

The Columbian.

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CHRISTMAS MORN.

A COMEDIAN'S PLIGHT.

Adventure That Befell Nat Goodwin on a Christmas Night.

The most eventful Christmas I ever passed was in 1891. We had played in Utica Christmas eve and were to leave on an early morning train for Poughkeepsie. The company caught the train all right, but it was frightfully cold and a blizzard was raging. I decided to wait for a later train, which would reach Poughkeepsie about 6 o'clock. Instead of clearing up, however, the storm grew worse, and the train that I waited for never came. It was stalled in a drift up the road somewhere. I began to realize then that it was a cold day for me in more senses than one.

I tried to hire an engine, but didn't succeed, for there was none. I finally gave it up in despair and went back to the hotel. George Appleton, my manager, was made of sterner stuff than I, however, and in about two hours had organized a party of storm bound passengers and persuaded another railroad to make up a mixed train and try to get us through to the uncompleted bridge at Poughkeepsie. We would be landed on the opposite side of the river, they said, but we could get across to the town by the ferry. The depot was about three miles outside of Utica, and it took us three hours and a quarter to reach it. There was no fire in the cars we secured, and mighty little in the engine. At 8 o'clock Christmas night we were dumped out at the landing opposite Poughkeepsie.

The river was full of jagged masses of ice and the ferryboats had been compelled to stop running at 6 o'clock. There was



THE GUARD WAS OBDURATE.

no possible way of crossing except by the half finished railroad bridge, and that was guarded at either end by watchmen, who had orders to allow no one to pass. Moreover, there was no approach to the bridge, whose ice clad buttress arose abruptly from the river's edge to a height of a hundred feet or more. The other passengers stopped right there and sought shelter in a neighboring hotel. I wanted to follow their good example, but Appleton wouldn't let me. He said we had gone too far to turn back then, and, besides, a sturdy small boy at the hotel had offered to show us how to climb to the bridge. He was rewarded in advance, and then we set out to battle with fate. The small boy took the lead, Appleton followed him, I made a close third, and my valet, Jack, formed a kind of rear guard to look after my remains in case of accident. Our small guide led us straight to the huge buttress of the bridge, which was built of massive blocks of stone arranged in terrace form from its broad base to its narrow apex. These terraces were about 15 feet high and covered with ice and snow. It was impossible for a man to climb them unaided, but the boy was equal to the emergency. After prowling about for a few minutes he found a ladder which had been used by the workmen. I can't begin to describe the difficulties and dangers of that climb, but at last we scrambled to the top, with clothes torn and hands bruised and bleeding. Fortunately the watchman was walking toward the middle of the bridge, and we had a chance for a good start before he could stop us. After a short breathing spell Appleton, Jack and I began our perilous journey along the narrow footpath that stretched across the ghostly looking ironwork, but before we had reached the middle of the bridge the watchman stopped us and ordered us to go back. We pleaded and pro-

tested and argued, but it was of no use. He wouldn't even take a bribe. Hereupon the boy Jack loudly called my attention to the fact that the water looked awfully cold down below. Appleton quickly added that under certain circumstances it would make an excellent plunge bath, and I chipped in with a flippant remark about it being a 3 to 1 shot.

That watchman evidently thought we meditated murder or some equally desperate crime, for his eyes fairly bulged from their sockets as he backed away from us as far as the narrow footpath would permit. We brushed by him instantly and continued on our way without any further interference from him. The watchman at the other end of the bridge, however, proved of different metal. He was as big as two of us, and we didn't dare attempt any bluff with him. He was even more obdurate than the other fellow. It began to look as though all our labor was to be in vain when Appleton whispered to me to run while he engaged the watchman in conversation. Well, I scooted, and so did Jack, but we didn't scoot far, for we were brought to a sudden standstill by the abrupt termination of the bridge at the buttress. It was a sheer 100 feet to the ground and there was no ladder. I gave it up again and could have wept scalding tears if it hadn't been so cold. Appleton, however, succeeded in pacifying the watchman and came to our rescue with grim determination in his stride. He boldly jumped down the first terrace and called upon Jack and me to follow. Jack did so, but I hesitated. That 15 feet seemed like a precipice, and the landing on the next terrace looked awfully hard and insecure. I didn't dare to jump, so I compromised by taking a kind of toboggan slide on my coattail. It wasn't as exhilarating or as fascinating as many other slides I have had, but it was quite as exciting. In this way I reached terra firma in a somewhat dismantled condition. Incidentally I bade a fearful goodby to my trousers next day.

It was about two miles from the bridge to the opera house, and we had to foot it, because there wasn't a vehicle abroad that night. We ran most of the way to keep from freezing, and after frightening a couple of women into hysterics, because they misunderstood our hurried request for information, we arrived at the theater at a quarter past 9 and proceeded with the performance. As there was no time to change I went on just as I was, looking like a scarecrow on a Massachusetts farm. The audience was good natured, though, and readily forgave me when they learned what had happened. NAT C. GOODWIN.

