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NO. 5

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

EDWARD E. RALSTON INSTANTLY KILLED.

While Driving Down a Steep Hill the Horse Became Unmanageable, Throwing the Occupants Out of the Wagon—Edward Thornton, a Companion, Slightly Cut and Bruised.

A fatal runaway accident, in which Edward E. Ralston lost his life, and Edward Thornton, a Philadelphia salesman, was severely cut and bruised, occurred near Mifflinville Monday afternoon, about two o'clock.

Mr. Ralston was employed by the L. T. Sharpless Company as traveling salesman, and he and Thornton had started out early Monday morning to solicit orders. They were driving down what is commonly known as the sawmill hill, about midway between Mainville and Mifflinville. The road, being shaded by the hill, so that the sun seldom strikes it, was very icy, and the horse, a rather small animal, being unable to hold back the vehicle, was allowed to trot down the hill at a pretty lively gait. The two gentlemen were conversing pleasantly, little thinking of the impending calamity, when suddenly, at the foot of the hill, the horse, instead of crossing the bridge, which spanned a small stream, sheered abruptly to one side, tipping the wagon, and hurling the occupants over a steep embankment. Ralston alighted upon his head, crushing his skull, and died almost instantly. His companion escaped with but a few bruises.

Mr. Thornton says that immediately after being thrown from the wagon, he glanced around and saw Ralston make an attempt to rise. His effort was in vain, however, and he fell back dead.

The body was brought down on the 4:31 train on the Pennsylvania Railroad and conveyed to his home on East street.

The deceased was a son of Josiah Ralston and was born at Irondale, April 20, 1863, and had he lived until the coming April would have been 36 years of age. He was a good citizen, upright, honest and industrious, and was respected by all citizens. In the family circle he proved a model husband and an affectionate father, and his sudden death is viewed with deep regret by all. A wife, formerly a Miss Hippensteel, and two small sons, survive.

The funeral services will be conducted at his late residence, this afternoon at two o'clock, by Rev. M. E. McLinn, of the Lutheran church, and the remains laid to rest in Rosemont cemetery.

Mrs. Louisa Baker.

Mrs. Louisa Baker died at her home in the rear of the Farmers National Bank, Thursday evening of last week. She was well known by nearly everybody in town and has resided here for a long time.

Mrs. Baker was born in Germany, May 25, 1838 and was therefore 60 years, and 8 months of age. Her husband, Nicholas Baker, died in 1868. Mrs. Baker had been confined to the house for a long time, being very poorly at times, and her death was not at all unexpected. She is survived by one daughter Katharine, wife of Edward Correll and a grandson Paul.

The funeral services were held in the Lutheran church Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. M. E. McLinn, and burial in Rosemont cemetery.

Mrs. Jane J. Bowman.

Mrs. Jane J. Bowman, relict of D. A. Bowman, died at the residence of her son Robert S. Bowman at Berwick Wednesday morning of last week after a few days illness. She was nearly 82 years of age. She is survived by all of her children, Albert of Nanticoke, Mrs. Sarah A. Schuyler of Lycoming county, Charles S., who resides in the State of Washington, and George of West Virginia. She was a resident of Columbia county, was born near Bloomsburg and resided the greater part of her life a few miles below Berwick. The funeral took place Friday afternoon with interment at Mifflinville.

Fred B. Hartman has been re-nominated for the Town Council by the Prohibitionists. He served on the Council during the past year, and has made a faithful and efficient member. He has many friends, regardless of party affiliations, and he will probably be re-elected.

EAGLES HAVE A SMOKER.

SIR KNIGHTS AND THEIR FRIENDS ENJOY THEMSELVES

With Music and Refreshments—F. B. Hartman and W. H. Brooke the Speakers of the Evening—A Large Crowd Present.

