

The Columbian.

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A WESTERN TRIP.

TO THE COLUMBIAN.

On Monday, August 29th it was the privilege of the writer to start for Wisconsin on a brief pleasure trip. Taking the Pennsylvania Railroad, the beautiful ride along the banks of the Susquehanna soon brought us to Harrisburg. At 7:20 p. m. the Columbian Express drew into the depot, and I boarded it, en route for Chicago. This is an elegant train composed of vestibuled cars. There are several sleepers, a dining car, two day coaches, a smoker, and baggage cars. The smoking car is much more luxurious than the ordinary second class or emigrant cars that one usually finds on most trains. It is fitted up with settees and movable arm chairs, and the windows are large and clear, so that one can take in the view of the country in passing along. Notices posted up request that non-smokers and those that have finished will return to their regular seats in the train, so that others may be accommodated, as the car is not large enough to hold all the men on the train at once. The smoking room is locked at 10 o'clock p. m. During the evening I met Clarence Butt of Benton who was on his way to Valparaiso, to attend the Normal School of Northern Indiana. A little later I made the acquaintance of Rev. John G. Ewens, a young priest of the Episcopal church, who was on his way to Milwaukee to enter upon the labor of his calling, under Bishop Nicholson. We traveled in company until we reached that city, and his entertaining conversation helped greatly to overcome the tedium of travel. I reached Chicago on the 30th, at 3 p. m., without any special incident. Having nearly three hours to wait, I improved it by calling on J. Clarence Fitzpatrick, formerly the assistant of W. R. Tubbs at the Exchange Hotel. He is in the accounting department of the Electric Light works, and as it was the last of the month, he was very busy. He was looking well and wished to be remembered to his Bloomsburg friends.

From there I walked around a couple of blocks to see C. F. Woodhouse, formerly of the firm of Alexander & Woodhouse. He is nicely located and is apparently doing a good business. The years that have passed over him since he left Bloomsburg seem to have rested on him lightly, for he has changed but little. At 6 o'clock we boarded the cars on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road. This is one of the most extensive and enterprising companies of the northwest. Its road-bed is excellent, its management judicious, its equipment perfect, its officials thorough railroad men, and its employees attentive and polite. Its trains are lighted by electricity and heated by steam. In the dining car we partook of an excellent course dinner which cost seventy-five cents, which was fully as good as one can get on the eastern roads for \$1.00. Mr. John R. Pott of Williamsport is the eastern agent on this road.

Milwaukee was reached at 9 p. m. and here it was necessary to remain over night, leaving at 7:20 next morning, and arriving at my destination, Plymouth, at 10 o'clock, on the Milwaukee & Northern road. This city can also be reached by the Chicago & Northwestern, another of the great systems of the west. Any traveler who desires any information concerning this road should write to T. P. Valle, Southeastern Passenger agent, 112 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

At Plymouth a most delightful week was spent with my wife and son who had gone out a month before, and with relatives and friends, some of the latter having been met nearly thirty years ago on the occasion of my first visit to the place. At that time Plymouth was scarcely more than a hamlet of three or four hundred inhabitants. Now it has at least two thousand, is organized under city government, has fine stores, chair and furniture factories, planing mills, flouring mills, cheese factories, and many other industries.

A new \$22,000 dollar school house has just been begun. The Bank of Dow & Son furnishes banking facilities. The population is largely German. There is not a single African in the city. A fine new hotel is nearly completed, and it is expected that it will be kept in such a way as to overcome its very objectionable location.

There are many very handsome residences, and the people are warm hearted, hospitable and generous.

Just above the city there is a large pool of water, made by damming the Mullet River.

Eighteen years ago on one of my visits, the croaking of the frogs disturbed my slumbers so much that I decided to depopulate the stream, if possible. Going out next day with no other weapon than a club, a large number of the jumpers were gathered

in, and furnished an elegant meal. On this last visit I secured the services of a small boy to catch some frogs, the bargain being made in the presence of the boy's father, a good, honest German. The boy went out and the father asked me in broken English what I was going to do with the frogs. When I told him we would eat them, he simply threw up his hands and with an expression of holy horror on his face he exclaimed "Mein Gott." It wasn't necessary for him to say more, as that fully expressed his opinion of people who eat frogs. And yet lots of people have felt just the same way. I used to think so myself, until I tried them and found them more delicious than chicken. Well, the boy brought in thirty frogs in about two hours, and we all enjoyed a delicious supper. I suspect that he got more than that, and took some home to break his father in on, but I don't know for sure.

