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STRAY SHOTS.

A good story is told of a benevolent lady whose home is not far away. She heard of the illness of a poor but worthy woman, and as is her custom in many such cases, she visited the invalid, and took her some delicacies, and also some flowers, among the latter a calla lily. Her kindness was fully appreciated, and during the conversation the invalid lady remarked that she was passionately fond of flowers, and especially so of lilies, and she hoped that when she died some one would be kind enough to send four callas to place upon her casket.

The visit ended and several weeks passed by, and then the information reached the benevolent lady that the invalid was dead. Remembering the request that had been made, the former decided to comply therewith, and going to her conservatory found that there was but one calla in bloom. But this did not change her purpose, for there is a hot house in that town and thither she wended her way, taking with her the one lily. It was in mid-winter, and intensely cold, and before she reached the hot-house the flower was frozen and withered. This necessitated the purchase of four lilies instead of three, for four there must be, probably one for each corner of the casket. She obtained them and then started for the house of mourning on her errand of love. Reaching the place she solemnly approached the front door, not observing the absence of the usual crape badge of affliction, and rang the bell and waited a few moments, meanwhile thinking up some words of consolation and sympathy. But she never was given an opportunity to use them, for when the door opened and she saw the supposed corpse standing before her, alive and happy, she had the presence of mind to simply deliver the flowers without attempting any explanation, and so perfect was her self-control that she did not even upbraid the woman for not being dead, nor ask her a single question as to how it happened that she was not really defunct. She just came away, but ever since then she has been quite careful to ascertain the facts beyond the shadow of a doubt, before sending any flowers to a funeral.

It is not always safe to talk unless you know to whom you are talking. A traveling man, an agent for—well, no matter what, somebody might recognize him—was in town recently, and was transacting some business with a gentleman whose hired girl had been out very late the night before. As they were walking along one of the principal residence streets, and were just opposite a fine home, the agent exclaimed, "There's a girl lives there that I met last night. Had her out until two o'clock this morning. I tell you, she's a dandy." "What!" said the business man, "In that house? Why, I live there." And the girl was bounced that day.

This is not a sermon on profanity; it is only a plain, common-sense talk on the subject from a business point of view rather than from a moral stand-point. Everybody knows it is wrong morally, or at least ought to know it. For years the profanity of street corner loafers has been an annoyance and nuisance in this town. Gangs of young men collect at different points on the street, and the ears of every lady who passes by, are assailed with profane language of the worst kind. Little or no effort has ever been made to stop it. The law imposes a penalty for every oath uttered, but it has never been enforced in Bloomsburg. One example would be a wholesome lesson. Efforts have been made to stop selling cigars on Sunday, and to prevent the increase of liquor licenses, but this public profanity goes on undiminished and unchecked.

Swearing in the presence of ladies is a too common habit. Because the ladies have not the courage to request its discontinuance is no sign that they like it. The truth is that it is offensive to every woman of respectability, and instead of being inspired with admiration for the "smartness" of the man who swears in her presence, nine times out of ten she is simply disgusted.

There are young men in every town who scarcely ever utter a sentence that does not contain one or more oaths, according to the length of the sentence. Some of them are hunting for positions, and will continue to do so until they learn to talk the English language

pure and simple, unembellished with profanity. Most employers do not want that kind of assistants behind their counters or in their offices. The habit is begun by boys because they think it manly, and they keep at it until it becomes so fixed upon them that they do it unconsciously. Others do it because they think it is "smart," and seem either not to know or not to care that to most people it is very offensive. Sermons on the immorality of swearing do not appear to do much good, because they do not reach the ears of the boys for whom they are intended, but they do reach the ears of parents who should see that their sons get the benefit of them.

Did you ever go to a concert and have the misfortune to sit near a couple who talked all the evening so loud as to disturb every body near them? Of course you have. We all have. Such people are to be found in every community. Not being able to appreciate good music themselves, they prevent others from enjoying it, by their senseless chatter. When I pay for a seat at an entertainment, I pay only for the privilege of hearing and seeing it. I do not pay to hear a young fellow talk to his girl just behind me, nor does that fellow pay for the privilege of annoying me by his talking.

This happened last Monday evening at the Mozart Symphony Concert at the Normal. A young man, who is old enough to know better, persisted in conversing aloud with the girl who sat next to him, despite the glances of indignation that were cast upon him by all those near him. Now that their attention is called to the matter, those who indulge in the practice, whether they are students or "townies," will no doubt cease it.

THEY'RE TRYING THE ROAD.

