

**Here's a Grip Microbe.**

Dr. William D. Gentry, of Chicago, claims to be a possessor of a microbe of the grip, the first ever captured or even heard of. The little wriggler is imprisoned on the glass slide of Dr. Gentry's big microscope and was carefully inspected by many a scientific eye.

Ever since the grip made its appearance a year ago, said the doctor, he has been on the still-hunt for the microbes, if any existed. He found that thirty-four years ago, and again at sixteen years ago, grip was epidemic among human beings, and seventeen years ago it attacked horses, causing the still remembered "epizootic." Owing to the recurrence of the disease Dr. Gentry was inclined to believe that the earth at such intervals passed through a stretch of space impregnated with what astronomers call "star dust."

Four days ago it occurred to him that he might trap some of the dust of microbes or whatever it was. Carefully polishing a blank slide he took it outdoors and passed it through the air. Placing the slide under his microscope, which magnifies 1,170 times, he counted seven heretofore unidentified microbes in the field of the instrument. The creatures were very lively, and seemed to flow or swim upwards towards the glass. Before the doctor could secure the microbes they had disappeared. The next day, with the Rev. Dr. Biggs, of the Rogers Park Methodist Church, Dr. Gentry tried again and found more. Again they escaped, but by using micro-glasses he secured the next lot and had them mounted for the microscope. His next step was to procure some mucus from a patient afflicted with the grip. A neighbor, W. J. Jefferson, furnished it, and to the delight of Dr. Gentry the same sort of microbes were found in the mucus that had been caught in the air, identical in every respect.

The grip microbes, as described by Dr. Gentry, are generally of a round form, varying occasionally in outline, but always distinctly marked by a series of seven lines surrounding them. Radiating from these lines are other lines which, in the magnified image, resemble fine irregular hairs.

Dr. Gentry's entire time is occupied in exhibiting the microbes to brother physicians and in beginning a technical account of the discovery for the benefit of the profession.

**Arbor Day Proclamation.**

WHEREAS, the beautiful and useful ceremonies of Arbor Day, which were established some years since in Pennsylvania, have received the official sanction of our General Assembly, whereby the Governor is requested to appoint annually a day to be designated as Arbor Day in Pennsylvania, and to recommend by proclamation to the people, on the days named, the planting of trees and shrubbery in the public school grounds and along the public highways throughout the State.

Now therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison Governor of the said Commonwealth, in accordance with custom, do hereby designate and proclaim Friday, the 10th day of April, A. D. 1891, and Friday, the 1st day of May, A. D. 1891, to be observed as Arbor Days in Pennsylvania.

The selection of either of the above designated days is left to the discretion of the people in the various sections of the Commonwealth, each locality observing that day which is deemed to be most favorable on account of climatic conditions.

The rapidity with which our virgin forests are disappearing, either from wanton or careless destruction, or before the untiring axe of the energetic woods man, has caused grave questions to confront us, whose importance, from both a sanitary and economic point of view, cannot be magnified. It is the bounden duty of every citizen who is interested in the future prosperity of the State to lend his personal influence to any and every effort that has for its object the encouragement of forest culture and tree planting, not alone upon our own lands, but upon the public grounds and highways. Laws intended to encourage this commendable work have been enacted, but they will be absolute unless revived and enforced by healthful public sentiment.

To this end I do most respectfully, yet earnestly, invoke the potential influence of the public press throughout our State, so that the people may be awakened to the importance of the question involved in the establishment of an Arbor Day.

I call upon the people to read the newspapers, periodicals, etc., treating on this important subject, so that they may bring the best thought and experience of the age to their observance of the day.

I recommend that the teachers and pupils in our schools, both public and private, set apart this day and observe it by recitations, essays, discussions and other appropriate exercises, so that the youthful mind may be impressed with the beauty and utility to be found in a flower, a twig, a tree.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State this twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety-one, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and fiftieth.

ROBT. E. PATTISON, Governor.

**A Dangerous Counterfeit.**

TWO DOLLAR SILVER CERTIFICATES THAT ARE ALMOST PERFECT.

