

A NEW POLE SEEKER

LATEST ASPIRANT FOR FAME AS AN EXPLORER.

Captain J. E. Bernier of Quebec Has a Plan Which He is Confident Will Succeed—The Canadian Government to Assist Him—Will Travel on the Ice.

The failure of Andree to realize his expectations of reaching the north pole by balloon and the uncertainty as to the fate of that explorer, will not prevent still another attempt being made within the next few months to wrest from the Norwegian Nansen the laurels which are now his as the man who has penetrated the farthest north.

A further contribution by the Quebec legislature is likely to follow, and La Patrie, the newspaper property of the Dominion minister of public works, has opened a subscription column for contributions to the fund.

Captain Bernier is 45 years of age, of rugged physique, and well calculated to withstand the rigors of a northern climate, with the hardships of long and tedious marches over the



CAPTAIN JOSEPH E. BERNIER.

vast fields of snow and ice. He is also a well educated man and speaks of the prospects of his approaching expedition in an exceedingly interesting manner.

"In the first place," says Captain Bernier, "I shall charter a seal or whale fishing boat to convey me to the neighborhood of latitude 80 degrees north, near the river Lena, either by way of the Behring straits or by Norway, where I shall procure furs, logs and reindeers. In the event of my ultimately deciding upon the eastern route, I shall touch at Vardo, in Lapland, and at Archangel, in Russia. After leaving the latter point I shall sever my connection with the civilized world and proceed north over the sea of ice.

"I shall establish myself upon the ice, with headquarters off from the mouth of the river Lena, in latitude between 78 and 79 degrees north, with provisions sufficient for two years and a half, and shall then send the vessel back with news of my progress.

"The route which we shall have to follow will then be the frozen surface of the Polar sea. We know by experience that the sea of ice may be traversed at a satisfactory rate of progress, provided that one is well equipped and the season favorable. So long as the temperature is low, the surface of the ice is closely bound together. There are a few fissures and intervening stretches of water here and there even in the coldest weather, but these are at a minimum during the cold season.

"It is generally quite easy to cross these fissures, either in canoes or on natural ice bridges, but I shall also take with me adjustable wire bridges which can be set up when needed. Our force of men and dogs will be sufficient for the requirements of setting up the bridges and transporting our supplies as we proceed. All the members of the expedition will be chosen with regard to their physical ability to endure the rigors of the climate and the hardships which we shall have, in one way and another, to undergo.

"With the experience of others to guide us, we now know the necessity of having a launch to cross the stretches of open water in the Polar sea. This launch must be of sufficient strength to resist any pressure to which it may be subjected by the ice, and also not too cumbersome to prevent its easy portability. Had Dr. Vansen had one of these launches he would have made considerable more roadway than without it he was able to make. His kayaks required continual repairing, and were in other respects unsatisfactory.

"As I have already stated, we shall take with us a large number of dogs and reindeer. The dogs will be for the purpose of drawing the sledges, and the deer will be killed from time to time as needed to supply fresh meat for the members of the expedition and also for the dogs. Roughly speaking, an expedition will be composed of eight or nine strong men, seventy-five Siberian dogs, one hundred reindeer, a house boat, sledges of various kinds and shapes, a launch made of rubber which can be inflated with air, linen awnings, wire for constructing bridges, and, of course, a sufficient supply of provisions for the men, the dogs and the reindeer."

Captain Bernier hopes to have all his arrangements completed in time to enable his setting out from Archangel on his long journey northward at the opening of winter in 1899.

TUMBLING CYCLE RECORDS.

1:31 4-5 is the Mark and the Poor Horse Is Badly Laid.

It is a curious fact that the wheel horse was monarch in New York its silent steel frame contemporary, the wheel, was monarch in Philadelphia, and succeeded in establishing some records for time which throw all past performances of trotters and runners into total eclipse. Indeed, the surprising exhibitions of "Major" Taylor, a crack colored bicyclist, at the Woodside track in Philadelphia, have opened the eyes of wheelmen as well as of horsemen. Taylor lowered the paced records for quarter of a mile, one-third of a mile, half a mile, three-quarters of a mile and one mile respectively, and some of his feats were accomplished under circumstances which probably would have discouraged many other riders with a reputation for high speed.

Taylor, paced by quintuplet machines, clipped three-fifths of a second from the one-mile paced record of Taylore, a Frenchman, making the new record 1:32. On the same day the best time for half a mile, 48 seconds, made some time ago by Windle, was reduced by Taylor to 45 4-5 seconds, and later to 45 3-5. Taylor brought down the record for one-third of a mile from 30 1-5 seconds to 29 4-5 seconds, the slower time having been made by Windle three years ago.

