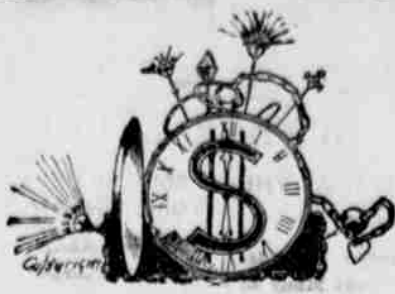


# A GOOD SIGN.



That's because its the sign of money, and jewelry and money is a good thing to have. So is some of our fine jewelry because it is always convertible into money, only in a different form, which you can wear and enjoy. Have just received a complete line of novelties, just the thing for Easter presents.

## J. E. ROYS,

Successor to J. G. Wells,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

Next door to Post-Office.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

# THE BROADWAY,

## NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES

To keep trade active.

- Men's overalls with bibs, 42c. pair.
- Oilcloth window shades on spring rollers 24c. each.
- Felt shades on spring rollers, 2 for 25c.
- Cotton hats, 7c., 10c. and 15c. each.
- Chenille table covers 69c., \$1.25 and \$1.75
- Shelf paper, 12 sheets for 1c.
- Turkish bath towels, 10c. each.
- Dress drilling, 6c. yard.
- Ticking, 10c., 13c. and 14c. yd.
- Shirting, 7c., 8c., 9c. and 10c. yd.
- Outing flannel remnants, 5c. yd.
- Calico remnants, 5c. yd.
- Machine oil, 3c. bottle.
- Red ink, 3c. bottle.
- Thimbles, 1c. each.
- Boys' watch chains, 2c. each.
- Easter eggs, 4c., 5c., and 8c. each.
- Shoe brushes, 10c. and 21c. each.
- Dust brushes, 10c. each.
- The New Idea Paper Patterns are fast superseding all others, and the price is only 10c. each.

## BROADWAY CASH STORE,

MOYER'S NEW BUILDING,

Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

# MUSIC



Hath charms, etc., sings the poet. Music is not only a pleasure but an education as well. Put one of our pianos or organs in the house and you'll be surprised what a refining influence it has. The cost is insignificant between now and the Holidays. We are offering great inducements in pianos, organs, and sewing machines:

- Pianos from \$250 and upwards.
- Organs from \$50 and upwards.
- World renowned White sewing machines from \$35 and upwards.
- Queen sewing machines we are offering at \$25 dollars cash. Best sewing machine for the money in the market to-day.
- Also guitars, banjos, violins, harmonicas, and everything in the music line. Best sewing machine needles, and o for all sewing machines. Pianos and organs tuned and repaired. Also all makes of sewing machines repaired.

### J. SALTZER, Gen'l. Agent,

Main street below Market. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

# THE NEW WOMAN

—AND—

# THE OLD MAN

and all the rest of the family can be satisfactorily shod at

## Jones & Walter's Shoe Store.

Every day new goods are coming in. The very latest in footwear. The newest in colored leathers. High shoes and low shoes, and shoes of all sizes, and at just what you want to pay price.



### WANT A HUSBAND?

A Union Veteran Who Wants an ex-Enemy to Choose Him a Wife.

The ways of Louisville and her women seem to have stamped themselves very favorably on the mind of one veteran who attended the encampment. At least, a sequel to the big meeting would imply as much.

The visiting veteran met a prominent ex-Confederate soldier while here, and they shook hands and chatted.

"Now that the war is over," said the veteran, "I should like to get a Confederate badge as a memento."

The Confederate got him a badge. "Now, Captain," said the visitor, "will you please put your name and address on the badge?"

The Confederate did this. They parted.

One day during the past week the ex-Confederate received a letter. It was from the old Union soldier.

As he read the letter his amazement grew, and in the end he was perplexed. No wonder. The writer, in a very serious manner, asked the Louisville man if he could find him a wife—some nice, middle-aged woman. He said, further, that his wife had died, and it was his desire to marry again and move to Georgia, if he could find a suitable consort.

The ex-Confederate is keeping his eyes open for a suitable woman.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### She Wasn't Green.