The Episcopal church at Plymouth contains a fine pipe organ, presented eight years ago by the daughter of Judge Elwell, Mrs. C. E. Smith, and her daughters, as a memorial to their husband and father, P. H. Smith. On Sunday morning I was requested to remain after church in the evening and try the organ, and I assented, supposing that only the family and a very few friends would remain. Imagine my chagrin when after evening service, the entire congregation remained seated, and I was informed that they were waiting to hear the organ recital. Somebody had quietly passed the word around and the joke was on me. Of course no preparation had been made for such an occasion, but being in for it, I did the best I could, and made a lot of noise, at least. I felt however, as though I had gone to church once too often that day.

One day we spent at Elkhart Lake, a beautiful resort about six miles from Plymouth, only 15 minutes by rail. It is a beautiful sheet of water about three times as large as Eaglesmere. On its banks are seven large hotels, and numerous handsome cottages, and there is plenty of good boating and fishing. One Chicago man has erected a beautiful villa, and this season he employed four gardeners and spent \$5000 on his grounds. As we were leaving the lake and reached the depot, our attention was called to a steamer trunk standing on end on the platform, and from it was oozing something that looked like oil or varnish. When the lady who owned the trunk appeared we soon learned what it was. She had packed a jar of strained honey in her trunk, and it had broken. No doubt when she reached home she found her party dresses just too sweet for anything. Not being a man she didn't say what she thought about it.

On leaving Plymouth we found a man acting as baggage master, who ought to be given an assistant or else relieved entirely from all duty. Though we had purchased tickets and had nearly ten minutes before the train started, he refused to check our trunks, which would have taken about ten seconds. The result of his obstinacy or inefficiency was that we were obliged to wait at Milwaukee until the check was sent to us next morning. Milwaukee is called the "Cream City" and it is a beautiful place. There is great wealth there, and some of the residences are magnificent, rivaling the castles and palaces of the old world. As we rode over well paved avenues and past the velvet lawns with palms and ferns and rare plants everywhere, we inquired of the driver whenever we saw a particularly striking residence, as to its ownership. Each time his answer was the name of the owner of a big brewery or official of a brewing company. Milwaukee beer has made big fortunes for its manufacturers.

The weather at Chicago was so bad that no time was spent in that city, but taking the good old Pennsylvania road again, we sped on homeward and reached here on September 8th. But little was heard about politics. The Sullivan-Cobett fight was the all absorbing topic, and naught else was talked about. Every man in the sleeper was up in time to get a paper at Pittsburgh, the morning after the fight, and every man but one was glad that Sullivan was whipped. The one dissenter had bet heavy money on John L. and lost.

After an absence of eleven days, which we would have gladly made as many weeks, we reached home to buckle down again to the routine of editorial life and to realize more fully than ever that the staff of life is earned by the perspiration of the brow.

Glasco Cameron's barber shop has been newly painted, and this with the new paper recently put on the walls, gives it a very bright appearance.

BERGMAN SENTENCED.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS IN PRISON.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 19.—Alexander Bergman, the Anarchist, who tried to kill H. C. Frick, was placed on trial this morning in the criminal court, Judge McClung presiding. Bergman was cool and looked well. He pleaded not guilty to the six charges of felonious assault and battery, entering a building with felonious intent and carrying concealed weapons. He had no counsel, and preferred to conduct his own case. A jury was obtained with trouble and the case was opened. H. C. Frick was the first witness. He told of Bergman's visit to his office previous to the shooting, and recited the story of the attempted assassination. The clothing worn by him on the day of the assault was exhibited. The coat and trousers were blood stained and filled with holes. When they were shown Bergman coolly leaned forward, but did not seem to take any interest in the exhibit.

As he was asked if he wanted to ask any questions, and replied: "I want to ask him if I said I wanted to shoot Mr. Leishman for I did not." The witness said he did not know whether he did or not. "That is all," said the defendant. "I have no more questions." Dr. Litchfield described the nature of Mr. Frick's wounds. Vice Chairman Leishman's testimony in the main was a corroboration of the evidence given by Mr. Frick.