An Early Christmas Drinking Song.
The following verses from the original Norman French are said to be the first drinking song composed in England:

Lordlings from a distant home,
To seek old Christmas are we come.
Who loves our minstrelsy?
And here, unless report missey,
The grayboard dwells, and on this day
Keeps yearly wassail, ever gay
With festive mirth and glee.

Yule Cakes.
Yule dough, a kind of baby or little image intended to represent the child Jesus, made of paste, was formerly baked at Christmas and presented by bakers to their customers "in the same manner as the handlers gave candles." They are still called Yule cakes in the county of Durham, England.

Those who object to have the little folks believe in Santa Claus, ten chances to one have a mighty dull Christmas at their homes. The child that is overly smart, and cannot be fooled with Santa Claus stories, nine times out of ten is more trouble to his folks than the urchin who has explicit faith in the legends about old Santa. Hang up the children's stockings and be sure you don't forget, if you want the little ones to feel happy on Christmas morning.

Water was let out of the canal last Thursday.

GIDDING & CO.

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Kris Kringle News

From this interesting store—more so now than ever. Christmas Gifts that are Sensible, and rightly priced. Visit the store now in all its glory. Look around, buy if you like, or look around. Its interesting.

EXTRA SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRICES.

Pongee Silk Handkerchiefs,

Extra good quality, good size,

25c.

Finest grades of Pongee silk, plain or with fancy border,

50c, 75c, or \$1.

Silk Suspenders,

Plain or with embroidery,

Special 25c.

Finest grades, 50c and \$1.00.

Kid Gloves,

Lined, for men or boys,

50c.

Finest grades, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, \$2.00

Macintosh Coats,

Plain, double breasted, velvet collar, black, blue, light covert, or gray,

5.00, 7.50, 10, or \$12.

With Cape, 3.50, 5.00, 7.50 or \$10.

Umbrellas, Canes,

Plain or silver mounted.

White or Fancy Shirts,

50c, 75c or \$1.00.

Toques,

For boys or girls, silk finish cassimere.

25c.

Fine wools, all colors and combinations, 39 and 50c.

Neckwear,

150 dozen, flaring ends, four in hands, tecks, bows and ties,

25c.

Light or dark colors.

Rich and elegant Satin Neckwear, Special for Holidays, Roman Plaids, Yale Stripe, Harvard Stripe, puffs, tecks, imperials or string ties,

50c.

Regular \$1.00 value.

Reefers for Boys,

Splendid for Christmas,

1.98, 2.50, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00 and \$6.00.

Our lines of men's and young men's suits are top notch.

Children's novelties, vestee, reefer or blouse suits.

GIDDING & CO.,

Nearly opposite Court House,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Two doors below Post Office.

PARDEE HALL IN ASHES, Incubator Fires Scientific Building of Lafayette College.

Pardee Hall, the beautiful four-story stone scientific building, which was presented to Lafayette College by Ario Pardee in 1891, at a cost of nearly \$300,000, was almost entirely destroyed by fire early Saturday morning, causing a loss of nearly \$100,000. The centre of the structure and the entire west wing were gutted, and only the blackened walls are left standing. Besides the damage to the building, thousands of dollars' worth of valuable property belonging to professors at the college was destroyed.

The fire originated in the biological laboratory and must have been burning for a considerable length of time before it was discovered. It was about 5 o'clock when Lehigh Valley Railroad employes noticed a blaze coming out of the windows of the hall, and telephoned to the College Hill Engine Company. The fire spread from the biological department toward the west throughout the second floor of the lateral wing, and, after licking up everything inflammable there, attacked the upper floors of the centre of the structure. Just before the blaze burst out in this portion of the building it looked as though the firemen were getting the better of the fight. The hot flames from the top story of the west wing, however, seething and whirling and leaping 30 feet in the air, soon caught the south towers on the fifth floor and then the work of destruction began anew. The fire ate down to the fourth floor and then through the ceiling, from which burning debris dropped to the floor of the main audience room. This was soon ablaze, and such a seething mass of fire has not been seen there since the same auditorium was burned almost nineteen years ago. The fire is believed to have been started by incubators that were used to develop germs in Professor Davidson's department.

Many of the show windows of our town merchants are very tastefully decorated for the holidays. Among the most noteworthy are Gidding & Co., Hockman, Hess Bros., Mercer, Roys, Rishton, Hartman & Son, Pursel & Harman, Broadway, Clark & Son, Bloomsburg Store Co., Leader Co., and others.

AWFUL WRECK.

