

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE COLUMBIAN.

Entered at the Post Office at Bloomsburg, Pa., as second class matter, March 1, 1888.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1892.

TO SUBSCRIBERS OUT OF THE COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given to all subscribers residing outside of the county, that owing to the fact that we have to pay postage on their papers, the price will be \$1.25 a year strictly in advance, from and after January 1st, 1892.

You can't afford to miss Wendings famous lecture, "Is death the end," a reply to Col. Robert Ingersoll that all should hear. Be sure to get tickets at Dentler's or Brooke's.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold their next meeting at Mrs. Frymire's on Tues. Jan. 26, at three o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

By ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Carbolic acid taken from the household medical closet in the dark by mistake has caused another death. This time Police Justice Loan, of Baltimore, is the victim. When will the public learn that deadly drugs and poisons cannot be left about the house with impunity? This is the third death of this character within a few weeks.

Pointer For Advertisers.

M. M. Gillam, the advertising manager for John Wanamaker gives the following advice to advertisers in *Printers' Ink* of January 6: "Whether big or little, the advertisement should be persistent. Every day is the right rule for a general business and changed every day. Hold up one phase or another of it all the time. Make the readers look to your announcements as they look to news. Don't expect them to always carefully read what you say. They skip half the locals and telegrams, maybe—all but the headlines. You can be sure of a glance, at least—if you deserve it. Fill the advertisement so full of hooks that the glancer is likely to get caught. And work for the women. That's the secret of the greatest possible success in general merchandising."

LIGHTSTREET.

Rev. A. H. Irvin, Presiding Elder of Lewisburg District Evangelical Church, held quarterly meeting services here Saturday and Sunday last, staying till Wednesday.

Among the people who attended the funeral of Geo. Pugh we noticed his father from Lewistown, Mr. Thos. Scott and lady of Tyrone, Mr. Scott and Mrs. Mitchell of Johnston.

S. A. White, agent for the B. & S. R. R. Co. at Jamison City, came home sick one day last week, and is now confined to his bed.

Mrs. Martha Brown died at the residence of her son-in-law, R. Buckwalter, on Thursday of last week, aged 86 years.

J. M. Shew has so far recovered from an attack of La Grippe as to be out again.

Mrs. Chas. Rink and Mrs. Jos. Wardin, are lying very ill at present writing.

Mrs. J. J. Keller is on the sick list. The colored minstrel show of home talent on Saturday night was quite a success, gotten up by the P. O. S. of A., proceeds to be used in furnishing the hall.

Rev. Mendenhall preached in the M. E. Church on Monday evening, having been called here by the death of his sister, Mrs. Martha Brown.

Quite a number of people in town are having symptoms of La Grippe. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Betz lost their baby through an attack of Grippe.

Mrs. Will Jacoby of Scranton visited her husband's parents Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Shollenberger of Almedia visited Mrs. A. F. Terwilliger on Tuesday. Mr. and Mr. Mendenhall of Hughesville visited Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown Monday.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NOTICE.

The members of the Democratic Standing Committee of the townships of Bloomsburg, Scott, Greenwood and Sugarloaf, comprising "The Bloom Poor District," are requested to meet at the Court House, in the Town of Bloomsburg, on Saturday, January 23, 1892, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of placing in nomination two persons as Poor Directors of said district. J. S. R. TOWNSEND, J. H. MERCER, Secy. Co. Chairman.

WANTED.—Two good pants makers. Steady work. Apply at Lowenberg's, Bloomsburg, Pa.

The firm of Allen & Armstrong has been dissolved. Mr. Allen retiring. John Armstrong will continue the business at the old stand.

Because of the absence of Rev. William T. Auman there will be no preaching in the Reformed church next Lord's day.

Catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a cure.

Three Steps to a Scaffold.

(Printed at the request of the W. C. T. U.)

