

LOCATING A CABLE BREAK.

A Delicate Instrument Which Registers With Unfailing Accuracy.

The great telegraph companies that span the continent and radiate to every cross-road village employ thousands of linemen to repair breaks in the wire, which are of frequent occurrence. In this country telegraph lines are rather poorly constructed, outside of large cities, and any severe storm will prostrate poles and break the wires, and then the linemen is sent out.

When there is a break on a land line, it is easily located. Suppose there are ten stations, from A to J inclusive. An endeavor to signal H and gets no response. So he calls up B, C, D, and so on, until he reaches F, and beyond that the wire is dead. Evidently the break is between F and G; a lineman is ordered out from F, who rides or walks along the line until he finds and repairs the break.

But how can a break be located in the ocean cables, where there are only two stations, one at each end, and distant from each other thousands of miles? That is really easier than sending out a man to look for it, as on land lines. Deeply buried as these cables are beneath the trackless level of the ocean's surface, the exact path in which each of them lies is well known by series of chart indications which were made at the time of their construction. By means of computations based upon these sources of information a captain can guide his vessel to any spot along the line in mid-ocean, where no guide-posts but the lights of heaven exist, and know of a certainty that he is within a very short distance of a point directly over the cable hundreds of fathoms below.

Now, then, when communication is broken between Cape Ann and Ireland let us say, the operator attaches a galvanometer to the cable. This delicate instrument will tell him in the space of a very few seconds at what spot in the hundreds of miles length of cable down among the dark recesses of the ocean's bed the accident to the wire has occurred. The neatness of the instrument lies simply in its ability to register with unfailing accuracy the amount of resistance the unbroken wire gives.

In other words, the operator knows that when the wire is unbroken the galvanometer will indicate 1000 as the resistance. For example—if then the resistance is 500, the break must be half the distance between stations. The process, including as it does a knowledge of the size of the wire and some other details, requires a little calculation, but the principle is as above. If there should be two breaks, he, of course, can give information regarding the first one only, since the electric connection is stopped there. If the operator at the outer end should make a similar test of his unbroken portion, and it should be found upon comparing the two results, through some other perfect cable, that they did not supplement each other's distances, then it would be evident that there were at least two breaks at a known distance from each other. Such instances have not occurred, however.

Shark's Fin Excellent Eating.
John Chinaman's taste for bird's-nest soup and roast dog is a matter for common laughter or disgust amongst us, but a good many white people eat dishes almost equally singular, and very wisely, too, as those who have tasted these dishes aver. Squirrels are sometimes eaten with great relish in the rural districts of England, and very frequently so in the Western States of America, whilst the cat-fish and the dog-fish (hideous-looking creatures), and especially their heads, are regarded as delicacies by the white people who live near the waters in which they abound. But to thousands of white people sharks' fins are especially palatable, and make the most delicious soup.

The fins chosen are the top ones and the one on the under-side whilst the side fins are rejected as being too full of oil. An little of the flesh of the shark as possible is cut off with the fins used, these latter being steeped for three hours in salt water, and then converted into soup, which all who have tasted it declare to be most appetizing.

Strange Effect of Diving.
An Austrian pearl diver, in recounting his experiences, says that one of the strange effects of diving is the inevitable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea; and, as this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached it may be supposed to be due to the pressure of air inside the dress affecting the lungs and through them the brain. A diver often becomes so angry at some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of those in the boat above that he gives the engine to be pulled up, with the intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew; only to forget what he came up for when the surface is reached.

The Largest University.
The biggest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt—a country which is not mentioned at all in the statistics—and it has eleven thousand students. They come from every part of the Mohammedan world, and they study Muhammad law, history, theology and other branches needed to confirm them in the faith of Mohammed. They sit on the floor of an enormous court and study aloud, and the Western visitor who calls on them during study hours thinks that he has struck the original site of the Tower of Babel, and that the confused of tongue haven't stopped talking yet.

