

EDISON AND THE BEAR.

The Great Inventor Received an Unexpected Visit.

Thomas A. Edison's father, on one of his visits to Menlo park, brought with him a surprise to his son, a tame bear that he had captured with his own hands, says the New York World.

It was very late when he arrived, and, finding that his son was on one of his usual midnight experimental "sprees," he determined not to bother him, and went to bed after first carefully locking the cub in the cellar.

The experiments on which the "wizard" was at work were the final ones in the invention of the phonograph.

Mr. Edison was kneeling on the floor listening to the reproduction of an old song, and his assistants were bunched behind him, with every nerve strained to catch the far-off, curious sounds, so intent were they that the shuffling of heavy footsteps up the stairs and the opening of the laboratory door were unnoticed, and it was only when a heavy "woof" drowned the imitation song that the little group became aware that a stranger was among them.

The next instant the laboratory shelves bore, instead of bottles, half a dozen of the worst-scared scientists in history.

Seeing the lack of disposition to show him the hospitalities of the place, the bear started on a tour of inspection of his own. He used his paws as the farmer from "Wayback" uses his umbrella in art galleries, and soon had the well-arranged workshop in compound disorder.

The shelved scientists were wishing every minute that he would seize a high-voltage circuit which would give him a temporary trance. But he was too wise for that, and it began to look as if the greatest problem Edison would have to solve that night was how to escape the clutches of a bear.

The bear was having a veritable picnic in the electrical sanctum when Mr. Edison, Sr., stalked into the room. Explanations were soon made, the bear was led downstairs and the electricians descended from their perches.

TRAVELING IN FRANCE.

A Railway Decision that Antagonizes the English and American Practices.

It is said, with some touch of scorn of our insular ways, that "Things are done differently in France," but not always better, remarks the London Illustrated News. The railway passenger, indeed, is better done there, but only in the sense of more completely done—done brown.

His luggage is stolen and he gets no compensation; he finds the guard a very different being from that plink of civility in England, and he can never get accustomed to the customs. The last feat of a French stationmaster has been to decide that an article of luggage placed on the seat does not keep your place in a railway carriage.

This to persons traveling alone and who have nobody to keep their place for them must be indeed delightful. In England this right is never questioned, though in some instances it is abused.

It is recorded of a certain hair-splitting bishop who was accustomed to compose his "charge" in the train, and whose desk was always placed opposite to him, that he invariably treated it as though it were a living vis-a-vis. The train being very full on one occasion, a would-be passenger inquired if this place was taken, and the bishop, with his sunniest smile, expressed regret that there was no room.

"I don't think that was quite right, my lord," said one of his fellow passengers, who, we may be sure, was not a curate. "What was not quite right?" inquired his lordship urbanely. "To say that the place was taken." "Pardon me! I did not say that it was taken. I was particularly careful to use the word 'occupied'."

PERFUMED MISTS.

A Natural Phenomenon that Occurs on the Coast of France.

On certain parts of the coast of France, including the channel, mists occasionally appear which are generally called "perfumed mists." They come in the morning, especially during the spring, and, strangely enough, only when the wind is in the northeast. Sometimes they only last for a few minutes, at others they hang about all day. They have a characteristic smell, similar to that of a lime kiln.

The origin of these mists is a mystery, says the Paris Petite Revue. In one district the inhabitants thought the smell came from some lime kilns some miles to the northeast and they may have been right; but that was not an explanation of the phenomenon, because the smell from those lime kilns could not have been carried by a northeast wind to all the other places where the mists were seen and the smell noticed.

In one of those places the northeast wind comes from the sea, in another it comes from overland; the smell does not therefore necessarily come from the ground.

The best explanation given is that the blustering northeast and east winds sweep up the dust, gases and germs of the ground over which they pass and drive them toward the sea. When this wind has continued for some time it contains such a quantity of these things as to affect all our organs. That is the cause of the complaints which appear when the east wind blows, and it may be the cause of those "perfumed mists."

A Selfish World.

George—No matter how things go—the poor always suffer.

Jack—Yes, the nabobs who own railroads don't think anything of running over a poor man's horse.

"Yes, and the man who can afford to own a horse runs down the poor fellow on a bicycle."

"Just so. And the fellow on the bicycle runs down the poor chap who has to walk."

"That's it. And the man who walks stumbles against the poor cripple who goes on crutches."

"That's the way. And the cripple on crutches spends most of his time jamming his sticks down on other people's corners. It's a sadly selfish world."—N. Y. Weekly.

A LETTER FROM THE FAIR.

