

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Fairies and Witches Abound in the Minds of the People.

All rural communities in the old world are superstitious, and Ireland is no exception to the rule.

In the little town of Ballinasloe lived a man, his wife and an only child. By some unhappy chance the "good people" cast covetous eyes on the mother and bore her away on a gray horse, allowing her to return at midnight for a short time to see her baby.

Her brother, however, chanced to meet her on the threshold one night, and by asking where she was going broke the enchantment, and she returned to the world once more and lived, perhaps is living still, to tell her story to the wondering neighbors gathered around the glowing turf fire to smoke their pipes of peace.

The belief in spirits and spirit walking is just about as firmly rooted; perhaps indeed more so. If a man is unhappy after death, his relatives are constantly reminded of the fact by his frequent appearances to them, and until they have done their very utmost to perform the duty which he left unfulfilled they are liable to be annoyed by his visitations, which, however, cease when it is accomplished.

The banshee is believed in universally. It is the spirit by which death is foretold. Its cry, which resembles the howling of a dog in pain, but from which it can be readily distinguished by a true-born son of the soil, is repeated three nights in succession, and forebodes certain death.

THE FINICAL MAN.

How He Ordered His Breakfast of the Knowing Waiter.

A man afflicted with the disease of finickiness, an exaggeration of the value of details, was giving his order for breakfast to a hotel waiter.

Breakfast time is invariably when you get down to the bedrock of a man's true disposition. It is too early in the day, and he is too close to nature itself to have put on the little disguising frills that he begins to assume along about 11 o'clock.

"Bring me a pot of coffee," he said. "And mind it must be hot—hot and strong, don't forget to have it strong. And a slice of steak, rare—remember, have it rare and no fat. I can't bear the sight of fat in the morning."

"Yesir, yesir. No fat," replied the waiter.

"And bring me some dry toast, hot, mind you—not toast—and have it made from stale bread. I don't want it toasted outside and soggy within. Now don't forget that."

"No, sir; all right, sir; not soggy inside, sir," cooed the waiter.

"And let's see! Yes, bring me some fried eggs. Fresh eggs, you know, perfectly fresh, and I want them fried on one side only. Don't forget that."

"Yesir, fried on one side. And which side, sir?"—Kansas City Star.

Small Salary.

In former times Presbyterian congregations in the north of Ireland were not, as a general thing, very liberal in their payments to their ministers. In one such congregation, there was a well-to-do farmer, who cultivated several acres of ground and was the owner of numerous flocks and herds.

This man was in the habit of contributing two and sixpence a year toward the support of his church, and even that he paid with a grudge. One year, when he was asked for it, he grumbled as usual, and finished by saying:

"This pence ought to be uno' good, for it's uno' dear!"

Even the small sums that were promised were by no means always paid. An annual stipend of less than two and sixpence has been known to be 18 years in arrears. The following entry occurs in the diary of one of the hard worked ministers of those days:

"Settled with the treasurer of my congregation for my annual stipend. Amount under £10. Providence has cast my lot among a peculiar people; they promised me little, and they pay me less."—Youth's Companion.

A Queen's Gentle Rebuke.

Speaking of the womanly qualities of Queen Victoria reminds me of a good story told of some one—I forget the name for the moment—who has the hereditary right to wear his hat in the presence of the sovereign. A visiting himself of the privilege in the presence of the queen, her majesty quickly noticed the incident and quietly remarked that although a gentleman might have the right to wear his hat in the presence of his queen it was not usual for one to do so in the presence of a lady.

—Lady's Pictorial.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears. The effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, while that of examples is summary and effectual.—Seneca.

The shoe leather annually worn out by the people of the United States is said to cost \$180,000,000.

Espritu Santo lay, in Texas, is "the boy of the Holy Spirit."

GRANT AS A POKER PLAYER.

He Had Nerve and Self Possession and Was Always Cool.

An army officer has recently been relating some reminiscences of his to a reporter, among which are the following:

"The difficulty we all experienced in playing poker with Grant," remarked this officer, "was his extreme reticence and wonderful impassiveness, which none could penetrate. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, under the excitement of high play, will betray emotion to a greater or lesser extent, but Grant was a sphinx that never spoke. He was always cool and self possessed, even when the wine flowed too freely and we were all somewhat the worse for wear. No one could measure the strength or weakness of Grant's hand by any outward sign or the circumstances of his play. Apparently he was oblivious to all surroundings, but close inspection revealed the fact that he watched his adversaries narrowly and could detect a 'bluff' with unerring certainty. He would call a man with an inconsiderable 'pair' when it cost a good round sum to 'see' the bet.

