

**THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.**

**The Unpolitical Anxieties of Grover Cleveland.**

Adventures of Fred Grant—A Fortune in an Ostensorium and a New Aspect of Van Alen—A Philanthropic Gambler King.

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When it was first rumored among a limited class of persons in New York that Grover Cleveland's personal pecuniary affairs were not in a flourishing condition there was general incredulity. It is well known that Mr. Cleveland is surrounded by as astute a set of financiers as ever lived, and it seemed surprising, therefore, that he should make unfortunate investments. Now it transpires that this very fact is responsible, although indirectly, for an unpleasant reduction in the amount of the president's private fortune.

When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated he was worth, over his liabilities, about \$500,000, less than that sum rather than more. This consisted of real estate, unencumbered; a bank account amounting, on March 2, to Cleveland's Washington stock in a street railway, and of a snug sum, stated to be \$90,000, invested upon bond and mortgage in New York and Buffalo. Shortly after Mr. Cleveland's election he changed entirely the nature of his investments. No considerable amount of his fortune was so placed that it might be affected by his official actions. In order to avoid even the appearance of evil, the president-elect had all his securities disposed of and the proceeds invested in such a manner that no official policies of his could either increase or decrease their value. This was simply following a precedent set by all our chief magistrates, President Harrison having done a similar thing shortly before his inauguration.

But when the cares of his office began to weigh upon Mr. Cleveland he found it entirely impossible to attend to his personal affairs. The real estate, for lack of management, yielded no revenue and the stocks were not holding their own. The president never owes much money—ten thousand dollars would pay his debts and more at almost any time, but the scale upon which he lives and the losses he sustained through his investments have left him poorer by a good deal than when he entered the white house last March. It is stated, upon an authority which leaves the assertion open to no dispute, that Mr. Cleveland is worth to-day barely two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his salary is being spent as fast as it comes in.

It is to this state of affairs that the whispers of a possible resignation of the president are due. In the retirement of his private residence, near Washington, Mr. Cleveland has expressed his disapproval of present partisan tendencies in no uncertain way. No secret is made of the fact that Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham have discussed together the possibility of Vice President Stevenson being called to a higher office otherwise than by a death.

**The Grant Family.**

It seems that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris wishes her children to become out and out Americans, and for that reason the English branch, so to speak, of the American general's family will become acclimatized here. Col. Fred Grant is mainly responsible for this. In a letter to Mr. G. W. Childs he intently expressed a longing to have all the family at home. Moreover, Mrs. Grant, the soldier's widow, is no longer robust, and it is felt that her children and grandchildren should be about her in these declining years.

It seems likely that the Sartorises will settle in New York, but it is denied that an attempt will be made to get the boys into West Point. The youths are not qualified for the academy, anyhow.

Young Col. Fred Grant is a remarkably shrewd man of business. He has many money-making projects on foot, all of which are turning out well; but he is, unfortunately for himself, too generous with his funds. He gives to every needy chap who comes along. While in Austria his back door was crowded in the early morning hours by the mendicants of Vienna, eager to share in a distribution of the kitchen surplus.

When Col. Grant got back from his post he was visited by the representative of a young lady whose uncle was a well-to-do war veteran. This veteran concluded to leave all his money to his old general's son, but he had a niece in the far west whom he knew little of, and who was naturally worried at the prospect of getting nothing by inheritance from her uncle. So she had her legal representative in New York call upon Col. Grant. The latter, when he reached here from abroad, was not a little surprised to receive a letter from the eccentric veteran announcing that he had made the son of his old commander his heir. As soon as the examiner learned how matters stood he wrote a handsome letter to the old soldier, expressing gratitude for the mark of devotion, but declaring that he could not accept the bequest for various reasons, although he looked upon it as a very flattering mark of esteem.

The next thing was a letter from the niece, thanking the colonel for his action. The uncle had made another will in her favor.

**J. J. Van Alen's Future.**

That Mr. Van Alen will sail from New York as ambassador to Italy is now a settled fact. Indeed, his agents here have been making purchases on his behalf, and this wealthy gentleman will voyage on an imposing scale. He is to have forty trunks at least, and no end of household goods will be transported to Italy with the rest of the belongings. Mr. Van Alen owns a rare assortment of sporting tackle, fishing rods, guns, saddle bags and the like. Then he possesses pictures and bric-a-brac without limit. The transportation of these articles to Italy has been determined upon and is a matter of perplexity to one of the foreign express companies here.

