

WAR FEELING AT HOME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Showman Becomes Captain of a Volunteer Company, and Breathes Forth Threats and Slaughter—He Attends a Public Meeting.

Copyrighted and published by special arrangement with G. W. Dillingham, New York, publisher.

XIV.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.



AS SOON as I'd recuperated my physical system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The schoolmaster sed it was cheerin' to see that gigantic intellect among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the schoolmaster, and allers send him tobacco when I'm off on a travelin' campaign. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast is Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank run runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimocratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sun was for war and sun was for peace.

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrut, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old Squire got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fit for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was too old to Bolt now.

The next mornin I rose with the lark N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'.

My little dawter was execootin ballads, accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing. "Hark, I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" sed I, a-buckkin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchen.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at onct she did. We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin officers, there ain't no jealousy, and as we air all excoodin smart it f'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idea of a company composed excoodinly of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggerated, I spose I skrooly need say, in these Brane. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tacticks at our tongs' ends, but what we partilly excel in is restin muskits.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassage meat before we'll exhibit our cote tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle! "Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.

A WAR MEETING.

Our complaint just now is war meetin's. They've bin havin 'em bad in vari parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us.

Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injanny is on fire.

Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Chairman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminent institutions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polished, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the *Bugle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road.

"The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humberg; but our aunt isn't bald-headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinned appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed. For a mite home-thrust, Mr. SLINKERS had no clads.

I was fixin' myself 'p to attend the next war meetin', when my daughter 'ntered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his

eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and in his other paw clasp't a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. SWANMAN, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirinly upon her first born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter done in oil. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work!"

"Does he? does he?" said I—"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd I concluded she was summat disgrated at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in italics. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I harfed so v'olently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry officer's sword and things, which it aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty sudden. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed head, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally observing that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a asylum for sooperanoated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disgrated that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blow hard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his anburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the coat. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elegance the Editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of Colledge in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national captee?

"DAN SETCHELL," I said. "He can do it afterwards. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hircin foe, and they'll all skeddadle! Old SETCH can do it."

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editor of the *Bugle*.—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connection, that the Editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitude of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of man, that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'l man will not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty pole," said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to inlist for one," he said. "What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' perform'd! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on, and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by BETSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbreller, burst into the room.

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months wimin!"

"Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. WARD and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ry demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You are willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's is very nice in their way, but they don't keep STONEWALL JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and helpin' himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk."

"Gent'lmen," said I, "that's my wife Go in, old gal! and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfect rapture."

"Is this roll book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin?" she cried. "With men—with men!" and our quety was made up that very night.

A. WARD.

"The People's Store."

OF DANVILLE, PENNA.,

Are now offering great inducements to the **CITIZENS** of **BLOOMSBURG** and vicinity. During the month of **May** they agree to pay the fares for the round trip via the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Philadelphia & Reading Railroads on all Cash purchases amounting to Ten Dollars (\$10.00) or over.

This will enable the people of Bloomsburg and surrounding towns a good chance to visit the largest and finest store room in the Susquehanna Valley and at the same time the largest stock of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Domestic, Prints, Gingham, Notions, Hosiery, Underwear, Coats, Capes, Carpets, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries and Provisions.

From which to make your selections. We guarantee that you will be well repaid by a visit to our mammoth establishment.

Buy your round trip ticket and on presentation of return coupon and purchase of goods amounting to Ten Dollars the price of the ticket will be refunded

D. L. & W. R. R.

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.31	12.18	4.15
" " " Rupert	8.37	12.23	4.22
" " " Catawissa	8.42	12.28	4.28
Arriving at Danville	8.57	12.42	4.46
Returning leave Danville	10.33	2.11	6.05

Phila. & Rdg. R. R.

	A. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.10	3.16
" " " Catawissa	8.10	3.20
" " " Rupert	8.17	3.28
Arriving at Danville	8.31	3.43
Returning leave Danville	11.09	6.03

RESPECTFULLY,

"THE PEOPLES STORE"

W. C. FRICK & CO.
Cor. Mill & Centre Sts.
DANVILLE PENNA.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO.

DEALERS IN

Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week.