She was such a pretty girl. Sweet 17—just budding into fair womanhood. She had been reared among the blue grass hills of old Kentucky, and this was her first visit to the city. She was the guest of the mother of her intended husband.

Everything had been done to make her visit a pleasant one, and the dear little thing had been moving in a perfect Elysium of bliss. Charley—dear Charley—had been her constant companion, and this, with the wonderful sights to be seen in greater Cincinnati, had caused the little maiden's heart to overflow with joy. One night Charley suggested going to the Grand Opera House. The simple village maiden had never been to the theatre, but she had heard much of it and determined that she would be as blasé as any of the audience.

They reached the theatre early; very few had arrived. The lights were low. They sat and talked awhile. Oh, she was so happy. Just then the electric lights were turned on to their full power, and she naively remarked that "she had seen no one bring in more lights," but still she was happy.

The play began. She sat entranced. To her, poor Rip was the dearest, sweetest, good-for-nothing old fellow in the world. When the curtain arose on the fourth act, and Mr. Jefferson is discovered as Old Rip, after his sleep of twenty years, she turned to Charley and remarked: "Why, Charley, who is that old man? I haven't seen him before."

Charley replied, "Why that's Jefferson as Rip. He is supposed to have been sleeping for twenty years, and has grown very old."

The dear, sweet young thing cast a reproachful look out of her bewitching eyes upon her intended husband and said: "Oh, Charley, I know I am from the country. I know that I am what you city people call 'very green,' but, really, I am not that green. I have watched Mr. Jefferson carefully all the evening, and I know that old man there on the stage is not he. Oh, no, I'm not that green."

Then the curtain fell and they went out.—Cincinnati Tribune.

### A Reminiscence.

"Grandpa," asked little Clarence Callipers, addressing old Eben Tutgill, who had come in from Squam Corners to spend a few days with his daughter, little Clarence's mother, "what is a schism?"

"Heh?" ejaculated the old man, who had been nodding on the verge of a dose. "What's that?"

"What's a schism grandpa? I have just been reading an item about a church being broken up by a schism."

"A sizzum, eh?" chuckled the patriarch. "Wari—pshaw, Clarence, you ought to know what a sizzum is—eh, but I forgot that you've always lived in the city, an' come to think about it, I s'pose it's no more'n nat'ral that you shouldn't know. A sizzum, Clarence, is jest about the orneriest varmint among created critters. Break up a church, heh? Wari, I guess a sizzum would break up any sort of a gatherin' that it tried to, an' it wouldn't have to try very hard, either. K'he! I remember when a couple of big old sizzums got to fightin' under the Methodist Church one night durin' a revival, twenty-odd years ago. My sizz! I never smelt anything like it in all my born days. Nussie, never! Why, pshaw, azeffididy whil't it be compared with it! Phews—s-s-sh! It was so bad that a couple of hardened old sinners that had resisted the tears an' appeals of the brethren an' sisters for more'n a week jumped up an' fairly scampered to the altar, thinkin' that the other placed was uncappin' an' the Old Boy himself right at hand. K'he! Remember it jest as well as if it had been yesterday!"

### Making Bargains.

"Everything marked down to the lowest possible point?" said the merchant, inquiringly.

"Everything!" replied the clerk. "I put the \$1.50 silks at \$1.25, and everything else in proportion."

"At \$1.25?" exclaimed the merchant.

"Are you crazy?"

"Why, no, sir; you told me to mark them down for a genuine bargain sale."

"Of course I did; but do you think a woman can ever see a bargain in even money? Make them either \$1.24 or \$1.26 at once."—Chicago Post.

### Not Up to the Physical Requirements.

"Madame," said the weary wanderer, "I hope you will believe me when I say that I have not always been the battered wreck you see before you. Indeed, when I lost these two fingers and this eye I was one of the most prosperous Aldermen in Chicago."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### What Experience Teaches.

"Which do you think is the safer side of the stock market," said Spatts to Bloombur, "the long side or the short side?"

"There is a third side, which I consider much safer than either you have named," replied Bloombur.

"What side is that?"

"The outside."—Harper's Bazar.

