

JESSE POMEROY A MAN.

How the Murderer Spends His Time in Close Confinement.

I have been within ten feet of Jesse Pomeroy! Immured deep in the vast gray walls of Charlestown penitentiary, the strange, warped human being who once bore that name is hidden away from the sight of man forever in a living death, unknown by the coming generation and forgotten by the passing one.

He has a double cell, much larger than the ordinary cell, into which the sunlight streams. His room is neat, and he, himself, is the very personification of neatness. He changes the style of it occasionally to suit himself, and displays as much taste and is as well aware of what is becoming as the most exquisite man of fashion.

"But is he well?" I asked of the one who gave me this information, and one who knows. "As well as you are," was the reply, "and he looks well." People say a man cannot live without exercise. The only exercise he gets is in his cell, walking up and down, yet no one could possibly be healthier than he is.

So far as I know, he has never known a sick day, and he has been a prisoner in absolutely solitary confinement for sixteen years. He is a great reader and student. He speaks three languages. He does not want to work, but prefers to book.

"Does he seem to have any curiosity about the outside world?" I asked. "Yes, I presume so, although he never asks. He does not ask privileges; no doubt he realizes it would be in vain. The only favor he has asked of Gen. Bridges since he has been warden, was permission to keep the box his holiday things came in. This favor had been granted him once before, and he used the cover to hide a hoie he had dug in the wall.

"If he gets a pen-knife or a spoon the probabilities are he will begin to dig. The walls are so thick it is impossible for him to escape, and no doubt he does it to make the prison officials uneasy, more than anything else. He is a remarkably good looking man, a fine looking man, in fact. If you should pass his cell, ignorant of his name, you would comment upon his appearance and select him as a man much above the ordinary."

It is said that either his hearing is supernaturally acute or else he is possessed of some strange sixth sense, enabling him to know things that have transpired before the guards themselves. One instance of this is related. A couple of years ago the prisoners were all assembled in the chapel waiting the annual announcement of the governor's pardons.

Before the convicts' cheers which greeted the lucky ones had died out, Prison Physician McLaughlin had occasion to attend a prisoner located in the same tier as Pomeroy. As the doctor passed Jesse's cell he called to the doctor, saying, "So the governor has pardoned two men," and giving their names. The doctor has never been able to understand how Pomeroy knew of these names.

Not half a dozen people have seen him since he was a boy, and he has seen no woman's face but his mother's since his incarceration.—Boston Post.

A Historical Myth.

There are few of the school boys of several generations preceding the present who do not remember being taught that Gen. Jackson won the battle of New Orleans by throwing up a breastwork of cotton bales and meeting the British assault behind them. The dramatic account of this was in all the school histories and several others, and the novelty of the affair appealed vividly to the imagination. The cold facts of later history prove this all to have been fiction.

Henry Adams, in his history of Madison's administration, describes the battle of New Orleans and mentions no such feature. McMaster, in his latest volume, refers to the story in a note only to say that there were two or three cotton bales used in one place, and they were either set on fire or knocked out at once.

Jackson's line of breastworks was of earth irregularly thrown along its length. The trained sharpshooters of the West did great work as marksmen behind it, and so called the heavily laden British troops that they had no alternative but to be shot or retreat before the American line.

The school book story used to be that the Americans lost six killed and seven wounded. McMaster places the figures of killed and wounded at seventy. The British, it seems, were not all repulsed according to the popular story. The right line of the American troops was driven in, and the British left advanced a mile in the rear of Jackson on the way to New Orleans.

He was really flanked by this success, but the terrible slaughter he inflicted upon the British in the center, involving the death of the first and second generals in command, completely dispirited them, and induced the return of that wing of their army that was on the way to the city.—Boston Herald.