Monday night was a red letter night for the Knights of the Golden Eagle of Bloomsburg. Invitations had been extended and all the preliminary arrangements made for a general good time. At the conclusion of the business of the regular weekly session the Castle, friends in large numbers began filing into the hall, and by 8:30 o'clock the room, which is about 25 by 50 feet in size was completely filled up. Numerous small tables were placed all through the room, around which those present seated themselves, and began playing progressive euchre. In order to prevent the game from assuming a monotonous phase, the prize, one of Paul E. Wirt's best fountain pens, was offered to the person making the best record.

Wilbur Hower, James Goss and Harry Myers added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion by discoursing sweet music throughout the entire evening.

F. B. Hartman made the address of welcome and W. H. Brooke treated the assemblage to a few witty sayings.

Refreshments were served consisting of sandwiches, crackers, pickles and coffee, and judging from the amount required to go around, they just suited the appetites. Progressive euchre was then resumed and continued until nearly twelve o'clock. The pen was gathered in by Silas Kitchen, while the booby prize, a jumping jack, fell to Theodore Smith.

We almost forgot to mention the cigars and pipes. Well, the smoke was so thick that it was almost impossible to recognize anyone from one end of the room to the other.

The whole evening was replete with pleasantness, during which jollity, good fellowship and merriment reigned supreme.

It may not be out of place to state that Theta Castle is one of the very best secret societies in town and the membership is constantly increasing.

DARING BURGLARS.

Masked Men Terrorize the Residents of the Catawissa Valley.

The residents of the Catawissa Valley are thoroughly aroused over the depredations of a gang of masked burglars who were operating in that vicinity on Wednesday night. Between 8 and 9 o'clock five masked men broke in the door of John Hazledine's residence near the bottom of Locust mountain slope and about a mile east of Ringtown. They bound and gagged Mr. and Mrs. Hazledine and their daughter, Sarah, and then ransacked the house from garret to cellar. They secured about \$900 which was kept in a bureau drawer. Then they helped themselves to refreshments and before leaving the house one of the men played a couple of selections on the organ. When they left the house they cut across the fields in the direction of Ringtown.

Peter Coleman was the first to discover the condition in which the burglars had left the members of the Hazledine family and after releasing them he started out to arouse the neighborhood. At the house of Peter Harris, about a half mile east of Hazledine's he received no response to his knocking and bursting open the door he found Harris and his wife securely bound and gagged in their chairs. There it was said the robbers had secured \$265 in cash and a quantity of jewelry. There is no doubt that the same gang perpetrated both robberies, although only four men made their appearance at the Harris house.

Telephone Companies to Unite.

Twenty-six independent telephone companies, within many miles of Pittsburg, are negotiating to unite their interests. The proposition does not include a combination of capital, which aggregates \$5,000,000, each company to remain independent in that particular, but to give subscribers the advantage of various connections, which include some 25,000 telephones, the lines extending as far north as Erie, and east, to Altoona.

Don't forget the band concert at the Opera House Friday night of next week. A first class evening's entertainment is guaranteed.

BIG FIRE AT LIGHTSTREET

TWO HOUSES AND TWO BARN TALLY DESTROYED

Monday Night, The Fire Started in a Small Shed—Of Incendiary Origin—A Heavy Loss, With a Small Insurance.

A destructive fire, which, for a time, threatened the entire village, broke out at Lightstreet at seven o'clock Monday night. William Pursel, who resides near by, had just eaten his supper, and was on his way up town to learn the latest intelligence, as is always his custom, after the day's work is over, when his attention was attracted by a light in a pig pen, owned by Silas Young. He hastened to the building, made an investigation, and found that the entire interior of the structure was on fire. An alarm was given, to which the residents promptly responded, and in a short time, men, women and children, with buckets of water, were everywhere in evidence. The flames, fanned by a slight northern wind, leaped across the road to a dwelling house, owned by the John A. Funston estate. From here it spread to a double house, belonging to Charles Rink. Silas Young's barn was next ignited, and like some huge serpent, the coils of fire and destruction closed rapidly in until the four buildings, with all their contents, were entirely consumed. The fire fighters were powerless before the angry flames, and the very best they could do was to keep it from spreading. When it is considered that the store building of Silas Young is only about fifteen feet from where the conflagration started, one can easily imagine the amount of labor it required to keep it from catching.