"It was undoubtedly the outcome of military genius which enabled Grant to detect either the strength or the weakness of his adversary at cards. We did not then comprehend that his play was strategic, and his methods of gaming really conducted upon military principles. Subsequent events developed that his passion for gaming was not hedged upon winning money nearly as much as it afforded him opportunity to engage in strife and conquer. General Rufus Ingalls, who, in 1841, was a captain and assistant quartermaster, and subsequently attained the rank of quartermaster general, was one of the Pacific coast party which played daily with Grant, but although recognized as a past master of the game, Ingalls was no match for the little, close mouthed infantry captain. Ben Holliday, the pioneer mail contractor of that section, was likewise on the tapis with Grant, and so were Joe Lane and Jim Nesmith, both senators subsequently from Oregon, the former the candidate for the vice presidency on the ticket with John C. Breckinridge in 1860. Ben Holliday was an inveterate poker player, but Grant, Ingalls, Lane, Nesmith and Holliday are all dead, and but few are now alive of the old order which gathered together at the card tables of that epoch on the shores of the Pacific."—Washington Post.

SHAKESPEARE INCOMPLETE.

He Had Not Foreseen the American Type of Human Nature.

"It is not true," remarked the learned play actor, "that Shakespeare created all kinds of characters, for I do not find in his dramas any characters that bear any resemblance to the great Americans who have figured in our country's history. There is not in all of them even the shadow of a personality like Abraham Lincoln, than whom there is not a finer theme for some future American dramatist, able to illustrate the scenes in his career, from the Kentucky log cabin to the theater in which he was assassinated. Shakespeare has none of our heroes or sages, none of our many unique notables, and none of our wondrous women. His creations belong to many countries, but he never gives a forecast of the peculiar American product which came into existence centuries after his death."

"Few of Shakespeare's characters would ever have been tolerated in this country. We could not have Falstaff among us, or Macbeth, or Lear, or Caliban, or the ghost of Hamlet's father, or Ophelia, much less any of his royal or classical characters."

"We have had plenty of Americans worthy of dramatic honors, fitted for the tragedy, the comedy or the historical play, totally different in their traits and deeds from the Shakespearean people, and the like of whom were never suggested or foreshadowed by Shakespeare. The oft repeated statement that the playwright of Stratford conceived and drew all types of human nature and all varieties of human life is a fiction. Should a man of his genius ever be born in the United States, he would find here an abundance of material for dramas as grand as ever were written."—New York Sun.

An Insuperable Obstacle.

Together with the question of bloomers for women, some of the follies which imagine themselves to be filled with aesthetic longings are making a desperate effort at another revival of the long deferred knee breeches or knickerbockers. They allege that trousers are baggy at the knee and liable to become dirty at the ankle. They also hold up the knee breeches as things of beauty and call upon masculine fashion to adopt them.

"We do not think it will be done. We need not dispute with the aesthetes as to the beauty of breeches themselves, as the fatal deficiency is in the men. It is a sad fact that the majority of masculine humanity is subject to indolence as being splendid shanks. It is bad enough to have the suspicious hairs upon our souls without having it paraded before our eyes upon the streets.

The stockings and knee breeches of the past centuries, idealized by art, look very imposing, but when a realistic picture of shrank shanks is presented the aesthetic quality disappears. Trousers have served the nineteenth century well. They are the custom of the age of steam, electricity, ironclads and newspapers. It is not to be expected that the twentieth century will go backward on the dial of progress and produce a generation that is enslaved by knee breeches, garters and shoe buckles."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Napoleon's Ideal Woman.

In response to a question asked by a lady the great Napoleon replied:

"My ideal woman is not the beautiful featured society belle, whose physician tries in vain to keep her in repair, nor the fragile butterfly of fashion, who glides the tortures of disease with a forced smile.

"No! My ideal is a woman who has accepted her being as a sacred trust, and who obeys the laws of nature for the preservation of her body and soul.

"Do you know, my knee involuntarily bends in homage when I meet the matron who reaches middle age in complete preservation?"

"That woman is rendered beautiful by perfect health, and the stalwart children by her side are her reward. That's my ideal woman."—London Advertiser.

Crockett's Revenge.

There is a story of Crockett, of "Stickett Minister" fame, to the effect that when he offered his first volume to a Scotch firm they returned it with a polite note assuring him that there was no market for that sort of thing. The letter was marked "No. 896b."

In later years when the same publishers asked him for one of his manuscripts he politely requested them to refer to their previous correspondence with him marked "896b."

CASABICRANKA.

The girl sat on the baseball stand— All but her head had fled, And her poor chap, could not demand Relief from what she said.

"Why does the pitcher throw it so?" She murmured, "He's afraid." "Such actions violent, you know, His awkward moves display. Why does he so expectorate Upon the snow white ball?"

Was he not taught until too late That that's not nice at all? Why does that fellow on a cage And let his voice resound In cries of 'Strike!' awak'ning rage In those upon the ground?"

Why do the runners always fall And slide upon their face, Or else—they do not care at all— Upon some other place? Why do the people murmur 'Rank?' He has no rank, 'tis plain. Why does that player, lean and lank, Seem in such awful pain?"

Why does the catcher wear that pad Close to his bosom pressed? And why has not the other lad His clothes cut like the rest? Why does that player swing the wood In such a reckless way And question, as no good man should, What those behind him say?"

Why do the men such colors wear?— But here she turned her head, And then at last became aware Her escort had dropped dead.

—Nebraska State Journal.

Hypnotized.

"Now, Wally," said Edgar, with a friendly smile, "I just want to make an experiment. If you offer no resistance, I think I can hypnotize you. What you have to do is to maintain a passive mental attitude. Try to think of nothing whatever—no, not even of me. Come, try to be serious. Lean back and make yourself comfortable. So; that will do. Now turn your eye to this light and don't forget that your mind is to be kept entirely inactive. I will count 60 seconds by my watch."

The young lady scrupulously obeyed those instructions. In 50 seconds her eyes twinkled; after 40 they closed completely. "Ah! I knew I should do the trick!" Edgar triumphantly exclaimed. "Now, Wally, I command you to reveal to me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I say!"

An expression of reluctance flitted for a moment over the maiden's face; then she began in a monotonous drawl: "I love Edgar P., and."

"Yes! Yes!" exclaimed the enraptured Edgar. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart!"

"I love Edgar P.," she went on in the same tone, "and I would love him still more were he not so stingy. I should like to go to the theater twice a week, but he only takes me there once in three months. I wanted diamond rings, and he gives me rings with cheap stones. I should like to have gone for a drive once or twice a week, but he never invites me. When I walk with him and am tired, he never thinks of treating me to oysters. When I—"

"Enough!" the young man cried. "Wake up! I command you!" And so saying he made a rapid exit, without awaiting the result of his command.—Das Neue Blatt.

Complimented.

The Prince de Joinville tells in his "Memoirs" a story that is rather hard on the Americans he found during his visit to this country in war times. "One of the chief members of society at the time was the British minister, Mr. Fox, a diplomat of the old school. I was told that one day as he was leaning against a chimney-piece in a drawing room, where dancing was going on, in deep conversation, an American came and stood just in front of him in a country dance. Soon the young man began to show signs of anxiety; his voice grew thick, his cheeks swelled alternately, and he cast anxious glances at the chimney-piece. At last he could hold on no longer, and with the most admirable precision he shot all the juice of his quid into the fireplace just between Mr. Fox and his interlocutor. 'Fine shot, sir,' the old diplomat contented himself with saying, with a bow."—Argonaut.

The Lucky One.

He—Look, quick! Jack Dashing is kissing your sister. She (sighing)—She always was luckier than I.—Truth.



He—Look, quick! Jack Dashing is kissing your sister. She (sighing)—She always was luckier than I.—Truth.

Rural Occupation.

Neighbor Stumps—Whar's Jim? Farmer Stumps—Fishin. Neighbor Stumps—An Tom? Farmer Stumps—Readin. Neighbor Stumps—Bill? Farmer Stumps—Biskittin. Neighbor Stumps—John? Farmer Stumps—Fiddlin. Neighbor Stumps—Whar's the ole woman? Farmer Stumps—Hoein.—Boston Courier.

No Need of Wasting Effort.

"I have been requested," said the good pastor, beaming over the pulpit, "to offer prayers for rain, but the superintendent informs me that the Sunday school picnic is arranged for Tuesday."

Obedying the Doctor.

Family Physician—See here! I ordered an immediate and complete cessation of all mental labor, and here I find you writing.

Literary Man—It's nothing—nothing at all. Only a society novel.—New York Weekly.

Up to Date Ballroom Attire.

Maudie—I'm in a horrible dilemma. Marie—What's the matter? Maudie—I'm going to the ball tomorrow night and I can't make up my mind whether to wear a tawny coat or a sweater.—Chicago Record.

A Successful Season.

"That's a very blurred picture you carry in your watch."

"Yes, it's a composite photograph of my summer engagements."—Life.

Lost on Him.

Numerous—What makes that Italian grin so while grinding his organ? Hoergood—He's deaf.—Boston Courier.

Mothers.

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," said George Herbert. Men are what their mothers make them. But if the mothers are peevish and irritable, through irregularities, "female weakness," and kindred ailments, they find no pleasure, no beauty in the care of their babies. All effort is torture. Let all such, who feel weighed to the earth with "weakness" peculiar to their sex, try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. They will find the little ones a delight instead of a torment.

To those about to become mothers it is a priceless boon. It lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

A man and wife were formerly one. The new idea is to make them two men.—Athenian Globe.