Taylor Brittain, Kenneth Furman and William Byrum, three young boys of town, aged about thirteen or fourteen, went to the livery stable of A. C. Hilday, Saturday afternoon, and hired a horse and rig and left town. Young Furman, Mr. Hilday says, told him that he was getting the rig for his father who wanted to drive to Berwick. It appears, however, that the elder Furman knew nothing at all of it, and, as soon as he was informed, at once started to look the matter up. Nobody saw the youngsters leave, and it was a very difficult matter to find out in what direction they went.

Nothing further was heard of them until Monday afternoon, when it was learned that they had stopped in Berwick, where they tried to dispose of the outfit for \$90. Their effort to sell proved fruitless as they could find no buyer. After driving around the town for some time they decided to leave the horse at Berwick and start out on foot. They left there Monday some time and have not been heard from since.

Mr. Furman went up on Monday and brought the horse and buggy home.

It is claimed that the three boys are members of some sort of a club, of which one of them is the Treasurer. They held a meeting Friday night, at which a few dollars were raised and handed over to the Treasurer, and it is thought that they started out to have a good time with the funds.

Since the above was written it has been learned that they spent Saturday night at or near Register. They drove to Berwick on Monday, where the horse and buggy was taken away from them. From here it appears they crossed the river to Nescopeck.

Young Byrum returned home on Tuesday. His companions he said told him they were going to Philadelphia.

The Mozart Symphony Concert at the Normal last Monday night was a rare musical treat. Nearly every seat in the hall was occupied. The music was of a high order and was skillfully executed. Miss Marie Gumaer has a contralto voice of very low range, and she was repeatedly encored. The solos on the Viola d'Amour, the Viol da gamba, the Alpine echo horn, and the Roman Triumphant trumpet were novelties, and were greatly enjoyed.

Don't forget to go to the Opera House tonight. The celebrated Andrews Opera Company, will render the beautiful opera "Martha." The company includes 40 people.

GIDDING & CO'S. SPECIAL SALE.

The Special Sale of Shoes inaugurated by GIDDING & CO. on account of their purchase of the Jones & Walter store and stock, will no doubt bring many buyers. This coming SATURDAY and NEXT WEEK, to make the event doubly interesting, GIDDING & CO., offer Special Bargains in their Clothing department.

\$7 overcoats and ulsters,	\$ 5.00
\$8 " " "	6.50
\$9 " " "	7.00
\$10 " " "	7.50
\$12 " " "	8.75
\$15 " " "	10.50
Boy's \$5.00 Reefers, storm collar,	3.75
" 4.00 " " "	2.98
" 2.50 " " "	1.98
Boy's 5.00 knee pant suits,	3.75
" 4.00 " " "	2.98
" 3.00 " " "	2.25
Boy's 50c. " " "	39c.
Men's 50c. underwear,	39c.
" 1.00 " " "	75c.
" 50c. heavy caps,	35c.

All our Men's Heavy Caps, Cardigan Jackets, lined canvas Coats, etc. at absolute cost. In addition to these values we offer special bargains in SHOES which we cannot enumerate here on account of lack of space and time. The values will be exceptional, and we'd advise you to come SATURDAY, or any day NEXT WEEK, as some of the bargains can't last very long.

GIDDING & CO.,

THE ORARY LECTURES.

The series of Illustrated Travel Talks to be given by Dr. and Mrs. Cray, in the Opera House every evening during the week beginning Monday, February 7th, includes Paris and the Alps; England, Scotland and Ireland; Italy and Rome; From Ocean to Ocean; Yosemite and the Yellowstone; The Sunny South and Cuba. Each tour is illustrated with 150 colored views 20 feet square. The Doctor and his wife are enthusiasts in the work, and have spent thirteen years in travel, and perfecting their views.

PRESS NOTICES.

Here is what some of the newspapers have said about them:

Mrs. Cray's talks would have been delightful without the views, and the illustrations would have been a rare treat if given in perfect silence, but the combination came near to perfection.—Urbana, (O.) *Times-Citizen*.

Her views are remarkable. They are twenty feet square and as bright as day.—Findley, (O.) *Republican*.

Those who saw "Italy and Rome" last night, most heartily voiced their expression of admiration, and those who have visited the old world say the scenes are masterpieces of reproduction.—Danville, (Ills.) *News*.

She shows hundreds of the cleanest cut views ever projected in this city. Her descriptions are very interesting, and her delivery so distinct that every word is plainly heard in all parts of the house.—Marion, (O.) *Star*.

The lectures have been largely attended and the descriptions and views highly interesting.—Chicago *Daily Sun*.

The Cray's are endorsed by many prominent people, including Gen. Lew Wallace, author of Ben Hur; J. M. Sturtevant, D. D. of Galesburg, Ill.; J. C. Hartzler, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Ohio, and by pastors of churches of every denomination. Here is what two of them say: The entertainment given by Mrs. Kate Cray in the Simpson M. E.

