

SHE LOST HER JEWELS.

An Episode of River Steamboat Days Suggested by a Coming Marriage.

Speaking of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt engagement, here is something that is kin to it. One night, away back yonder in the latter sixties, I was a passenger on a steamboat—the Richmond—running from Louisville to New Orleans.

The vessel was sailing smoothly down the majestic stream, and it was long after midnight. The great and superb cabins were as quiet as the upper floors of a grand hotel at such an hour, save that a party of four gentlemen playing whist in the forward part of the main saloon kept up the faint, low conversation necessary to the game.

'Twas perhaps 1 o'clock when the card players and those who were awake in their berths on that deck were startled by a scream from the ladies' cabin, and there came rushing down toward the clerk's office a handsome matron on dashabille, clinging to the lady's skirts and crying in sympathy with her mother's distress was a little girl of six or eight years, perhaps ten.

"My diamonds are gone!" the matron said, in a husky voice to the alarmed night clerk.

A thief, who had probably watched for this opportunity for years had reached over the transom of the lady's state room from the outside and had cut away and carried off the pocket of her dress containing \$100,000 worth of great jewels. Probably he went ashore at the next landing after the theft had been accomplished. At any rate, he made good his escape, and the jewels were never heard of again by their owner.

The company owning the boat in the lawsuit that followed proved that a safe was kept on the boat for the express purpose of caring for valuable property or jewels or money of the passengers, and the plaintiff lost the case.

The lady was Senora Yznaga, wife of a wealthy Cuban; the little girl was Consuelo, afterwards Duchess of Manchester, then Duchess Dowager, now Duchess of Devonshire, and for her was named Consuelo Vanderbilt, whose mother was a girlhood friend of Consuelo Yznaga, and who is to be the Duchess of Marlborough.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Man at the Lever.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past, as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the slide—he is looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

Raising Deer and Bears.

A deer and bear farm is the latest industrial project for northern Wisconsin, and the men behind the plan think that they have a fortune in sight. The farm is situated in the woods a few miles from the Great Northern road, and is already fairly well stocked with animals. The proprietors are James Allen an old woodsman and hunter, and Dr. Harrison, a New Yorker, who has been spending much time in the northwest. They propose to raise deer and bears for the market, for the meat as well as the fur.

The plan is not to turn the animals loose in the woods, where they may be shot by every hunter who comes along, but to keep them in pens or corrals, where they can be attended by their keepers and watched over the same as domestic animals. The idea originated with Mr. Allen two or three years ago, and since then he has kept several male and female bears and a number of deer in separate pens near his home. He has found that the animals will mate in captivity as well as in the wild state, and has a number of cubs and fawns to prove his statements. Allen is now engaged in enlarging his pens, buying up all the deer and bears he can find, and preparing for winter, when the stock will need more care and attention than at any other time during the year.

The intention is to feed the deer in much the same manner as sheep, while the bears will, in addition to corn and potatoes, have more or less meat.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Napoleon of Barter.

Bowling Green boasts of possessing the champion knife swapper. He is a little boy, son of a preacher, and this is his record, as given by his father: "That boy, not many months since, worried me till I bought him a knife. Like a boy, he left it out one night and it got rusty. Then he lost interest in it and began at once to swap it off. Well, the little rascal has naturally a knack of trading, and, sir, he took that rusty knife and with a little work on it and a good deal of talking, he succeeded in exchanging it for two knives. Those knives in turn he traded for three knives, worked considerably on them, and got a cheap watch for the three. He kept trading till he had concluded forty-seven different bargains most of them in his favor. At the end of the forty-seventh trade he owned a shotgun, a round puppy, two jack-knives, and sixty-five cents in money besides other small trinkets too numerous to mention.—Bowling Green Democrat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Connecticut River was named by the Dutch Versche River, "fresh river." Welcome reports say there is to be a boom in shipbuilding down in Maine this winter.

New York hotel men have decided to do away with hotel spreads on New Year's Day.

The "toothpick" shoe is not new. A man in Burlington, Vt., has a pair that was made in 1798.

An Alabama railroad has been sued for \$10,000 damages because one of its conductors kissed a passenger against her will.

The hotel proprietors in Cuba are required by law to affix a two-cent stamp on the register opposite the name of each guest.