A sensation has been caused at the Treasury Department at Washington, by the discovery of a counterfeit \$2 silver certificate so nearly perfect in all its parts as to be almost impossible of detection. Heretofore all counterfeits of our paper currency have been readily detected by the failure to imitate the distinctive character of the paper on which government notes are printed, which is so arranged that each part of it forming a complete note contains a small silk thread running through it lengthwise.

This paper is for the first time, almost perfectly imitated in the counterfeit just discovered. So far as is now known it has been used only in counterfeiting the \$2 silver certificates of the series of 1886. This note was designed under the supervision of Treasurer Jordan and contained on its face a vignette of General Hancock. It is estimated that there are now nearly \$40,000,000 of these notes in circulation and the problem before the Treasury Department is how to get them back into the Treasury and to substitute a new series without serious embarrassment before any considerable quantity of the counterfeit notes get into circulation.

This was the subject of a secret conference at the Treasury Department between Secretary Foster and the leading officials of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It was practically decided to suspend the printing of the \$2 silver certificates and to institute a new series of the same denomination. These will contain a vignette of Secretary Windom and will be issued as soon as the necessary plates can be engraved.

**Folk-Lore And Folk-Cure.**

Some of the scientists who make a specialty of folk lore have lately been making inquiries about the malady which the country people call spring fever. It is a genuine malady, though more disagreeable than serious. Yet it should be taken note of. While the scientists are inquiring about the malady, those who are suffering the lassitude, nervousness and melancholia, that are its symptoms, should run the disease out of their systems by means of that more subtle scientist and folk-cure—S. S. S. This is particularly necessary, since spring fever leaves the system in such a condition that it succumbs readily to diseases that are more dangerous and less easily controlled. S. S. S. is a preventive as well as a remedy.

Many people wonder what becomes of the great quantity of reports, telegrams, orders, magazines, etc., that accumulate in a big railroad office. A *Star* reporter was in the Lehigh Valley Railroad office at South Bethlehem, Friday morning, when a number of workmen were engaged in packing several large boxes with old reports, etc. H. P. Hamman, Gen. Supt. Goodwin's assistant, was superintending the work. The reporter asked where the stuff was being sent and what it was. Mr. Hamman replied: "This is the accumulation of the past 10 years in all the offices along the road. It includes reports, orders, and all the papers that are used in the conducting of a great railroad. There are also a great number of magazines which are devoted to railroad news, and of each of which we get a copy. Every office boxes up and sends the stuff here and we load it in freight cars and send it to a paper mill in Philadelphia. Of course, the reports, etc., for a certain time back are kept on hand for reference, and only those that are useless are sent away. This work of cleaning up is done about every ten years or so." The papers are stored away in such a way that ready reference can be made to them, and when the quantity becomes great and there is no further use for them they are sent to the paper mill. —*South Bethlehem Star*

The new tax bill that has passed the House ought not to become a law without some amendments.

The present bill taxes almost everything a man owns, and besides compels him under oath to state every penny he receives from his trade, profession and investments, also every debt he may owe, big or little. This information is then used in the public prints, for upon it is based his assessment and valuation. An excise agent says, "This will give your friends and your enemies and competitors in business, full information in regard to your financial condition. If you, however, refuse to answer the questions truthfully, the value of your property will be first guessed at and then increased one-half, or you may have to go to jail for conspiracy. You will have to show how you got every dollar of your income. It is said that to conscientiously comply with the bill's requirements, you will have to swear to the value of the coffin in which your husband or wife was buried, to the actual number of your own and your children's shirts, and of your wife's dresses as well as the number of bushels of potatoes in your cellar."

The Senate is expected to change some of the objectionable features.

**Literary Note.**

"A Son of Old Harry," is the unique title of a story by Judge Tourgee, which is soon to appear in the *New York Ledger*. It is one of those surprises which this indefatigable writer is always springing on the literary world, to the confusion of the critics, who have no sooner got him fitted to a niche than he jumps down and clambers into another. Utterly defiant of ironclad rules, by which under the claim of art they attempt to chain fiction to insignificance and vapidness, he chooses his character wherever he sees fit and portrays them with a vivid lifelikeness, which compels recognition and stamps each one indelibly upon the reader's memory. "A Son of Old Harry" is emphatically a horse story, concerned in part with the evolution of the trotter—and is most appropriately published by the sons of Robert Bonner, the veteran patron of the trotter, whose stable is the haven to which the finest of the equine type is sure to tend.