Three of my neighbors lay dead on Dec 3rd, which was a strange and rare coincidence in more ways than one. The first case was a member of a church, who had been a Sunday School teacher for more than twenty years. He was an exemplary citizen, and voted the Republican ticket. The second neighbor was Jacob Vailmer, a saloon keeper. He kept about as orderly a tavern as any other licensed saloon-keeper, when alive, and did a thriving business and was rapidly getting rich. His house was a great resort, and pitchers and buckets filled with beer could be seen coming and going, in the hands of men and women from dawn to midnight. The business was so important that it is alleged that one of his neighbors, a clerk in one of the courts, used his inside influence to have the license transferred to the widow a few hours after the owner's death. The third neighbor to leave the world was John McManus, who was hung that morning for murder. Bad though McManus was, he was the natural outcome of the saloon traffic. He was born in the slums, where the "army of faith" never goes. He knew nothing but vice; it was all around him, and he grew up with it. The licensed saloon stared him in the face from every side, and it was as easy for him to fall into their open doors as it is for a young man raised on Walnut street to enter the doors of the most refined society. As he walked to the scaffold, carrying the uplifted crucifix in his hand, the emblem of a Crucified Redeemer who died for John McManus, as well as for the Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D. D., he protested at every step of that awful march, from the cell down to the gallows, that he was drunk when he committed the crime. He was drunk, men and women of the land, and he got drunk in a licensed saloon, licensed by the vote of members of Christian churches. These were my three neighbors who lay dead in one day, neither of them over two hundred yards from me. Here lay the churchman who voted the licensed ticket. Here lay the saloon keeper who took advantage of the license, which was granted because the churchman voted that it should be granted. Last of all, there was John McManus, the victim of the licensed saloon, who, while crazed with licensed rum, committed a murder and then in turn was legally murdered by the State. And there was another strange thing about it. Each one of them had religious ceremonies over their ashes. What think you of my three neighbors? Does not the church member, the saloon-keeper, and the victim stand in close relation in this peculiar instance? Have we not here the licensed voter, the licensed saloon-keeper and the licensed saloon victim?

You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappointed. The results are not immediate. And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream doesn't rise in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial. You get the one dollar it costs back again if it don't benefit or cure you. We wish we could give you the maker's confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases not benefited, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently. No experimenting. It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-five years of success.

Send in your orders now for township election tickets. We will send them by mail to any address in the county, not less than 100 to be ordered. Cash must accompany the order in every case. Stamps will be received. Names of candidates printed in at 50 cents a hundred. With blanks to write names in, 25 cents per 100. If

The Country Newspaper: As it Was, and As it Is.

Dr. Chapin said, more than a generation ago, that any man who could cross Broadway at Fulton street had brains enough for the making of a country editor. This was not so severe a disparagement of the country editor as it seems on the face of the allegation to be. For it really did require, and does require now, no small amount of gray cerebral matter to perform the feat mentioned. And when one remembers that Dr. Chapin was more than a little myopic, and from defective vision could not be sure some truck or express wagon shouldn't hit him before he touched the opposite curbstone, it is easy to understand that the gravamen of the comparison was not meant to rest heavily upon the editor.

I am reminded of this humorous and forcible hyperbole when I contemplate for a moment the changes which have come over rural journalism in but little more than a generation of time.

The newspaper of the early boyhood of some men still living was almost always issued at the county seat, where there were usually two—one representative of each of the two great parties. It was always a weekly, and such copies as were not sent out by the mail stage were dispatched by a horseback rider, or by a market and freight wagon often that ran, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty miles over the country to and from the chief town or county seat. It was a great event in those days when the paper arrived in the back town, for it gave the bucolic world its hebdomadal peep into the larger world, whose affairs were henceforth to go to sleep again from rural notice until the next week's issue renewed the history. Without a telegraph, without the railway even, with exchanges equally as destitute of stirring topics as his own sheet must perforce be, the country editor really needed no little wit to print so readable a sheet as he often did.

What he had to depend on mainly was, of course, selected "miscellany." If he wielded the scissors well, and could adapt and quote from the writing of others with propriety, he was sure of no little local fame, and often received a generous support. Important court doings, marriages and deaths, and an occasional hanging, made up the local news; and a steamer arrival from Europe, casualties and crimes, occasional election returns, and the proceedings of Congress and the State Legislature, with the President's and Governor's messages, afforded the topics of general interest. Over the foreign news was usually put the picture of a sailing vessel; and over a few stickfuls of any specially new and important—such as the latest election returns, for instance—might be noticed the galloping horse and rider, with a long scroll bearing some legend, and a numbered milestone near, supposed to be flying rearward.