It may be of interest to note that Mr. Van Alen and the young prince of Italy whom Lambert loves so much are on more or less friendly terms. The pair met in Paris at a dinner given by Duchess d'Uzes. This lady, having always maintained a sort of half mourning in spite of her social gayeties, wanted to have one dinner as a sort of swell international affair. One minister in Paris was then away on leave of absence, and the duchess invited Mr. Van Alen in the capacity of an American. The two fell into conversation on sporting subjects and ever since Mr. Van Alen has almost been on speaking terms with Italian royalty. But as the queen of Italy does not approve of her son's intimacy with any person not of the Roman Catholic faith, our ambassador may find the quirk a frigid place. To be sure he can go to the vatican for the ecclesiastical halo.

Many persons having wondered why Van Alen selected the Italian of all foreign missions may be less puzzled by considering how agreeable it is to improve one's acquaintance with royalty.

**A Fortune in Metal.**

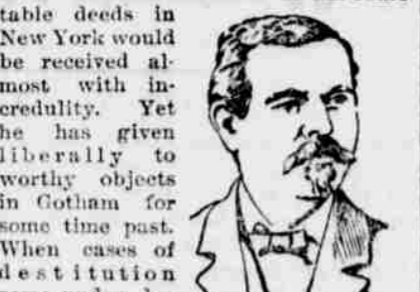
One of the costliest ostensoriums in the world has just arrived at the archbishop's residence from France, and will shortly go upon the cathedral altar in New York city. An ostensorium is that part of Catholic ceremonial plate in which the blessed sacrament is placed, and it is moved only upon the most solemn occasions. Many thousands of dollars have been expended upon this new ostensorium, which weighs about twenty-five pounds, and is all gold, silver and gems. It was paid for by contributions, which have been coming in for a long time. The article was received in bond and delivered at the archiepiscopal residence under government seal, the clergy not opening it until the custom officials had visited the house to break the seal. The jeweled object was found intact, and with its flashing rays and reflections almost dazzled the eye. All things considered, the cathedral of New York is becoming one of the most superbly appointed in the world. Its altars are a paragon of ceremonial pomp, and the decorations and appurtenances are beginning to rival the Old World's edifices. The new ostensorium is only an item in a long series of costly accessories.



OSTENSORIUM.

A Philanthropic Gambler King. William J. Thompson has so long been known as the gaming duke of Gloucester that the news of his charitable deeds in New York would be received almost with incredulity. Yet he has given liberally to worthy objects in Gotham for some time past. When cases of destitution come under his notice he is ready at all times with money. He once met in Park row a starved old fellow, who had been kind to him in his own youth. He gave him a supply of cash, and procured him a situation. Thompson also likes to befriending young fellows who wish to educate themselves, and he has been very generous to unfortunates on the track. This man is certainly the queerest compound that ever lived—a sort of Mephistophelean philanthropist. His yearly income is very great, and the success with which he defies law and order and slips through legal meshes would make an eel wonder.

DAVID WECHSLER.



W. J. THOMPSON.

Inexplicable. He—And did you enjoy your visit to the stock exchange? She—No; they all seemed insane to me. Why, I saw a man over six feet tall swearing because he was short.—Truth.

A Seashore Episode. "Those two young girls seem to have so much in common. They are the warmest friends." "No wonder. They are both engaged to the same man."—Chicago Record.

The Wrong Place. Poet—I have a poem here to sell. Editor (harshly)—Excuse me, but this is not a junk shop. Around the corner, please.—Detroit Free Press.

**Vaccination and Small-Pox.**

From Harper's Weekly.

If the truth were known it would probably appear that vaccination has not accomplished all that Jenner hoped for it. Seeing his discovery so universally accepted at the outset, seeing it nip epidemics of small-pox in the bud, and so vastly reduce the mortality within a few years, he would have been strangely unimaginative had he not dreamed of a day when vaccination should so fully have triumphed as to have banished small-pox from the world forever. In theory such a hope found ample warrant. The human body furnishes the only soil, so far as known, on which the germs of this disease can multiply and retain their virulence. Vaccination renders the body no longer habitable for these germs. If therefore the entire race could be given immunity through vaccination, time being allowed for the destruction of such unproductive germs as had found temporary lodgment elsewhere than in the body, small-pox would cease to exist. Its last germ killed, there is no more reason to suppose that it would ever originate again, than there is to expect the reappearance of the great auk, the mammoth, or the glyptodon. In theory such an achievement might require but a month or a year, but in reality a century has not accomplished it.

The chief reason why vaccination has failed of this ultimate ideal achievement is—paradoxical though it sounds—because vaccination has operated so efficiently. So nearly has it banished small-pox that no one now fears that disease, and a general carelessness prevails regarding it. No better commentary in this regard could be made than mention of the fact that two physicians recently contracted the disease in New York from a case which came to a dispensary where they were in attendance. If physicians fail to give themselves immunity, what shall we expect of the public at large?