No reader of Judge Tourgee's books can have failed to note his genuine love for the horse. His equine characters are as distinct and individual as his human ones. In this equality he is, perhaps, unrivaled by any other writer. His horses are something more than mere incidents of a story; they are actual characters. Already, those who have followed his works have wondered at the scope and variety of the types he has depicted. Old Lollar, his vicious but doughty son, Young Lollar, and Jaca, the pet mare of "A Fool's Errand," Satan of "Bricks Without Straw," Schem of "John Eax," the trotters in "Figs and Thistles," the blooded browns and the rangy Hambletonian, which the daughter of the Engineer and the quaint old doctor drive through the pages of "Black Ice," and Dewstowe's four-in-hand in "Button's Inn," are not only among the most perfect specimens of the equine family, but are so linked with the fortunes and personality of the human characters, that they become essential to the action—they are not merely creatures but companion characters. To this varied collection of equine portraits, he has lately added that magnificent picture of strength and courage—the horse which bore Dan Periton ahead of the tide which came.

"Rushing and roaring and thundering down, into the streets of pent Johnstown!"

Though without the unlimited means which enables the owner of Maud S. to gratify his inclination, no one has a better title to the designation, "the horse's true lover," which a critic bestowed upon him years ago, and no one better than he understands the relation of the horse to certain epochs of American life which constitute the background of his new story, "A Son of Old Harry."

It is a notable fact, too, that while so fond of the horse himself as to make the animal a distinct element of almost every one of his works, there is never anything "horsey" about them. The flavor of the stable, the arts of the jockey and the vice of the gambler have no place in his pages. The gentleman, the soldier, the lady and the lover find a companion, servant, friend in the intelligent animal who at once serves their needs and shares their fortunes. He takes the horse away from the groom and puts him on the canvas with his master. In addition to this, we may add that his horses, like his human characters, are always typical Americans, whom every reader recognizes at a glance as part of the every-day life of the country.

"A Son of Old Harry" is a title which promises much in the hands of such a writer, though the professional horseman is sure to mistake its significance.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's April Tour to California.

The third tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's series to the Golden Gate left New York last week, and now but one remains, which will leave April 14, and undoubtedly cover the most desirable route, both to and from the far Pacific Coast.

The special vestibule Pullman train, equipped with its drawing-room, sleeping, library and smoking, dining and observation cars, manned by a crew of twenty-four employes, as well as a tourist agent in charge, and a chaperon and ladies' maid to look after those of their own sex, a stenographer and typewriter, in fact fitted out even to a barber, is this palace on wheels, which will in going West traverse the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and down into Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and into California, where six side trips are included, as well as three whole weeks in the land of the sunny sky. Returning the train darts directly north from San Francisco, through California, Oregon and Washington, stopping at Portland and Tacoma, then runs east via the Northern Pacific Railroad through Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and home through Pennsylvania. Tickets for the entire trip, including meals en route and Pullman transportation, together with several carriage rides and side trips, are but \$300. Application for space should be made at once to Mr. George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Philadelphia.

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Tuesday, March 24, 1891.

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**MANY PEOPLE**

Look forward to Spring before they will think of taking any thing for the blood. But now is the time to begin and then you will be ready with a good clear brain to do in the Spring what you would have to do later on, as the system is in good condition for bright prospects.

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**SARSAPARILLA!**

**GREATEST BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE DAY**

and easily cures all diseases arising from bad blood, such as ECZEMA, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, RING WORMS, ULCERATIONS, and for FEMALE DISEASES it acts like magic as a tonic and strengthener.

**MANNERS' Double Extract Sarsaparilla.**

Can be found for sale at all Drug Stores.

PRICE. . . . . 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.



**EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF**

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON  
**Not to Split!**  
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BEARS THIS MARK.



**NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.**  
**THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.**



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