### FOUR HUNDRED BELOW ZERO.

Curious Effects of Such Extreme Temperature on Iron and Colors.

Four hundred and twenty-four degrees F. below zero! Just what this means it is almost impossible to imagine, and yet it is one of the temperatures which have been reached and used in laboratory research, and has been made the subject of some highly interesting experiments and explanations by Professor Dewar before the British Royal Institution.

Four hundred degrees below zero is not an every-day temperature, nor can it be reached by more every-day means than the expansion of liquid air, which latter Professor Dewar has succeeded in producing in comparatively large quantities, and in storing by novel and ingenious methods, to be used as required in the study of matter at abnormally low temperature, exactly as a spirit lamp or a Bunsen burner is used in studying the properties of different bodies at the higher temperatures.

The tensile strength of iron at 400 below zero is just twice what it is at 60 above. It will take a strain of 50 instead of 25 tons to the square inch, and equally curious results have come out as to the elongation of metals under these conditions. It was an idea of Faraday that the magnetism in a permanent magnet would be increased at very low temperatures, and experiments with comparatively low temperatures had rather negated Faraday's suggestion, but Prof. Dewar has completely verified the opinion of the famous savant, having shown that a magnet at the extremely low temperature made possible by the liquid air had its power increased by about 50 per cent.

Very low temperature was shown also to have a remarkable effect upon the color of many bodies. For example the brilliant scarlet of vermillion and mercuric iodide is reduced under its influence to a pale orange, the original color returning with the rise of the temperature. Blues, on the other hand, are unaffected by cold, and the effect is comparatively small upon organic coloring in matters of all tints.—Cassier's Magazine.

### The English of the Indians.

Lieut. Grote Hutcheson, aide-de-camp to Gen. Coppinger, is in receipt of a highly interesting letter from one of his brother officers now in camp at Fort Hall agency in Idaho, the home of the Indians who were mixed up in the recent Jackson's Hole trouble. The letter is interesting because it has nothing to say of Jackson's Hole, which is a relief. Instead, it deals largely with conditions at Fort Hall from the standpoint of a student of ethnology.

"I am taken," says the writer, whose name Lieut. Hutcheson does not feel at liberty to mention, "with the speech of the Indians in their communication with the whites. Having little to occupy time, I have bothered to look into the origin of the kind of language which I hear used by Indians and traders in their talk with one another. It suggests the slang of the Bowery, being a purely artificial adjunct to both the Indian and the English language. It suggests, too, the baby talk of young mothers, who insist on placing verbs where nouns should be, and who prefer mixing up their first, second, and third persons to taking them straight. For instance, there is the word 'mebbe.' At first I thought this to be a sort of corruption of may be, meaning perhaps, or used in a doubting way. This is not true. The Indian and the white in conversation use 'mebbe' as an affirmative. 'Mebbe get wagon' is the strongest way of declaring that you will get a wagon. 'You eat mebbe' brings delight to the Indian, for that is a promise of giving him food, a promise which may by no means be evaded. A white man, too, in conversing with an Indian when an Indian will converse, and when he knows even this patois, injects 'mebbe' into his talk at every fourth word, or if he gets excited he puts it in at the third.

"There is no pronoun in the mixed vocabulary of the reservation. The words 'white man' and 'Injun' will fill in for all the persons and all the cases, too, by the way. Somebody will write an Indian-English grammar some day, and it will be comprised in less than a hundred words. Simplicity takes the place of explicitness, I am bound to say, and sometimes you have to use a carefully trained ear to know whether it is a threat, a command, a promise, or a request that is being flung at you. Mood is unknown in the grammar of the Bannack.

"I discover that the English language of Fenimore Cooper and Oil Coomes are non-existent. I have dug profoundly into the 'Ugh' and the three-word sentences of the novelist, and I find they are out of fashion. If you succeed in getting an Indian to talk to you at all he will not shut off with three words ending in an exclamation point. Neither will he use the expression 'pale face.' No self-respecting Indian says 'pale face' now.

