

Had Faith in the Limited.

FROM NEW YORK TO A CHICAGO COURT ROOM IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

(Philadelphia Record, June 29th, 1904.)

The perfection to which the art of railroad has been carried in these days had a striking illustration last week in the case of a prominent New York lawyer, who was a passenger on the Chicago Limited on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He had an important suit pending in the United States Court of Chicago, which was to be called at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning. It was absolutely essential that he should be there on time, but on account of a pressure of business he could not leave New York before Sunday. The alternative was then offered him of taking a Sunday afternoon train and spending two nights on the road, or of waiting until Monday morning and taking the Chicago Limited, which would land him in Chicago at 6:45 on Tuesday morning.

The consequences might possibly be serious if the Limited should be late in reaching Chicago; but, trusting to its well-earned reputation for being always on time, the New Yorker decided to take it and run the risk. The result showed that his confidence was not misplaced. Exactly at 9:45 on Tuesday morning the Limited rolled into the Union Station at Chicago. Jumping into a cab with his wife the lawyer was driven straight to the temple of justice where Judge Gresham presided. He reached it in eight minutes, a few moments later was in the court-room. The court opened promptly at ten o'clock, and his case was called first on the list.

Just twenty-four hours after leaving New York he was addressing the court in Chicago, feeling as fresh and vigorous after his luxurious trip as if he had just come from his own home. It might add to the story to say that after concluding his argument he took another train back to New York, and was in court there on Wednesday, as usual, but he didn't. He stayed in Chicago to see the Democratic Convention, and came back at his leisure.

A Point for You.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be of benefit to you? For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all diseases of the blood, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, That Tired Feeling, Catarrh, Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy.

Hood's PILLS cure Sick Headache.

Too Much for Him.

A dear, old clergyman, now dead, who was, during his lifetime, beloved by all who knew him, made a practice to address the children of his Sabbath school every Sunday afternoon. He had a little list that those who held him dearest considered rather adding to than detracting from the charm of his delivery.

One day he rose and began, "Children, I don't think I have anything special to say to you today." A gamin rose in the back of the room. "Then that up!" he shouted.

The good gentleman stopped short, cleared his throat, made one or two fresh starts, broke down again, and finally took his seat, completely downed by this piece of sauciness.—New York Recorder.

As there is no royal road to learning, so there is no magical cure for disease. The effect, however, of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood disorders comes as near magic as can be expected of any mere human agency. This is due to its purity and strength.

More than one thousand men are now at work on the mammoth manufacturing building for the World's fair. The total number of workmen at Jackson park now exceeds 7,000. It will probably be increased to 10,000 or more.

For the complexion use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It brings blooming health to wan cheeks.

A group of Caribs from the Lesser Antilles, descendants of the cannibal race discovered by Columbus on his second voyage, will be at the World's fair, engaged in making baskets and other native industries.

The mineral exhibit at the World's fair promises to be incomparably finer than every before made, either in this country or abroad. California and Colorado is each striving to surpass all other states.

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

An exact fac simile of the San Louis Rev. mission, perhaps the finest and most celebrated of all the famed old mission ruins in Southern California, will be seen at the World's fair.

Out of His Way.

Husband—You say you've had that bonnet six months. Why, I've never seen it before.

Wife—I knew it. I only wear it to church.—New York Herald.

SMOKING IN CUBA.

Pipes a Rarity, but the Cigarette is Everywhere.

No one in Cuba, except the foreigner, ever smokes a pipe, but cigars and cigarettes are universal, says the Boston Globe.

Of necessity there is a great demand for a cheap cigar, and some of the cigars that fill that demand emit a smoke which will float a straw hat and wither the vegetation for rods around.

The cigarette, however, is the main reliance of the workingman. No remarks are passed in Cuba when a man lights a cigarette, nor is there anything effeminate in the article itself. Five cents pays for a big bunch as long as an ordinary cigar.