There was an occasional traveler's letter, to be sure, whose writer was taking a stage journey, perhaps, of fifty or seventy-five miles, and who reported the small incidents thereof with as much seriousness and wonder as now accompany Stanley's accounts of African exploration or Stevens' bicycle trip around the world. From some little town or post-office hamlet there were occasional brief letters signed "Justitia," "Vindex," "Junius," or "Spectator," not giving any special local news, but discussing some governmental affair of the nation, State or county in highly rounded classical or Addisonian periods. Quite often these letters were full of Jeffersonian or Federal sentiments, with quotations from the leaders of these two currents of thought; and not seldom they were forcibly and gracefully written.

But a noted place in the country weekly of long ago was the Poet's Corner, or "The Muse" as it was sometimes termed. Only the other day I was looking over a number of bound volumes of two or three country weeklies from fifty to seventy-five years old, and was surprised at the brightness of some of this verse. It was both original and selected—the latter invariably good, and the former occasionally of extreme or notable merit. Why shouldn't it have been? Here Whittier first essayed to sing, and here Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow and others who have achieved fame tried their maiden flights. Whittier was a blushing boy when the postman or paper rider threw the paper containing his first effusion over the fence, where he was at work with his father, but he did not dare to say that he had left the farm or the furrow momentarily out of thought for so frivolous a business as this. Few readers imagined that that week's issue of a country paper bore to them the beginning of a great and endeared reputation.

The improvement of the printing press and the extension of the railroad, with the telegraph soon to follow, transformed many things—the country newspaper along with the rest. The consequent multiplicity of events compelled conciseness and evolved the paragraphist. The editor could no longer enlighten his little town and vicinage by editorials a column long; he was now also obliged, unless the case was extraordinary, to cudgel the villainous editor of the scurvy paper up the street, in paragraphs only. So

much news came that either must be boiled down or omitted that whole columns of items, making from one or two lines only, to not more than eight or ten, were a weekly necessity. This involved work, and developed tact and taste. I don't think the small paragraph, as an institution, was observable in country papers much over forty years ago; but how well it has grown since everybody sees. It has played its part admirably and represents the American spirit as few things do; for in the press of no other country do genius and wit coruscate and puncture as they do here. Of course, it is not in the country paper alone that such brevity and sententiousness are common; but it has helped along and profited by these traits.

George D. Prentice, the famous Kentucky editor, was an adept and pioneer in making short paragraphs. I think a book of them was once published from his paper. When his neighbor across the street said, in a political squib, that "Our party knows how the land lies on this question."

"Yes," said Prentice, "and the land knows how your party lies on this question."

Whether in repartee or in direct humor, he said some of the most notably smart things that have ever appeared in newspapers. But to quote further from them would lead us too far.

Next to the short paragraph the most distinctive trait of the modern country paper is its omnium gatherum of local news. It now has hardly less, and often more, than a single page of township and adjacent village correspondence. It is true, some of this is trivial, but many of the writers of it live merely on a country cross road, and perhaps the paper they receive can boast for its centre little more than a double cross-road hamlet. Yet from every source the readers get what they want. The are told all that happens and what everyone is doing; that Farmer Jones has put up a new horse-block, and Merchant Smith has painted his door-yard fence and repaired the front gate. No fish are too small for the local net, and the facility with which little tidbits of gossip are served up is really quite attractive.

The old country paper was more serious and solemn. It rarely printed the most of people's names more than twice—when they married and when they died. To-day nobody's name is too obscure to escape mention at no inconsiderable intervals. The harmless gossip which thus goes about is not only what everyone wishes to read, but it is made necessary by the invasion of the metropolitan weekly, which is sold at half the country paper's price. The local field the local paper can hold, and its prominence is therefore justified.

I do not believe the average country paper now is really so much better than the average one fifty years ago. It is different because it must be. It is made to fit a different environment, and to cater to different needs. Once the rural reader took only one paper. Now he takes several—a daily paper and specialized ones, and the magazines besides. You can leave many things out of the country paper to-day, and they will not be missed. But the ancient editor had a good deal of the magazine's function as well as that of the metropolitan daily to fulfill. The best of the country papers that our fathers read were prime forces in their day, and the editor then was a great man, and identified with his sheet as no editor can be now. He was a good giver and taker of blows, and they were not of velvet. His weekly argument with the other editor near at hand was writing of the utmost life and vascularity. 'Twas the condition for the weekly feast, and though the editorial debate exists to-day, to what dimensions it has shrunk as a field of human interest. To see how good the old-time papers were, look in any well-selected scrap-book of the period in which they existed. The country paper, then at its best, as it is now, was one of the pleasantest expressions of the human mind.—*Joel Benton in Printers' Ink*