"Although the language is a study worth attention. Seriously, I imagine a text book could be compiled which would really result in a great good for the Government in bringing the Indians to something like civilized habits. As it is, the instruction is based on the same conditions as prevail in the English language and with English-speaking persons. This does not fit the Indian. His language is simplicity itself, and there are two twists of case, tense, of the like. As to tense, one illustration will show. Take the word 'Go.' We have it 'go, went, gone, going, will go,' while the Indian puts in two cases, 'go' and 'wag go.' If he wishes to make it a future tense he simply puts in the specific time, as 'He go to-morrow, mebbe,' which to my mind is quite expressive of the idea. I seriously believe attention might be called to this situation among scholastic men and perhaps we would be able to get along without rascally and incompetent interpreters. One hundred words would be a good vocabulary."—Council Bluffs Daily Nonpareil.

### The True Cosmetics.

A "Daily Reader" asks about the quinine bath which "complexion specialists" recommend. This is merely a wash of alcohol in which a little quinine has been dissolved. It is said to "tone up" the skin and increase its ability to throw off impurities. But much better for the skin than the use of any tonic of this kind are plenty of fresh air, a good digestion, a daily bath, and no end of fine, pure soap.—New York Tribune.

### FOILING THE FIRE FIEND.

A Good Thing that Pushes Itself Along in a Beautiful Way.

A merchant of Gowanda has invented a most remarkable apparatus for saving stocks of goods from fire. Instead of putting out the fire the apparatus opens the front of the store, and the counters, cases and shelving roll out into the street into their owner's arms.

The shelving and counters in the store are all portable, and mounted on rollers. Attached to the rear of the shelving is a cable which runs forward and over a wheel below the floor in the front of the store. To this end of the cable are suspended weights sufficiently heavy to overbalance the shelving, cases and goods in them. A brake device keeps the weights from setting the lever of the brake in a combustible cord which passes upward into the ceiling, where it will be quickly ignited in case of fire. The sucking of the cord loosens the brake, the weights bear on the cable and the shelves start roller skelter for the front of the building. At the same time the windows and doors open automatically outward, and the entire contents of the store are dumped on the sidewalk in a jiffy. To frustrate the designs of fire thieves the shelves fold up when they reach the street, presenting only blank wood and glass.

Those who have seen the apparatus tested say that it works admirably. One night a mouse found something palatable in the brake cord and gnawed it in two, whereupon, much to its consternation, the furniture, boxes and shelves with one accord began a swift movement forward, and an automatic alarm attached to the machine began to rouse all the inhabitants of Gowanda, the hour being 2 o'clock in the morning. The ingenious inventor was one of the first on the scene, and his disgust at being routed out by a false alarm was greatly mitigated by the spectacle of the smooth working of his machine. It seems to be a good thing, and pushes itself along with no help.—Buffalo Courier.

### Scared With the Jury.

Some gray-haired lawyer-politicians sat in an up-town hotel talking over their early experiences. The conversation was opened by the man from up the State remarking:

"I see that old Dennis Keeny has just died up in my native town. He was one of the last of the old-style lawyers who relied for winning their cases not on their knowledge of law, but on their acquaintance with human nature. He was one of the best specimens of the class, too. Stories of his retorts and witty sayings are told all over his own and the adjoining counties.

"The first time I ever heard him was in the case of a man who was on trial for shooting into a party that had come to 'horn' him, a form of country celebration that you have probably heard about. Keeny appeared for the defendant. It was shown that the gun which the shooting was done was loaded with dried peas, instead of lead. Finally, a very dirty-looking witness was called, and testified that he had been shot in the right leg. On cross-examination the fellow appeared rather shifty, and finally Keeny asked him to show the jury the exact spot where the peas took effect. The fellow demurred, saying that the shooting had been done six weeks before, and the wound had healed. At last with great reluctance, the witness drew up his right trousers leg, exposing a limb well covered with dirt. Pointing to a spot which, if possible was blacker than the rest, the witness said:

"There; that's where they went in."

"Keeny turned to be jury, and in his most impressive manner said:

"Gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of crops; if peas had been planted in that soil six weeks ago they would be in blossom now."