On the day following, Taylor surmounted one-third mile, half-mile, three-quarters and one-mile records, passed all previous trials for the quarter. In his first attempt he reached the half-mile mark in 45 2-5 seconds, one-fifth of a second under the best former time; and the record for three-quarters, which he had previously been unable to lower, he reduced 1-5 seconds, making the new time 1:08 4-5. The mile was finished in 1:32, exactly the same time for that distance as the same rider had made three days before. On the second trial that day Taylor covered the first quarter one-fifth of a second under the record; at one-third he maintained the same advantage; at one-half he was tied with his former record of 45 2-5 seconds; at two-thirds he was two-fifths of a second under his own record, and at three-quarters he had occupied 1 minute and 8 3-5 seconds, or one-fifth of a second under the record.

But Taylor's remarkable performance equalled his effort when, compelled to exert himself to the utmost because of faulty pacing, he smashed his own one-mile record of 1:32, shortening the time for that distance by one-fifth of a second and thus establishing as his new time 1:31 4-5. Soon after his new one-mile victory he sought to lower the figures for three-quarters of a mile and was able to clip one-fifth of a second from his own fast time of the day before, making the new figures 1:08 2-5. In the same trial the half-mile stretch was covered in 45 1-5 seconds, one-fifth of a second ahead of his best previous time, and 2 4-5 seconds ahead of the record held by Windle.

It is worthy of notice that Taylor's achievements were made in almost continuous riding, very little time having been devoted to rest. In that respect, as in respect to the number of excellent records established, his performance will arouse the admiration of the racing men all over the world. What will doubtless startle the cycling fraternity, however, more than anything else is the fact that four-fifths of a second has been struck from the old record for one mile, and further evidence has been given that ere long 1:30 will be easily within the wheel's possibilities. It can scarcely be expected that the one-mile figures will show so great a drop correspondingly as has been shown since September, 1897. In that month J. W. Stocks rode a mile at the Crystal Palace, London, in 1 minute 35 2-5 seconds. It was that performance which exhibited the wheel as speedier by one-tenth of a second than the horse.

When, two or three years ago, W. W. Hamilton rode a mile at Coronado, Cal., in 1:39 1-5, it was thought that the bicycle had attained an astonishing speed. A little over a year afterward Hamilton's record was lowered almost a second by McDuffee, and in about a week after the latter's ride J. Platt Betts, an English scorcher, made the time 1:37 2-5. It was thought by some when Stocks knocked two seconds from the best previous time that the one-mile paced bicycle championship might remain for some time on the other side of the water. Fortune decreed otherwise, however, and now our English flyers will have to bestir themselves if they hope to regain past honors.

A little more than a year ago 1:35 was the mark for ambitious cyclists. Now it is 1:30. In the race against time the poor horse appears to be further behind than ever.

Longest Hair in the World. The woman who possesses the longest head of hair in the world is said to be Mercedes Lopez, a Mexican. Her height is five feet and when she stands creacher hair trails on the ground four feet eight inches. The hair is so thick that she can completely hide herself in it. She has it cut very frequently, as it grows so quickly, enabling her to sell large tresses to hair dealers every month. She is the wife of a poor sheep herder.

Yet We Talk of Our Production. Of the entire human race it is estimated that 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of their body; 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 have virtually no shelter at all.

HE GOT A LESSON IN SPANISH.

Chicago Student Who Mastered the Mystery of the "J."

One of the students of the University of Chicago went to a restaurant on Jackson street with two friends who had fought with the First regiment at Santiago. Naturally they talked of the war, and although the student showed considerable knowledge of the campaign, his pronunciation of Spanish proper names was bad. Invariably he gave the Spanish "J" its English sound.

His companions who were better posted on the Castilian tongue, stood it as long as they could, and finally one of them said: "See here, if you want to talk war with us you must pronounce those Spanish words as they should be. Say 'San Juan' and 'Montelo,' and remember that 'Hunta' is proper. Don't give the words the 'J' sound. There is no 'J.' It's pronounced 'H'—always."

"Oh, is it," returned the student, with a sneer of sarcasm, for he was getting angry. "Then I suppose your name is 'Hohn,' not 'John,' as it used to be before you went to Cuba; and perhaps you want me to tell you that this restaurant is on 'Hackson street.'"

The derisive laugh that followed so angered the student that he leaped to his feet. "I want you to understand," he shouted, "that I am a 'humbleman!' Hump onto me, you hackasses and I'll show you this is no hoking matter. By the humping Jerusalem, you haven't any more sense than a hack-rabbit. If you insinuate that I'm a country hake, I'll break your jaw. By Himiny, I'm going."

And the indignant student put on his hat and stalked out.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Brakemen as Amateur Oculists.

