

GULLIBLE ENGLISH EDITORS.

Enthusiasm With Which Their American Correspondence Load Them.

The English will never understand the Americans so long as they permit themselves to swallow all the stories that are told to them concerning American customs and habits. It is said to be the easiest thing in the world for a shrewd American writer to unload into the columns of English papers, and at space rates, articles which purport to describe life in this country. So long as the Americans are made to appear eccentric the English editors are willing to pay for these articles. Some of this newspaper "rot" is so absolutely without foundation that it is no wonder the English have such odd ideas concerning us. For instance, the London Daily News, which is supposed to be as well informed as any of the London journals, recently published a "New York letter," of which the following extract is a fair example: "The young men of New York lead the way, so far as the States are concerned, in luxurious and costly underwear and linen of the finest kind, elaborated with embroideries. A dozen silk night shirts were comprised in a recent purchase. Each was of a different tint of heliotrope, rose violet, pistachio, primrose, forget-me-not blue, topaz and daffodil yellow, and the embroideries were floral. Roses in natural colors of flowers and leaf were depicted with the needle on one, pansies on another, violets on a third, and so on throughout the entire range. The price of these garments was six guineas apiece. The pocket handkerchiefs usually bought by a youthful millionaire average a guinea each. The texture is so fine and soft that the whole expanse can be crushed together into the size of a walnut. The initials or monogram are embroidered in the most exquisite stitchery, surrounded by leaves and flowers. Such purchasers buy their sleeping suits in sets of fifteen, never using the same two consecutive nights. The cost of each suit averages from four guineas to six, so that the well furnished wardrobe is an item that means money. This extravagance is supposed to be indicative of refinement by those whose purpose it suits to profess that they think so."—Troy Times.

A Curious Point.

At a recent meeting in London of the British Ornithologists' Club interest centered in a collection of 900 cuckoo eggs which was exhibited by one of the members, and ever since then the English papers have been discussing the habits and powers of that somewhat disreputable bird with much energy. It has long been known that the eggs of British cuckoos are curiously varied as to their markings, no two of them being alike, and the difference is often so great that it is hard to believe that both of two contrasted specimens were laid by birds belonging to the same species. It has also been noticed that every cuckoo egg resembled more or less closely the other eggs in the nest where it was found. This has been held to indicate that somehow or other the cuckoo has acquired the remarkable power of determining beforehand of what color and marking an egg must be to escape detection by the birds selected by her as foster parents for her children and of producing a counterfeit of the required kind.

Now another and simpler explanation has been made by one of the many men who are studying the problem. He says that the cuckoo does not lay her egg in the nests of other birds, but somewhere else—any old place will do—and only after she and her mate have carefully inspected it and decided what other bird's eggs it most resembles do they begin to consider the question of where to put it for incubation. If the egg looks like a hedge sparrow's egg, they look about for a hedge sparrow's nest and there they carry it; if the resemblance is to the egg of a finch, then upon a finch, and not a hedge sparrow, is imposed the task of rearing the interloper. At the meeting referred to this theory was seriously considered, and its probability was generally admitted. Fortunately, the American cuckoos are honest birds and have homes of their own. The Britishers, therefore, can be left, without our aid, to struggle with the mystery.—New York Times.

A Shark Among the Menhaden.

"The other day," a fisherman said, "I read about the bluefish charging the menhaden and driving them ashore. Did you ever see the bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing, too. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly. "Into all this commotion comes a great shark; it's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for its benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth, and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school; it gorges itself without effort. "But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish; but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish, plunging and tearing incessantly, and killing and mauling at every stroke. "The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden has less of fear than it has of contempt for him."—New York Sun.

The Heart in Cycling.

It is erroneous to believe that bicycle riding should be avoided in every case of heart disease. Physicians who have made a study of this question declare that it may even be very beneficial in certain instances in which the action of the heart is feeble, and in which signs of fatty degeneration are found. Increased muscular exercise almost invariably improves the condition of the heart itself. There are, however, several indulgences that persons with weak hearts should beware of, such as straining to climb hills and meeting head winds, excessive fatigue and particularly exciting the heart and calling upon its reserve strength in the use of alcoholic stimulants and improper food.—Hartford Times.

HONORING GENERALS MEADE AND HANCOCK.

Equestrian Statues of the Heroes Unveiled at Gettysburg.

The equestrian statue erected by the state of Pennsylvania in honor of the memory of General George Gordon Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, was unveiled in the presence of a large number of distinguished military officers and civilians. The ceremonies opened with music, followed by prayer. Master George Gordon Meade, a grandson of the dead hero, unveiled the statue. As the drapery fell from the statue, light battery C, Third United States artillery, fired a salute. Dedicatory exercises were then conducted by George G. Meade Post No. 1, department Pennsylvania G. A. R. The statue was then formally delivered to the governor of the commonwealth by Brevet Brigadier General J. P. S. Gobin, of the commission which had charge of the erection of the statue. Governor Daniel H. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, received the statue on behalf of the commonwealth. Upon the conclusion of the governor's remarks, Brevet Major General David McMurtrie Gregg, who commanded the second cavalry division at Gettysburg, was introduced as the orator of the day. The exercises closed with music.