It is not easy for the visitor to get a good cigar at the tobacconist's. The ten and fifteen cent grades seem coarse and heavy, and a headache goes with every one. But a visit to a factory near Havana makes the old smoker's mouth water.

There one can buy cigars all the way from \$35 a thousand up to \$850. "Eight hundred and fifty dollars for a thousand cigars! Who buys them?" Oh, lots of people in different parts of the world—mainly wealthy Spaniards and Portuguese.

Very few of these cigars are sold to the United States. The Yankee is allowed to bring just forty-nine cigars home with him without paying duty.

The Roman Matron.

That august and forbidding person, the Roman matron, is pleasantly pictured in the paper on "Private Life in Ancient Rome," by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge, which appears in the Atlantic Monthly. The passage runs:

The union thus formed and sanctioned by the divine blessing was at first, and indeed for a long while, regarded as indissoluble. It assured to the Roman matron a very noble position. She was subordinate to her husband in her relations with the world, but her sway within the home was undisputed. Her spouse, no less than her children and servants, addressed her with deference as domina, or lady. No servile work was expected of her, but, so far from being confined to one quarter of the dwelling, like the Greek woman, she moved freely through it, overseeing all its activities and arrangements, the preparation of meals, the spinning of her maidens, the lessons of her children. She received her husband's guests and sat with them at table, while the children, and sometimes even favorite slaves who had been born and reared in the house, were served at a sort of side table in the same room.

It was not thought seemly for a matron to go out without her husband's knowledge or unattended; but, upon these conditions, she was free to walk abroad; place was deferentially made for her in the public ways, and the stola matronalis, or peculiar outside garment which she wore, was supposed to be a protection from all discourtesy. She attended public games and theatrical representations; her testimony was received in the courts; she might even plead for an accused relative. If she came of a very noble race, she was entitled to a funeral sermon, or public oration of eulogy after her death.

Such was the ideal wifehood of the good old Roman times, and there is a sense in which it may be said always to have remained the ideal. Everybody knows that the mother of the Gracchi and the wife of Marcus Brutus were ladies of austere fashion and immaculate mind. Nay, late in the fourth century, even, we find St. Jerome endeavoring to shame some of the more lawless lambs of his flock by examples of personal rectitude and dignity in the first pagan families. But long ere that time the standard of manners had fatally deteriorated. The enormous increase of wealth, and the habits of eastern luxury which came in with the Macedonian and other wars of foreign conquest, were prolific sources of corruption; while the study of Greek philosophy, which was affected by clever women equally with their lords, promoted the growth of new ideas, which rendered the "daily round and common task" of the older time particularly irksome.

Marriage with manus and religious rites went more and more out of fashion except for the priestly caste; marriage upon any terms was avoided by very many. Divorce, on the other hand, became of daily occurrence, and could be had on the most frivolous pretenses, as the lives of the Romans whom we know most intimately, Cæsar, Pompey and their great cotemporaries, only too plainly show.

A Countryman's Rebuke.

The countryman's contempt for city knowledge is often very amusing. The other day, during the warm spell, a young Boston entomologist journeyed to a suburban city to meet an enthusiastic co-worker in the science. Together the two wandered into the fields in search of something to dissect; and, though it was early for a thoroughly animated nature, they had a lively talk, and did happen upon a premature specimen of the animals with wings. The insect was promptly captured, and the two lads took it to the nearest fence for examination. Here neither of them could recall the order to which it belonged, and the Latin name was variously given by both.

In the midst of the controversy two countrymen came up, attracted by what was going on, and wondering, as they expressed it, "what the lads were jawing about." But their perplexity did not last long. The youthful entomologists informed them, pointing to the insect, that they were "trying to think of the name for that." "That?" said the elder of the countrymen, with an expression of utter scorn on his face, "why, that's a bug. Never see a bug before?"