The ease with which brakemen on railroad trains remove from passengers' eyes cinders which fly into them every time the engine sends out a puff of smoke is a cause for comment. On a New York Central train running between here and Niagara Falls is a young man who is a genius as an oculist, and his services are in great demand. It is whispered among the train hands that his income is very largely increased through his ability to operate on passengers so afflicted, and that gratitude after the removal of the disturbing cinder is not measured and his largesse is real and in proportion to the pain borne by the sufferer.

A young man who wore the uniform of the New York Central service with whom the writer talked recently while on a train for Niagara Falls said that he was kept busy after the train had crossed the Harlem Bridge in removing cinders.

"They accumulate in the tunnel," he said, "and I always walk through the train after we leave the 138th street station and relieve the sufferers. By that time they have succeeded in rubbing the cinder into a bad corner and are ready for any kind of treatment. When I first went to rail-roading I discovered that it would be a good thing to know something about removing cinders, so I went to an oculist and took a course of lessons. As a result I am able to remove the most stubborn one without trouble or pain to the patient. Yes, I have earned the amount I paid the oculist for the lessons many times over."—New York Herald.

Wise Forethought of an Elephant.

One winter, at St. Louis, two elephants were stabled in an outhouse near the writer's rooms. One warm, bright day early in the spring one of these creatures was brought out into the alley behind the stable, in order that it might be given a bath. A horse attached to a loaded coal cart became frightened and ran at full speed down the alley toward the elephant. The latter heard the noise and saw the horse rushing toward him. He seemed to take in the situation at once; for, dropping to his knees, he drew in his trunk beneath his body, drew in his legs, and bowed his head. The horse, in his mad rush, ran completely over the elephant, dragging the heavy cart with him. Beyond a few slight scratches and bruises the elephant was uninjured. Had it not been for his wise foresight and his efficient method of self-protection, he might have been severely injured perhaps killed, by impact of the maddened horse and heavy cart. In this instance there was an undoubted manifestation of correlative ideation. The immediate adoption of the only efficient means of avoiding injury clearly demonstrates the truthfulness of this assertion, especially so since there was nothing instinctive in the action of the elephant. In a state of nature, elephants are not confined in narrow alleys, neither are they charged by runaway horses.

Story of Ben Butler.

An old friend of General Butler tells a new story of the soldier lawyer. According to it, toward the close of his career, when he ranked well toward the top of the bar for criminal cases, Butler was sent for by a prisoner charged with murder. Upon his arrival in the cell of the accused man, a distressing scene was enacted. The prisoner at once became hysterical and implored the lawyer's assistance. "General," he cried, "I want you to defend me. You must defend me. I'm in danger of being hanged, and I know you can get me off if anybody can." "Are you guilty or are you innocent?" calmly inquired the general. "Oh, I am innocent, entirely innocent." "Then you don't need me," quietly responded General Butler, rising and reaching for his hat. "Innocent men are not hanged in Massachusetts. Good day, sir."

MARK HANNA'S COURTSHIP.

He Loved His Love With Young Love's Devotion and Youth's Determination.

Mrs. Mark Hanna has a love story, though it happened many years ago, before her hair was silvered and before the senator tipped the scales at quite his present figure, "though he was always a sturdy chap," Mrs. Hanna will tell you.

This is the tale, as it is told by a Cleveland woman:

"Mrs. Hanna, then the young and lovely heiress, Miss Rhoades, was destined to marry a man of wealth, possibly a title, for nothing was too good for her.

"Her brother, the historian, had his place in the field of letters, and the family boasted no less than five celebrities in the world of art, literature and science, not to mention social prestige.

"A course in a New York finishing school was decided upon for her; and upon her return she was to be launched into society to enjoy its brilliancy for several seasons, heart whole and free to taste the cup of belledom to its sweetest drop.

"But parents propose—and Mr. Hanna disposed. The senator, whose early struggles and history are now well known, fell in love with the young girl in her first season, when the touch of the finishing school was fresh upon her and undimmed by the world. He vowed he would wed no other.

"In vain the parents pleaded. They had other missions for their daughter and one of these was a year of social life abroad.

"Suppose you take her to Paris now," suggested her father, "and put her through a month of London society afterward, until she forgets."

"The mother consented, and I believe the tickets were all but bought. But day and night the girl wept and pleaded—just to be allowed to remain at home. And the mother relented.

"Finally the hearts of both parents were touched, and the father, too, consented. And then came the marriage, when the young business man, Mr. Hanna, with nothing but love and ambition, got the girl of his choice.

"That was a long time ago, and in sickness and sorrow, and in the whirl of political life, many changes have come. Success has touched the career of the man, and the wife has had a chance to go into society, greater than would have been her privilege had she married what was said to be her mother's ambition—a title!"—Philadelphia Press.