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco

Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars:

Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash—
Bloomsburg, Pa.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

CARPET, MATTING,
or OIL CLOTH,

YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT

W. H. BROWER'S

2nd Door above Court House.

A new lot of Window Curtains received this week.

CLOSING OUT GOLD PENS AND PENCILS AT COST, at

J. G. WELLS.'

Bring Your Watch, Clock, and Jewelry work to J. G. WELLS.

EYES FITTED FOR GLASSES

FREE OF CHARGE—AT

J. G. WELLS,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES.

J. SALTZER'S

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT & SEWING MACHINE WAREHOUSES,

With many years experience in buying and selling musical instrument and sewing machines I can guarantee to my customers the best in the markets. Pianos and Organs purchased of me, can be relied upon. If anything get out of order, it can easily be corrected, and a great deal of annoyance saved. Instructions given to all purchasers of Sewing Machines, how to operate them successfully.

The STECK PIANO is the best made. Its tone is surpassed by none. You make no mistake if you buy a Steck.

We have also the—

ESTEY and the STARR

PIANOS,

—And The—

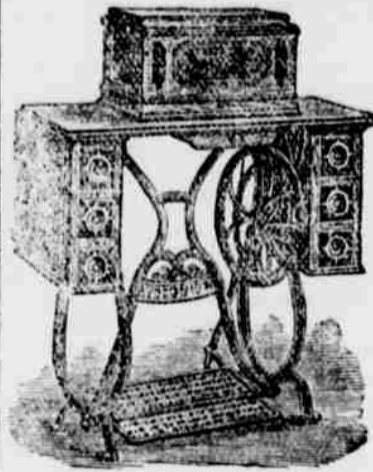
ESTEY, MILLER and

UNITED STATES

ORGANS.

We sell Pianos from \$250 to \$600, and Organs from \$75 to \$175.

In Sewing Machines we can give you the Celebrated



"WHITE"

The best Machine in the world.

The

NEW DOMESTIC,

The ROYAL ST. JOHN,

The STANDARD

ROTARY

And the NEW HOME.

We sell the best Sewing Machine made for \$19.50.

J. Saltzer, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. ROBBINS,

DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

PHILLIPS'

Spring days are at hand and premonitions of warm weather bring with them a desire for cooling dishes. We shall keep Ice Cream of many flavors from now on, and will serve it in our parlors day or night. Families and parties supplied. Get our prices.

The Cafe is open, and the kitchen is in charge of an experienced cook. Catering for parties, lodges, weddings, etc., a specialty.

Fresh bread and cakes daily in the bakery.

M. M. PHILLIPS & SON.

Proprietors of

"PHILLIPS' CAFE."

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Wilkes-Barre Business College

AND SCHOOL OF

SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING,

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

A PRACTICAL TRAINING SCHOOL

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Registry of students one-fourth larger than ever before at this date. Best systems of Book-keeping and Shorthand. Plain, rapid system of business Penmanship. The Standard Remington Typewriter mainly used. The confidence of the business public is shown by their continued and increased inquiry for our graduates. Can enter at any time.

G. LEWIS BALDWIN, Principals
May 8 1897. A. W. MOSE,

KESTY & HOFFMAN,
Practical Machinists.

We repair Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Threshers, Harvesters, Mowers and all kinds of machinery.

WE HANDLE

STEAM PIPE FITTINGS,

VALVES, STEAM GAUGES.

And all kinds of Repairs.

PIPE CUT TO ORDER.

AGENTS FOR

Garfield Injector Co., Garfield Double Jet Injector, Automatic and Locomotive Injector.

All work done by us is guaranteed to give satisfaction, and all work in our line will be promptly attended to.

SHOPS - 6th and CENTRE STREETS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Moves Pimples to the Surface. Gives Hair its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling out. Sold at all Druggists.

CONSUMPTIVE
The only cure for Consumption. Cures all kinds of Coughs, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, etc. in 10 to 15 days. HINDERCOMBS. The only cure for Consumption. Sold at all Druggists or 112 COX & CO., N. Y.