The Oily Menhaden.
The oily character of the menhaden is familiar; it is caught for its oil, which is tried out in factories. Menhaden fishermen use purse nets, which are tarred to preserve them. To keep their hands from sticking to the tarred nets they rub them on a freshly caught menhaden, handling it something as they would a cake of soap. So oily is the menhaden that the simple pressure thus applied is enough to bring through the scales oil sufficient for the purpose.

IT WAS THE WICKED "POLLY."

Patrick Thought It Was the Voice of His Rival and Got Killed at It.

An amusing scene occurred in a quiet uptown street last night. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-cheeked servant in one of the houses in the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening. Just as he opened the iron gate leading into the basement yard he heard a voice say: "Hullo, Pat!"

"Hullo, yourself," replied Pat. "Hullo, Pat," said the strange voice again. Pat gazed all around him, but could see nobody, and once again he heard the voice say, "Hullo, Pat." "Is that all you can say, 'Hullo, Pat? Where the devil are you, anyhow?'" answered Pat.

"Pat, you're a fool," said the voice. "Begorra, you're a liar, whoever ye be," shouted Pat, as he looked blindly around for his insulter. "Pat, you fool," again uttered the voice. "I'm no fool, whoever ye are," called out Pat, wild with anger, "an' if ye will show yourself I'll prove it to ye." "Foolish Pat," came the reply, accompanied by a hoarse chuckle. Pat was furious and thoughts of his rival, McCarthy, immediately came in his mind. "Show yourself, McCarthy, only show yourself, McCarthy, an' I'll punch in the face of ye, I will! I will!" he shouted, as he danced up and down. "Pat, you fool! Pat, you fool! ho, ho! ha, ha!" shouted Pat's tormenter.

By this time Pat's coat and waistcoat lay on the ground and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle. There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly the time for the policeman on the beat to pass that way, when the basement door opened and Pat's sweetheart came out. On seeing Pat she uttered a little scream and exclaimed: "Are you crazy, Pat? An' what has come into you the night? Put your clothes on, man!"

"You spalpeen, Pat! Foolish Pat! Ho, ho! ha, ha! Go home, Pat," said the mysterious voice out of the darkness. "Do ye hear the blackguard? Oh, if I can lay me hands on him!" foamed Pat, as he continued his war dance. "Ah, you mustn't mind that, Pat," said his sweetheart. "You're a donkey, surely, to be minding the talk of that crazy bird upstairs. Why, it's only one of the young men's parrots which they brought home with them from over the sea. It's an ill-mannered bird, and do swear dreadfully. Mistress won't have it in the house, so the boys hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs."

"You're a great gawk, Pat, to be minding the likes of a poor, simple-minded bird like that." Pat became slowly appeased, and as he put on his coat he said: "I don't mind what a bird says, Molly, but begorra, I thought it was that sneak McCarthy hiding furnist ther stoop."—New York Tribune.

And Yet We Blame the Cooks.
Mr. Simple—Will Estella do her own cooking, now that she has graduated from cooking school?
Mrs. Difuple—Oh my, no! She intends to write a cookbook.

Had to Have It.
A nice young man out on Walnut Hills called on a nice young lady and spent the evening recently. When he arrived there was not a cloud in the sky, so he carried no umbrella, and wore neither goshes nor mackintosh. At ten o'clock, when he arose to go, it was raining pitchforks and grindstones.
"My, my, my!" said the nice young lady, "if you go out in this storm you will catch your death of cold."
"I'm afraid I might," was the trembling answer.

"Well, I'll tell you what—stay all night; you can have Tom's room, as he is visiting uncle and aunt up in the country. Yes, occupy Tom's room. Excuse me a minute, and I'll just run up and see if it's in order."
The young lady fled gracefully upstairs to see if any tidying was necessary. In five minutes she came down to announce that the room was in readiness, but no Charles was in sight. In a very few moments, however, he appeared, dripping wet and out of breath from running, and with a bundle in a newspaper under his arm.
The nice young lady greeted him with: "Why, Charles, where have you been?"
"Been home after my night shirt," was his reply, as he hung his hat up to drip.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HAD BEEN ON THE CARB BEFORE.