Beat Dumas on Remembrance. Alexander Dumas was much addicted to boasting of the high fees which he received for his articles. "That is pretty fair, no doubt," once said a stranger to him at a party. "How much was the highest fee you ever got?" "Ten francs a line," replied Dumas. "Bah! that is nothing," said the other gentleman. "I get about half a million francs a line!" "Really?" rejoined Dumas, with an incredulous smile at the apparently outrageous piece of brag. "Pray, what are you?" "A railway conductor,"—The Outlook.

No Chance to Lie. Mrs. Brown—How can you say there is more excuse for an Irishman to drink in this country than in Ireland? Brown—Because, my dear, over there he can never say he has taken the whiskey for a snake-bite.—Judge.

A New Degree of Ability. A—He is a relation of yours by marriage, I believe? B—Yes, he married my girl.—Spassvogel.

Killed by Their Armor.

One of the interesting features of the late Czar's funeral was, as usual, the two men clad in medieval armor, one on horseback and the other on foot.

The mounted knight had his visor open, and his armor was of burnished gold, which glittered in the sun. He symbolized Life. The other was on foot; his armor was coal-black steel; his visor was closed, and in his hand he bore a drawn two-handed sword, the blade of which was shrouded in crape. He symbolized Death.

The weight of those two suits of armor is so great that, notwithstanding the most gigantic men of the imperial guard being selected to don them, the one on foot who officiated at the obsequies of Emperor Nicholas I. fell dead from exhaustion on reaching the church of St. Peter and Paul, where the imperial mausoleum is situated; while at the funeral of Alexander II. the black knight fainted during the march from the winter palace to the place of interment, and was carried to the hospital, where he died the same night.

A similar fate overtook the black knight at the recent Czar's funeral. It was observed that he could scarcely drag himself along during the latter part of the procession through the capital, and on reaching the fortress he sank unconscious to the ground, and has since died.

Choice Soon Made.

"Can we get anything to eat on the cars, papa?" anxiously inquired the little four-year-old who was getting ready for her first long railroad journey.

"Certainly, puss," replied her father. "There will be a dining car on the train."

"But we'll get awfully hungry waiting for dinner. Won't there be any breakfast car?"

"You don't understand, dear. We shall get our breakfast in the dining car."

"What'll there be to eat?" "Well, there will be a bill of fare that will have the names of ever so many kinds of food on it. You can have breakfast, mutton chops, or fried chicken; baked potatoes, fried potatoes or boiled potatoes; ham and eggs, oatmeal, hot biscuits, Graham bread, raw or cooked fruits, coffee, tea or chocolate. Now with all that before you what would you choose?"

"Cake."—Chicago Tribune.

Bessie Knows. The other day at the Teachers' Association a class of children, ages from five to nine years, were giving an exercise in phonics. The teacher had received correct answers to descriptions she had given of trees, woods, etc., and then thought she would describe a brook.

"What do we find running through the woods, moving silently on the ground, with but little noise?" she asked.

For a long time the little ones were quiet, and then a little hand was raised.

"Well, Bessie, what is the answer?" the teacher questioned smilingly. "Tramps," piped out the little one. —Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.

In the Clouds. "Bourienne," said Napoleon, "I still seem to be interesting to the mortals!" "You are, sire, you are," returned the faithful secretary.

"Will it last, Bourienne?" "Oh, I think so—six months anyhow. You'll have to take a back seat then, unless—" (Here the secretary paused). "Unless what?" "Unless you should marry Trifby. I think the union of the two fads would keep the interest up for quite a while." —Life.

Responsible Complaint. "Walter," said the guest, "I wish you'd ask the proprietors to turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here I can't tell whether I'm eating plank-shad or a paper of pins."—Chicago Tribune.

"Trust those who have tried." Catarrh caused hoarseness and difficulty in speaking. I also to a great extent lost hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Apt. at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Frazer, Rochester, N. Y.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents. What Hot Water Will Do. A prominent physician of New York recently declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia, if taken before breakfast, and will ward off chills, when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold, if taken early in the stage. It will relieve a nervous headache, and give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is most efficacious for sprains and bruises, and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and, in conclusion, the doctor asserts, "wrinkles freeze from it, and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

After Typhoid Fever. "My wife was sick for several years after she had typhoid fever. Medicine did not help her until she began using Hood's Sarsaparilla. After she began to take it she improved every day and is now perfectly well." Leonard Hartman, Hastings, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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A Remedy Against Flies.