To sweeten salt pork, cut as many slices as you will require for breakfast, and soak till morning in sweet milk and water; then rinse till the water is clear, and fry.

COOLNESS SAVED HIM.

The Duke of Wellington's Adventure With a Maniac.

Some years ago the Duke of Wellington was sitting at his library table when the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen, says London Tid Bits.

"Who are you?" asked the Duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it to-day?"

"I am not told the day or the hour; but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient, very busy; great many letters to write. Call again, or write me word—I'll be ready for you."

The Duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was in an asylum.

The Crowning Feature.

"Yes, gentlemen," remarked the advance agent of the only big show on earth, "notwithstanding the fact that in the past we have ransacked the globe from pole to pole, have penetrated the jungles of South America, the deserts of Africa, the ice-locked fastnesses of the Arctic region, and the sacred lands of India in our determination to secure every thing weird, worthy and wonderful under the sun, we have still been enabled to stamp improvement on the wings of time, and this season we present a bewildering array of attractions totally eclipsing the wildest imaginations of wonderland; a whirlwind of marvels, sweeping all our would-be imitators away with an irresistible impetuosity!"

While the speaker paused for breath his hearers prepared themselves for the worst.

"Our gigantic universal aggregation of consolidated wonders was the first show on earth to introduce a female lion tamer. The first year she performed with one lion, the next year with two, and so on till the tenth year, when she played with ten of them at once. Then she began that very hazardous proceeding, which might be termed mixing her drinks, by bringing tigers, leopards, etc., into her family of brute monarchs. Finally, during last season, she appeared in a mammoth enclosure and played with a number of lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, crocodiles, fox, constrictors, wild cats and rattlesnakes all at one and the same time.

"The public unanimously declared that woman could do nothing more to demonstrate her utter fearlessness of the animal creation, but she has."

Every one held his breath awaiting the startling revelation about to be made.

"Yes, sir; recognizing the fact that the press and people demand something newer and more startling every year, Mme. de Slambaggio has this year discarded lions and tigers and everything old, and now actually enters a cage containing three live and unfettered mice!"

It required the combined efforts of the strong men of the party to resuscitate the weaker members who had fainted away.—Chicago Times.

Her Bonnet.

Profanely followed that bonnet—A heated curleuse may—Her father heaped curses upon it Because of the bill he must pay.

Her rivals grow madder than thunder And friends of a whole year, alas! Were hopelessly riven asunder—A wonderful bonnet it was.

But he that swore deepest and loudest Was in the theater one night—And that bonnet, as proud as the proudest, Shut out all the stage from his sight.—Exchange.

Assistance Still Needed.

Distressed Female—Oh, please, sir, give me something all the same? Benevolent Gentleman—Why "all the same?"

D. F. (weeping)—Oh, sir, you don't recognize me. I'm the blind man's wife. B. G.—Yes, I remember you, but what's the matter?

D. F.—Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight.—Drake's Magazine.

A Settlement Wanted.

Mr. Harlow Bridges was asked by his grocer to pay for six pounds of coffee; "When did I get this coffee?" asked Mr. Bridges with rage stamped on every lineament of his countenance.

"It was last year you got that coffee." "Then it is settled long ago, and if it isn't, coffee that won't settle in a year shouldn't be paid for, anyway."

A motion to consider was promptly laid on the table.—Texas Siftings.

Clearly Untrue.

"What do you think of that artist who painted cowbells on his ceiling so truthfully that the hired girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?" "There may have been such an artist, but never such a hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Distinction.

A tuning fork, it may be said, in spite of why and which, Although 'tis used, as is well known To ascertain the pitch, Can ne'er be called by any stretch Of imagination's plea. By what would seem a proper name—A pitchfork, don't you see?—Philadelphia Press.

Exhausted by His Profession.

Seeker—Who is the fellow that comes out of your boarding house every morning and takes the car to ride three blocks to his place of business? Sageman—Is it possible you don't know him? Why, that's Samson, the champion runner of the Olympian Athletic Club.—Boston Courier.