The exercises were held at the site of the monument just in the rear of the Bloody Angle. Chaplain Stevens, of Meade Post No. 1, G. A. R., made the invocation. When the flags fell from the statue a great shout went up from the crowd that ceased only with the roar of the cannon salute. At the conclusion of General Gregg's oration, Major General Miles, Brigadier General Brooke and sculptor Bush Brown made short addresses. Late the same day the equestrian statue in honor of Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, commanding the second army corps, was unveiled with ceremonies similar to those of the morning. Brevet Brigadier General Henry H. Bingham, who was on General Hancock's staff at Gettysburg delivered the oration.

Hood Health

And a good appetite go hand in hand. With the loss of appetite, the system cannot long sustain itself. Thus the fortifications of good health are broken down and the system is liable to attacks of disease. It is in such cases that the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are clearly shown. Thousands who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla testify to its great merits as a purifier of the blood, its powers to restore and sharpen the appetite and promote a healthy action of the digestive organs. Thus it is, not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story and constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Why not take Hood's Sarsaparilla now?

People have to look sharp these days if they don't want to be run into by reckless bicycle riders.

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Censure for the "New" Woman.

The following is an extract from a paper on Missions read before the Christian Endeavor society of the First M. E. church on Sunday evening: "Furthermore it is the mission of every Christian Endeavorer to protect the home. That means the annihilation of the 'new' woman craze. The true woman advocates a liberal education, believes that modesty and refinement are invaluable womanly qualities and seeks to shape her children's lives by the influence of a mother's love and a model home."

"The 'new' woman spends half her time attending clubs and lodges and the other half wearing bloomers and fighting for female suffrage. She would not invite social criticism by carrying her own baby in her arms, but lugs a long eared Spaniel through the streets all day. The qualities that George Washington's mother thought womanly are undergoing reformation. Domestic inclinations are at a discount, and spare time only is devoted to maternal duties. Rather than instruct and mould her daughter into a noble woman; rather than rear her boy under a love and tender influence that might qualify him to some day save a nation, she wastes her time and energy in the discharge of social functions and the abuse of governmental laws."

The home is next to the nation and the woman who neglects her home is little less a traitor than the man who sells his nation. The womanly woman can't find time to run for Congress. Providence has given her a sacred mission which she dare not thwart."

The Facts that Doctors

frequently advise change of air and climate to those suffering from catarrh is proof that catarrh is a local and climatic disease, and not a constitutional affection. Therefore, unless you can afford to leave home and business, you can find the remedy in Ely's Cream Balm. Applied directly to the seat of the disease, it effects instant relief and a satisfactory cure after short continuance. No mercury nor injurious drug is contained in the Balm. 50 cents. All druggists.

"I wonder what would be done to the preacher of a modern fashionable church with a membership of rich men, if he should tell his hearers as plainly as Christ told the young ruler 'Go and sell all that thou hast and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.' We are told this command was not for all the rich, but just for this one rich man, because his heart was set on his great possessions. Find me a rich man who is not in the same boat and I will show you a cantel ambling through the eye of a needle. What preacher to-day dares deliver Christ's message to the world? How many are there that it would not cost their pulpits to do this? So they go on, making religion a matter for the world to come and enveloping themselves with safe platitudes about spirituality, while they fight the evils that are in the world with blows that fall light as feathers."

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

About a Boy and Gingerbread, But It Illustrated the Point.

Mr. Lincoln was one of the rare talkers who could always point a moral with an adorning tale taken out of his own experience. Everybody has experiences if he only knows it. Most of us are so much in the habit of taking in wisdom and fun through the printed page of the story as another man tells it that we lack the capacity to see it for ourselves.

The story teller is the man who finds his own material. An old Southern politician was moralizing thus a few nights ago and eulogizing the man the South used to dislike:

"When Lincoln first came to Washington I went to see him, so prejudiced against him beforehand that no man with less genius could have overcome it. I left that first interview his friend. No man ever came under the charm of Lincoln's personality without respecting him, and, if allowed, loving him."

"One day, after we had become fairly good friends, I told him of my early prejudice.

"Mr. Lincoln," I said, "I had heard every mean thing on earth about you except one. I never heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life." Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment stroking his long cheek thoughtfully, and then he drew out in his peculiar Western voice:

"That reminds me of something that a boy said to me when I was about ten years old.

"Once in a while my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbread. It wasn't often, and it was our biggest treat.

