

SHOCKED BY A WIRE.

Electric Current Proves an Unseen Menace to Chicago Pedestrians. The elusive banana peel has lost its usefulness as a means for lowering the pride of man, and will now be relegated to the shades of oblivion, electricity having taken its place.



A LOOK OF PAIN OVERSPREAD HIS FEATURES.

in hand, he would suddenly utter a cry of pain, perform a series of contortion acts and then land full length on the wet and muddy boards. Then he would slowly pick himself up, carefully examine the walk, shake his head and jog along in a state of curiosity and ignorance.

Among the interested spectators of these peculiar actions was Officer Derrig, of the central detail, who is stationed at the Union depot. After witnessing the downfall of five or six men, the officer's curiosity led him to make an investigation.

The officer slowly walked over to the spot with the air of a man who was about to unravel a deep mystery. He began to pace back and forth on the old wooden sidewalk, and after having made the trip in safety several times he began to look at the "cabbies" with a wink and twirl his rosewood club with all the confidence of one of the finest.

Finally he strode down the middle of the walk on the way back to his post, confident that the men who had fallen must have mixed their drinks. Suddenly one of his brogans descended on the head of a big, iron spike which protruded a half inch above the plank. A look of pain overspread his features, a cry of surprise burst from his lips, and then there was a whirling mass of blue cloth, brass buttons, tin star and rosewood club.

Derrig finally landed on his back, as had many before him. Struggling to his feet, he gave a hasty glance at the sky and then at the sidewalk. For a moment he was dumb, and then turning to the roaring cabmen he exclaimed: "Be gorrah! I was struck by lightning!"

THEY SELL BANANAS.

How Two Young Chicago Girls Support Themselves Nicely. Teresa and Bibi Puccetti, two Italian girls with pleasant brown faces and black eyes, are fast establishing a paying banana route on the west side at Chicago. About a year ago the girls



THEY MAKE THEIR OWN LIVING.

arrived from Italy with their father. The father was once a lecturer of some repute in Genoa, but he lost the use of his hands in a theater fire. He was educated, and after his arrival until his death, three months ago, he served as interpreter in west side courts. Left almost destitute at his death, the girls set to work to make a living.

Grasshoppers Saved His Life. James Clone, a farmer of Stonyford, N. Y., believes grasshoppers saved him from death by an enraged bull. Mr. Clone was crossing a large, open field when the bull pursued him. The farmer ran as fast as possible, but the bull steadily gained on him, and when nearly exhausted a small clump of bushes was passed, from which arose a large cloud of grasshoppers. The insects struck the infuriated animal in the face and it turned aside. Mr. Clone escaped from the field unharmed.

The Kansas Idea.

With much regret we note that a Wichita (Kan.) man has got into trouble about a kiss. It is never pleasant to hear of a misunderstanding about a kiss. A kiss is such a harmless, necessary thing—the bestowing of it such a simple, innocent, and pleasant form of recreation—that to have any sort of trouble follow it is discouraging, to say the least. But in the Kansas case under consideration the sorrow that such things should be is rather swallowed up in wonder at certain details of development. The thing has, of course, got into the courts, or nothing would be known about it. Mrs. Wertz, who was kissed, is suing Mr. Pulliam, who did the kissing, for damages. Realizing, apparently, the utter absurdity of such a thing as damages having any possible connection with so benign a thing as a kiss, the lady's lawyer has fallen back on his legal base of supplies and put forward the astonishing plea that the defendant kissed the plaintiff in a "loud, boisterous, felonious, malicious, and unseemly manner, against the peace and dignity of the state of Kansas." Now isn't it hard luck enough to be hauled up for so small an act as kissing, without having a heartless lawyer unload such a lot of misfit adjectives upon a person? Surely the law could impose no greater penalty than to permit a bookish barrister to get his fell work in in such a manner.

Hens in Bloomers.

A cure for the bloomer craze has been found at last. It is the invention of a shrewd Vermont, and in the several instances in which it has been tried it has worked almost as magically as magic. The inventor had a wife who rode a bicycle and who insisted on wearing bloomers every time she went out for a spin. Neither protests nor appeals nor threats could induce her to wear another costume. So one day the husband, with a patience that would have caused Job to open his eyes, sat down and made a pair of bloomers for every hen in the poultry yard, and drawing them on the hens called his wife to look at them. They looked just like she did, he said, when she was on the wheel in costume. A little more graceful, perhaps, but not a bad reproduction. There were some sharp words for a moment, but the woman hasn't worn bloomers since.

The joys of married life are differently estimated by different people, and it has been alleged that some of the sweetest pleasures come in the "making up" after family jars. On this ground, opines the New York Sun, Mrs. Isaac Brewster, of Monroe county, Pa., has been getting a full measure of satisfaction out of her twenty-two years of wedded life. In that time she has deserted her husband just forty-two times. She and Isaac would disagree about something, and she would promptly go away, first to her parents and latterly to her married children. Forty-two times she was coaxed back by her disconsolate husband, and everything was lovely for a few months each time, until the next outbreak. One time, when they parted over a custard pie, it cost Isaac two hundred dollars and the deed to a house to get his erratic spouse back. But now she refuses to go back again, and the courts have been asked to appoint a guardian for the estate.