Frank Eveland, a tenant in one of the houses, lost all his furniture. A lot of lumber, some grain, and a few chickens, were the contents of the barn, all of which were lost. There was a small insurance.

It is the general opinion of the residents that the place was fired purposely, as the person who first discovered it saw coal oil in a considerable quantity, running out into the road, and the flames following it.

This is the second fire that has visited that place within a short space of time. Both have wrought great damage. It isn't to be wondered at that the people should entertain fears for their safety. If it is the work of a fiend, it is to be hoped that his climax of devilry has been reached, for should it continue, rates from the insurance companies doing business in that section will soon become prohibitive.

CONYNGHAM SUICIDE.

Popular Young Man Ends His Life With Laudanum.

Louis C. Lindemann committed suicide at his home in Conyngham Friday night by taking laudanum.

It was shortly after 5 o'clock when Gabriel Beig entered Lindemann's room and found him rolling in bed in great agony, his face being black and blue. On a stand close by stood an empty two ounce laudanum bottle. That told the tale, and physicians were summoned. The doctors worked hard to save their patient, but the powerful drug had too much hold on the system and death occurred at the time mentioned.

Lindemann was fully derermined to do away with himself and had planned to blow himself up with dynamite, the strong explosive being found under the pillow in the bed, as was also a butcher knife over a foot long.

Deceased was 29 years old. He was born in Hazleton. His father was Hartman Lindemann, a pioneer resident, who owned almost the entire square upon which the Slowitzki hotel stands. Louis, about nine years ago, fell heir to about \$15,000. He was a high liver and he and his money soon parted company. Despondency over poor health likely caused the young man to commit the rash act. A wife and two children survive him. Mrs. Lindemann's maiden name was Ida Shelley. She was not at home at the time, being in Wapwallopen visiting her parents, who are both very ill. The suicide has created considerable excitement in the valley.

C. A. Small, Esq., of Catawissa, on Wednesday opened a law office in room No. 15 of the First National Bank. Mr. Small is contemplating moving his family here in the near future.

A WESTERN DESPERADO!

SOME OLEVER DETECTIVE WORK AND AN IMPORTANT ARREST BY HIGH CONSTABLE MILES BETZ.

Taken Back to Pipestone County Where He is Indicted for Highway Robbery—A Desperate Character.

Charles Kreischer, born and raised near Catawissa, and who later went west, joined the army and deserted, was arrested by Constable Miles Betz on Sunday, on a charge of grand larceny, committed sometime in December last, at or near Pipestone, Pipestone County, Minnesota. He assaulted and terribly beat a young man who had charge of a grain elevator at that place and with whom Kreischer was acquainted and had knowledge that he had money upon his person. After a hard struggle he succeeded in getting the better of his victim and robbed him of one hundred and seventy dollars, placed him in the grain elevator and to use the language of the Sheriff of that county, "mysteriously disappeared."

It appears that Kreischer was formerly from this section of Pennsylvania and well known in and around Shamokin by officers and others, which fact the authorities of Pipestone learned through papers found in his trunk. The Sheriff immediately corresponded with the Sheriffs of this and adjoining counties. A number of officers from Northumberland County knew him and were on his track, but it remained for Miles Betz, Constable of Bloomsburg, assisted by Page Hawkins and John Hickey, who had learned the facts of the case from Sheriff Black, to capture the desperado on Sunday evening last at the house of Lew Walters, in Hemlock township, this county, where he had gone to give his last farewell to a young lady acquaintance. Kreischer had been well armed, carrying two large Colt 44 calibre revolvers in a belt, determined, as he says, to never be taken alive. Fortunately for our officers, his girl had induced him to take the belt off that night, or there is no doubt, that other tragedies would have followed. The officers got the drop on him, and he coolly surrendered. He has been in their custody here in Bloomsburg until Tuesday, when Miles Betz and John Hickey started with him for Pipestone, Minn. Before leaving here he confessed his crime, and expressed his willingness to go back with the officers without making the authorities any more expense than absolutely necessary. He stated the man he had robbed knew him, and there would be no use in denying it; that he had become tired of dolging around anyway. His captors will get \$200 reward and all travelling expenses. The trip will probably take a week, as Pipestone county adjoins the line of South Dakota.