This is the man who writes to his wife from the world's fair: "I spend my time in the Electricity building and Machinery hall watching the great wheels of progress—and that mighty power, 'electricity,' spreading its influence, etc., etc."—Chicago Herald.

A Little Mistake.

Mrs. De Fashion—Bridget says she overheard you talking awfully about her to Nelly Neddoor.

Little Daughter—We wasn't talkin' 'bout her at all. We was playin' keep house, an' pretendin' we had servants, and I was makin' a society call.—Good News.

Be Asked for No Apology.

Outraged Wife—You ought to be ashamed of yourself and the way you go on. I haven't a cent of money, and there isn't a mouthful to eat in the house!

Husband—That's all right. I'll get my dinner at the restaurant.—Truth.

Utilized Talents.

"What's your young friend, the clerk in Goods & Notions' store, doing?"

"Writing verses for the magazines."

"And Kentsworth, the poet?"

"Oh, he's writing advertisements for a drygoods store."—Chicago Record.

The Difference.

Mike—What is the difference between you and the load of dirt you are carting?

Pat—I don't know—what is?

Mike—You're a son of toil and it's a ton of soil.—The Inter Urban.

His Curiosity Aroused.

Mr. Newlywed—What is this, my dear?

Mrs. Newlywed—Sponge cake, darling.

"What was it you started out to make?"—Brooklyn Life.

Another Great Discoverer.

First Traveler—Why is that pompous fellow strutting about so absurdly?

Second Traveler—He found some ham in his railway sandwich.—Chicago Record.

Fresh.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going in bathing, sir," she said.

"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"The water's too salt for you," she said.—Truth.

Fair Enough.

Customer—How is this? You have charged me twice the usual price for shaving.

Barber—My razor was dull, and it took me twice as long.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Double-Barreled Fool-Killer.

"It isn't loaded, I'll bet my life!"

"No, it's not, but it's a little something to eat, please."—Brooklyn Life.

Feeling His Way.

Tramp—Madam, have you an ax?

Lady of the House—No.

"Have you a saw?"

"No, I have no saw."

"Then give me a little something to eat, please."—Brooklyn Life.

Always Liked Company.

Mr. Widns (who detests society)—You didn't care anything for company when I was courting you.

Mrs. Widns (who likes society)—You were company then.—N. Y. Weekly.

Socratic Sincerity.

Xantippe—You are the most provoking man I ever saw.

Socrates (kindly)—Would the gods had been kinder to you, and sent you one less so, my dear.—Detroit Free Press.

Qualified.

Voter—Do you think you are capable of making telling speeches in congress?

Candidate—Goodness, yes! I know, for I've just had my lungs tested.—Chicago Record.

A Poor Metaphor.

Eugene—Marfa, you is sweeter dan a marshmiller.

Martha—He! he! You bettah call me yo' chocolate drop. Don't similitude me to yo' soft white trash.—Truth.

The Only Way.

Suitor (toying with his sweetheart's hand)—I hope this little hand is not counterfeit?

Miss Belle (quickly)—The best way to find out is to ring it.—Judge.

A Word of Warning.

"Aw, no, I haven't warned to Miss Clawa yet."

"I thought not. I hear you still call on her."—Life.

THE second edition of the Cosmopolitan for September brought the total edition up to 211,000 copies, without doubt the largest edition of any magazine in the world for this month.

It remained for the Cosmopolitan to have the World's Fair treated in a single number by twelve different writers. As the exposition of 1893 must remain one of the leading events in the history of the United States, the most distinguished men were asked to prepare this magazine volume, which is destined to become valuable as one of the most perfect descriptions of the World's Fair. Among the number of those who contribute are our only ex-president, Walter Besant, the most distinguished of the English literary men who visited the exposition, and a host of others. Besides the usual fiction, including a story by Mark Twain, entitled, "Is He Living or Is He Dead," and the regular departments, The Cosmopolitan contains nearly one hundred illustrations devoted to the World's Fair, including eleven full pages. It is pronounced of the most remarkable of the publications yet issued regarding the Fair. It is a completely illustrated guide or souvenir, as one prefers to call it, by the most famous writers of the day, put before the reader at the price of 12 cents, and more than the equal of the books of the Fair which sell for seventy-five cents and one dollar.

The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is well known to the medical profession, and universally approved. The reputation of the firm guarantees excellence and uniformity in the medicine, and the world's experience for nearly half a century has fully demonstrated its value.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, showing prices for men's, women's, and children's shoes. Includes a small illustration of a shoe.

Patents. Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agents, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at less cost than those who receive from Washington.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD. AFTER MAY 15, 1893. Trains leave Bloomsburg as follows: Sundays excepted.