"One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them out under a hickory tree to eat them.

"There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down.

"'Abe,' he said, edging close, 'gimme a man.'

"I gave him one. He crammed it into his mouth at two bites and looked at me while I bit the legs from my first one.

"'Abe,' he said, 'gimme that other'n.'

"I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said: 'You seem to like gingerbread?'

"'Abe,' he said, earnestly, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do,' and, drawing a sigh that brought up crumbs, 'I don't s'pose there's anybody gets less of it.'"

And the old politician said Mr. Lincoln looked as though the subject was ended.—Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye.

The Teacher Taught.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham Grammar School, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing the cane, he gave a nasty cut upon the too tempting back of one youth, who seemed to be the offender. "If you please, sir," said the boy, squirming. "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbor, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to, had taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place: "It is I who am most to blame for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it."

"No, sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that." The whole great school-room was now listening, masters and all. Arnold insisted: "Jones, you must obey me; and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it."

Jenny Lind Sang for Him.

Edward V. Eccles, the veteran musician, who died at his home on North Thirteenth street recently, was fond of telling this anecdote of his youth: "It was about the beginning of the war," he invariably began. "I was then a clerk in a large music publishing house on Chestnut street. One day a well-dressed, quiet little woman entered the store and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature. We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was then the talk of the town. She laughed and said: 'Oh, yes; I have heard her. Have you?' I told her that I hadn't had that pleasure, and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high. She laughed again, and then she handed me a song she had picked out, and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and, with a rare smile, she said: 'You cannot say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind!' She thanked me again, and left me dumfounded."—Philadelphia Record.

Misplaced Zeal.

"Zeal," remarked a member of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution the other day, "is sometimes misplaced. I've been urging a friend whose family I know to be an old revolutionary one to become a Daughter. She has never shown any enthusiasm about joining and her conservatism had simply the effect to increase my desire that she should. So when one day recently I found myself unexpectedly tete-a-tete with her for a trip to Philadelphia, I renewed my attachment with a bold move. As the train was leaving Jersey City I said in my most engaging manner: 'Now, my dear Mrs. S., I have you at my mercy for full two hours. Before we reach Philadelphia you must have promised me that you will come into the Daughters. I warn you that you may as well yield first as last, for yield you must. We want you very much.' Mrs. S. smiled rather peculiarly. 'Are you sure you will want me,' she said, quietly, 'when I tell you that my most prominent revolutionary ancestor was Benedict Arnold?'"—New York Times.



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—ANNUAL MEETING AND REPORT.

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\$69,000,000 of New Business in 1895. \$308,660,000 of Business in F. C. \$4,084,075 of Death Claims paid in 1895. \$25,000,000 of Death Claims paid since Business begun. 1895 SHOWS—AN INCREASE IN GROSS ASSETS, AN INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS, AN INCREASE IN INCOME, AN INCREASE IN BUSINESS IN FORCE, OVER 105,800 MEMBERS INTERESTED.

The Annual Meeting of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association was held in the Association's Building, corner Broadway & Duane St., New York City, on Wednesday, January 22nd, and was attended by a large and representative gathering of policy holders who listened with keen interest to the masterly Annual Report of President Burnham.

Many policy holders evidently regarded this as a favorable opportunity to meet face to face the new chief executive officer of the Association, President Frederick A. Burnham, the man whose grasp of life insurance, whose keen executive ability and strong individuality have enabled him to take up the work laid down in death by the founder of the institution, the late Edward B. Harper, and make of the administration of his office of President, not an echo or copy of that of his predecessor, but a piece of finished work, characteristic of a man of independent views, and worthy to follow the work which had carried the Association to a position never attained in the same length of time by any life insurance organization in the world. It is rare, indeed, that a great institution like this passes, without check to its prosperity, through a change in the executive chief, for it is rare indeed that a chief like the late Mr. Harper finds so able a successor as President Burnham.

The record of the year 1895 speaks for itself, and shows the following gratifying results.

The GROSS ASSETS have increased during the year from \$5,536,115.99 to \$5,661,707.82.

The NET SURPLUS over liabilities shows a NET GAIN for the year of \$306,329.43, and now amounts to \$3,582,509.32.

The INCOME from all sources shows a gain for the year of \$631,541.97, and amounts to \$5,575,281.56.

DEATH CLAIMS to the amount of \$4,084,074.92 were paid during the year, an increase over the previous year of \$1,013,560.91.

The BUSINESS IN FORCE shows a gain for the year of \$15,293,265, and now amounts to \$308,659,371.

Counting three hundred working days in the year the daily average income for 1895 is \$18,584.27; the daily average payments for death claims, \$13,652.25, and the daily average gain in business in force within a fraction of \$51,000.

Persons desiring insurance, an agency, or any other information concerning the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION may apply to

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