All who are troubled with consumption will find a safe, sure, and speedy relief in Ayer's Pills. Unlike most other cathartics, these pills strengthen the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore the organs to normal and regular action.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I have purchased from J. N. Stephens, of Benton township, Columbia county, Pa., the following personal property, to-wit: 2 gray horses, 2 cows, 3 young heifers, 3 harnesses, 1 spring wagon, 1 big wagon, 2 plows, 2 harrows, 1 cultivator, 1 hay rake, 1 mower, 1 sheep, two pigs, all the grain in the granary, corn in cribs, grain in the ground, and hay. I have left the same in the possession of the said J. N. Stephens during my pleasure, and all persons are cautioned against interfering with them in any way.

J. M. COMSTOCK, Central, Pa.

Good and Reliable.

A good and reliable family medicine is Sulphur Bitters. Every Spring for six years I have been troubled with boils. Since I began using Sulphur Bitters, I have not had a single one. You can rely on Sulphur Bitters every time.—*Editor Weekly News*, 1-22-21.

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

A HEAVY PORKER.

Rhor McHenry & Son, butchered 31 fat hogs at their distillery last Tuesday. One of the lot weighed 617 lbs. It was of the Chester white stock 2 years old, raised by Mr. Hugh Fairman of Greenwood.

Best iodides and vegetable alteratives make Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood medicine.

Rich Costumes.

The costumes worn by the O'Flynn in Mexico Company are said to have cost over two thousand dollars. They are gorgeous. This great company will appear at the Bloomsburg Opera House on Monday, Jan. 25th. Tickets now on sale at Dentler's Boot and Shoe store.

For Collector of Greenwood.

As the undersigned is not able to get out, he desires to say to the people that he will be candidate for collector of taxes at the coming election.

D. S. PATTERSON.

"Master, your best horse won't eat anything." "Give him at once three tablespoonfuls of Bull's Head Horse and Cattie Powder in a warm mash.

Queen Victoria's excessive prostration at the death of her favorite grandson, Prince Albert Victor, is said by London gossip, to be largely due to the fact that the heir to the throne and Princess May desired her sanction to their engagement and early marriage three or four years ago, which she refused to give at the time. If the consent had not been withheld the Princess would have something left to console her at the deathbed.



Dr. Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.
A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of females. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior imitations in place of this. Ask for COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND, take no substitute, or incense \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter, and we will send, sealed, by return mail, full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address: FOND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, Detroit, Mich. Sold in Bloomsburg by Meyer Bros., J. H. Mercer, C. A. Klein, G. A. McKelvey and all responsible druggists everywhere.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Suits for men, suits for boys, and pretty little suits for children at D. Lowenberg's.

ARABIAN RAYE.

"O Lord, be kind to the sick and poor; thou hast done enough for the rich and healthy, and the happy do not need thee."
The healthy do not need Cactus Blood Cure, but those who are suffering from rheumatism, gout, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, and the thousand ills of scrofula and specific disease, need the kindness of Providence to help them bear their troubles, and Cactus Blood Cure to cure their diseases.
Sold by G. A. McKelvey, Druggist, Bloomsburg, Pa.

OFFICE TO RENT.

A room on second floor of COLUMBIAN building, steam heat, water on same floor, electric light if desired. Apply to Geo. E. Elwell. If

Highest cash prices paid for Hides and tallow at A. Solleder's Leather store. 12-11-2m.

Glasses fitted free of charge at J. G. Wells. All work guaranteed.

A large stock of over coats for men, boys and children at D. Lowenberg's.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

COLLECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb.	54
Eggs per dozen	53
Lard per lb.	10
Ham per pound	14
Pork, whole, per pound	10 to 10 1/2
Beef, quarter, per pound	10 to 10 1/2
Wheat per bushel	1.10
Oats " "	50
Rye " "	60
Buckwheat flour per 100	2.00
Wheat flour per 100	6.00
Hay per ton	15.00
Potatoes per bushel	50
Shelled corn per bushel	55
Corn meal " "	2.00
Side meat " "	10
Chop " "	1.75
Tallow " "	10
Chickens " "	10
Turkeys " "	1.25
Coal per ton, No. 6.	2.25