For New York, Philadelphia, Reading, Pottsville, Tamques, etc., 6:15 a. m. Sunday, 7:15 a. m. For Williamsport, 7:15 a. m. Sunday, 7:55 a. m. For Danville and Milton, 7:15 a. m., 3:30, 11:10 p. m. Sunday, 7:57 a. m., 4:47 p. m., 12:15, 5:00, 8:30, 11:10 p. m. For Reading, 11:50 a. m., 7:08 p. m. For Pottsville, 6:10, 7:45, 11:13 a. m., 12:15, 3:15, 5:00, 8:30, 11:10 p. m. Sunday, 7:55, 10:21 a. m., 4:28, 7:03 p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION. Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf. FOR ATLANTIC CITY. Weekdays—Express, 9:03 a. m., 4:00, 5:00 p. m. Accommodation, 8:03 a. m., 5:45 p. m. Sundays—Express, 9:00 a. m., Accommodation, 8:00 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

BLOOMSBURG & SULLIVAN R. R. Taking effect MONDAY, NOV. 17, 1890. SOUTH. STATIONS. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. Bloomsburg, 6:28 12:05 7:15 8:05 8:35 4:40

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARELACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

Table with columns for STATIONS, NORTH, and SOUTH. Lists stations from Northumberland to Scranton with arrival and departure times.

Table with columns for STATIONS, NORTH, and SOUTH. Lists stations from Scranton to Harrisburg with arrival and departure times.

Connections at Harrisburg with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamques, Towaco, W. Hamersport, Surbury, Pottsville, etc.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. R. DIV. AND N. C. R. Y. In effect May 31, 1893. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

8:55 a. m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 3:00 p. m.; New York 5:50 p. m.; Baltimore 6:10 p. m.; Washington 4:30 p. m. connecting at Philadelphia for all New York, Baltimore, and Washington coaches to Philadelphia.

WESTWARD.

3:04 a. m.—Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman sleeping cars to Buffalo and passenger coaches to Rochester.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15—Leaves New York 12:12 night, Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., Baltimore 4:40 a. m., Harrisburg 5:15 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:55 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m., arriving at Bloomsburg 10:45 a. m., Williamsport 12:10 p. m., Hazleton 12:15 p. m., Pottsville 1:25 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mrs. Ent's Building, Court House Alley, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Post Office Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wirt's Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

GEO. E. ELWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

W. H. SNYDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office 2nd floor Columbian building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

ROBERT R. LITTLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THOMAS B. HANLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mrs. Ent's Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE, A. S. YOST, WHITE & YOST, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Wirt Building, Court House Square, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. A. MCKILLIP, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd Floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRED IKELER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office back of Farmers' National Bank, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DR. ANDREW CRAYDON, PHYSICIAN—AND—SURGEON

BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office and residence in Prof. Waller's House. MARKET STREET. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

H. BIERMAN, M. D. HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE: BOWEN'S Office & Residence, 208 W. 3d St. Uptown 3 A. M. Bloomsburg, Pa. 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M.

R. W. H. HOUSE, SURGEON DENTIST. Office, Barton's Building, Meta below Market BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. WATSON MCKELVY, FIRE INSURANCE AGENT. (Successor to H. P. Hartman.) Represents twelve of the strongest Companies in the world, among which are:

M. P. LUTZ & SON, (SUCCESSORS TO FREAS BROWN) INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND BROKERS. N. W. Corner Main and Centre Streets, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, FIRE INSURANCE, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Home of N. Y. Merchants of Newark, N. J.; Clinton, N. Y.; Peoples, N. Y.; Reading, Pa.; German American Ins. Co., New York; Greenwich Insurance Co., New York; Jersey City Fire Ins. Co., Jersey City, N. J.

CLYDE C. YETTER, FIRE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. BLOOMSBURG, PA. Farm property a specialty. 4-22-1y.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, JAMES McCLOSKEY Proprietor, (Opposite the Court House) BLOOMSBURG, PA. Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms, hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences.

WAINWRIGHT & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS. Teas, Syrups, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Rice, Spices, Biscuits, Soda, Etc., N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

E. A. RAWLINGS, DEALER IN—All Kinds of Meat. Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tongues, Bologna, &c. Free Delivery to all parts of the town. CENTRE STREET, C. H. REICE'S OLD STAND. BLOOMSBURG, PA. DUFFEY'S MARKET SQUARE GALLERY, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Headquarters for fine Photographs and Crayons. Copying and enlarging done in our artistic manner.