THE REMORSELESS BARBER'

Experience of a Lecturer with the Hatr Trimming Flend. The wild ungovernable passion a barber has for trimming your hair!

On the 4th of December I was in Boston, thinking about a lecture I was expected to deliver in the evening, and so badly seared that I couldn't re-member the subject nor what it was about. I went into a Tremont street "Institute of Facial Manipulation and Tonsorial Decoration," and inquired for the professor who occupied the chair of Mediaeval Shaving and Nineteenth Century Shampso. One of the junior members of the faculty, who was brushing an undergraduate's coat pointed me to a chair, and I climbed in. When the performance was about concluded, the barber said to me: "Have your hair trimmed, sir?"

"Needs it very badly, sir," he said; "looks very ragged."

I never argue with a barber, I said: "All right, frim it a little, but don't make it any shorter."

Immediately be trimmed all the curl out of it, and my bair naturally, you know, has a very graceful curl to it. I never discovered this myself until a few months ago, and then I was very much surprised. I discorred it oking at my lithograph

Well, anyhow, he trimmed it. On the 6th of December 1 was at Bath, Maine. Again I was shaved, and again the barber implored me to let bim trim my hair. When I answered him that it had been trimmed only two days before, he spitefully asked where it was done. I told him, and he gave expression to a burst of and he gave expression to a burst of sarcastic laughter.

"Well, well, well," he said at last, "so you let them trim your hair in Boston. Well, well, Now you look like a man who has been around the world enough to know better than

Then he affected to examine a lock two very particularly, and sighed

Dear, dear," he said, "I don't know really, as I could do anything with that hair or not; it's too bad." Well his manner frightened me, and

I told him to go ahead and trim it, but please not to make it any shorter. "No," he said, "oh, no, it wasn't necessary to cut it any shorter; it was really too short now, but it did need

trimming."
So he "trimmed" it, and when faced the Rockland audience that night, I looked like a prize fighter. In four days from that time I was

sitting in the chair of a barber down in New York State. He shaved me grateful silence, and then thoughtfully run his fingers over my lonely

"Trim this bair a little, sir?" he said, "straighten it up about the edges?" I meekly told him I had it trimmed twice during the preceding week, and I was afraid it was getting too short for winter wear.
"Yes," he said, "he didn't know but

what it was pretty short, but you didn't need to cut it any shorter to trim it. It was in very bad, ragged shape at the ends."

I remained silent and obstinate, and he asked me where I had it trimmed last. I told him and he burst into a laughter that made the windows rattle.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired on assistant partner down the room, holding his patient in the chair by the

Jim stifled his laughter and replied: "This gentleman had his hair trimmed down in Maine."

There was a general burst of merri-ment all over the shop, and the ap-prentice hald down the brush he was washing and came over to look at the Maine cut, that he might never for-get it. I surrendered, "Trim it a little, then," I groaned, "but, in the name of humanity don't cut it any

shorter."
"No," the barber said, "he wouldn't make it a hair's breadth shorter."

When I left that shop, if it hadn't when I left that shop, if it hadn't been for my ears, my hat would have fallen down clear on my shoulders. When I reached the hotel, everybody started, and a couple of men got up and read a handbill on the wall, des-criptive of a convict who had recent-ly escaped from Sing Sing, and looked from the bill to myself very intently. That night several of the audience rew revolvers as I came out on the

Then I went to Amsterdam, N. Y. The barber of that sleepy village, who, in the interval of his other dutles acts as mayor of the town, and edits the local papers, undertook to shave me with a piece of hoop iron he pulled out of his boot leg. When I resisted he went out into the kitchen and came back with a kitchen kuife and a can-opener, and offered me my choice. I selected the can opener, and he began the massacre, remarking in-cidentally that he used to keep a good sharp spoke shave for his particular customers, but he lost it. Then he said my hair needed trimming, very hadly. I protested that it was im-possible, it had been trimmed three times within ten days, and was as short now as a business man on the 1st of January.
"Oh." he said, "It wasn't too short

and beside there wasn't no style about it at all." He could give it some shape, however, he said, without mak-

ing it any shorter.

So I surrendered and told him to shape it up. And if that foredoomed, abandoned. Amsterdam son of an oakum picker didn't go out into the woodshed and come back with a rusty old horse rasp and began to file away what little hair I had left. He allowwhat little nau I had left. He allowed a few shreds and patches to remain, however, clinging here and there to my scalp in ghostly loneliness. I rather feared that my appearance that evening would create a panic, but it did not. I observed that majority of the audience had their heads "shaped up" after the same manner, and were rather pleased with my conformity to the local custom and

Well, I got along to Corry, Pa. and rushed in for a shave and got it in no time and two motions. "Hair trimmed, sir?" the barber

I supposed he was speaking sareastically, and so I laughed, but very feebly, for I was getting to be a little sensitive on the subject of my hair, or rather my late hair. But he repeated his question, and said that it needed trimming very badly. I told him that was what alled it, it had been trimmed to death; why, I said, my hair has been trimmed five times during the last thirteen days, and I was alread it wouldn't last much

fonger. "Well," he said, "It was hardly the

thing for a man of my impressive ap-pearance, who would naturally at-tract attention the moment I entered a room (I had to stand on tiptoe and hold on with both hands to look over the back of a car seat) to go around with such a head of hair, when he could straighten it out for me in a

I told him to go ahead, and closed my eyes, and wondered what would

That fellow took a pair of dentist's forceps and "pulled" every lock of hair I had left.
"There," he said proudly, "now

when your bair grows out it will grow out even.

