#### AN INTERESTING EVENT.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Betsy Jane the Mother of Twins and Artemus Indulges in a Celebration-A Melodrama Criticised-Mr. Lincoln Receives News of His Nomination.

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JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.



form you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you enjoying the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so

to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year-old steer, and in the futur them boys which sez to me 'go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individocally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality-2 realitys, I may say-and I feel

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. Theother nite while I was down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare headed and terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your

Sez I, "William, how so?" Sez he, "Bust my gizzard, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if hee'd kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins?" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voises. I found the house chock full of peple. There was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skool-Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of fiannil, &c. I never seed such a hub-bub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Tabershy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continuerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!" "I know it," sez she, coverin her pret-

ty face with her apun.
"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the mat-

ter with me!"

"Wall, put down that air gun, you posky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nash-unal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" saying which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed whare I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Docter Jordin, litin his pipe with a red-hot coal.

'Yes," said I, "the 2 eppisodes, waying abowt 18 pounds jintly." "A perfeck coop de tat," sed the skool-

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," said young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to pply to the legislater for a City Char-

"Good for you, old man!" sed I; "giv hat air a conspickius place in the next

switchin hour of nite, when grave yards | most uproarious laughter.

yawn & Josts treep 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves. Muther & children is a doin well.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN. I don't pretend to be a cricket & consekently the reader will not regard this 'ere peace as a Cricketcism. Icimply desine givin the pint & Plot of a play I saw actid out at the theatre t'other nite, called Ossywattermy Brown or the Hero of Harper's Ferry. Ossywatteriny had varis failins, one of which was a idee that he cood conker Virginny with a few duzzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose where. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerkt by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. There's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnee. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 sons leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin on a long jurny and Blesses 'em to slow fid-dlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth thay go to Kansis fur when they was so nice & comfortable down there to North Elby, is more'n I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tavern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives and hoss pistils, axes one of the Browns to take a drink. Brown refuzis, which is the fust instance on record whar a Brown deklined sich a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin person, then axis him whether he's fur or ferenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever sow, sez Har, har, har! (that bein his stile of larfin wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown.

Anuther Brown rushes up & sez, "you has killed me Ber-ruther!" Moosic by the Band & Seen changes. The stuck yung Brown enters supported by his two brothers. Bimeby he falls down, sez he sees his Mother, & dies. Moosic by the Band. I lookt but couldn't see any mother. Next Seen reveels Old Brown's cabin. He's readin a book. He sez freedom must extend its Area & rule his hands like he was pleesed abowt it. His suns come in. One of 'em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot while out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it a fire. The Browns give theirselves up for gone coons, when the hired gal diskivers a trap door to the cabin & thay go down threw it & cum up threw the bulkhed. Their merraklis scape reminds me of the scape of De Jones, the Coarsehair of the Gulf-a tail with a yaller kiver, that I onct red. For sixteen years he was confined in a loathsum dunjin, not tastin of food durin all that time. When a lucky thawt struck him! He opened the winder and got

To rescom-Old Brown rushes down to the footlites, gits down on his nees & swares he'll hav revenge. The battle of Ossawatermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blane, the sinister indi-vidocal aforesed. Mister Blane makes a able & elerquent speech, sex he don't see his mother much, and dies like the son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled banner. Moosic by the Band. Four or five other Border ruffins air killed, but they don't say nothin abowt seein their mothers. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Picter of a Arsenal is represented. Sojers cum and fire at it. Old Brown cums out & permits hisself to be shot. He is tride by two soops in milingtery close, and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo-Old Brown on a platform, pintin upards, the staige lited up with red fire. Goddiss of Liberty also on platform, pintin upards. A dutchman in the orkestry warbles on a base drum. Curtain falls. Moosic by

HOW OLD ARE RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HIS NOMINATION.

There are several reports affoat as to how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination, none of which are correct. We give the correct report.

The Official Committee arrived

Springfield at dewy eve, and went to Honest Old Abe's house. Honest Old Abe was not in. Mrs. Honest Old Abe said Honest Old Abe was out in the woods splitting rails. So the Official Committee went out into the woods, where sure enough they found Honest Old Abe splitting rails with his two boys. It was a grand, a magnificent spectacle. There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirtsleeves, a pair of leather home-made suspenders holding up a pair of home-made pantaloons, the seat of which was neatly patched with substantial cloth of a different color. "Mr. Lincoln, Sir, you've been nominated, Sir,

for the highest office, Sir"—
"Oh, don't bother me," said Honest
Old Abe; "I took a steat this mornin to split three million rails afore night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stuff about no Conventions till I get my stent done. I've only got two hundred thousand rails to split before sundown. I kin do it if you'll let me alone." And the great man went right on splittin rails, paying no attention to the Committee whatever. The Committee were lost in admiration for a few moments, when they recovered, and asked one of Honest Old Abe's boys whose boy he was? "I'm my parent's boy," shouted the urchin, which burst of wit so convulsed the Committee that they came