The other chief factor which cooperates with carelessness to keep small-pox in existence is ignorance. So little is small-pox heard of now that many among the more ignorant classes scarcely know the meaning of vaccination. Health officers find many persons who suppose they are being vaccinated to "cleanse the blood." It does not matter much what they think, perhaps, so long as they submit to the operation. But many decline the boon, and these of course remain susceptible to the disease. Our laws offer protection to all, but force it upon no one. Abroad, in many places vaccination is compulsory, a fine being imposed if any child is found unvaccinated at a certain age. The result thus aimed at is accomplished in this country in a more pleasant way by prohibiting unvaccinated children from attendance upon the public schools. This measure, together with the constant solicitations of health officers, results in the vaccination of a very large proportion of infants.

But vaccination in infancy is not enough. It gives immunity for a time, but with growth the tissues change, and after a few years the body becomes again susceptible. Revaccination must be practised when the child is six or seven years old, and again during adolescence. Even this third vaccination does not always give protection throughout life. Immunity should be tested every few years by repeated vaccinations, and only persons who have submitted to this test within a few years past can at any time feel fully assured that they are insusceptible to small-pox. Ignorance of this fact is most potent in giving small-pox a hold upon the community. Not alone the ignorant, but many people of intelligence suppose that so long as the scar of a previous vaccination appears they are immune, and with confidence born of this delusional belief, go about the world almost as susceptible to small-pox as if they

"I Owe my Life to You."

That is a strong statement. Yet exactly what Miss Gertrude Sickler, of Wilton, N. J., has written to Mrs. Pinkham.

She says:—"I suffered terribly with suppressed and painful menstruations. Doctors could only keep me from having fits each month by giving me morphine. This continued until I was completely prostrated.

"My father at last got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which at once gave me relief. It did what the doctors could not—cured me. I never have any trouble now, and have no dread of the coming month.

"I owe my life to you. Oh! if other suffering women would try your valuable medicine they would bless you as I do."



All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

had never been vaccinated. For such persons chiefly the present words, with their obvious moral, are intended.

Look at the size of the ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance that it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more good? That is the case with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest in size, the mildest in action, but the most thorough and far-reaching in results. They follow nature's methods, and they give help that lasts. Constipation, indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that cures Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents.

"Madame, I—I—must apologize. My—my seven children, and—it's hard times, you know—and"—

"Poor fellow! Here's a trifle for you. And now tell me how old are the poor little dears?" "Thank ye, mum! Well, Bill he's 32, 'n Mary's 27 and married. The other five's dead mum. 'N Bill 'n Mary says I'm too lazy to live, mum; they're that ungrateful. Thank ye, again, mum."

**Why People Long to Throw Themselves from High Places.**

Chevrol's well known experiments with the exploratory pendulum and the diving rod show that if we represent to ourselves a motion in any direction the will unconsciously realizes it and communicates it to the pendulum. The tipping tables realize a movement we are anticipating through the intervention of a real movement of the hands, of which we are not conscious. Mind reading by those who divine by taking your hand where you have hidden any thing, is a reading of imperceptible motions by which your thoughts are translated without your being conscious of them. In cases of fascination and vertigo, which are more visible among children than among adults, a movement is begun by the suspension of which is prevented by a paralysis of the will, and it carries us to suffering and death. When a child I was navigating a plank on the river, without a thought that I might fall. All at once the idea came like a diverging force projecting itself across the rectilinear thought, which had alone previously directed my action. It was as if an invisible arm seized me and drew me down. I cried out and continued staggering over the whirling waters till help came to me. The mere thought of vertigo provoked it. The board lying on the ground suggests no thought of fall when you walk over it, but when it is over a precipice and the eye takes the measure of the distance to the bottom, the representation of a falling motion becomes intense, and the impulse to fall correspondingly so. Even if you

are safe there may still be what is called the attraction of the abyss. The vision of the gulf as a fixed idea, having produced an "inhibition" on all your ideas of forces, nothing is left but the figure of the great hole, with the intoxication of the rapid movement that begins in your mind and tends to turn the scales of the mental balance. Temptation, which is continued in children because everything is new to them, is nothing else than the force of an idea and the motive impulse that accompanies it.

Rheumatism and catarrh, caused by impoverished blood, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Farwest (at the World's Fair) "This is what you put on war vessels, is it?"

Attendant. "The very same. It's called Harveyized steel plate."

Mrs. Farwest. "It does look real strong. I believe if you'd make it thinner you might sell a good many yards of it for patchin' boys clothes."

**Ask Your Friends**

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

**D. W. KITCHEN, FLOUR, FEED, BALED HAY, BALED STRAW, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, GRAIN, COAL, ETC., BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.**

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