A Little Story of a Humptons Old Man and a Meek Conductor.

He got on at Schenectady. He was in a black broadcloth suit and a dusty beaver hat. He put his canvas-covered handbag into the rack and opened a newspaper. He gave the conductor his ticket and settled himself in his seat. Then an idea which he seemed to have forgotten evidently came back to him suddenly. He took the bag down from the rack and drew out a neatly folded gray alpaca ulster, a pair of brown cotton gloves, and a black silk traveling cap. Somebody evidently had prepared him for the journey, and determined that he should lack no material aid to enjoy himself or looking just as well as anybody he saw on the car.

He got into the clothes, put on his spectacles, and began to read his newspaper. But a change in the direction of the train brought him under the attention of a particularly zealous ray of sunshine. He flung it in his seat and pulled down the blind. Then he looked about the car for another seat. The only empty was at the upper end, so he took down the canvas handbag and the beaver hat and emigrated to the seat on the shady side of the car. The only trace of him left in the seat he had vacated was the slip of paper given him by the conductor when he took up his ticket.

When the conductor came through the car again he found the old man sound asleep, with the newspaper over his face. The cap, the gloves, the ulster, and the spectacles had changed his appearance, so he was aroused and asked for his ticket.
"I gave you my ticket," the old fellow snapped out, "just after I got on." Then he put the newspaper over his face.
"But your check? Where's your check?" the conductor asked.
"I haven't got any check, and I don't want any," the old man said after he had drawn the paper up partly from over his face. "I don't know anything about a check. I bought a ticket, and when I got on the train you asked me for it. I gave it to you, and that settles it. Besides, I'm sleepy."

The conductor had entirely failed to recognize the old man in his new dress. The newspaper was over his face again and no ticket was forthcoming. The conductor touched him.
"Where've you been sitting before?" the conductor asked.
"In the first seat from the other end," came from behind the newspaper again. "But don't ask me if it's still there or not. I don't know and I don't care."
"It was only for your own convenience that I gave you the check," said the conductor, "so I wouldn't have to ask you if you had your ticket every time I passed through the car."
This time the newspaper came down, and the old man's eyes snapped at the conductor.
"Never you mind my convenience," he said. "I never asked you to look out for that, and the ticket didn't say anything about it. I can look out for my own convenience. I haven't been down to New York before since Gen. Grant's funeral, but I know that when you buy your ticket and give it to the conductor there's nothing else to do. I'm not under compulsion to take a check from you, and I'm damned if I will."

The conductor didn't answer, and didn't want to. He had won an unusual victory. He had the sympathy of the passengers in a discussion with one of them over a ticket, and he felt that was triumph enough. So he smiled while the old man slept behind his newspaper. The conductor did not even take the satisfaction of asking him at every station for his ticket. He allowed him to sleep quietly.

How He Won His Case.
Charles O'Conor and James W. Gerard were once opposed to each other in an important trial. When Mr. O'Conor produced his first witness, Mr. Gerard rose and said:
"Mr. O'Conor, what do you propose to show by this witness?"
Mr. O'Conor told what he wished to prove.
"It is useless to waste the time of the court and jury in proving that," said the other; "I admit it."
Mr. O'Conor then called his next witness, and the same question and answer were repeated.
"I admit it," said Mr. Gerard; "don't let us waste time."
Another witness began, and Mr. Gerard interrupted: "I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let us hurry along."

With a rapidity which almost took O'Conor's breath away, all the facts which he had accumulated were accepted wholesale. There he rested his case, and Gerard, for the defence, called no witnesses, but at once began his address to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who are not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of fraud, I should be the last man on earth to admit it. I should hide it from you, I should cover it up, I should fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of its getting in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No! No! Never! Never!" Here he looked at his watch. "Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine to-day, and my time is almost up; I will detain you no longer."
He won his case.