When Judge McClung asked Bergman if he had anything to say he produced a pamphlet, from which he started to read. Judge McClung tried to hold him to a discussion of facts, but Bergman continued in a wild sort of harangue until Judge McClung finally stopped him. In giving his motive for the crime Bergman said: "My reason for my act was to free the earth of the oppressors of the workingmen. I wanted to punish him, not murder him. I did not assault Mr. Frick but the person who had oppressed organized labor. I recognize no man by a name, but the cause of the trouble, and I wanted to remove the cause." Here the court interrupted him. "You have had your time," said the court. "and you must stop. We have been too indulgent."

The case was then given to the jury, and without leaving the box a verdict of guilty was found. The defendant was at once called for and sentenced and said: "I did not expect justice and I did not get it." He was then sentenced to twenty-one years imprisonment in the penitentiary on the five charges of felonious assault and entering a building with felonious intent, and one year to the workhouse for carrying concealed weapons. Bergman looked sullen and throwing back his head put his hat on and started to leave the room. He was at once taken in charge and removed to jail.

On his arrival at the penitentiary Bergman was carefully searched. It is believed that if opportunity offers he will carry out his threat of suicide, and for that reason he will be closely watched and kept in close confinement for six months.

From the Moon to Iowa.

I believe it is now pretty generally admitted that aerolites or meteorites come from volcanoes on the moon. One of the most remarkable of these falls of stones from the upper region of the air occurred in May, 1879, the stones falling upon the farm of Mrs. C. H. Perry, of Emmett County, Iowa. Efforts were made to have the stone removed to the museum of the Davenport, Ia., Academy of Science, but as such a proceeding would entail an expense of something like \$200 the scheme fell through, the attempt to raise the money having resulted in flat failure. Finally a Mr. Berge, of Keokuk, made a trip to Emmett County for the purpose of inspecting the curiosity.

After giving it a thorough chemical examination he came to the conclusion that it was unlike anything in the aerolite line that had ever been attracted to our globe. By a fine system of chemical test he found that it was composed of earth, triolite, iron, nickel, cobalt, gold, silica, magnesia, alumina, soda, lithia, and potassium. Berge bought the oddity of Mrs. Perry for \$160 and gave the tenant of the farm \$50 more for his "right" and his help. It was removed to Keokuk and exhibited there for some time. At last the curators of the British Museum, who had learned of the odd combination of minerals in the stone's make-up, sent an agent to purchase it. After much bickering the royal institution gave Mr. Berge \$6500 for his "moonstone." It weighed 431 pounds.

WALLER.

Mrs. McHenry and daughter, Ella went to Bloomsburg on Saturday.

Rev. J. G. Whitire occupied the pulpit on Sunday for the first time in several weeks. He was taken sick while attending campmeeting and has just recovered sufficiently to begin his work again.

Mr. John Young has the sympathy of this entire neighborhood in his sore bereavements. Only two weeks ago his wife was laid to rest in the Waller cemetery and last week a little child followed in the sleep which knows no awakening to which we are all hastening.

Rev. S. I. Shortess an old veteran will take part in the soldiers grand review at Washington, and visit friends in Philadelphia and Baltimore by the way.

Mr. Charles Lemons buried a child at this place on Monday.

This little town does not seem to take a very active part in any of the great political demonstrations, that are so common at presidential elections, but if every place would give Cleveland as many votes proportionately, the other parties had better save their ammunition.

A Proof of Death.

If most people are afraid of anything it is of being buried alive. That cases do happen where it is difficult for the most experienced physicians to determine whether a person is really or only apparently dead, may be judged from the fact that at different times scientific associations and even governments have offered prizes for the discovery of some means by which it might at once be determined whether death had actually ensued or not. As late as 1878 the French Academy of Sciences offered a prize of 40,000 francs for a practical "death test." The professor who obtained the prize gives the following unique directions, which, if carried out to the letter, will prove conclusively whether or not life is extinct. Take the hand of the supposed dead person and hold it between yourself and lighted lamp. Extend the fingers so that each one touches his fellow. Then look at the space between them. If a scarlet red color appears where the fingers touch, life is not extinct, because the scarlet lines show that the blood is still circulating through the tissues, which have not yet congealed.

If, on the other hand, the experiment show no red lines, life has indeed vanished and there is no further hope of reviving the "tabernacle of clay," or fears of burying it alive. It is said that the most extensive and thorough trials have established the truth of these observations.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved and esteemed brother, Dr. T. C. McHenry, and while with obedient hearts we humbly submit to his inscrutable providences, we nevertheless sadly deplore the sudden stroke that has caused a vacancy in our lodge room, and that has covered the entire community with gloom. Be it therefore,

Resolved, That in his death, Lodge No. 746, I. O. of O. F., our order has lost an esteemed brother, a strong pillar, a useful member and an enthusiastic worker.

Resolved, That our community has been deprived of an eminent physician, a friend to the poor, and an enterprising and progressive citizen.

Resolved, that we extend to the family of the deceased, who have been bereft of a kind husband, a devoted father and a sympathetic protector, our heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the watchful care of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That our lodge room be draped with the usual insignia of mourning for a period of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that they be published in the Benton Argus, the Columbian, Sentinel and Republican of Bloomsburg, and that they be engrossed upon the minutes of this lodge.

A. HARTMAN, P. G.
LAFAYETTE KEELER, P. G.
J. A. CHAPIN, P. G.

The Steam Laundry.

Everything is now in shape at Chamberlin's Steam Laundry on Centre street, and they are turning out some fine work. The clothes are washed by steam and made thoroughly clean without the use of any material that rots the cloth. Special arrangements can be made for family washes, by the pound, when the ironing is done at home.

A New Summer Resort.

JUDGE RHONE'S PLAN TO CONVERT THE HUNTINGTON VALLEY INTO A SUMMER CITY.

Judge Rhone, ever alert to advance the material interests of Huntington Valley, has a project on foot to build a dam at high bridge, along the turnpike, and make an immense lake covering the land lying between that point and Town Line. This was originally a vast lake, the out-let furnishing the motive power for a grist mill in Hopkins glen which ground the whole product of the early Huntington settlers. The area that would be flooded is between two and three hundred acres, and is full of crystal springs, one having a discharge that would fill a two-inch pipe.

Judge Rhone's plan is to stock the lake with fish and sell the lots along the banks to people from the neighboring towns and cities who are in search of wholesome air and pure water. The proposed lake would be within three miles of Shickshinny and on the line of the projected electric railway to Harveyville. The land that will be flooded is too wet to be valuable for farming purposes and the farmers are ready to dispose of it at its actual value. The farm of Mr. J. D. Woodworth will be largely covered and parts of those adjoining.

County Surveyor Crockett made a survey of the property on Monday and will make an accurate estimate of the number of acres flooded and the size of the dam required.

Huntington Valley is an inviting spot for a summer resort and if Judge Rhone succeeds in his scheme it will make a boom in surrounding real estate. A summer population such as a lake of this kind would draw, would make a home market that would set the farmer on his high horse.—*Shickshinny Echo.*

They gave him welcome that was fairly unbounded in its kindly enthusiasm, and before the curtain had gone down on the first act they were convinced that he lost none of his former power, and had gained some. He was the same Frank Mayo they had seen before. But there were other improvements. The remarkable little drama "Davy Crockett," which displays the "simplest and purest affections in a chastely, heroic style of art," was given a superior production. The scenery was especially good, the costumes were attractive and the company, as a whole, was able and had been well trained to do the best that was in them. The general effect, for such a production, was strikingly impressive. The play is superior in some respects to anything of its kind offered from the stage.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Will appear at Bloomsburg Opera House Thursday evening Sept. 29th.

The meeting of democratic societies at Scranton, Tuesday was a decided success, both as to numbers and enthusiasm. There were about one thousand delegates present, besides, about five hundred friends. Hon. Chauncey F. Black of York was re-elected president of the Societies, and J. D. Worman, secretary. The Bloomsburg Young Men's Democratic Club, was represented by W. B. Taylor, Freeze Quick and Wm. Rhodomoyer; Freeze Quick was placed on the Committee of Credentials, and Wm. B. Taylor, on permanent organization. J. H. Mercer County Chairman; L. Lowenberg and M. Ellenbogen of Bloomsburg were also in attendance. Hon. E. M. Tewksbury was the delegate from Catawissa township.

A FISHING PARTY.

On Tuesday morning a party of ten started up the canal on Dodson's house boat, their destination being Shickshinny, and their object being to fish for bass for a few days. The boat was comfortably fitted up, and contained all the necessities of life, and some of the luxuries. The commissary department was stocked under the direction of J. D. White, one of the party. The others were J. K. Lockard, R. W. Oswald, J. R. Schuyler, C. H. Campbell, A. Bloom, J. A. Hess, J. H. Maize, C. B. Ohl.

A most enthusiastic audience greeted Frank Mayo at the California Theatre last evening to witness his manly impersonation of "Davy Crockett," the honest backwoodsman, a character created by Mr. Mayo many years ago, and one with which he has become so thoroughly identified as to have rendered it and him inseparable, so much so that the two will forever be linked together in the history of the drama and its actors.—*San Jose paper.*

Bloomsburg Opera House, Thursday evening, September 29th.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Dr. McKelvy is visiting friends in Pottsville and Bethlehem.

Miss Doak was in the city this week and will return with all the new styles in dressmaking.

Miss Rose Staddon is again at her place behind the counter at McKelvy's store.

Mrs. H. W. Sloan and daughter went to Washington on Friday last to visit relatives.

Clarence Butt of Benton has gone to Valparaiso, Indiana, to attend the Normal School of Northern Indiana.

Mrs. Margaret Hess who has been visiting her children at Dixon, Illinois, returned Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Menich of Shippensburg who came up last week to visit Mrs. John Kressler will remain some time in this section visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Derr and Miss Mary Davis of Derr were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Quick on Sunday.

J. Lee Harman and Harry Houck went to Philadelphia on Monday. From there they went to Washington.

J. Saltzer went to Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday, on business with the White Sewing Machine Company, whose goods he has handled for many years.

Carl Wirt and Harold Neal have entered the Cathedral School at Garden City, Long Island. Robert Neal has begun a course of study at Andover Academy, Massachusetts.

Mr. C. P. Sloan started for the South last Saturday. He spent Sunday at Baltimore with his son Frank, and then went to Washington to the G. A. R. reunion.

General Manager, F. M. Leader was in his office on Tuesday attending to business, for the first time since his unfortunate accident. The other members of his family are also improving.

A. M. Dewitt, M. L. Kline, J. D. Henry and Amos Neyhard of Orangeville went to Washington Tuesday via Philadelphia. They will be absent all week and expect to visit also at Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Dr. J. B. McKelvy is able to be out again, after being housed for many months by reason of the loss of sight. A cataract was removed from one of his eyes about three months ago, and with the aid of strong glasses he can see again.

Mr. C. Mears returned home Saturday of last week after an absence of nearly a month, in the Eastern States, introducing his perfect washer. He reports great success with his machine having established some first class Eastern agencies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Bittenbender, Mrs. I. S. Kuhn and Misses May and Bessie Kuhn went to Mauch Chunk on Tuesday morning to attend the funeral of one of the twin children of Dr. and Mrs. G. Stuart Kirby, which died on Sunday morning.

Theodore Schneider has secured a lucrative situation with E. Rawlings, the butcher at Bloomsburg and has been there for several weeks. He came over Saturday and on Monday sold his property to Samuel Baker. His family will leave for Bloomsburg the latter part of this month.—*Hughsville Mail.*

Mrs. Jno N. Gordon of Montour township, died Monday afternoon aged 54 years, 3 months and 10 days. She had been confined to her bed for several weeks, with heart disease, which caused her death. She was a daughter of Joseph Tyson of Norristown, being married to Mr. Gordon in 1859. She was the mother of two sons, John who has been located at Denver, Colorado and Frank. Funeral services are held at the late residence, this (Friday) morning at 10 o'clock. Conducted by Rev. P. A. Heilman pastor of the Lutheran Church. She was an ardent member of the Lutheran Church for about 22 years.

Mrs. Mason, died at the State Hospital Danville, Monday, aged 70 years. About three years ago, the house at Rosemont cemetery, in which she resided was destroyed by fire. She lost nearly all her personal property; the shock from this fire caused her sickness, and her friends were compelled to have her taken to Danville. One son, Walter, and four daughters, Mrs. B. W. Hagenbuch, Mrs. Harry Brittain, Mrs. Jeremiah Traub, and Mary, a single lady, survive her. The remains were brought to residence of B. W. Hagenbuch, Tuesday at which place funeral will be held this (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Frank Mayo, Bloomsburg Opera House Thursday evening September 29th.