An awful wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona on Tuesday. A freight train consisting of thirty loaded cars was on its way down the mountain at that city. A slight rain which froze on the rails as it fell made the track very slippery, and before the engineer and train men had time to apprehend the danger, the heavy train had attained a momentum which could not be checked by the brakes.

The distance of twelve miles was covered in the frightful speed of less than a mile a minute, and the runaway train crashed into a freight train standing in the Altoona yard, directly in front of the passenger station. The wreckage piled up higher than the top of the passenger station.

About fifty cars were completely demolished and a passenger train which was standing on one of the tracks was thrown over on its side. The engineer and fireman escaped unhurt. One man by the name of S. Kuster, was seriously injured. Two brakemen, Corbin and Vurner, are missing.

Deputy Beaten.

Clubbed a Hungarian and Had to Go to a Hospital.

An echo of the Lattimer shooting affair occurred at Hazle Brook Saturday, when the miners at that place lined up at the pay office to get their monthly wages. The coal and iron policeman sent to maintain order was William Raught, who is now under indictment for murder as one of Sheriff Martin's deputies, and who is said to have fired the last shot deliberately.

His appearance excited an ugly disposition among the men, and one of the Hungarians refused to get into line. A fight followed. A number of men engaged in the fray. Hordach was clubbed by the officer, but the latter accidentally slipped and fell.

His gun dropped from his grasp. This was seized immediately, and the prostrate officer was beaten into insensibility. He is now at the hospital.

The family of Harry Christian was increased Sunday morning by the arrival of a young daughter.

MISS HERBERT COMMITS SUICIDE.

A profound sensation has been caused in social and political society at Washington, D. C., by the suicide of Miss Leila Herbert, daughter of Hilary A. Herbert, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland. The young lady jumped from the third story window of her father's residence, No. 1313 New Hampshire Avenue to the asphalted yard below, a distance of forty feet and died almost instantly. She was very popular, and during her father's official life as a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet was his constant companion, and was the leader of all the functions given by the Naval Secretary. Miss Herbert has been an invalid for some time, suffering from the results of a fall from her horse. The coroner of the district, Col. Carr, after hearing the facts in the case and having been informed that Miss Herbert had been for some time suffering from melancholia gave a certificate of death by suicide committed while temporarily insane.

Farmer's Institute.

Don't forget the Place and Date—Court House, Monday and Tuesday Jan'y. 10th and 11th. This will be a rare treat not only for farmers and agriculturists but for the general public. The music will be of the best and with Messrs Yetter, Yost and Hartman as managers of this department nothing need be said. Local talent will take active part in all the discussions and with the able help furnished by the state every session promises to be full of interest and instruction. Come prepared to stay. Bring questions on subjects in which you are interested. The question box will be an important feature and post us well if we but use it. Program in next week's paper.

The Hazleton Plain Speaker says that the launching of a new republican paper is under consideration in that city. Editor Tubbs of the Shickshinny Mountain Echo, will be editor and general manager of the new enterprise.

John S. Williams went to Shamokin on Tuesday to cry a horse sale for Ezra Kellar.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

On Wednesday afternoon about half past four o'clock, Mrs. Anna M. Pennypacker suddenly expired. She had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. S. Rishton, on Market street for several weeks, and while sitting with her in an upstairs room, Mrs. Pennypacker's head suddenly fell forward, and before she could be removed to the bed she had ceased breathing. During the day she had seemed in excellent spirits, and there was no premonition of her sudden and startling death. Dr. Graydon was summoned, and efforts were made to revive her, but without avail.

The deceased was the widow of the late Oliver H. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, where all of her married life was spent. Her age was sixty years. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church. Her surviving children are Mrs. W. S. Rishton of Bloomsburg, Miss Blanche of Philadelphia, and Harry, of California. The remains will be taken to Philadelphia tomorrow morning at 8.30 on the D. L. & W. and the interment will take place at Mt. Vernon Cemetery. There will be no services at the house.

From Shamokin to Danville

The Danville News says that citizens need not despair of having an electric railroad built to connect with Shamokin via Paxinos, Elysburg, and Big Roaring Creek; also from Danville to Bloomsburg and Espy. Work of surveying is already under way. Building operations will begin next March. It is stated that orders for the rails will be placed with the North Branch Steel works of Danville.

AT THE HYMENEAL ALTAR.

Eddie F. Dawe, and Miss Gertrude Foy were united in marriage by Rev. D. N. Kirkby, before a large number of invited guests in St. Paul's Episcopal Church at ten o'clock yesterday morning. The groom is the collector for the Bloomsburg Daily and the bride is a popular young lady of town. The newly made man and wife took the P. & R. train for a wedding trip to Niagara Falls and other places. On their return they will take up their residence at Mrs. M. M. Phillip's house on First Street.