A Suggestive Fact.

"We are frequently surprised," says Mrs. George Archibald, "to find that some one else stole our original thought long before it occurred to us."—Judge.

A NEW \$12.00 SUIT SALE ON

TOO LATE in the season now to sell all of our Spring and Summer Suits at a profit; so they are yours at a loss. But it is not too late to wear them. You can wear them three months this year and five next. You see, it will pay to buy now. Men's and Young Men's \$25, \$22, \$20 and \$18 Homespun, Cheviot, Worsted and Serge Suits for \$12.00. All sizes, hundreds to pick from and not an old garment in the lot. All new and manufactured by us this season. Great bargains in large and small Boys' Suits.

Browning, King & Co.

Leading American Clothiers,

910 and 912 Chestnut St.

WARREN A. REED.



CURE SICK HEADACHE
Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also cure all disorders of the stomach, stomachic, the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure the headache, they are worth the price.
ACHE
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1.00. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

PILES

M'KILLIP BRO'S. Photographers.

Only the best work done. Finest effects in light, and shade, negatives retouched and modeled for superior finish. Copying viewing and life size crayons.

Over H. I. Clark & Son's store. BLOOMSBURG.

A WINNER

FOR ALL DISEASES IS

MANNERS' Double Extract Sarsaparilla

IF PROPERLY TAKEN.

Headache, Loss of Appetite, Languid and Tired Feeling. Fifty Cents a Bottle.



MANNERS' DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA has no equal as a Blood Purifier and Tonic. Rash, Pimples and Boils can be cured. A. all druggists.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Try it and you will never regret it. For sale by all druggists. Fifty cents a bottle. Also at Moyer Bros.

SOME INSIDE FACTS.

TARIFF ROBBERS WANTED TO WRECK THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Director General Was Obligated to Recall the Obnoxious Order, or Foreign Exhibitors Would Have Withdrawn in a Body—A Complete Exposure.

The country has little knowledge of the extremity to which tariff robbers will go to prevent intelligent people from discovering the robbery practiced on them in the name of protection. Little information has been permitted to escape from committee rooms and confidential conferences about a proposal which, if adhered to, would have totally wrecked the foreign exhibits at the World's Columbian exposition and left that colossal undertaking without representation by any producers except those of the United States. The story is one of the most striking illustrations that could be added to those of tariff history.

It has always been the privilege of foreign exhibitors at international exhibitions to make their own description of their own exhibits. Any other principle would be necessarily absurd and intolerable. If foreign exhibitors may not state in a catalogue, on cases containing goods, in price lists and in advertisements what they please about their own exhibits, they will simply refuse to exhibit, and there the matter would end. One great object in holding international exhibitions is the comparison of cost of production as well as of processes and materials. It is these comparisons that make international exhibitions great schools of progress. In innumerable lines of industrial activity revolution has been brought about by the study of experts among exhibits of rivals. One reason why a number of British manufacturers refused to participate in our fair was frankly stated—that our skilled workmen would discover the secrets of their workshops and avail of the cheaper methods by which, being older practitioners than we, they are able at lower rates to put many grades of popular goods on the market.

It has also been an invariable rule of foreign exhibitions to admit duty free all foreign exhibits, subject to the domestic tariff only if offered for sale after the conclusion of an exhibition. This rule has been observed in all British, continental and colonial expositions. It has also been recognized in the international exhibitions previously held in the United States—that at New York, a failure, in 1853; that at Philadelphia, a success, in 1876. It was covered among the rules officially promulgated for foreign exhibitors by the director general of the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago, 1893. Notwithstanding all but universal grumbling among foreign producers when requested to participate in our fair, they have gradually acquiesced to a considerable degree. They accepted our invitation on the terms in which it was conveyed. These terms implied that the same rules would operate that were recognized by previous international exhibitions.