THE CAREFUL SERVANT.

General Wheeler Was Like All Other Men to Him.

One of the Michigan officers who was at the front during the brief war had with him a colored attendant who was as proud of his place as though he were commander-in-chief, and whose ideas of military discipline were as rigid as those of the veriest martinet. Owing especially to the thieving proclivities of some of the Cuban hangers-on, he was under strict command not to let anything go from the officer's tent without a personal order from him.

One evening as the officer and General Wheeler met some distance from the camp, the general said, with a smack of his lip, "I hear, sir, that you received some very fine branded peaches from home."

"Yes, general, they're prime, and I'm going to send you some. Meantime you had better stop at my tent on the way in and have my man give you a can."

When the officer reached his quarters he was approached by his attendant, with an elaborate salute, and: "Did you tell Gen'l Wheeler, sah, dat he could call heah, sah, and procure a can ob dem branded peaches, sah?"

"Yes. Of course you gave them to him?"

"No, sah," with another athletic salute; "no, sah. I knows my duties, sah. I done tote Gen'l Wheelah dat all men lek alike to me, sah, an' if he didn't hab no othead he couldn't hab no peaches, sah, less he obacome me by povah of superlah numbers, sah."

"Why, you black rascal; what did he say?"

"He jes' grin and bo' it, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

Surgery Performed on Snakes.

Snakes in captivity, it seems, sometimes find difficulty in getting rid of the skin which is shed every year, and an Australian diamond snake in the Bombay museum seemed likely to succumb. It was quite blind and refused all food.

A European sympathizer, therefore, pressed the native snakekeeper into service to hold the snake, and himself with a pair of sharp pointed scissors performed the delicate and risky operation of clipping away the membrane which adhered to the eyes.

J. M. Phipson, editor of the Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society, performed a far more dangerous operation a couple of years ago. His patient was a large hamadryad, or king cobra, the most vicious and poisonous of all Indian snakes, and a most powerful creature to boot. Mr. Phipson gripped the king cobra round the neck, and a native literally held an for his life further down, and when the reptile's struggles were over a third man, armed with a surgeon's scalpel, removed eight layers of membrane from each eye.—Sketch.

Teacher—"Bobby, if your mother gave your sister six apples to divide equally with you, how many would you get?"

Bobby—"None."

Teacher—"Why, Bobby, you'd get three apples."

Bobby—"You don't know my sister."—Chicago Record.

After-Effects of the GRIP

Grip is a treacherous disease. You think it is cured and the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are always left in a weakened condition—blood impure and impoverished, nerves shattered. Pneumonia, heart disease and nervous prostration are often the result.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. A trial will prove this. Read the evidence:

When the grip last visited this section Herman H. Evers, of 811 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., a well-known contractor and builder, was one of the victims, and he has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. A year ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says:

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after investigation decided to give them a trial.

"After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and any one suffering from the after-effects of the grip will find that these pills are the specific." H. H. EVERS. Mr. Evers will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed.—From Cole Co. Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.

Look for the full name on the package. At druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50c. per box. 6 boxes \$2.50.

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New \$1 Notes Appear.

The \$1 silver certificates of the new uniform design that Secretary Gage has arranged shall apply to each denomination of bill, whether silver certificate, Treasury note or United States note, is being put into circulation and are being quickly distributed to individuals and banks. The new notes on both the face and back, show a great deal of white paper. On the face, the central design is an American eagle with outstretched wings guarding the flag, background being a view of the Capital. Below are small portraits of Lincoln and Grant. Each note has printed in blue upon its face a large figure "1" and the treasury department seal. The other figures denoting the denomination of the note are all large and bold. Treasury notes and United States notes are each to have their denomination and seals printed in a distinctive color. Experts say the new notes will be more difficult to counterfeit than the last issue, which was filled up with engraved work.

ITCHING, BURNING, SKIN DISEASES CURED FOR THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c.—98.

Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Jones—"You never drank at all, did you?" Smith—"No. I don't think I've missed much."

Jones—"Yes, you have! You've missed the feeling of self-satisfaction which rewards a man every time he swears off."—Puck.

A Sensible Man.

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Price 25c. and 50c. 1-5-d-4t.

The state labor league has called a meeting of the representatives of the labor organizations in Harrisburg on January 23, to discuss bills to be presented to the Legislature for the betterment of the condition of the State's workingmen.

People may not be serious when they kick up their heels, but they are supposed to be dead in earnest when they turn up their toes.

IT KEEPS THE FEET WARM AND DRY.—Ask for Allens Foot-Paste, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Swollen, Sweating, Damp, feet. At all druggists and shoe stores 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

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