The witness retired in confusion, and Keeny won his case."—New York Sun.

### Chimble Fadden's Creator.

Mr. Edward Townsend, the creator of Chimble Fadden, relates how the following incident put him on Chimble's track a few days before he wrote the first newspaper sketch: "I was visiting a mission where some ladies were giving a dinner to tenement house children which I was to report. I noticed one little fellow near me gulp down a piece of pie in about two bites. The young lady in charge, who seemed to be on very good terms with the boys and assumed a pretty air of comradeship, was standing by and saw the pie disappear. She leaned over and said, with a bite of the boy's manner for good fellowship: 'Would you like another piece if I can sneak it?' His eyes brightened. She brought the pie and placed it before him with a little confidential whisper, as though it were a special favor, of which he was not to tell. As she did so the boy leaned over and kissed her hand. It must have been the innate gentleness in him. No one could have taught him. It may be that he had seen a courtier do it on some previous stage, but I think it was just his own natural tribute. That was my first insight into the Bowery character. It set me thinking, and when I wanted to write a 'special' I used the people I had seen there, making up my own story."—Bookman.

### An Inventor's Dream.

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed for a while building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience, he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew.

If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and with a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modeled. After that it was easy. This is the true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.—Philadelphia Times.

### JONAS LONG'S SONS'

WEEKLY QUATS.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

April 1, 1896.

The Spring season finds us fully equipped with the freshest and brightest stock, fact is we have never seen a more beautiful collection of Spring necessities than are found displayed on our counters, the old adage "Everything from a needle to an anchor" applies forcibly to our store; we are purveyors to the people and make it a point to keep just what they want and in the right way. Our Mail Order Department business has trebled in volume of business, which indicates that we have struck the popular chord both as to quality of goods and lowness in prices, it is pleasant to buy through the mails, no trouble, no worry, everything is done for you in an intelligent manner by clerks skilled in the selecting and matching of goods, try this method, you'll soon realize its many advantages. The week we are displaying a beautiful line of Laces, something that everybody wants especially at this season when lighter suitings are the order of the day.

Irish Point Laces in Ecu and White are 8c, 10c, 15c, 19c and 25c. Heavy Venice Lace in Ecu and White at 15c, 19c and 25c. Beautiful Torchon Laces in handsome patterns are from 5c to 39c. Oriental Laces in Cream and Ecu range from 15c to \$1.25. Handsome Lace Collars to be worn over Spring waists or dresses from 50c to \$6.98.

Our Capes this season are little gems—they are made from a great variety of materials and are trimmed in exquisite taste. Black Broad cloth double capes, full ripple embroidered with Soutache braid, a beauty for early Spring wear on sale at \$2.98. Full ripple double cape made plain Wersted cloth is \$3.98. One similarly made with Velvet collar is a bargain at \$4.98. Rich tan Broad cloth capes with strap seams, pearl button trimmings and Velvet collar, a very stylish cape for young ladies \$5.98. Full ripple double cape with Soutache braid trimmings and numerous small pearl buttons is \$7.98.

Two special bargains are offered this week in ladies shoes, Russet button and lace shoes, narrow toe, full heel or spring heel are marked at \$1.98 worth much more.

Ladies' fine Dongola button and lace shoes, 20th century last, "The New Shape" is really a beautiful and stylish shoe and warranted of good wearing qualities, splendid value at our price \$2.23.

For China ware we should be consulted. We doubt if you could obtain a line to compare with ours at such moderate prices. We offer as a leader an English Porcelain Dinner Set in brown or blue decorations, consisting of 100 pieces at \$6.75.

Our new importations of Haviland China embraces many beautiful designs, we can supply them in Dinner and Tea sets, in any number of pieces as we are the direct importers of these goods we are able to save you big commissions.

BOOKS. Write to us for any book you desire to obtain, we supply any book want. We recommend the Red letter series of paper bound books for light and pleasant reading, 150 titles to choose from, at per copy 3c.

We would be pleased to have our patrons communicate with us upon any store matters, all inquiries receive prompt attention.

Respectfully,

Jonas Long's Sons

Cor. W. Market and Public Squares