The table on which Cromwell wrote when he affixed his signature to the warrant for the execution of Charles I. was recently sold for £145.

One of the most fatal of the diseases affecting persons employed in the sedentary occupation of telegraphing is declared to be consumption.

The Mormon Church authorities declare that members of that church must not accept political nominations without the consent of the church.

The Pectan, the largest tank oil steamer ever built, has just been completed at West Hartlepool. She is 888 feet long by 48 broad and 31½ deep.

The Government of Canada has prohibited the sale of intoxicants among the Indians of Hudson Bay Territory, and punishes severely any violation of this law.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the presence of bacteria in the mountain air, and finds that not a single microbe exists above an altitude of 2,000 feet.

"Japan for the Japanese!" This is the latest rallying cry of the Mikado's subjects, and it is the cause of much disturbance among the foreigners domiciled in the island empire.

A new woman's club has just been formed in Chicago, which has taken the name of the White City Club. It will admit men to membership, but will not allow them to hold office or vote.

A Brooklyn young lady, who was rather stout, tried a quack preparation for reducing her flesh. She lost some flesh through its use, and also her mind, and is now in an insane asylum.

Philadelphia has made a new departure in the matter of night schools, and hereafter one of the schools will be devoted to a course of lectures on the history and working of our political system.

GREAT MEN OF THE DAY.

Senator John Sherman has endorsed William McKinley, now Governor of Ohio, as Republican candidate for President.

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that Rudyard Kipling is a genius in spite of the fact that he smokes cigarettes.

William E. Gladstone called the Sultan of Turkey "a curse God has given to mankind." The Grand Old Man still has perfect control of his famous vocabulary.

At Amesbury, Mass., Gov. Morton is having a four-passenger hunting-cart constructed. A lunch-box and an ice-tank are a part of the article's equipment.

President Cleveland is looking forward to a hunt for squirrels in the oak woods lying back of his country seat at Woodley. The President spent several days hunting squirrels in these woods last season. The squirrels are unusually numerous this year.

Gen. Eckert, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, talking from Pike's Peak with friends in his New York office, might be a subject for contemporary artists to work on. What it means to the world practical electricians know and others ought to ascertain.

Mme. Jannaschek despairs of the modern stage. Tanks, railroads, saw-mills, monkeys, horses and cows and a throng of brazen-faced females, very lively young women who scream and howl, as soubrettes, in a production of vulgar farce-comedy, usurp the ground made sacred by histrionic art and genius. That is the substance of her wail.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

A gold mine near Sitka is so exceptionally well placed that \$2.50 per ton ore is profitably worked.

The bicycle craze has started many new industries—for instance, the making of leggings, for which big factories now exist.

Salt-marsh sedge, consolidated in blocks by tremendous pressure, furnishes a cheap paving material in Virginia and Pennsylvania.

The Roman builders were perfectly acquainted with one of the most modern wrinkles of fireproof construction—the use of porous or hollow bricks in flat arches for the sake of lightness.

The principle is now well established that a city has no legal right to pollute the water of a river which flows thence past other towns.

IN A DREAM.

It is said that on the night before the death of young John W. Mackay his friend and companion, Mr. Digby, dreamed that he witnessed precisely such an accident as on the day following he witnessed.

It was a man in Saco, Me., whose sleep, usually sound and dreamless, was so disturbed the other night that he awoke and arose to find his barn floor on fire. He was just in time to put out the flames.

Mrs. John Reid, of Point Lick, Ky., went visiting recently and dreamed that some one had entered her cellar at home and stolen some of her preserves. And they had! When she went home thirty-two quarts of stuff were missing, or, rather, missed.

Dreams quite often work by contraries, though, as in the case of a little girl who took her small brother on a Kentucky railroad train, fell asleep and dreamed her brother had fallen off. Still in her sleep, she dragged him to a window, raised it, and would have jumped out had not the other passengers interferred.

A CYCLING MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

THE RESULTS OF LONG, HARD RIDING. FULLY 3,000 MILES ON HIS WHEEL.

He Makes Some Reflections on the Benefits of the Sport and Tells of its Dangers.

From the Press, Utica, N. Y.



The Rev. Wm. P. F. Ferguson, whose picture we give above, will not be unfamiliar by sight to many readers. A young man, he has still had an extended experience as foreign missionary, teacher, editor, lecturer and pastor that has given him a wide acquaintance in many parts of the country.