Meanwhile the American tariff robber was slyly at work. He became alive to the fact that if foreign goods were marked in the World's fair at the figures for which they can be produced and pay a profit to the manufacturer in addition to the cost of production he would be in danger of undoing. Many of the countries from which foreign exhibits are coming are themselves protection countries. Yet they can place on the market goods in many respects superior to ours at prices running from one-third to one-half. While the cry of starved British labor is rung by Republican demagogues the cry of starved French labor will not serve. Causes that starve labor in England—causes not at all related to tariffs—do not exist in France. There land is free and the people are able to feed as well as clothe themselves. How should the American tariff robber keep from the knowledge of Americans visiting the World's fair the fact that in France, a highly prosperous country, its labor the happiest and gayest in the world and a protective country, goods can be put on the market at one-third to one-half their cost in our market, controlled exclusively by the American tariff robber?

An expedient was adopted which came near wrecking the World's fair. Pressure was brought to bear on the director general to prohibit foreign exhibitors from placing any prices on their goods except with the addition of the American McKinley tariff.

Two objects were to be accomplished by this. The first was to sustain the grotesque untruth of McKinley and his followers that "the foreigner pays the tax;" secondly, to deceive the great mass of unreflecting Americans about the real cost of production minus the tariff tax.

British, French, Italian, South American and Canadian exhibitors raised so furious a protest that the director general was compelled to annul the outrageous order, which would have made every foreign exhibitor commit willful falsehood in representing as the price of his goods what in fact was not their price, but the price with the tribute added which the American buyer pays to the American tariff robber. Had the prescription for falsehood not been recalled the foreign exhibitors would have withdrawn in a body. The benefits of the international exposition to the people of the United States these patriotic tariff robbers were ready and anxious to annul rather than that their robbery should be laid bare in the exposition itself.

The lesson is timely. No more complete exposure of the tariff robbery could have been made.—Chicago Herald.

The Fosters' Diplomatic Tendencies.
It was a man named Foster who went to Gloster in a shower of rain; who stepped in a puddle up to his middle and never went there again. Perhaps this tradition of the diplomatic tendencies of the Fosters to get in out of the wet is what makes Mr. Harrison so fond of the family.—St. Louis Republic.

We Can't do it

but are willing to pay for learning how to make as good an article as WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING of cheap material so that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

\$10,000.00

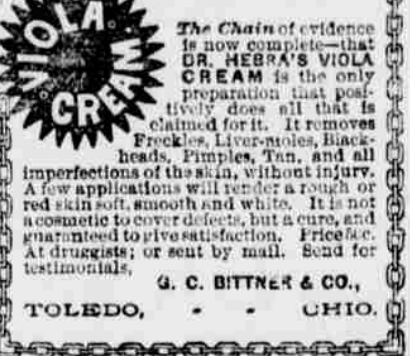
Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1895.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. Wood painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.



OLAN CREAM

The Chain of evidence is now complete—that **OLAN'S WIGGAM CREAM** is the only preparation that positively does all that is claimed for it. It removes freckles, liver-spots, blackheads, pimples, tan, and all imperfections of the skin, without injury.

A few applications will render a rough or red skin soft, smooth and white. It is not a cosmetic to cover defects, but a cure, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 5c. at druggists; or sent by mail. Send for testimonials.

G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

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When you want a suit of clothes, a new hat, gloves, neckwear and gents' furnishing goods, you should look for the place where you can get just what you want, in the latest styles, at reasonable prices. A few dollars off is always an object, and I am now making up spring and summer suits from a large assortment of goods, to suit all customers, at prices as low as are consistent with good work. Good fits guaranteed. The latest thing in straw hats are now here. Light as a feather. A beautiful line of neckwear, and summer shirts. Accurate measures taken for silk hats.

Next door to First National Bank, Bertsch, The Tailor, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Chief Medical Officer, U.S. Army.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.