"I never use window screens," said a wise housekeeper the other day, "because I have a fancy that they shut out all the air in hot weather, and, beside, they serve to keep flies in the house equally as well as to keep them out."

"But I never see a fly in your house," said her friend. "How do you manage it? For my part, I must confess, that screens or no screens, my summer means to me one long battle with the little pests."

"My remedy is a very simple one," said the good housekeeper, "and I learned it years ago from my grandmother, when I used to watch her putting bunches of lavender flowers around to keep the flies away. My method is simpler. I buy five cents worth of oil of lavender and mix it with the same quantity of water. Then I put it in a common glass atomizer and spray it around the rooms wherever the flies are apt to congregate, especially in the dining-room, where I sprinkle it plentifully over the table linen. The odor is especially disagreeable to flies, and they will never venture in its neighborhood, though to most people it has a peculiarly fresh and grateful smell."

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him, his firm or himself.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Governor Hastings has vetoed the bill giving a married woman the same right and power as an unmarried woman to sell or otherwise dispose of her real estate and the authority to make and execute any written contract or deed in the same manner and to the same extent as an unmarried person, saving to the husband only his right as tenant by courtesy.

The governor says in his veto message that to give married women the uncontrolled power to dispose of or mortgage their real estate is to invite ill-considered and selfish advice from meddlesome and impecunious relatives and to afford new opportunities to the itinerant speculator on the credulity and inexperience of the people. He believes this legislation would not prove beneficial to married women, and on the other hand, is likely to be productive of bad results.

A Queenly Head. can never rest on a body frail from disease any more than the lovely lily can grow in the sterile soil. When Consumption fastens its hold upon a victim, the whole physical structure commences its decay. At such a period, before the disease is too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest and cure it. Send 6 cents in stamps for a Book (150 pages) on Consumption and its cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Once used, Dr. Pierce's Pellets are always in favor. Specific for constipation, piles, biliousness, and headaches.

Its Meaning. "What do all this stuff about women sufferage mean?" little Danny Grogan, asked, looking up at his paternal parent from the morning paper.

"It means," said Mr. Grogan, "that pretty soon no man will be allowed to vote except the women." —Cincinnati Tribune.

Have you ever noticed how your system seems to crave special assistance in the spring? Just the help required is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Printing in Colors. The prices of colored printing inks have gone down with everything else, and it costs no more to do printing in colors than it does in black. THE COLUMBIAN office is prepared to print in any of the following colors: Black, orange, deep cherry, brown lake, light blue, ultra marine blue, bronze red, violet, dark red, green, Jacqueminot, purple, garnet, peacock blue. Printing in more than one color is done at a slight advance for the additional press work.

A Minister's Experience With Heart Disease. Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.: "For many years my greatest enemy has been organic heart disease. From uneasiness about the heart, with palpitation, it had developed into thumping, fluttering, and choking sensations. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave instant relief. A few bottles have rid me of almost every symptom of heart disease. It is a wonder-worker." Sold by Wm. S. Rishton. 6-15-19.

MR. NOONAN'S BIG NUGGET.

It is Worth \$500 and Was Found in a Head of Tailings.

Mr. Martin Noonan, a Coeur d'Alene mining man, arrived in this city from Delta, Idaho, the other day, with a \$500 gold nugget in his pocket. Mr. Noonan has had nearly forty years' experience as a placer miner and prospector all over the West, and although like the far-famed Reuben Glue, his countenance is ornamented at the lower end by a little bunch of whiskers, there the similitude closes, for, unlike Reuben, Mr. Noonan really knows a thing or two.

