#### HOHENZOLLERN GHOST.

AN INTERSTING STORY OF PRUS-SIA'S ROYAL FAMILY.

"White Lady" Who Makes Her Appearance Just Before the Death of a Member of the Household and Her Interview With a Prince.

In one of the last issues of the Russian Archives," a well-known magaof the Czar's country, appears the translation of a document which was Hohenzollerus by Emperor Frederick in 1870. It was sent to the Emperor, at that time Crown Prince, at his by Count Nostitz, son of Count George Nostitz, a Prussian by ldrth, who entered the service of the Czar and died a major-general in 1838. The document relates to the "White Lady," the famous ghost of the Hohenzollerns, who is supposed to make her appearance just before the death of a member of the family.

Count Nostliz, jr., was sent to Ber-lin in 1869, at the time of the centen-nial celebration of the Order of St. George, to present King William, later Emperor William, the grand cross of the order. While the Count was in the German capital, Crown Prince Frederick learned of the possession of documents in the Nostliz family re-lating to the "White Lady." As everything in reference to the woman who has played an important part in the history of the Hohenzollerus deeply interested the subsequent Emperor, he begged the Count to send him a trans-cript of the document. It read, according to the "Russian Archives," as

"In the year 1806 Count Nostliz, senior, was adjutant of Prince Louis of Prussia. On the day before the batof Saalfeld, the Prince, with his officers was at the castle of the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. In the evening the guests were gathered in a large room of the palace. The Prince was charmed at the idea of a coming contest with the troops of Napoleon. As the clock struck 12, the Prince turned to Count Nostitz and said; 'How happy I feel to-day! Our ship is at last on the high seas; the wind is favorable. He had hardly spoken when the Count, to his great astonish-ment, saw the Prince grow pale, spring up suddenly, draw his hands across his eyes, catch hold of the chandeller, and a moment later rush into the hallway leading to the guard room. Count Nostitz went after him and saw that the Prince was following a white apparition, which suddenly disappeared through the wall. The Prince examined the wall; there was no opening. As the Prince heard steps behind him in the hallway, he turned and said to the Count;

"'Did you see it, Nostitz?"
"'Yes, Your Highness, I saw it,' was

the answer.

"Then, continued the Prince, "it was neither a dream nor a ghost of the brain.'

"There was a third witness present the guard-who declared that a figure wrapped in white had passed him. He had allowed it to do so because he had believed it to be a Saxony cavalry officer. The hallway had only two outlets—into the guard room, and the salon, where the Prince and his officers

were gathered.

"The apparition made a deep impression on the Prince. He said that he looked upon it as a bad omen, for the 'White Lady' only appeared to ac-nounce the violent death of a Hohen-

"On the following day the battle of Sanifeld was fought. When the Prussian troops had been put to flight, Prince Ferdinand and Count Nostitz again saw the 'White Lady,' stood on a hill and wrung her hands, as in despair. Count Nostitz por spurs to his horse and rushed up the hill, but the apparition suddenly disappeared. A few minutes later Prince Ferdipand received a mortal wound in an attack of the French cavalry. Count Nostliz tried to carry the Prince to a place of safety, but was also wounded and sank senseless to the ground.
"Count Nostitz never spoke in all his

lifetime of this occurrence, save to his son, and to him he commanded accrecy. Count Nostitz was not super-

Emperor Frederick sent a hearty letter of thanks to Count Nostitz, jr., for the copy of the document, declaring that the family would always preserve

#### After His Money's Worth.

Col. Frank Bradley went into a well-known restaurant the other day. when, looking over the menu card, his eye fell on "Puree tomato a la St. Julien." With the air of a learned professor of the ancient Celtic language, he looked up at the beclouded waiter, and solemly said, "Puray tomato St. Julien."

"Yes, sah," answered the gentleman of the claw-hammer coat and white gloves, and presently he came back with some blood-colored fluid and set it down before the hungry broker. "What's this you got here, son?"

"What's this you got here, son?" asked the broker.

"Tomato soup; what you o'de'd."

"No, I didn't order tomato soup. I ordered 'puray tomato St. Julien.' You take this back and get what I ordered. I don't want any of your low-down English dishes. I only eat in French, sir. If you are going to put on lugs in this hash house and print in French then by the Apostle Paul I shall no longer eat in English. My eyes and ears and palate all belong to the same person, and they are attuned to each other. You don't palm off on me any red liquid like that and make me beother. You don't palm off on me any red liquid like that and make me believe it has been garnished and seasoned with puray tomato a la St. Julien or St. Julia or St. Peter either. You've got to sling a few faux pas, a felo de se or two and three or four femme de chambre before my palate can put up with it. You see there is a telegraphic connection between my eyes and my palate. You go and get me some puray a is the Bourse and Champs Elysees et tomato and sauer kraut or I'll cut you off, cut you off p. d. q. without a tip."

"Yes, sah," answered the waiter, the corners of his mouth having joined the back of his head, "dat's jes' what I tole de boss would happen if he didn't done let dem French entanglements afone. I told him dar would be a resurrection heah."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ELECTRICITY LAWYERS.

