand of their coming. The system has been thought so far on the road to perfection that it would be indeed difficult to make it better in any way.

At present the amount levied upon each person is a trifle less than \$2 a week, and those in charge confidently expect to reduce this to \$2.50, when greater knowledge is acquired by experience. This assessment is very small indeed, when the quality of the service is considered. The bill of fare can not be duplicated in any first class boarding house for twice or three times \$3. Besides this, wives and daughters are released from the care of kitchens and dining rooms, and the worry incident to the supervision of cooks and other servants, too often incompetent, is a thing of the past. The only inconvenience, which is slight by comparison, is the necessity of leaving homes to take meals in the cooperative club house. All those interested, however, live near by and count this as nothing.

A Trifle Suspicious.

I arrived in a small town in Kentucky late at night with three other men and when we reached the hotel two of us were assigned to a room. The one I got had two beds in it, however, and I was not disposed to find fault. My room mate seemed to be a suspicious sort of a chap and when I tumbled into bed, with a good night to him, he scarcely deigned a reply. I was asleep in 10 minutes, but two hours later I awoke to find him still sitting in his chair and wide awake.

"Hello! What ails you?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Troubled with insomnia?"

"No."

"Sleep all day?"

"No."

"Afraid of me?"

"To be honest with you, stranger, I am," he admitted.

"That seems funny. Do I look like a thief?"

"No, you don't; but I have done some figuring in this. You gave the landlord your wallet and watch, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's more value than he has probably ever seen before. He'll skip with your stuff before daylight."

"Well!"

"And then you'll have to rob me to get on. Stranger, I'm a man as don't never take no chances. I've got a revolver here, and the first move you make to get out of bed I'll plug you!"

"I can turn over, can't I?"

"Yes, but be powerful careful about it, for I'm up to snuff."

I turned over and went to sleep again, and when morning came his moving around awoke me. I tried to joke him, but he was sour and morose and wouldn't take it. When we went down stairs it was to find the colored help sitting in the early sun, with no move toward breakfast.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Mars—has dun gone an' left de place in de night, and dar's nobody to boss!" was the reply.

My room mate had figured "right smart."

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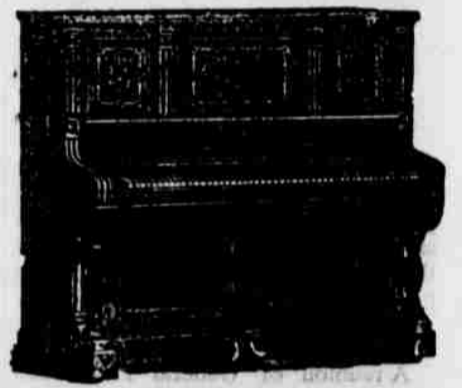
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