It is difficult to understand wherein science is to any appreciable extent benefited by the cruel practices of some experimenters in its interests. Take, for instance, a case reported in the Journal of Zoophily, which says that in Philadelphia there is a doctor who experimented upon one hundred and forty-one dogs by raising them to a height and dropping them upon ridges and bars of iron in order to test the effect of the painful bruises and the breaking of the backs which were the result. There is also a doctor who selected a number of dogs and after twisting their legs over their backs, thus placing them in an excessively cramped and unnatural position, sealed them up in plaster of paris, which prevented their obtaining any relief. Inhuman cruelty and nothing short of it.

It is claimed that fully twenty million acres of American land are owned by great land-owners in England and Scotland. This does not include the Holland syndicate, which owns five million acres of grazing land in western states, nor the German syndicate owning two million acres in various states. This leads us to ask: Do Americans own America?

SINCE the United States government was organized less than nine hundred people have served as United States senators, while of these more than two hundred had previously been members of the house of representatives.

A ROCKLAND (Me.) newspaper announces that "scarlet fever of a benevolent type" is prevalent in that city. This is a type that will hardly become epidemic.

A PITTSBURGH girl of sixteen killed herself a few days ago by eating Paris green because her mother had given birth to a baby girl and she wanted a brother.

A WEST VIRGINIA man is so peculiarly affected by riding on a train that he has to chain himself to a seat to prevent his jumping out of the car window.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Work Easily Persecuted in the Tumult of a Thunderstorm. "Speaking of cinches," said the retired burglar to a New York Sun reporter, "the easiest, softest, smoothest snap I ever struck was in a house in a small town in Rhode Island. There was a thunderstorm coming up as I went along toward this house, and just as I got there it began to sprinkle. By the time I'd got inside it was coming down pretty hard, and I was glad to be under shelter, for I hadn't brought any umbrella with me. I hadn't had any supper either, and when I got into the dining room I thought I'd get something to eat. The sideboard was locked and the key carried upstairs, but a little jimmy opened the door as



THE MOTHER PUSHED THE CHILDREN INTO THE CLOSET.

easy as a knife would open a pie. I set out a little snack on the table and sat down and ate it comfortably, with the rain pouring down outside. If there's anything I like it's to hear a storm a ragin' outside when you're settled down all snug and comfortable within.

"But here was something I hadn't counted. The thunder was roaring and plunging like a dozen earthquakes bustin' down through the sky, and it kept the house in a tremble all the time. I knew nobody could sleep in that thunder. They'd be sure to be all awake; but here I was, and I hated to lose a night, and after I'd waited a little and the storm didn't show any signs of lettin' up, I thought I'd go ahead and see, anyhow. The very first room I looked into upstairs settled the whole business.

"Over in one corner of this room, beyond a bed, I saw a woman standing in front of an open closet door. Two children hopped out of the bed, and the mother pushed them into the closet and then crowded in herself and pulled the door shut tight. It was all very simple; husband away, no help; two children sleeping in another room, woke up by thunder, come into their mother's room, all scared; mother puts children in closet and gets in herself, as lots of folks do in thunderstorms. And then I walk over and turn the key in the lock and there you are; no danger of their coming out till the storm is over, anyway, but just as well to be sure about it, and then I just quietly go through the house. It isn't big and it doesn't take long, and I come back before the storm is over and unlock the closet door again and skip; and that's all there is to it.

BURIED WITH HONORS.

Description of an Imposable Canine Funeral Held at London. This is how Mr. Sims, in the Referee, christens the true story of an event which has taken place in London. Mr. H. J. R. Pope, M. R. C. V. S., of No. 43 Addison road, had had for some time past at his infirmary an aged retriever dog, sent there to end his days in peace. Last week the dog was taken for death, and his mistress was advised by telegram of the fact. She came at once, and held the dying dog's paw until all was finished, and then, the first outburst of natural grief over, the sorrowing mistress immediately sent for a fashionable West End undertaker to measure the dead pet for a coffin. A grave next to the Duke of Cambridge's canine family vault in Hyde Park cemetery was then secured, and



HELD THE DYING DOG'S PAW.

the cemetery authorities were notified that the interment would take place in two days.

On the following day the undertaker's van arrived at the Maison Mortuaire, and the coachman and two bearers came in and brought the coffin, which was a very handsome one of solid oak, with brass mountings, and a silver plate on the lid, setting forth the name of the dog, the date of his birth and death, etc.

The coffin was lined with white satin; the body reverently covered with a white cloth, and the deceased dog lay in state during the rest of the day. The next morning a hearse drawn by two horses arrived, and the dog was conveyed to the cemetery, followed by a mourning coach and his mistress' brougham with the blinds drawn down, and the ceremony at the grave was a most affecting one, many of the faithful animal's two-legged friends assembling to join in this last earthly tribute to his memory.



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