I was a little dismayed at first when I looked at my glistening poll, but after all it was a relief to know that end was reached, and nobody could torment me again to have my hair trimmed for several weeks. But when I got shaved at Ashtabula, the barber insisted on puttying up the holes and giving my head a coat of shellac. I yielded, and my head look-ed like a varialshed globe with the maps left off. Two days after, I sat in a barber's chair at Mansfield. The barber shaved me silently. Then he paused, with a bottle poised in his hand, and said:

"Shampoo?" I answered him with a look. Then he offed my hairless globe and bent over it for a moment with a hairbrush. Then he said:

"On which side do you part your bair?"-Robert J. Burdette. Ancient and Mediaeval Chemistry,

The workmen who dyed clothes, clothing and tapestries in purple or other colors, an industry practiced first in Egypt and Syria and then in all the Grecian, Roman and Persian world, not to speak of the extreme East, employed highly developed chemical manipulations; and the cloths found on the mummles and in the sarcophagi attest their perfection. and Vitruvius describe in detail the production of colors, such as cinnabor or vermillon, minium, red chalk, in-digo, black, green and blue colors, by paluters. The chemistry of alimentation, fruitful in resources and in frauds, was next practiced. The art was known of accomplishing at will those delicate fermentations which produce bread, wine and beer, and which modify a large number of foods; also of falsifying wine by the addition of plaster and other ingred-lents. The art of healing, seeking everywhere for resources against dis-eases, had bearned to transform and fabricate a large number of mineral fabricate a large number of mineral and vegetable products, such as sugar of poppy, extracts of nightshades, oxide of copper, verdigris, litharge, white lead, the sulphurers of arsenic and arsenious acid; remedies and poisons were composed at the same time, for different purposes, by doctors and magicians. The manufacture of arms and of inflammatery substances—petroleum, sulphur, resins and bitumens—had already, anciently as well as in our own time, drawn upon the talents of inventors and given rise the talents of inventors and given rise to formidable applications, especially in the arts of sieges and marine but-

precursor of gunpowder and of our terrible explosive matters.—Popular Science Monthly.

tles, previous to the invention of the Greek fire, which was in its turn the

A Story Linelon Told Grant. Chronologically the talk had come to Grant's journey east to assume gen-eral Command, and his first meeting with Lincoln. "Did he give you his impression of Lincoln when he returned from that interview?" I asked.
"Not exactly," answered Col. Grant. "You see, I was with him at the

"In Washington?"

"Yes; in Washington and in the White House-with him and Lincoln." Is it true that Lincoln quoted a story about Capt. Bob Shorty and the Mackerel Brigade from the Orpheus C. Kerr papers to your father at that meeting?" I asked.

"Very likely; though I don't remember. The story that I do remember hearing him tell my father that day was about Jocko. Jocko was the commander of an army of monkeys in a monkey war, and he was always sure monkey war, and he was always sure that if his tail was a little longer he could end the monkey war. So he kept asking the authorities of the monkey republic for more of a tail. They got other monkey tails and spliced them on his. His spliced tail got too long to drag after him, and they wound it around his body. Still he wanted more, and they wound his he wanted more, and they wound his spliced tall about his shoulders. Finally it got so heavy that it broke his back. Mr. Lincoln applied the story to the cases of generals who were always calling for more men and never did anything with them. They talked about the campaign, but in a desult-ory way. I remember Mr. Lincoln's saying, 'I don't give many military orders. Some of those I do give I know are wrong. Sometimes I think that all of them are wrong."—Mc-Cure's Magazine Cure's Magazine.

Pat's Ingenuity. An Irishman on one occasion passed a grocer's shop, and seeing a pile of cheeses on the counter, and noticing the shopman had left the shop, thought it a good opportunity to get

a cheese for nothing.

He therefore stepped lightly into the shop, and taking a couple of cheeses, placed one on each side of the scales. The shopman, hearing the noise, came

from the back shop and asked Pat what he was about. "Och," said Pat, "don't annoy your-self; I only wished to know if your cheese or mine is the heaviest." "Like your confounded cheek," said the shopman, angrily; "if you don't

take your cheese out of this at once Pat lifted the cheese, and, smiling at the trick he had performed, bade the shopman a respectful good-day.