Whose Specialty Has Arisen With the Development of Electricity.

There has long been a marked tendency among lawyers to abandon the wide field of general practice and take up with "specialities," some devoting themselves to mercantile, others to accident, to corporation, to insurance

and to criminal cases.

Within a comparatively short time there has sprung up in New York, if the term "sprung up" can be used in reference to anything connected with the red tape of the law, a class of practitioners known as "electricity lawyers." These are either young men who, coming to the bar, find the field of professional employment crowded, or men of middle age, who, retained in cases wherein electricity figures, have become experts on simflar questions.

The field is a comparatively new one and there are few precedents to guide the lawyer. Electricity is, indeed, a practically new branch of law business, and, as the matters in dispute are generally important, this branch of legal practice is quite lucrative. At the beginning of the present year, it is computed, that no less than \$1,000,000,-000 was invested in the electrical in-

dustry of the United States. This was divided as follows: Electrical light and power companies, \$400,000,000; electric railroad com-panies, \$200,000,000; telegraph com-panies, \$150,000,000; electrical supply companies, \$150,000,000, and telephone companies, \$100,000,000,-New York

The Telegram.

A city broker whose home is in New Jersey was obliged by illnessness to lose a day from his business, so he sent word to his clerk at the office to ler him know by telegram something of the day's transactions. The firm's private code was to be used.

The hours were on, but no telegram appeared, and the broker began to be mystified, not to say provoked, at the unaccountable negligence of his faithful clerk. The telegraph office was a mile from his home, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the messenger, who didn't come.

Next morning the unhappy suburbanite stopped on his way to the station to make inquiries at the telegraph office for his missing telegram. The operator was an old town gossip, with an interest in everybody's affairs, and he greeted his visitor in neighborly

"Good morning, sir! All well, I "Yes, all right. I say, didn't you get

a telegram for me yesterday?"
"Telegram for you? Well, let me see,
Why, yes; I believe I did. But I couldn't make nothing out of it, so I didn't think 'twas worth while to send it up!"-New York Tribune.

The Polly of It.

Notwithstanding Col. Bangs is only
a militia colonel, and never had a title in his life until a year ago, he does not like to air his coloneley on all occasions, and for some time he has looked with disfavor upon the cards of his wife, which read: "Mrs. Col. Bangs." The other day she told him

to order her some more cards.
"Certainly, my dear," he responded,
for the colonel is as gallant to his wife as most men are to ot' women, "but if I do, I shall have .....t 'Col.' omit-

"Oh, no," she protested; "what do you want to do that for?"

"Because it shouldn't be there." "Why not? It is only a designation of who I am, and you are Col. Bangs, aren't you?"

"Of course I am." "Then, why am I not Mrs. Col. Bangs?"

The colonel bowed.

"For the same reason, my dear," he sponded. "that when I was Mr. Bangs you were not Mrs. Mr. Bangs." and the colonel won a victory.—Detroit Free Press.

Girls, do not try to be aught but the essentially feminine. Woman's natural instinct lies entirely in that direction, and when she branches out into some currents was the provent that in some curious way the pretty blossom-ing flower has been perverted into a rank weed. It isn't funny or clever to act in any other way than the one which you know your mother would approve. Brains are a blessing until they lead womankind out of the paths which their Creator meant for them to follow, ports in which love, gentleness, modesty, and sympathy are to be found growing on every hand.

Money in Music.

A lover of the true and the beautiful exclaims with delight that "Cavalleria Rusticana" has nerted Mascagni over \$90,000, and that Verga, the author of the story on which the composer built the libretto, has made almost as much through the tremendous vogue of the opera, "Good art does pay!" asserts the lover of the true and the beautiful referred to. His enthusiastic assertion loses some of its force when it is stated that the composer of "Two Little Girls in Blue" still derives an income of £100 a week from his popu-

lar atrocity.-Illustrated American.

A Modern Idyl.

Ethel—Oh, Tom, what a pity it is you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires don't dare to leave the house for days at a time, be-cause they receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the

writer sums of money.
Tom Hardup-Pooh! Why, I get plenty of just such letters.-Harper's

Warm Sleeping Rooms.

Many people who so firmly believe that cold sleeping rooms are conducive to health, will be surprised at the statement of Sandow, the strong man. who writes that the sleeping room should be heated to the temperature of sixty degrees. He adds that "dur-ing sleep the heart and lungs rest, the temperature of the body is lowered, and life ebbs."

Rapid Shorthanders. Gazzam-Graffik is a smart sten-ographer. He can take 120 words a

Maddox—So can I.

Gazzam—But Graffik can read his
forthand writing.—Judge.