very near "gin'in cout" completely. In a few moments Honest Old Abe finished his task, and received the news with perfect self possession. He then asked them up to the house, where he received them cordially. He said he split three million rails every day, although he was in very poor health. Mr. Lincoln is a jovial man, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he asked Mr. Eyarts, of New York, "why Chicago was like a hen crossing the street?" Mr. Evarts gave it up. "Be-cause," said Mr. Lincoln, "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!" This ex-We sot there talkin & larfin until "the ceedingly humorous thing created the

#### ALL ABOUT FISH.

PAPA FISHES THAT TAKE CARE OF THEIR LARGE FAMILIES.

Professor Theodore Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, Tells of Them -The Ways of the Catfish and Su-fish-Fish That Bring Forth Their Young Alive.

"It is generally supposed that fisher ske no care whatever of their young, eaving them entirely to the attention nature, " said Professor Theodore Gill of the Smithsonian. "But the fact is very much otherwise with many species. The most remarkable point, however, regarding certain kinds of finny creatures in their parental relations is that males do the care taking, and not the females. Very interesting discoveries have been recently made with regard to the habits of nest building fishes, the catfish among others.

"If you will go out any time during the month of August in this latitude, on will see in the streams and ponds big catfish of the common sort, each one accompanied by a swarm of small fry. In each case the old one is a male and he is engaged in taking care of his offspring. If an intruder comes near he will dash at him and drive him away, It has been known for a long while that catfishes had this way of guarding their oung, but only lately has it been ascertained that it was the papa fish which did the care taking. Some time back there was a pair of catfishes in one of the aqueria at the building of the fish commission. At spawning time eggs were laid, and one of the parents kept watch over them, not permitting the other to come near. The young were duly hatched and thrived, being cared for in this way until they were big enough to look out for themselves. Then the fish which had stood guard was taken out and dissected, the result being that it was found to be the male.

"In their native ponds and brooks you will find large broods of young catfish as big as three-fourths of an inch in length remaining together in flocks, each flock accompanied by the male. Sometimes the latter will swim slowly along in the center of the flock and at other times alongside. In laying their eggs the parent catfishes select a spot where the vater is quiet, if possible protected by aquatic plants, and there they make a nest, perhaps 8 inches by 6, inclosing the spawn. This nest has a soft outer envelope and over it the male hovers, forcing fresh water through the mass by rapid vibrations of its fins until after about a week they are hatched.

"Sometimes the male catfish takes care of its young in a still more peculiar manner. There is a kind found in the sea the eggs laid by which are as big as a small bullet. These eggs are found in the mouths of the males, which do this to protect them. After the eggs are laid the papa catfish takes them into his mouth and keeps them there until they are all hatched, when they go out and take care of themselves.

"But this method is not confined to the cattishes. There are found in Africa and South America species which resemble the sunfish of our own streams. These 'cichlids,' as they are called, are also plentiful in Texas and Palestine. They are often found with their cheeks fairly bulging with young. In the sea of Galilee the cichlids are so numerous that the miraculous catch of the time when St. Peter fished there might be repeated any day, it being the manner of these fishes to move about on top of the water in solid masses, covering many · quare yards and making a noise like that of rain pouring.

"The common sunfish also takes care of its eggs as do other species of its family which are reculiar to North America, such as the black bass, rock bass, and crappie. In the spring a pair of these fishes will come near shore, and carefully clear away a circular spot a foot or two in diameter, removclearing the female lays her eggs, and the male immediately takes charge, hovering over the nest and driving away all intruders. This continues until the baby fishes are hatched and

able to take care of themselves. "The pipe fishes, which are found in every sea, save where it is very cold, also take care-of their young, and in a very curious manner. The new laid eggs are taken charge of by the male, which has a sort of fold on each side of its body. Beneath these flaps he keeps the eggs until the young are hatched and sufficiently grown to take care of themselves. In the group which includes the sea horse the male has a pouch under its tail, wherein it retains the eggs until the little fish have been hatched for a day or two, at the end of which time they make their way out

and do their own foraging.
"In the case of all these species of fishes which take care of their young a curious adaptation of natural law to circumstances is found. Those which take the greatest pains in sheltering their offspring have the fewest eggs, perhaps less than one hundred at a lay. On the other hand, other sorts of fishes which pay not the slightest attention to their young produce hundreds of thousands and even millions at a single lay. The extreme in the other direction is found in the gigantic ray known as the 'devil fish' of southern waters, which grows to be 20 feet in width. It bears but a single young one at a birth, the mother retaining it inside her body until it has grown to be four feet broad. The youthful devil fish, coming into the world so big, is in little danger from any enemy, and one at a birth is enough to keep up the stock. There are very many kinds of fishes which are called 'viviparous' because they bring forth their young alive. Three-fourths of the sharks are of that nature."

