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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 are to be relied upon, she will occupy a much wider sphere in literature in the coming years than she has in the past.

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 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.

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 GRADUATES.

- Mae V. Black, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Elsie I. Bogar, Harrisburg, Pa. Daisy M. Boone, Kingston, Pa. Margaret H. Bynon, Summit Hill, Pa. Elizabeth V. Cavanaugh, Shenandoah, Pa.

James B. Costello, Hazleton, Pa. Mark Creasy, Lightstreet, Pa. Clarence D. Crobaugh, Shenandoah, Pa. James Evans, Wannamie, 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, by calling to mind the frail tenure of life, and that it is appointed to all classes once to leave school, do make and ordain this our last will and testament.

We the aforesaid Seniors of '91 are especially noted for our remarkable and unusual ability in the study of Latin. Caesar crossed the Rubicon with his twenty-nine legions, but he was defeated so quickly and disastrously that he will not be able to collect his scattered forces again for another campaign this year.

To the aforesaid Juniors we the aforesaid Seniors leave the interesting studies of Philosophy and Rhetoric. No more will they be greeted with the old familiar words, "per cent of what" and "Beeswax," but they will hear, Draw your lines and the image will take care of itself.

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

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 taken out of them when they run up against the rough corners of the world, we give and bequeath enough to the 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 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 during 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 enough, however, to make us successful 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 handsome does.

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 himself. 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 behalf.

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, revoke, and disannul all and every other former testaments, wills, legacies, bequests, and executors, by us in any way before named, willed, and bequeathed; ratifying and confirming this and no other, to be our last will and testament.

In witness where of, we have hereunto set our hands and seal, the day and year above written. Senior class B. S. N. S. At Bloomsburg on this the first day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred, ninety one being the year of the great financial embarrassment at the Normal, occasioned by the grand educational muddle now pending at the state capitol the above named Senior class signed and sealed this instrument, 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 ninety one; we the said Senior Class, by this present codicil, do ratify and confirm our said last will and testament, and do give and bequeath to the Subs, all our old carpets, cast off shoes and tooth picks, and also our rocking chairs, cushions, feather-beds, and sofas.

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 so small for them. These hats are left to the College Preps, who it is hoped will not fail to wear them as they will aid in sealing that book of complacent imbecility so peculiar to the Preps.

To the aforesaid beloved Juniors we bequeath all the cranks, long faces, and sour dispositions in our class, for when we leave here and go out into the world, we want to scatter nothing but sunshine and happiness all about us.

Witness our hand this first day of July one thousand eight hundred and ninety one. SENIOR CLASS. Signed, sealed, published, pronounced and declared, by the said Senior Class, as a codicil to their last will and testament in the presence of us the subscribers.

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

Not by the Muses blest, But with a heaving breast Into this service press' I come 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, The deeds that we have done Since last September:

"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 these rests our curse— For this we sought thee."

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, Where we a quarter spent, And bravely upward went— To our rooms soaring: There took we not our ease,

LOWENBERG'S CLOTHING! SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT!

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SPRING SEASON 1891.

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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.

Then, as it was our lot, 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 found the table: Then filled with fear and hope Drew lens and telescope, Till e'en with pumps to Cope We soon were able.

Dismissed from "How and Why?" Up 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 Pious man profound, That on this bright day we found The wise man missing— He dealt too much in Pi And thus, from living high Bright meassels, 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 another "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 holds shooek. 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 These 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 trow 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 squeaked 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.

Off, 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 Senior poor, To feast in clover: Those days of merry glee When all were gay and free— They passed too rapidly— They are all over.

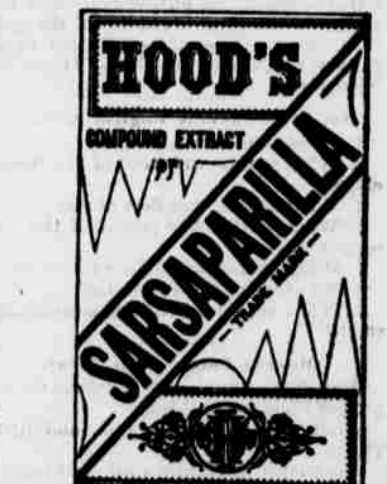
No more we'll sit in mass And watch the birds pass While instrument of brass Is at us pointed. Our time we here have stayed, Our shekels we have paid, And for the teacher's trade We've been annointed,

No more 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 transmoms 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, Glad 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.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health. At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No 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 take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. CANDIDATES' CARDS.

- The following is a list of Candidates for County offices to be voted for at the delegate election held Saturday, August 8th, 1891, between the hours of 9 and 5 o'clock p. m., Nominating Convention, Tuesday, August 11th.
- For Sheriff, JOHN MOUREY, of Roaring creek.
- For Sheriff, DANIEL KNORR, of Locust Township.
- For Sheriff, J. B. KNITTLE, of Catawissa.
- For Sheriff, CHARLES S. REICHAERT, of Main township.
- For Associate Judge, C. G. MURPHY, of Centralia.

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