Church, Chicago, gave great satisfaction to large audiences. The views are all first-class and their presentation equally fine.

Rev. W. R. GOODWIN, Pastor.

The Tours exceeded our highest expectations. They are very fine. Our smallest audience was the first; interest gained steadily, and all were exceedingly pleased.

R. A. CRITTENDEN, Pastor Baptist Church, Columbus, Ind.

These lectures will be given under the auspices of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and the Opera House will be used because the Parish House is too small to hold paying audiences at the low prices of admission. The hall has been rented for the week, outright.

Twelve hundred people attended a similar entertainment in the M. E. Church recently, the admission being a silver collection at the door. The admission to these is virtually a silver collection, course tickets for the six lectures being sold at the rate of 12½ cents a lecture, single admission 20 cents, children 10 cents. Course tickets with reserved seats are for sale at Bidleman's Book store.

SAD DEATH.

It was a few minutes after eight o'clock Monday night, when the spirit of Mabel, the eleven year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Shaffer, took its flight to the great beyond. She was a bright child and greatly admired by all who knew her. She had been sick for several months, during which time her parents watched her with the greatest care. The death is indeed a sad one. The funeral will take place from the house on Iron Street this afternoon at three o'clock and will be conducted by Rev. G. W. Hemingway of the Presbyterian Church. Interment will be made in Rosemont Cemetery.

The wind blew a terrific gale Sunday night, and did considerable damage to the Telephone Company's lines.

WITH THE DEMOCRATS.

It was an enthusiastic crowd of democrats, that attended the meeting at the Town Hall Tuesday night, the event being the annual caucus to nominate candidates for the local town offices.

It was just 7.30 when the meeting came to order. G. F. Quick was made Chairman and W. B. Allen and R. R. Zarr Secretaries.

For President of Council, William Kramer was named without any opposition. Some one in the room mentioned W. R. Kocher's name, but it was not considered on account of Mr. Kocher being a prohibitionist. William Taylor stated that no one but democrats would be nominated at this caucus.

For members of Council seven persons were voted for, John Tracy and Charles Ohl were appointed tellers. Following is the number of votes received by each man: Daniel Butler 111, Geo. M. Lockard 81, John Howell 75, Henry Hower 64, Chas. Kunkle 54, F. R. Carpenter 32, J. C. Hendershott 12. Butler, Lockard and Howell having received the largest number of votes were declared the nominees.

For School Director Robt. R. Little was nominated without opposition. William E. Knorr was nominated for Assessor.

FIRST WARD.
Judge of Election—C. B. Chrisman.

Inspector—Charles Pensyl.
Assessor—F. C. Eyer.

SECOND WARD.
Judge—John Welliver.
Inspector—Samuel Pugh.
Assessor—Chas. Sterner.

THIRD WARD.
Judge—W. F. Stohner.
Inspector—Wm. Hassert.
Assessor—W. A. Evert.

FOURTH WARD.
Judge—C. B. Ohl.
Inspector—John Tracy.
Assessor—Peter Jones.

No further business, the Chairman declared the caucus adjourned.

A Banquet Tendered Grant Herring at the Exchange.

A banquet was tendered Internal Revenue Collector Grant Herring at the Exchange Hotel Saturday night, by the Deputy Collectors and Gaugers of this district.

The occasion was a most enjoyable one, and long to be remembered by all present.

Among those present were Collector Grant Herring, R. B. Brundage, Wilkesbarre; S. P. Fausold, Scranton; W. S. Montgomery, Muncy; J. W. McDonald, Scranton; Fred. Beers, Scranton; A. C. Campbell, Wilkesbarre; Alex. C. Shaw, Shickshinny; J. J. Bouer, Hazleton; A. J. Brader, Fowlersville; D. H. Steadman, Benton; J. F. Ellis, Washingtonville; F. L. Magee, Mazeppa; John Mourey and Robert Buckingham, Bloomsburg.

At the conclusion of the banquet Deputy A. C. Campbell, of Wilkesbarre, in a few well selected words, presented Mr. Herring, on behalf of the deputies and gaugers, with a handsome silver service. Collector Herring made a feeling response.

The remainder of the evening was taken up by short speeches and social conversation.

ALMOST INSTANTLY KILLED.

Peter Yorks, an employee of Proctor & Company's mill above Central, near the old Kile Hotel met with an accident on Monday that cost him his life. He was tending spikes at a slide when he was struck on the head by a jumping log. He was struck with terrific force and died before regaining consciousness. He was about nineteen years of age.

Last Sunday's issue of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, contained quite a lengthy article describing the ability of Harry Beckley, son of W. D. Beckley of this town, as an expert bicycle rider. The article was illustrated with three cuts reproduced from photographs, taken while performing some of his most difficult tricks.