Following a Prophet. A false prophet has arisen on the Island of Jamaica. He teaches that God has given him power to make a new Bethesda or a small river on the island. Every Wednesday he stands on a rock in the stream and blessed the waters, which are then supposed to have the power of healting any disease. The natives are crazy in the fanatic belief in the new prophet, and 20,000 pilgrims a day bathe in the

The Record They Have Made as Murderers Is a Bad One.

Continuing his discussion of the increase in the number of female crimi-nals in Europe and America, Dr. Hugo Muench, the eminent Berlin sociologist, said to a St. Louis repor-tor; "The woman who captivated more men in a given time and spent more money in better style than any other in Paris was Miss Sutherland, a New York girl. Josie Mansfield was almost as notorious in the French capital as in the American metropolis. It was an American beauty, Miss Blackford, who captivated the Russian Grand Duke and held him in abject slavery for many months. And, go where you will throughout Europe, you will find the greatest swath in the way of high class crime is being cut by American women. Investigaadventuresses in New York is some-thing startling-most of them made so by the necessities of American high pressure life.

"In the more serious class of crimes women are on an equality with men. In one line of iniquity of the blackest description, poisoning, they surpass men. Poisoning has ever been a woman's crime, both in ancient and modern times. Joeasta, Catherine de Medici, Lucretia Borgia, the Marchtoness de Brinvilliers are familiar examples la point. And in this country, out of seventy-two cases of pois-oning, of which count has been kept during the last nineteen years, fifty-eight have been attempted by women. To such an extent has poisoning by women been carried that in a case so-called mysterious poisoning the de-tectives turn to look for a female, and

seldom turn in vain. "As murderers, women have in the nineteenth century been making a bloody record. Account for it as philosophers or moralists may, the facts seem to show that since woman has asserted her rights to struggle for herasserted are rights to struggle for her-self with the world on the same terms as man she has likewise struggled violently, and often murderously, with men and women. The number of murderesses in the nineteenth century has been as great as the number of hero-inee. Nor have the murderesses been confined to the under class, outside, as it were, of the restraints of civilization. On the contrary, there have been more murders or killings com-mitted by women in large cities, or civilized communities, than on the frontiers or border lands. Women know very well that in America, at least, there is a sentimental prejudice against hanging one of their sex, and, with their characteristic cunning, they are taking advantage of this fact."

Sham Knowledge.

It is easy enough to learn what the gypsies would call the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has beard; or he may crittelze a

ne has heard; of he may criticize a picture, with the proper reference to "foreshortening," "highlights," "middle-distance," and the rest of it.

"It is a fine poem; yes, a very fine poem," said a would-be critical friend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the somet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled mer-rily; and afterwards a common friend to him:

"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully, Fred." "Bless you." said he, "that isn't criticism, but 't amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn't a sonnet at all. It has nineteen lines."

Agassiz was once asked what thought of an attack made on scientific position by a certain scholar and thinker who had a book knowl-edge of the different theories advocated by the representatives of science, and decided that Agassiz must be ranked in the second or third class. He burst into a roar of laughter. "Why, just think of it," he said, "he

undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not a zoologist himself. Why, he has never even been an observer!"

It often happens that the men who

really know a subject from beginning to end, so far as a human being may are those who have least time to talk about it. So there are long silences to be filled by the people who are conteint with seeming to know, and few of them have the self-control to resist the temptation.

A Tariff Effect.

The young woman's father was one of those men who talk tariff so much that in time they learn to disregard the comfort of their families and talk it in the home circle. Thus it was that the girl knew as much about the tariff as she did about housekeeping. Yet she found time in the midst of her political economy to have a couple of real sweethearts, not to speak of a host of fellows who wanted to be. Of the two favored ones, one was a farmer's son and the other was a swell youth from the city. This lat-ter she in time chose as the one, and when her father heard of it he called her before him.

"So," he said, "you have thrown over this excellent young farmer and chosen a city dude?"

"Yes, papa," she smiled.

"Well, I don't like it, and I want to

know your reasons for doing it."
"They are plain enough," she responded promptly. "I have heard you talk tariff until I am thoroughly convinced that the only kind of protection I need in my home industries excludes the raw material and admits the finished product." the finished product."

A Curiosity of the Law.

'Additions to rented premises, when made by the tenant, should never be fastened with nails, but with screws, says a St. Louis lawyer. The reason for this lies in the fact that should be wish to move away and take with him the boards and other lumber comhim the boards and other lumber com-posing the improvements he has made he can simply draw out the screws and take the planks. If he fastens them with nalis, however, he can re-move nothing, and the improvements become the landlord's property. The fact results from a legal quibble, in-sisting that articles fastened with screws are for temporary use, and if put in place by the tenant are his own property.

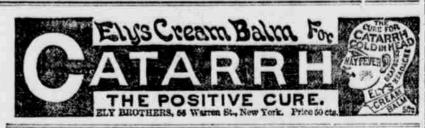
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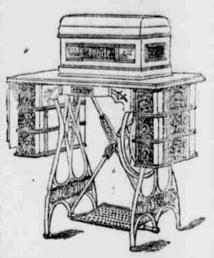
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