A Good Arithmetician.
One day, as Pat halted at the top of the river bank, a man famous for his incisive mind, stopped and asked: "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?"
"Ten years, sir," was the ready answer.
"Ah! How many loads do you take in a day?"
"From ten to fifteen, sir."
"Ah, yes! Now, I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all, sir?"
Pat promptly jerked his thumb backward toward the river and replied: "All the water ye don't see there now, sir."—Christian Advocate.

CHAIRMAN JONES' WARNING.

Head of the National Democratic Committee Serves Notice on Corporations Which Coerce Their Employees That They Will be Prosecuted.

The following appeal and warning addressed "to the American people" has been given out last week by Chairman Jones on behalf of the national Democratic committee.

"In view of the fact that the great corporations, with scarcely an exception, and many of the large employers of labor in the United States are engaged in a concerted effort to coerce their employees into voting at the approaching election against their own convictions, I deem it my duty to call upon all those who believe in the supremacy of the law and the untrammelled freedom of the individual in the right of exercising the ballot, to use their utmost effort to prevent the success of this most flagrant act of lawlessness, for if the conspiracy succeeds government by corporations will have succeeded government by the people."

"The corporations which thus appeal to force and fraud strike at the very foundations of republican government and the lovers of free institutions must arouse themselves to save the country from its great peril. Especially should the workmen assert their manhood rights. If they vote their convictions and in accordance with their interests, the Democratic ticket is certain of election, and in that case the employing corporations will have no desire to embark upon a policy of punishment."

"In the contest that is raging the salvation of the workingman lies in the assertion of the polls of his rights as a free and independent American citizen. The perpetuation of this attempted outrage upon free suffrage will work its own cure. An indignant people, jealous of their rights, will demand that the legislatures, state and national, shall proceed at once by rigorous measures to prevent the possibility of a repetition of such attempts hereafter."

"The national committee, backed by the full power of the Democratic organization in every state in the Union, pledges itself that every scoundrel, whether public officer or private citizen, who is detected in any violation of the law shall be vigorously prosecuted and sent to the penitentiary if possible."

JAMES K. JONES,
Chairman National Democratic Committee.

Blood Is Life.

It is the medium which carries to every nerve, muscle, organ and fibre its nourishment and strength. If the blood is pure, rich and healthy you will be well; if impure, disease will soon overtake you. Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to keep you in health by making your blood rich and pure.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, etc.

SOLD HIS WIFE FOR A PIPE.

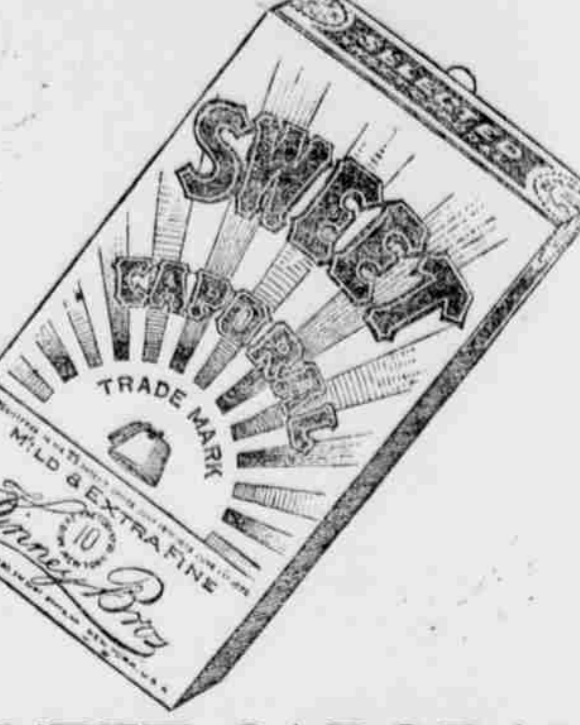
Peculiar Mal' Transaction Which the Woman Objects.

