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> Bloomsburg, Pa. FRIDAY, JULY 3 1891.

COMMENCEMENT DAY EXERCISES. CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

proving her equality with man, and by her excellent work maintaining her right to it. If the signs of the times else can. She will paint pictures in literature, that will live for ages.

ENERGY CENTRALIZED. Edward J. Gormley.

The one to appear last on the programme was Mr. Edward J. Gormley of Hazleton, Pa. He had for his subject "Energy Centralized," and indeed with marked energy did he discuss it. He showed very clearly that "This is centre his powers upon one object." He began by saying:

This is an age of progress. This, the time of reserved power. This is the day of specialists. This the moment of centralized energy.

He then very carefully observed

how that in certain lines, many nations of antiquity, stopping to notice Phoenicia, Greece, and Rome, centralized all their energies in the attainment of any desired object. He also applied his theme very practically to the individual, citing as examples, the

specialist in law, or in medicine. Here was rendered an instrumental quartette, "The Dying Poet," from Gottschalk, by the Misses Mary and Minnie Everett, Miss Ada Conner and

That part of the programme rendered by the class of '91, was herewith ended, and there remained only the conferring of the degree of "Bachelor of the Elements," and the granting of their well-earned Dip'oma.

The class numbering eighty-two, marched upon the stage, when the "rincipal in a short speech drew a imparison between the young fledgigs pushed out of the nest by their own growth, and the graduating class of a great institution of learning; after some remarks about the work and experience that awaited them in the future, conferred by the authority of the Commonwealth of Penna, and of the Board of Trustees, the degree of "Bachelor of the Elements" on the 82 members of the class of '91.

The diplomas were then passed over to each graduate.

Here ended the Exercises of the very best Commencement Week in the History of our Normal School.

THE GRADUATES.

Mae V. Black, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Elsie I. Bogar, Harrisburg, Pa.
Elsie I. Bogar, Harrisburg, Pa.
Daisy M. Boone, Kingston, Pa.
Margaret H. Bynon, Summit Hill, Pa.
Elizabeth V. Cavanaugh, Shenandoah, Pa.
Anna W. Clauser, Shenandoah, Pa. Anna W. Ciauser, Shenandoah, Pa.
Rosa Cohen, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Ella T. Connelly, Shenandoah Pa.
Lucy A. Cosper, West Pittston, Pa.
Mary K. Crowl, Harrisburg, Pa.
Ella Daniels, Plymouth, Pa.
Emily Davies, Plymouth, Pa.
Mary Davies, Plymouth, Pa.
Mary Davies, Plymouth, Pa. Mary Davies, Plymouth, Pa.
Mary Davies, Plymouth, Pa.
Sarah L. Devine, Scranton, Pa.
Alice M. Dillon, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Jennie C. Durkin, Scranton, Pa. Annie J. Evans, Plymouth, Pa. Margaret M. Evans, West Pittston, Pa. Anna M. Gallagher, White Haven, Pa. Zua B. Guie, Catawissa, Pa. Olive Hunter, Duboistown, Pa. Cora Hutchison, Kingston, Pa. Sarah A. Junkin, Lewistown, Pa.
Sarah A. Junkin, Lewistown, Pa.
Laura M. Keen, Hazleton, Pa.
Mary A. Kelly, Scranton, Pa.
Julia M. Kennedy, Port Blanchard, Pa.
Marie W. Kshinka, Berwick, Pa.
Mary C. Kintner, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Mary C. Kinther, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Anna F. Lesher, Northumberland, Pa.
Elizabeth Linton, Mahanoy City, Pa.
Josephine Leyshon, Kingston, Pa.
Catherine H. Longshore, Hazleton, Pa.
Anna L. McAndrews, White Haven, Pa.
Mary E. McGuiness, Shenandoah, Pa.
Carrie Maue, Hazleton, Pa.
Nora Moyers, Hazelton, Pa. Nora Meyers, Hazelton, Pa. Katie Mawn, Scranton, Pa.
Carrie T. Meyer, Hazleton, Pa.
Maggie M. Moore, Irish Lane, Pa.
Mabel A. Penniman, West Pittston, Pa.
Elizabeth J. Richart, Rupert, Pa. Anna B. Reilly, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Agatha Reilly, Honesdale, Pa. E. Regina Reilly, Honesdale, Pa. Kate R. Ross, Plains, Pa. Kate R. Ross, Plains, Pa.
Frona J. Schrader, Johnstown, Pa.
Jennie M. Sheep, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Phoebe Shew, Lightstreet, Pa.
Juha A. Shook, Stull, Pa.
Stella Smith, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Bessie Smith, Mt. Carmel, Pa.
Mary A. Spratt, Lewistown, Pa.
Margaret Sullivan, Harrisburg, Pa.
S. Ida M. Swartzell, Siglerville, Pa.
Clara B. Teple, Catawissa, Pa.
Elizabeth W. Thorburn, West Pittston, Pa.
Elizabeth W. Thorburn, West Pittston, Pa.
Belle R. Trumble, New Milford, Pa.
Metric Walter, Waynesboro, Pa.
21 L. Ward, Scranton, Pa.
31 L. Ward, Scranton, Pa.
31 E. Weil, Plymouth, Pa.
31 G. Ward, Plymouth, Pa.

elle Weil, Plymouth, Pa.

la G. Wenrich, Mahanoy City, Pa. lary E. Wheeler, Shickshinny, Pa. dary B. Williams, Hazleton, Pa.

dward S. Byrne, Hazleton, Pa.

James B. Costello, Hazleton, Pa.
Mark Creasy, Lightstreet, Pa.
Clarence D. Crobaugh, Shenandoah, Pa.
James Evans, Wanamie, Pa.
Edward J. Gormley, Hazleton, Pa.
John G. Harman, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Harry R. Hess, Rupert, Pa.
Elmer E. Hess, Winfield, Pa.
Warren S. Krise, Spring Mills, Pa.
Harry C. McBride, Bloomsburg, Pa.
Frank A. McGuigan, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
C. C. Major, Forty Fort, Pa.
Harvey B. Rinchart, Waynesboro, Pa.
William B. Sutliff, Town Line, Pa.
William A. Turnbach, Fazleton, Pa.
Franklin Williams, Shenandoah, Pa.

CLASS WILL. C. C. Major.

In the name of Josiah Allen, Aman. The first day of July, in the year of our graduation one thousand eight hundred and ninety one, we the Senior Class of the Bloomsburg Normal School, being in sound mind and memory, but calling to mind the frail tenure of life, and that it is appointed to all classes once to leave school, do are to be relied upon, she will occupy make and ordain this our last will and a much wider sphere in literature in testament. We give, devise, and bethe coming years than she has in the past. With her keen perception and delicate wit, she has a power to paint the inner life of a people as no one else can. She will paint pictures in literature that will live for ages. roam in search of flowers to analyze, and we also give them the keys that unlock the gates of the door-yards of the people of Bloomsburg that they of July in the year one thousand eight may procure beautiful specimens to press and exhibit before the admiring the great financial embarrassment at hundreds who will come to view their

We the aforesaid Seniors of '91 are especially noted for our remarkable with his twenty-nine legions, but he was defeated so quickly and disastrously that he will not be able fo collect his scattered forces again for another campaign this year. Knowing that we have no further use for this great ability we magnanimously bequeath it to the Juniors, and also give them the ponies that carried us to such a splendid victory.

To the aforesaid Juniors we the aforesaid Seniors leave the interesting studies of Philosopy and Rhetoric. No more will they be greeted with the old familiar words, "per cent of what" of July, one thousand eight hundred and and "Beeswax," but they will hear, ninety-one; we the said Senior Class, Draw your lines and the image will take care of itself," and, what are the

elements of the new spring styles.

We also give to the said Juniors our skill in Manual Training. Never before in the history of the Normal has chairs, cushions, feather-beds, and soa class so distinguished itself in this fas. branch. Our class being especially proficient in giving the proper expression to thought, and in the construction of flower presses, excuses for tardiness and absence, and various other pieces of apparatus.

We leave them the Model School, the delight and pride of every Senior's heart. This is a field especially fruitful to every student who is interested in the profession that he has chosen. The children are all bright, and try to learn and please their teachers; and the senior of the sen the delight and pride of every Senior's learn and please their teachers; and bequeath all the cranks, long faces, we know that the Junior's heart swells with pride at the thought that he can when we leave here and go out into begin teaching just as soon as he has the world, we want to scatter nothing

Conceit is a very good thing to have and without it one would soon be distanced in the race of life, but as the Seniors have a superabundance of this commodity and as it will very soon be ed and declared, by the said Senior taken out of them when they run up Class, as a codicil to their last will and against the rough corners of the world, we give and bequeath enough to the subscribers. Juniors to carry them through the Senior year, and make them believe that they know just a little more than

the authors of their text books. The political ability of the Seniors was clearly demonstrated during the Not by the Muses blest, recent contest for class president, and But with a heaving breast recent contest for class president, and the ascendancy of any of the great parties is assured if they can secure the co-operation of the politicians of the class of '91. As we will teach at least two years in the public schools, and will have no further use for this ability we bequeath it to the Juniors to aid them in putting in their favorite candidate in their class elections dur

ing the coming year. Modesty is an article that is very scarce and very highly prized, and as many of the Seniors have more than is necessary to their success in life, and knowing that Junior classes, as a rule, are especially lacking in that particular virtue, we give and bequeath to them a sufficient portion, reserving The deeds that we have done enough, however, to make us success ful book agents through the summer

months. Our class is composed of seventeen boys and sixty-five girls. Reserving seventeen of the prettiest girls, we give and bequeath the remaining forty-five with all the appurtenances pertaining thereto, consisting of false hair, bangs, frizzes, and cosmetical preparations too numerous to mention, to the old bachelors down town, with our best wishes that they will agree with us in saying that handsome is that hand-

some does. To our successors the aforesaid Juniors we give and bequeath the enormous appetites that have made such sad havoc in the dining room, and that have repeatedly tested the matron's skill and patience in providing the necessaries of life during the last year. If there is one place where the Seniors do not get left it is at the dinner table. There they can display their superior wisdom in many ways. As one of them picks up a knife to serve the pie There took we not our ease,

he remarks to the admiring Junior at his side, this makes an angle of 30° at the centre as he gives him a piece, and this is a quadrant as he coolly helps

To the people of Bloomsburg we can only give our thanks for their courteous treatment to us during our stay in their town; and to the faculty who have so nobly aided us in our efforts to prepare ourselves for our life work, we express our deepest gratitude and assure them that we have a high appreciation of their labors in our be-

Finally we give and bequeath unto our most respected class-mate Hon. F. L. Deavor whom we make our sole executor of this our last will and testament, the sum of five hundred thousand dollars in good legal currency, to be paid within one hundred years from date at the Susquehanna river bank.

We do hereby utterly disallow, re-voke, and disannul all and every other former testaments, wills, legacies, bequests, and executors, by us in any way before named, willed, and be-

unto set our hands and seal, the day and year above written. Senior class B. S. N. S.

the Normal, occasioned by the grand educational muddle now pending at the state capitol the above named Senior class signed and sealed this ina day of specialists." and that "He and unusual ability in the study of strument, and published and declared the same as and for their last will and testament, and we in their presence, and at their request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses,

> Mr. SAM JONES. JOHN SMITH.

CODICIL.

Be it known to all men by these presents, we the said Senior class of the B. S. N. S. hereinbefore mentioned have made and declared our last will and testaments, bearing date in the year of Josiah Allen, the first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and by this present codicil, do ratify and confirm our said last will and testa-

Since the examinations by the State Committee, many of the Seniors have had a severe attack of swelled head at this time of the year, a prevalent but not very dangerous malady, and as a consequence their hats are all to small for them. These hats are left to the

and sour dispositions in our class, for worked off his condition in Penman- but sunshine and happiness all about Dismissed from "How and Why"

Witness our hand this first day of July one thousand eight hundred and SENIOR CLASS. ninety one.