THE MODERN STEREOPTICON-

How it is Introduced Into the Modern

Men with inventions to sell are as plenty in the theatrical business as in any other, and are rebuffed, too, with the same readiness. But their devices are sometimes interesting, aside from the question of value. In one of these a stereopticon is placed at the rear of the stage, and pictures are thrown upon a screen. Between this screen and the footlights is room for ordin-ary stage fittings. A play to fit, writ-ten to accompany the device is said. ten to accompany the device, is called "A Trip to the City." First, the stage is occupied by a steam launch in which are the personages of the piece. To give the appearance of moving over the water of New York bay a continu-ous picture is thrown upon the screen showing the harbor dotted thickly with craft. As the picture is moved before the lens, it looks as if the launch were passing by larger vessels. The illusion is good. Another net makes use of the same device in representing a bicycle race between three persons. The lens is strong enough to sprend a picture of but a few inches in height over a surface of canvas which will nearly fill an ordinary stage opening. The original pleture is photographic, and is, therefore, absolutely true in respect to the individual objects shown, but the exaggeration is permissible in the groupings, t "Not the least important feature of the mechanism," said the inventor, "is that part which controls the movement of the panorama. In magnifying a picture but a few feet long so that it stretches across 300 feet of canvas, the slightest defect in the original will be magnified to such proportions as to make success impos-The slightest variation in speed of the passing pleture will make jerky motion which would be ruinous. New York Sun.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the disinterested friend, "to put a high grade bicycle in your window and mark it \$50 or some such price? You'd lose some money on it, of course, but look at the advertising you would get out of it. Everybody in town would be talking of it inside of twenty-four nours, and your store would get a reputation for selling good machines cheap that would be worth hundreds of dollars to you."

"That's not a bad scheme," said the bicycle dealer, after thinking it over, "John," he called out to one of the boys, "put that Greased Lightning Racer in the front window, and mark it \$50."

"But---"

"Never mind arguing the matter. know what I'm doing." The Greased Lightning Racer was placed conspicuously in the show win-dow with the \$50 tag appended.

"Now," said the disinterested friend, "that looks something like it. You'll see a crowd gathering there inside of five minutes. By the way, you may just consider that machine sold. I'll take it off your hands. But I'm no hog," he added, cheerfully. "I'll let it stay in your window till to-morrow morning."

"Wasn't that rather an unhandsome trick?' asked the silent partner, after the disinterested friend had gone

"No," reflected the dealer. "That machine has been on our hands two years, but it's worth every cent of

\$47.50."-Chicago Daily Tribune. A Kennebec Fish Net.

"I saw a new fish net-new to me, at least-in the Kennebec river recently," said J. S. Stackpole, of Augusta, Me. "The poor fish have no chance "The poor fish have no chance It was an ordianry net provided with a rubber tube all around the top. The tube is connected with a compressed air pump, operated from a boat or the shore. The net is sunk, and the fish are attracted over the middle of it, either by an incandescent lamp, or by bait, if the fisherman does not want to carry too much parapher-nalla. When enough fish have gathered the fisherman works his air pump, and inflates the rubber tube. It rises slowly, and so gently as not to alarm the fish. In this way, when entirely inflated, the whole top of the net is raised to the surface of the water, completely surrounding the entrapped They shoot downward in flight, and never seek to go over an obstacle, and so all are easily taken. The net is reset simply by allowing the air to escape from the rubber tube, when the net sinks."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just as They Always Were.

Women grow more frivolous every day. Young ladies scorn housework and learn to embroider, to play the plano and to flirt, while their mothers are engaged in all the drudgery of the household. They eschew all useful reading, and prefer French novels to English classics. In selecting husbands they choose dandies with social graces rather than men with solid artainments. They are full of strange, whimsical notions peculiar to the age. Reader, this is a synopsis of the opin-Reader, this is a synopsis of the opin-ions of an English magazine writer of 1789 on the women of his time. They sound very much as if they were writ-ten by certain pessimists of to-day. There is no new thing under the sun—Boston Transcript.

What to Do With a Healthy Baby The thing to do with a healthy baby The thing to do with a healthy baby is to have it clean twice a day—when it goes to bed at night and when it dresses fresh about the middle of the day. The healthiest babies in the world get dressed in the morning for all day. Just as soon as the child begins to kick and wants to get at its feet it ought to be put in short clothes and put on the floor to work out its own salvation. Its muscles were given own salvation. Its muscles were given it to use and it will put them to the test if you will give it a chance. The mother who thinks more of her baby's clothes than she does of its health is quite likely to have the clothes left on her hands eternally clean.

A Curious Old Custom. A curious custom still survives at Yarmouth, by which the town is by law compelled to supply "a hundred herring yearly to the sheriffs of Nor-wich, baked in twenty-four ples or pasties, and thence sent to the Lord of the Manor of East Clareton, who is to convey them to the King." They are still sent to the Queen's clerk of the kitchen.—London Tit-Bits.

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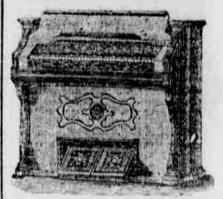
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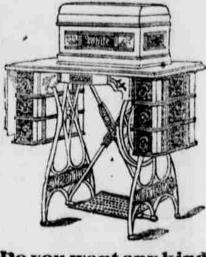
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