In an interview a few days ago he said: "In the early summer of '94 I went upon a tour through Canada on my wheel. My route was from Utica to Cape Vincent thence by steamer to Kingston, and from there along the north shore of the lake to Toronto and around to Niagara Falls. I arrived at Cape Vincent at 5 o'clock, having ridden against a strong head wind all day.

"After a delightful sail through the Thousand Islands, I stepped on shore in that quaint old city of Kingston. A slight shower had fallen and the streets were damp, so that wisdom would have dictated that I, leg-weary as I was, should have kept in doors, but so anxious was I to see the old city that I spent the whole evening in the streets.

"Five o'clock the next morning brought a very unwelcome discovery. I was lame in both ankles and knees. The head wind and the damp streets had proved an unfortunate combination. I gave, however, little thought to it, supposing it would wear off in a few hours and the first flush of sunlight saw me speeding out the splendid road that leads toward Napanee.

"Night overtook me at a little village near Port Hope, but found me still lame. I rested the next day, and the next, but it was too late; the mischief was done. I rode a good many miles during the rest of the season, but never a day and seldom a mile without pain.

"The winter came and I put away my wheel, saying 'now I shall get well,' but to my disappointment I grew worse. Some hours and my knees almost forbade walking and my ankles would not permit me to wear shoes. At times I suffered severe pain, so severe as to make study a practical impossibility. I consulted two physicians and followed their excellent advice, but without result. So the winter passed. One day in March I happened to take in my hand a newspaper in which a

good deal of space was taken by an article in relation to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did not at that time know what they were supposed to cure. I should have paid no attention to the article had I not caught the name of a lady whom I knew. Reading, I found that she, in similar circumstances, had been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and knowing her as I did I had no doubt of the truth of the statement that she had authorized.

"The first box was not gone before I saw a change, and the third had not been finished before all signs of my rheumatic troubles were gone to stay.

"I say 'gone to stay,' for though there has been every opportunity for a return of the trouble, I have not felt the little twinge of it. I have wheeled thousands of miles and never before with so little discomfort. I have had some of the most severe tests of strength and endurance, and have come through them without an ache. For example, one afternoon I rode seventy miles, preached that night and made fifty miles of the hardest kind of road before noon the next day. Another instance was a 'Century run,' the last forty miles of which were made in a downpour of rain through mud and slush.

"You should think I would recommend them to others? Well, I have, and have had the pleasure of seeing very good results in a number of instances. Yes, I should feel that I was neglecting a duty if I failed to suggest Pink Pills to any friend whom I knew to be suffering from rheumatism.



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN WHITESBORO, OF WHICH REV. WM. FERGUSON IS PASTOR.

"No, that is not the only disease they cure. I personally know of a number of cures from other troubles, but I have needed them only for that, though it would be but fair to add that my general health has been better this summer than ever before in my life.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the lot), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of F. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Penna. and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bloomsburg, Pa., on

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Fishing Creek township, Columbia county and state of Penna., bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Bounded on the north by Huntington creek, on the east and south by public road, and on the west by Abraham Evland, containing ONE ACRE of land more or less, whereon are erected a

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

and outbuildings.

Said land taken into execution at the suit of Carey & Dealer vs. Elisha K. Robbins, and to be sold as the property of Elisha K. Robbins.

J. B. McHENRY, Sheriff.

BRITAIN, Attorney in fact.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jacob Andra, late of Herkott township deceased.

The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, to distribute the funds in the hands of the executor, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, Pa., on Tuesday, April 7th, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons having claims against said estate must appear and prove the same or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

W. H. SNYDER, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Fred Schwinz, late of the Town of Bloomsburg, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Fred Schwinz, late of the Town of Bloomsburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned administrator, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to

CATHARINE SCHWINZ, Administrator.

Herrig, Atty. Bloomsburg, Pa.

CHARTER NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court on the 30th day of March, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29, 1874, and its amendments, by J. D. White, J. K. Lockard, H. G. Sherwood, H. G. Holmes and W. E. Jery for the charter of an intended corporation to be called The Industrial Club, the character and object of which is the maintenance of a club for social enjoyment, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its amendments.

MAGILL, WINTERSTEIN, Solicitors.

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