A peculiar transaction in wives took place in Wilkes Barre Township, last week. There was quite a crowd in Joseph Rothstein's saloon. Stanley Maklinsky excited the envy of his friends by showing them a fine new pipe, for which he said he paid \$4. William Krokinosky wanted the pipe and as none of the crowd had any money, he with others offered to trade things for it. He offered a pair of boots, his breast in the Empire mine or a Davy safety lamp, but none of these things tempted Maklinsky. Krokinosky finally said: "Well, if you give me the pipe I will give you my wife." Maklinsky agreed to this and the following paper was drawn up:—"I sell my wife to Stanley Maklinsky for a pipe. I will have nothing to do with her again. He can do what he likes with her."

Each man signed this, and Krokinosky agreed to deliver the wife next day. Mrs. Maklinsky, who is somewhat more Americanized than her husband, objected vigorously to the proposed plan, and told him that she could have him arrested if he married another woman. Maklinsky, finding that a second wife would be a dangerous and embarrassing encumbrance, searched about for a chance to trade her off. It was not long before he met George Kopchinski, a young miner. The latter readily agreed to pay \$10 for the woman, and paid \$3 down and promised the balance in monthly instalments.

He was not to get a wife so easily, however. That afternoon when he went to Maklinsky's house the wife refused to recognize the validity of the sale, and said she would not go with him. Kopchinski showed her the paper he had received from her husband, and argued that the sale was proper, and she was legally his wife, but she would not see it in that way. Kopchinsky says unless the

FREE BUTTONS!
AN ELEGANT BUTTON FREE with each package of
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A COLLECTION OF BUTTONS WITHOUT COST.



"A handful of dirt may be a household of shame." Keep your house clean with **SAPOLIO**

woman comes to him he will appeal to law for aid.

Secret Photographing.
One of the most ingenious methods in the world for photographing persons and keeping them in ignorance of the fact is that of the Bank of France. The bank has a hidden studio in a gallery behind the cashier's desk, so that at a signal from one of the bank employes any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge.

The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or figure that to the eye seemed completely erased being clearly produced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with.

We live in a country of which the principal scourge is stomach trouble. It is more wide-spread than any other disease, and, very nearly, more dangerous.
One thing that makes it so dangerous is that it is so little understood. If it were better understood, it would be more feared, more easily cured, less universal than it is now.
So, those who wish to be cured, take Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it goes to the root of the trouble as no other medicine does. The pure, harmless, curative herbs and plants, of which it is composed, are what render it so certain and, at the same time, so gentle a cure.
It helps and strengthens the stomach, purifies and tones up the system.
Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

Sullivan county has always stood by Columbia in district nominations for Congress and state senate, when the nominees have been residents of this county. Now that Sullivan has a candidate for congress for the first time, let Columbia stand shoulder to shoulder with her, and roll up a good big majority for Alphonus Walsh.

How Is This Offer?
On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.
A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.
—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM J. BRYAN,
of Nebraska.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
ARTHUR SEWALL,
of Maine.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.
CONGRESS-AT LARGE,
D. C. DEWITT,
of Bradford county.

J. T. AILMAN,
of Juniata county.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.
FOR CONGRESS,
ALPHONSUS WALSH,
of Sullivan county.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
JOHN N. GORDON,
of Montour township.

WILLIAM KRICKBAUM
of Bloomsburg.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE
JAMES T. FOX,
of Catawissa.

FOR PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS,
WILLIAM H. HENRIE,
of Catawissa Boro.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
G. S. FLECKENSTINE,
of Orange Township.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
JOHN G. HARMAN,
of Bloomsburg.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE (North Side)
WM. CHRISMAN,
of Bloomsburg.

WILLIAM T. CREASY,
of South Side.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
CHARLES B. ENT,
of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
W. F. STOHNER,
of Bloomsburg.

BOYD TRESSCOTT,
of Millville.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
CHAS. H. MOORE,
of Bloomsburg.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN