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Pennsylvania Farm's at the World's Fair.

The largest and best section of the Agricultural Department at the great World's Fair is devoted, as it should be, to the exhibition of crop products, and it must be a source of pride to our farmers that Pennsylvania has been assigned one of the best four locations in this magnificent building. It is in the center of the building, and one of the four corners formed by the junction of the main avenues leading through it from east to west and north to south. Germany, Great Britain and Iowa occupy the other corners, and thus we are placed in close relations with three of the greatest and richest agricultural sections of the world. This fact should be a stimulus to our farmers to bestir themselves and make such an exhibit of our crops as will show the world how really great we are as an agricultural State when compared with the best agricultural sections of the world.

In this most favorable location will be shown—so far as space of twenty-one hundred square feet will permit—to the finest audience that has ever assembled in the history of man, whatever of the best of this State's splendid farm crops our farmers may offer, and we trust that in this exhibit Columbia county will bear a conspicuous part.

The task of aiding the farmers of this State in assembling and organizing their crop exhibit is one of the many which have been placed in the hands of Col. John A. Woodward, of Centre county, well known throughout the State by reason of his work at the popular Farmers' Institutes, and his long service as associate editor of the *Farm Journal*.

As this season for harvesting corn, buckwheat, clover seed and the like, it is a favorable time for selecting choice samples of these crops, and every farmer in the county who feels that he has something of these or of honey, maple syrup or other farm products, which he would like to exhibit should at once send a card or note to Col. Woodward at Harrisburg, stating what it is. He will return a prompt answer with directions as to how to proceed.

If you wish to see your farm products represented at the World's Fair, select a dozen of the choicest ears of corn, or a quart of clover seed, or a peck of buckwheat, or alike quantity of any of the summer grain, and put them to cure in the best way, then notify Col. Woodward. If your samples are approved and accepted you will be at no expense in the matter, as the State has provided funds with which to pay freight and the cost of caring for them. None but the very choicest and best, however, will be accepted. Mediocrity can find no room in this great show. We think we could name a half dozen farmers in this county, who should be represented in this crop exhibit, and hope they will promptly write to Col. Woodward and notify him what they wish to exhibit. His address is simple Harrisburg.

Fall Styles.

The World of Fashion has been astir of late in consequence of the revival of what is called the *Directoire* styles, for which much popularity is predicted this Autumn. The *Directoire* being that period of French history which preceded the coronation of Napoleon I, and of his wife, Josephine, leads naturally to the *Empire* and *Josephine* styles, concerning which there is also a great deal of interest manifested. Another favorite variation will be the *Recamier* costume, taking its appellation from the famous lady of that name, who is doubly celebrated for her beauty and her friendship with Mme. de Staël. The old-time balloon sleeve, another reminiscence of that epoch, will be much in vogue this Fall. Many people use the expressions *Directoire*, *Empire*, *Recamier* without fully realizing what these terms signify, and are consequently apt to err in their endeavor to adopt the latest novelties. A careful perusal of a first-class Fashion Magazine like *La Mode de Paris*, *Paris Album of Fashion* or *La Couturiere* will furnish a satisfactory explanation of the differences between these historical costumes. These Journals not only illustrate all modifications of these sundry styles, but also give full length descriptions of the materials to be used with appropriate trimmings, and reproduce as well the latest novelties in millinery and hat ornaments. The most practical way of obtaining this information is to subscribe for these Journals. *La Couturiere* is a fine home journal for \$3.00 and *La Mode* is only \$1.50 per year. Another important fact to remember is that the three former publications contain each month a lesson on some popular garment with valuable practical suggestions. You can generally get single copies from your newsdealer, but do not allow him to give you some other journal for one of these. You can get them if you write to the publishers, Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A CARNEGIE SERMON.

The Plutocrat as Magazine Writer and Labor Employer.
Mr. Andrew Carnegie, friend of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, head of the Carnegie steel trust, brigadier general of Pinkertons and naval contractor under the Harrison administration, is a very interesting writer, who in late years has been a frequent contributor to the magazines. It is highly instructive at times to refer to the back numbers of the magazines and read over again Mr. Carnegie's definitions of "The Gospel of Wealth"—a gospel of which he has appointed himself the special evangelist of America. Some time ago, when Mr. Gladstone and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes were arguing the necessity of action to prevent the further increase of poverty, Mr. Carnegie wrote and published an essay on "The Advantages of Poverty," in which he thus defined the "fundamental idea of the gospel of wealth":

"The fundamental idea of 'The Gospel of Wealth' is that surplus wealth should be considered as a sacred trust to be administered by those into whose hands it falls, during their lives, for the good of the community. It predicts that the day is at hand when he who dies possessed of enormous sums, which were his and free to administer during his life, will die disgraced, and holds that the aim of the millionaire should be to die poor. It likewise pleads for modesty of private expenditure."

Some may be at a loss to understand how Mr. Carnegie reconciles his gospel with the employment of Pinkertons to shoot wages down, but there is no real inconsistency. It will be noticed that Mr. Carnegie proposes to consider only "surplus" wealth as a "sacred trust to be administered, etc."

It all depends, therefore, on the definition of the word "surplus," and that is left to the determination of the individual plutocrat himself. One may count as "surplus" all over \$1,000,000. Another may refuse to consider anything as a surplus above what he wants until he has \$20,000,000. And it is clear under the Carnegie gospel that until he gets the \$20,000,000 he is justified in employing Pinkertons to shoot those who demand a larger, or refuse to take a smaller, share of what they earn for him. For very clearly all such unreasonable persons are trying to prevent him from reaching the point where he will have a surplus—that is, so much more than he needs himself that he will not care enough for it to keep it. When the plutocrat reaches this stage he then becomes a steward for the benefit of the public. In the meantime Pinkertons must be hired and the militia forced out that ground floor contracts with the federal administration be not forfeited.—St. Louis Republic.

Down, Down, Down!
Down with the robber tariff in the east!
Down with the robber tariff in the north!
Down with the robber tariff in the west!
Down with the robber tariff in the south!
Down with the thieving duties at the custom houses; down with the swindling reciprocity treaties; down with the cant about the wage earners; down with the fraud that taxes make wealth; down with all the fallacies of protection!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cleveland Understands the Proprieties.
We are glad to see that ex-President Cleveland positively denies published statements that he is to make campaign speeches within the next two months in various parts of the country. So far from accepting such invitations, he has felt obliged to decline them all, and does not contemplate making any political trips during the campaign. This is greatly to his credit, for to say the least, it is very undignified for a presidential candidate to take the stump in his own behalf.—Albany Times-Union.

Campaign Song for 1892.
Hurrah for Grover Cleveland, the patriot and the sage!
He's honored by Democracy, his name is all the rage;
He's a lover of his country, his party and his home;
His honesty is loudly praised wherever you may roam.
But we can't hurrah for Benny, with his grand-papa's hat,
Nor can we shout for "Blacklaw" Reid, the man they call the "rat";
I'll tell what we'll do if you'll promise not to tattle—
We'll give one yelp for Warner and the Cherokee cattle.

We have another hero, of the name of Stevenson.
He's in this presidential race which recently began.
If Reid thinks he can beat him 'tis time now to begin it.
For he'll find before November that he is not "in it."
"Protection" is a humbug, as all honest people see.
It has made the rich richer, but the poor man, where is he?
Sorrowfully living in his tent or lonely hovel,
Praying to God for work with his mattock and his shovel.
The Democratic platform guarantees to every man
Better times, more money and is opposed to every clan.
It places every race, every color on a level,
And does not say you are a saint or I shall be a devil.
It knows no north, no south, no east, nor the great thriving west;
Its principles will always live in every honest breast:
The Union for every one, be he rich, poor, great or small,
Is the watchword for the party and is guaranteed to all.
We have no use for "force bills," "McKinley bills," high taxes,
Nor any other "stool," dear friends, that calls for "grinding axes";
But we want an honest, truthful, grand administration,
In every department of this glorious young nation.
And now, my fellow citizens, I'll bid you all good night;
Believing that democracy will surely win the fight.
I know it will if we are true to Grover and "reform,"
And then on March the 4th we'll shout, "Our country's safe from harm!"
—Kansas City Times.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

It Was Thought a Miracle When First Tried 1,100 Years Ago.
The idea contained in the expression "pouring oil on troubled waters" has been traced so far back as Pliny (A. D. 23-79), who speaks in his "Natural History" of the results of pouring oil on a stormy sea. Mr. David M. Stone, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, found an interesting account of the phenomenon in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" (book 3, chapter 15), written in Latin more than 1,100 years ago—from 716 to 731 A. D.

"The venerable Bede is speaking of Bishop Aidan, who was permitted to work miracles," he says: "A priest called Vita (Uta) was sent into Kent to fetch Eanfleda, King Edwin's daughter, who was to be married to King Oswara. He was to go by land but return by water. Before he departed Vita visited the bishop and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him and predicting for his return a great tempest and a contrary wind that should rise suddenly gave him a pot of oil, saying:

"Remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I give you, and anon, the winds being laid, comfortable fayer weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you againe with as pleasant a passage as you have wished."
"The tempest came as predicted, the sailors essayed to cast 'anear' in vain, the water began to fill the ship, and 'nothing but prent death was looked for.' At the near approach of death came the thought of the bishop and the pot of oil. Taking it in his hand the priest cast the oil into the sea, when, as if by magic, it became quiet and calm, and the ship was delivered."—Boston Globe.

The Paper Age.
The world has seen its Iron Age and its Brazen Age, but this is the Age of Paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing and sit on paper cushions in paper cars, rolling on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theaters, where paper actors play to paper audiences. As the age develops, the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs and, seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin and, having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already), he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing-rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin; elsewhere in this paper it will be seen that he has a chance of doing so already if he is a paper—we mean pauper. He will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.—The Paper Record.

Highly Spiced Food.
No doubt diet has much to do with the fact that American children are nervous. They are far too often allowed to sit at the same table with their elders, and, at a late dinner, permitted to use the same rich, highly spiced food, and to pour in the tender little stomachs tea and coffee; and the result, hysteria and irritability, is a source of wonder to their parents. "My children look well, and have excellent appetites," said a mother. "Yet they are almost always complaining of something." "Are you careful of their diet?" was asked. "Oh, no, they eat and drink anything that is on the table," was the reply. "I never could bear to deny them anything, but I never thought that it made such difference so that they had enough." The moon of this family included among other things hot bread, fried meats, beans, cabbage, and pastry. All these were given to the children; and when they were stricken down with gastric trouble, the mother wondered why they were so often ill!

Yonkee Thrift.
The Maine man who can not turn his hand to another source of profit when one this him is a scarce article. An engraver and carver of old-time signs, in the palmy days of Maine shipbuilding, now a resident of Kittery, finding his occupation gone as a consequence of figured heads for vessels, is engaged in making idols and graven images for the henchmen! He has a large order that will employ most of his time for over two years, from a missionary just returned from Central Asia to this country. This missionary, by the way, is evidently something of a Yankee himself.—Hennepoo Journal.

Every garment we sell is of our own manufacture. No other retail clothier in Philadelphia can truthfully say the same.

That is why our prices are uniformly lower than all others.

\$12.00 for Men's Handsome All-Wool Cheviot Suits.
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Elegant Kersey Winter Overcoat, \$10, \$12, \$13.50, \$15, \$20, \$25.

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CURE SICK HEAD ACHE
Rick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing...

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"ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price \$1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address: "ANAKESIS," Box 249, New York City.

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You pay us \$50. We educate and assist you to a GOOD SITUATION. Can you ask more? Circular free if you name this paper.

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Proves its worth with the first bottle. It is Popular as a Tonic, Popular as a Blood Purifier, Popular to take as it is agreeable to all: Popular for Children, as it acts readily and leaves no bad results; Popular in prices, as it is within the reach of all. Manner's Double Extract Sarsaparilla is for sale by all Druggists. Only see a bottle.

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That is why our prices are uniformly lower than all others.

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, 1893.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PIK-ROD is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. New 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.

DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM
The Cream of evidence is now complete—that DR. HERRA'S VIOLA CREAM is the only preparation that positively does all that is claimed for it. It removes Freckles, Liver-moles, Black-heads, 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.
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READ THIS.
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.
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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.—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus: **JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.**

THE DISPARITY IN THE LIMBS.

This Explains Why People Lost Walk in a Circle.

The fact that people lost on a desert or in a forest invariably walk in a circle is due to slight inequality of the legs. Careful measurements of a series of skeletons have shown that only 10 per cent. had the lower limbs equal in length. 35 per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in 55 per cent. the left leg was the longer. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longer limb, and consequently will trend to the right or left, according as the left or right leg is the longer, unless the tendency to deviation is corrected by the eye.

The left leg being more frequently the longer, as evinced by the measurement of the skeleton, the inclination should take place more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by the observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfold. Further, on measurements of the arms it is found that in 72 per cent. the right arm is longer than the left, while in 24 per cent. the left arm is the longer—showing that a considerable majority of persons are right handed and left legged. The inequality in the length of limbs is not confined to any particular sex or race, but seems to be universal in all respects.—Peterson's Weekly.

Couldn't Draw His Money.
The conversation turned upon early struggles in life. All of them had had hard times, but each of them had managed to start a bank account in his first days of earning money and to add to it from time to time.

"And the only time in my life," said one of them, "that I had money and yet did not have it, was when I had worked long enough and hard enough to feel that I was justified in making what to me was considerable of an investment. Years before this I had begun a modest little account in the—savings bank. When I first made my deposits they were not big and they were not frequent, but I kept on making them month by month and year by year, and at last they began to count for something. When the time came to make my investment, I found that I should have to go to my first savings bank. I marched down and presented myself at the window. I hadn't been there for a long time. I had added to my face a beard, and I was as far from being the boy who had formerly been there as a man would could be. The first thing I was asked to do was to write my signature. I wrote it as I had learned to write it in the recent years, with a slap dash rush. The teller looked at me scrutinizingly and then asked me to write it again. I dashed off another. He went off a second and came back with a little deprecating smile.

"The signatures are not the same," he said, regarding me intently.
"I'm the same."
"How do I know that?" he said, with his provoking smile.
"You don't expect, do you, that I'd write the same hand now that I wrote when I was fourteen years old and made my first deposit?" I impatiently asked.
"No," said he.
"Well, I'm in a hurry for that money," I said curtly. "I've got to use it right away, and I'd like it right away."
"I'm very sure," he said, "that you are the man, from the story you tell but how do I know it? I can't let man have money when I do not know him, and when his signature does not agree with the one we have."
"What must I do, then?" I asked.
"You must be identified."
"But I haven't time."
"You will have to make it or else sign like your old signature. Your old one is a good deal better than the one you write now," with another smile.
"But I had to hurry out and find some one who could identify me before I could draw the money I had deposited. When I had drawn it my boyish signature was shown to me. It was round and clear, but a little trembling, and when I looked at it for the first time in many years, a rush of memories came over me, and I recalled how I had felt on the first day that I had ever gone into a bank to open an account for myself."

How She Managed It.
A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. One day the young man said to the young woman:
"Say, I canna marry thee."
"How's that?" she asked.
"I've changed my mind," said he.
"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "If folks know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think I have given thee up, then I can easy get another chap. So we'll have banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say, 'I will,' and when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say 'I wiana.'
The wedding day came, and the minister said to the man:
"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"
"I will," answered the man.
Then the parson said to the woman:
"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"
"I will," she said.
"Why, you said you would say 'I wiana,'" the young man said furiously.
"I know that, but I've changed my mind since then," answered the young woman.

Experienced planters in the South now raise the male cotton plant, being thus enabled to secure the seed without the lint or cotton.