Signed, sealed, published, pronounc-Class, as a codicil to their last will and testament in the presence of us the

MR. McGINTY. MISS ANNA ROONEY. A SYMPHONY FOR THE EIGHTY-THREE,

By Margaret Evans.

Into this service press't Come I to greet thee: I was no genius bold, Naught but of Normal mold, When by the Seniors told This tale to write thee.

Cold did my heart grow then, Wild rushed I to my den, There seized my old stub pen-Proud of its glory : Then came there unto me, Thoughts of the eighty-three-Spirits they seemed to be— Whisp'ring their story.

Then from those spirit eyes Pale flashes seemed to rise-Straightway a deep voice cries, "O, scribe, remember This tale of ninety-one, The fame this class has won

"For all these deeds so bold, Our wisdom manifold, Must now in song be told As we have taught thee; Then see that in thy verse Thou dost the truth rehearse, Or on thee rests our curse-For this we sought thee,'

Since last September:

I answered with a groan-"Your fame to me is known But power I do not own In song to sing it."

Then round the air was stirred— A merry song I heard, And now, e'en word for word To you I bring it.

"When all our glorious land Clothed in rich robes did stand, Did we, a verdant band, Enter the Normal: There in the entrance hall, Met we a giant tall, Who gave us one and all A welcome cordial,

Then, to a maid were sent,

LOWENBERG'S CLOTHING!

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT!

BLACK AND BLUE CHEVIOTS.

LADIES SHOULD SEE THE PRETTY SUITS FOR CHILDREN.

SPRING SEASON 1891.

THE LATEST COLLARS, NECK TIES, DRESS SHIRTS, **NIGHT SHIRTS** &c.

DOUBLE BREASTED SACKS AND **CUTAWAYS.**

THE FINEST LINE OF SPRING PANTS IN TOWN.

Call and examine and see for yourselves that

LOWENBERG'S

is the right place to buy your Clothing.

But did the carpet seize, And on our bended knees, Nailed we the flooring.

We spent one peaceful day, Then did the giant say:
"Children, you must away
And meet my sages," There in the Autumn morn, We Seniorites forlorn, Go where, with tablets torn, The battle rages.

Went we unto the spot Where reigns "Per cent. of What?"-The Juniors' terror; But we this wise man knew, And though we trembled, too, We ne'er had friend more true— None that was fairer.

Long did that slender sage An endless warfare wage— We dared not shirk a page Of that old science We learned why ice-cream cools, The law of molecules, Of light and sound, that rules, And their appliance.

Often, with chalk in hand, Did we before him stand, While—"Draw!" he would command, And pound the table : Then filled with fear and hope Drew lens and telescope, Till e'en with pumps to Cope We soon were able.

Jp the long stairs we fly, And in a room near by On Pi regale us. Sadly the Seniors say, "All else may pass away This pie has come to stay-Pi will not fail us.

So much did he propound, This (Pi)ous man profound That one bright day we found The wise man missing-He dealt too much in Pi And thus, from living high Bright measels, blushing shy, His brows were kissing.

But when he did return Our hearts o'er him did yearn-No longer did we spurn That Pi so grinding : And soon, this worthy seer E'en Pi to us made clear And we, without a fear, It's worth were finding.

With heavy heart and slow, Did we to "Amo" go, To talk of "Cicero" And brother "Cesar:" O'er Divitiacus We made tremendous fuss, And then did all discuss "Which was the wiser?"

Then to another sire Who set our hearts on fire, And e'en did make us tire Our lives of living: For this sage had a choir, To talk you might aspire-Then seats removed up higher He's fond of giving.

He gave us good advice, He told us stories nice, For which we paid the price Of keeping order: And if one did not heed,
To exercise his speed,
Out on the grand stampede
Went the marauder.

E'en the good giant tall Must us together call, And our young hearts appall With mental science : But slow our way we took, We conquered the whole book, And at its covers shook A bold defiance.

One other from us wrung Efforts of pen and tongue,
Till we seemed no more young—
Grew old from writing; While he might calmly smile,
We must the time beguile,
By making in good style
Theses inviting.