Held Up By Highwaymen.

A young man, not yet out of his teens, in the employ of F. P. Creasy, of McCauley's station, had a thrilling experience on Thursday of last week. He had taken a load of produce to Mahanoy City, and was on his return trip, when he was stopped by three men, who jumped into the wagon, and producing a bottle, told him to take a drink. He refused to comply, but when he was informed by one of the men that he would have to drink, he took two swallows. He is not able to describe just what followed. He sank down in the wagon, under the influence of the drug. When he regained consciousness, he found himself all alone, and not a cent of his money gone. Even his watch was not taken. It is supposed that the sudden effect of the drug led the outlaws to believe that he was dead, and that they fled to prevent capture.

Court Proceedings.

Court convened for a short session Saturday afternoon, President Judge Little and associates were all in attendance.

In re divorce, Healdy Sult vs. Mary DeHaven Sult. Decree filed. Granted.

Application of R. K. Crist for hotel license in Pine township refused.

Application of Wm. P. Doyle and Dennis Rowan for restaurant license in Conyngham, granted.

Application of Wm. Yost for restaurant license in Bloomsburg, refused. Adjourned to meet February 6th at 9 o'clock a. m.

THE FINAL SALE

—OF THE—
GIDDING & CO. STOCK
—OF—

Suits,

Overcoats,

Storm Overcoats,

Boys' Reefers,

and

Men's and Boy's

Pantaloons,

is now going on. The goods are being sold regardless of cost.

Everything Must Be Closed Out By Feb. 1st.

This is your last and greatest opportunity to clothe yourself and family at almost

HALF REGULAR PRICES,

but do not delay, as the sale positively closes February 1st.

FINE SHOES
At private sale. Those who cannot attend the auction sale of Shoes can buy at private sale every day until 2 p. m., and from 4 to 7 p. m.

GIDDING & CO.

Two Doors Below Postoffice.

The Leader Department Store.

Here's a Leader.

A stair carpet made of tough material, plain ground, with bright stripes
15c. per yard.
Made to sell for 25 cents.

Stair Carpet.

3 Beautiful Patterns Stair

Carpets, full width, bright coloring
25c. per yard.
Goods just out of looms.
An all wool Filling, full width, heavy goods
40c. per yard.
Some would charge you 50c.

TABLE LINEN

We offer you a special bargain this week. An all Linen Table Cover, fringed, made to sell for \$1.25, we will close out at 98c. Sets of Cover and Napkins, out of unbleached linen, which we have been selling for \$7.00, we will close out at \$5.50.

Other bargains in heavy goods. We've got a few all wool Sweaters we wish you would take off our hands. We'll just cut the price in half, as there are but two colors. And it will pay you to take our heavy all wool Underwear and carry over to next Winter. We want them closed out, and if one price won't move them, another must.

CARPETS.

You cannot buy Carpets cheaper, in either New York or Philadelphia, than you can with us, notwithstanding the so-called cheap offerings. You can buy your Carpets of similar quality more cheaply from us than anywhere else.

Come and look at our patterns. We have special prices on patterns we do not intend running any longer. Quality just as good as our choicest patterns. Special prices on all grades of Ingrains.

RUGS

This is a day of Rugs. For something cheap and good nothing fills the bill like an art square. We will give you a 9x9 all wool square for \$5.00. This is the wholesale price. We can give you a cheaper one for just half—\$2.50 for a 9x9.

The Leader Store Co., Ltd.,

Fourth and Market Sts.