Sitting Bull's Wives.

Sitting Bull had three wives, two of whom survive him. The name of one of them is The-One-That-Had-Four-Robes. The other seems to have distinguished herself by doing more than a wife's share toward keeping the name of the Bull family upon the Sloux cen-sus roll, and is called The One-That-Had-Twins-Twice. -[St. Joseph Gazette.

#### GREAT MEMORIES.

Some Old Timers Who Could Repeat Whole Books Correctly.

There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in reverse order without making a single mistake. A physician, about 60 years ago, could repeat the whole of Paradise Lost without making a mistake, although he had not read it for 20 years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's Eneid, and could remember the first line of every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind,

One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in human life in regard to the bible. An old beggar man at Sterling, known 50 years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the bible by heart, insomuch that if a sentence was read to him he could name the book, chapter, and verse, or if the book, chapter, and ver e were named he could give the exact words,

A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy, Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Affect almost in stantly replied: "There is no such verse. That chap er has only 89 Gassendi had acquired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and in order to give his mem ry exercise he was in the habit daily of reciting 600 verses from different languages.

#### Who Wrote This Poem?

In response to a request from the Urbana Citizen that he name his favorite English poem, James Whitcomb Riley sends to that paper the subjoined verses. He first saw them 20 years ago in an obscure country newspaper, and has been trying ever since to learn the name of the author: BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violing I'd nothing but my song -And when we rested by the hedge The robins came and told How they had dayed to wee and win When early spring was cold. We sometimes supped on dewberries, Or slept among the hay— But oft the farmers' wives at eve Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old unes!— We could not starve for long While my man had his violin

The world has aye gone well with us, Old Man, since we were one!— Our homeless wandering down the lanes— It long ago was done But those who wait for gold or gear—
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and

sere And love and beauty pine, And love and beauty pine.
Will never know the joys of hearts
That met without a fear
When you can but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

And I my sweet love song.

Gelaticous Fluid in Storage Batteries. A Swiss electrician, Mr. Paul Schof, now of Chicago, has adopted a serviceable plan for making storage batteries more portable by transforming the liquid electrolyte into a pasty, gelatinous mass. This is accomplished by adding to the cell a small quantity of sodium silicate, which is decomposed by the sulphuric acid, the silica being liberated in the form of translucent, firm, and elastic jelly. This jelly is unattacked by sulphuric acid, or by the more powerful oxidizing agents which come into existence during the changing of the

The resistance of the cell is slightly increased, and its capacity in Watt hours is somewhat diminished by the jelly. The best method of gelatinizing the electrolyte is to add one volume of sodium silicate of a density 1.18 to three volumes of sulphuric acid of a density 1.25, allowing the mixture to stand for 24 hours. At the end of that time the whole liquid is set to a jelly. During the charging of the cell a small quantity of liquid rises to the surface of the jelly, but this disappears again during the

How to Saddle a Horse,

"There is only one way to put a saddle on a horse," says Colonel Kearney. "1 learned it when I was a member of the Texas rangers. It's a little thing, but it is worth knowing. I used to put my blanket on and it would look smooth and nice. Then I would put the saddle on and mount. After riding a few miles I would find the saddle slipping ciach up again. One day a cowboy said: 'Let me fix that saddle for you. I got off and he put the blanket on just as I had done, and then the saddle. Then he put his hands under the saddle and blanket, lifted them up, and let them settle back into place. I found that when this was done the saddle would stick for a forty mile ride. "-[Kansas City Times.

The Aristocratic Bee. One of the most interesting country places in Maine is that of Mr. Mark

Gray, of West Freeman, who has been so successful in raising bees that he made \$327.50 from them last year. A correspondent gives a description of his apiary, which has been arranged with remarkable painstaking and is a verita-ble curiosity. All the hives are painted and striped in different combinations, no two alike. Mr. Gray makes his hives himself, having built a small shop and miniature sawmill for this purpose. He thinks the bees like to have their homes attractive as well as human beings and that they work better and are more con tented for having everything tidy around them. They require but very little attention, but anything out of place they notice as quickly as a neat housewife. - [Lewiston Journal.

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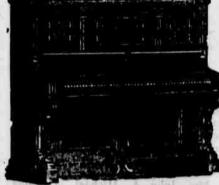
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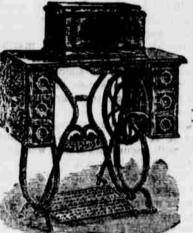
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