When the devil don't know just what to do in a church, he generally raises a disturbance in the choir.—Rum's Horn.

The sight of a garden patch and a hoe has been known to give a boy a severe case of rheumatism.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drug envelopes, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 manilla, white or colored, coin envelopes, and shipping tags, with or without strings, always in stock at this office. tf.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of Columbia county, Pennsylvania, issued on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1895, and to me directed, will be sold at public vendue on the premises in the town of Bloomsburg, county and state aforesaid, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895,

AT 1 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON,

all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand of the estate and heirs of William Wright, deceased, and of the estate and heirs and legatees of Mary Clayton, deceased, both late of Bloomsburg in the said county and state, in all the following mentioned real estate situated in Bloomsburg, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

No. 1. Situate on East now Iron street and an alley, and running thence along said alley northwesterly 21.6 feet to an alley, thence along said last mentioned alley northwesterly 40 feet to a post, thence southwest westerly 21.6 feet to Iron street aforesaid, and thence along said Iron street 40 feet to the place of beginning, containing

3 1/2 PERCHES OF LAND, more or less, whereon are erected a FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, frame stable and outbuildings.

ALSO, a piece of vacant land lying on First street in said town, beginning on the east side of a twenty feet alley and said First street, and running along said street northwesterly about 180 feet, thence southeastwardly about 180 feet to the Snyder property line, thence along a twelve feet alley as plotted southeastwardly about 194 feet to the said twenty feet alley, and thence northwesterly along said alley about 169 feet to First street, the place of beginning.

NOTE—This piece of ground will be offered in town lots of 48 feet front on First street and running to said twelve feet alley, as per plot of the same, and will also be offered as above described, in one piece, and sold in such parcels as shall seem best for the estate.

ALSO, a three cornered lot lying along the said twelve feet alley 174 feet, and along the Snyder property line 93 feet to a point, and at the west end in width 81 feet.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money shall be paid at the striking down of the property, and the remaining two-thirds in one year after consummation also, with interest from that date.

The purchase money must be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and the buildings must be insured to the amount of one thousand dollars, by the security of the estate.

Possession of the vacant lots will be given on payment of the one-third of the purchase money and the delivery of the mortgage security for the remainder thereof.

Possession of the house and lot will be given subject to a lease expiring April 1st, 1896, on payment of one-third of the purchase money, with mortgage and insurance on the premises.

Deeds will be made and delivered on compliance with the above terms. The purchaser shall pay for the conveyancing and securities required.

FRANK PURSELL, Trustee. JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty for heirs of Wm. Wright. LITTLE & ROBISON, Atty for children of Mary Clayton. JOHN M. CLARK, Atty for trustee making sale July 19-18.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Cyrus J. Heller, deceased. The undersigned an auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the administrators of the estate of Cyrus J. Heller, deceased, as shown by their final account in account No. 10, do hereby give notice in interest for the purposes of his appointment on Thursday, August 15th, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the Court room in Bloomsburg, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to present and prove their claims, or be barred from coming in on said fund.

W. M. MILLER, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia Co. In re Assigned estate of L. W. McKetty. The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the Court to make distribution of the balance in the hands of A. Z. Schuch, Assignee, as per first account, do hereby give notice in interest for the purposes of his appointment on Thursday, August 15th, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the Court room in Bloomsburg, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to present and prove their claims, or be barred from coming in on said fund.

J. M. MAIZE, Auditor.

TOWN TAXES.

Notice is hereby given that the Town Treasurer of Bloomsburg will receive Town taxes for the year 1895 at his office in Lockard's building from July 15, 1895 to August 15, 1895, after which time five per cent. will be added to all taxes unpaid at expiration of said period.

J. M. MAIZE, Town Treasurer.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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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.

JOHN G. FREEZE, JOHN G. HARMAN, FREEZE & HARMAN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Offices: Centre St., first door below Opera House

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

WM. H. MAGILL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in M. E. Ent's building.

W. H. SNYDER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office 2nd floor Mrs. Ent's 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. N. 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.

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R. RUSH ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Clark's Block, corner of 2nd and Centre Streets, 1-12-'94

W. A. EVERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office over Alexander & Co. Wirt building.

EDWARD J. FLYNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CENTRALIA, PA. 227 Office Lightfoot building, Locust avenue.

JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Moyer Bros. Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office in Lockard's Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

B. FRANK ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clark's Building, cor. Main and Centre Sts., BLOOMSBURG, PA. Can be consulted in German.

W. H. RHAWN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office, corner of Third and Main Streets, CATAWISSA, PA.

J. B. MCKELVY, M. D., SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN, Office, North side Main St., below Market, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

DR. J. C. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office, North Market Street, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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