Mr. Noonan exhibited his big nugget to several persons. They viewed it with great curiosity, and wondered if it were really possible that so large a sum could represent the value of so small a chunk of quartz and yellow metal. It was about as large, and much resembled in shape a fair-sized Bartlett pear. A quantity of dirty-looking quartz was mixed up with it, and its rounded sides betrayed its origin in a bed of gravel.

"There's too much quartz in it to be worth so much," said a bystander. "You can tell nothing by the looks of a nugget how much it is worth," said another bystander, who looked like a miner himself. "You can only tell by hefting it, you see, and judging by the apparent weight of this, it is worth fully \$500."

"It weighs just 27 1/2 ounces," said Mr. Noonan, "and what quartz there is in it won't weigh much. It was rather odd how this here nugget came to be found. It lay in a heap of coarse tailings for five years before some one happened to pick it up. You see, it was forked out of the sluice box along with other rocks usually forked out to keep the box from being obstructed. The man that forked it out probably didn't notice its extra weight, or it would have been found much sooner."

"How often can a man pick up stones like this in the Coeur d'Alene country?"

"Well, I don't know. It isn't exactly like digging potatoes in the Snake River Valley. I have been looking for nuggets of all sizes for thirty-seven years, and this is a good deal the biggest I have found. This one came from Trail Gulch, near Delta, Idaho, and I have worked around that camp seven years without seeing any others like this."—Morning Oregonian.

Social Gradations. An agent of the Whiskey Trust, who has been in Chicago several weeks pending reorganization proceedings in court, brings a good story from New York. It is the story of a frugal German of the type who keep small saloons in the district where sanded floors and plain bars abound. His name was Jacob Miller, and, not unlike many of his countrymen after being in New York four or five years, had managed not only to keep a horde of children well dressed and in school, but to accumulate a small sum of money. He feared thieves would find his little hoard, which he kept snugly stowed away in a stocking in the bottom of his emigrant trunk, and so he determined to open a bank account. Pushing his way through the heavy swinging doors of a banking house one morning he shuffled up to the first window and said: "I want to open me a little bank account here."

"Second window to the right," was the laconic reply. Approaching the cashier's desk he repeated his desires. "Your name, please," said the cashier. "My name is Yacob Meeler."

"What is your business?" "Well, I keeps me a little restaurant."

"Do you do much business?" "Well, I sells a few meals, vonce in a while, a drink or two, and I keeps me a few rooms up stairs."

"Do you intend keeping a large balance on deposit?" "Well, I don't know about dot. You see I makes me a leettle money, and all I wants is a place to keep id."

"Let me see," continued the cashier turning to Bradstreet's book of commercial ratings and runnings his finger up and down the names commencing with M. "I do not find the name Jacob Miller here. Were you ever raided by Bradstreet?"

"Raided, did you say? Vell, no. I was never raided by Bradstreet, but I was two times already raided by Parkhurst."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

His Heavy Outdoors Muscularism. While storming the first line of forts at Port Arthur a soldier belonging to the Twenty-fourth Regiment raised his rifle to fire at an unusually conspicuous Chinaman.

Just as he was about to fire a bullet from the Chinaman's rifle came whizzing by and, marvelous to relate, entered the barrel of his own gun so smoothly and so easily as if the rounds had been placed there to await it.

Of course, there was an explosion, and the soldier's piece was shattered to the shreds, but without his receiving any injuries whatever. A fractional variation to the right or left would have caused the hostile bullet to enter his head or face, so that his escape was nothing short of miraculous.

He preserved the stock of the now useless weapon, and afterward exhibited it to his colonel, who permitted him to keep it as a memento of his narrow escape. It is probably the first instance of the kind on record since Baron Stuchanov's day.—Japan Mail

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19-Urinary Weakness... 25
20-Sore Throat, Quinoy, Ulcerated Throat... 25
21-DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC FOR GRIP, 25c.

Put up in small bottles of pleasant pellets, just fit your vest pocket.

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