And when our work was o'er To him the bales we bore That far aloft did soar, E'en to the ceiling: Then with his pencil true-

Twas of a brilliant hue-Made he those theses blue— Blue beyond healing.

One place doth still remain, Of which we speak with pain-E'en yet do we retain Marks of its making; Here ruled a younger sage, Wise far beyond his age, Who did our help engage In undertaking

A science and an art; And he at once did start His knowledge to impart, While long we tarried : He taught us much to do, And still the wonder grew That all this wise man knew One small head carried,

Thus spent we each glad day, Fast passed the term away: Then those who here did stay The fair were trying, There, mid thrilling sights Loud squaked the Normalites, E'en the grave Seniorites Balloons were buying.

And when it colder grew All the gay Senior crew Off to the ice-pond flew— Gracefully gliding : Oft came we home too late, Then in a starved state Did on the giant wait, In him confiding

Asked when the tea-bell rang-Told of the hunger pang That bread and butter sang-Like Tommy Tucker, Told why we were delayed, For his forgiveness prayed, And by his generous aid Still got our supper. No shadows o'er us cast,

Gaily King Winter past, Spring came to us, at last, With all her beauties. And with the lady fair Came more of joy and care; Our day we now must share With other duties.

Now daily we did meet A lady small and neat, Who did the subject treat Of English writing: Then read we in short time Best books of prose and rhyme, Stories of every clime, No author slighting.

Then came another one, Who, brimming o'er with fun, Told us what Jimmie 'd done When he was youthful: Told much of ancient lore, Of modern, even more, And thus our minds did store With knowledge useful.

Oft, work aside we'd shove And toss the balls above While "thirty-forty, love" Cheerily calling: But e'en our lives so free, Held one great misery, And now we seemed to see Its shadow falling.

The time came but too soon; In bright and sunny June We met our greatest boon— The State Committee : We worked with all our might, They gave us questions Lyte, We answered them all right— We're even witty.

Then were our troubles o'er, Out from the Normal door Did hungry Seniors pour, To feast in clover: Those days of merry glee When all were gay and free-They passed too rapidly— They are all over.

And watch the birdie pass While instrument of brass Is at us pointed. Our time we here have stayed Our shekels we have paid, And for the teacher's trade We've been annointed,

No more we'll sit in mass

No more in stilly night
Will we the June bugs fight,
With broom-sticks long and light
The buglets, thrashing;
No more will we be found Making the air resound

With the sad thrilling sound Of transoms smashing,

No more we'll hear our roll, We here have reached the goal For which each Senior soul Has been aspiring : Filled with both pride and fear, Clad in Commencement gear Stand we before you here— Your patience tiring

But soon, as 'tis our fate, We all must separate, Scattered o'er this great state
Its children teaching: Then may we e'er impart To each young tender heart, Truths that may ne'er depart— May be far reaching.

And when to fame we rise, When dim become these eyes And we, grown old and wise,
Have life ascended;
This class of ninety-one
Shall say "Though these are won,
Not done, but just begun.—"
Thus their tale ended.



not be overestimated, for without pure bleed you cannot enjoy good health. At this season nearly every one ne good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Peculiar Sarsaparilla. It strength and builds up the systemates an appetite, and tones the digest while it eradicates disease. The peer combination while it eradicates disease. The pecuasic combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla pecul- To Itself iar curative powers. No To itself other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Poculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

CANDIDATES' CARDS.

100 Doses One Dollar

The following is a list of Candidates for County offices to be voted for at the delegate election held Saturday, August Sth. 1891, between the hours of 3 and 7 octock p. m. Nominating Convention, Tuesday, August 11th.

For Sheriff, JOHN MOUREY, of Roaringcreek.

For Sheriff, DANIEL KNORR, of Locust Township.

> For Sheriff, J. B. KNITTLE, of Catawissa.

For Sheriff, CHARLES S. REICHART, of Main township.

> For Associate Judge, C. G. MURPHY, of Centralia.

Tax collector's notices and receipt books for sale at this office.