

KENTUCKY'S AGED.

THE REMARKABLE OLD MEN AND WOMEN.

They Have Twelve Thousand Relatives—All Are Called by Their Given Name—In the Prime of Life at Seventy-eight—An Apology.

The most remarkable family in point of age in the United States lives, moves and runs things in the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky—in Letcher county, to be exact. Webb is the name of these old persons, whose number is six, and to whom every individual of the 12,000 population of the county is directly or indirectly related.

They are all called by their given names, with the prefix "Uncle" or "Aunt," as the case may be. There is Aunt Letty. She comes first by reason of her age, which is eighty-nine years. She is growing rather appreciative of the burdens which come with advanced years, and she is not so spry as she has been up to a few years ago.

After Aunt Letty comes Aunt Polly, who is eighty-five years old in her own right, and who is growing old gracefully at the home of her son. She married a man named Adams, and ten children were born. It was to visit her eldest daughter that Aunt Polly last year rode one hundred miles on horseback over the roughest of mountain roads.

Jason is next in point of years, being eighty, and the most prolific of the family. He doesn't know the meaning of illness from any personal knowledge of it, and he says he feels as fine as a yearling. Nineteen children is the record which makes him the proudest man in Letcher county.

Then there is Uncle Miles, who considers himself in the prime of life. Although he is seventy-eight years old, he rides his horse all over the rough neighborhood and is apparently as unrestrained in his movements as a youngster.

Aunt Sally, with seventy-five milestones to her credit, runs around her home with as much agility as any of her grandchildren. She is a widow and does her own work, even to shouldering a sack of corn and carrying it to the mill.

The baby of the family is Uncle Wiley, who is only seventy-three. His eleven children perpetuated the race to the extent of seventy-five grandchildren, and he has fifty great-grandchildren and thirty great-great-grandchildren.

By stating that his sons married late in life.

Arabs at Omdurman.

The Arab mode of attack was quaint to a degree; formed in a line, each tribe advanced against a part of the village. When about 500 yards from the mud houses they halted and commenced to dance, brandishing spears and swords in the air and firing off rifles.

A Costly Bible.

The most costly book in the royal library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is no wonder that it is considered precious for there is not another just like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves.

The Czar May Be Modest.

An amusing incident is reported from St. Petersburg. A copy of the London Daily News delivered there had several columns of the principal page blacked out by the censor. The recipient, curious to know what this lengthy forbidden topic could be, procured a copy privately from London.

A SWELLED HEAD.

If asked who is the greatest bore, By truth we are compelled, If we make answer, this to say— The man whose head is swelled,

His own ideas and weighty thoughts So fill his little mind, In others no good trait he sees, To his own faults he's blind.

So great is his own self esteem, So mighty is his worth, He thinks all things would cease to move, If he'd step off the earth.

He sees much that he'd criticize, And much that makes him frown, Not only this, he has the gill, To "call his betters down."

These swell-head people we all know, Can to themselves give thanks, If some fine morning they awake And find they're only cranks.

THE HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY.

She was only eighteen when Gilbert Amydon married her—a bright-eyed little thing, with hair like gold, and a complexion like the pink-and-white of a conch shell.

"Gil, you're a fool!" said his plain-spoken uncle, who had money to leave, and comforted himself in a proportionately uncivil manner. "You're like all the rest of the world—inflated with a pretty face."

"I confess, dear Gilbert, I am surprised at your choice," said his elderly maiden sister, "after having told you that Sylvia Simmerton was inclined to look favorably upon your attentions—why, Sylvia has three hundred a year of her own."

"I'm really afraid, Gilbert," said his mother, "that Florence is rather young and inexperienced."

"She'll grow older, mother," said the bridegroom cheerily; "and there's plenty of experience to be had in this world, if one only lives long enough."

And Gilbert Amydon and his pretty little wife were as happy as the day was long.

Florence cried a little when her husband was obliged to go away on important business connected with the firm in which he was a partner. They had been married only a few months.

"I wish I were going with you, Gilbert," said she; and Gilbert Amydon laughed and patted her rose-leaf cheek.

"Why, what should I go with a little saphy of a creature like you?" said he. "How would you endure traveling all night and running about all day? No, no; you must stay at home and keep house till I come back."

So Gilbert Amydon went away. He had not been gone many weeks before a long and acrid letter from his maiden sister, Drusilla, infused a bitter element into the current of his reflections.

"Florence is very well," wrote Miss Drusilla, who, although by no means either fat or fair, was forty at least, "and apparently very happy. She had friends to tea last night. Of course, I was not invited, although most inopportunistly I called in, about the Dorcas Sewing Club, just as they were sitting down to tea."

The Misses Myrtle were there, with their cousin, Major Darrock is very handsome—"these words were underscored with two vicious dashes of the pen—"and, judging from their conversation, Florence and he were old friends before she met you. I dare say it is all right—indeed, Florence told me that when she invited the three Myrtle girls she didn't know that Major Darrock had just arrived on a visit to them. But, nevertheless, I hardly believe it is well to re-ignite the ashes of an old flirtation on the altar of an absent husband's hearthstone. However, as I said before, Florence is very young, and can hardly be expected to comprehend these things."

Gilbert Amydon felt a sharp sting of latent jealousy go through his heart as he read his sister's words, but presently he broke into a smile, and tore up Miss Drusilla's letter unceremoniously into cigar-lighters.

"They would shut her up in a nunnery if they had their way, said he to himself. "Poor, dear little girl! she must have some amusement."

But Uncle Crawley's next letter was more vaguely annoying still. "I suppose you have heard from your wife about the fancy masquerade ball," said he. "The young folks are all wild about it. Your wife is to go as Rowena to Major Darrock's Ivanhoe. The costumes are to cost no end of money, I am told. When I was a young man people didn't squander their incomes in that sort of way. But I suppose if you are willing, it's not my business to object."

Gilbert Amydon knit his brows and bit his lip, as he read the words that his Uncle Crawley had penned with such malicious pleasure. This was quite a different affair from the tea party to which Drusilla Amydon had taken exception. And for the first time in his life Gilbert felt in his heart a strong, surging tide of anger toward the beautiful young wife whom he had promised at the altar to love and cherish.

"If she is really going to this ball," he said to himself, "I don't know what the consequences will be. She knows I hate bal-masques, and she knows, too, that she has no business to go with that major fellow when I am away. Drusilla was right—she is too young for a wife. I should have thought twice before I gave up late her hands such unbounded power to sting and torture me. At all events, I

wont stay here to be made a fool of. I'll go back home, and judge for myself whether she is losing all her common sense and discretion.

He glanced at his watch. "If I start at once," he thought, "I can be at Deddington on the evening of the ball. And I'll do it!"

What a long, dreary ride that was—midnight joltings through endless stretches of woods and meadow-lands and tunnels of echoing rock—days when sleep and waking seemed oddly jumbled together! And the one pervading idea that filled his brain was Florence, robed in pale blue silk with her golden hair dressed as in an old picture he had once seen of the beautiful Saxon Princess Rowena. And all the time his heart was as heavy as lead within him.

Florence, whom he had loved and trusted—Florence, who had grown into his heart as the clinging ivy makes its way into the crevices of the granite rock—Florence, whose pure innocence and singleness of nature he had worshipped—what would life be worth to him if she should prove untrue? Not that he feared any such misery—no, he knew Florence too well for that—but a plum with the bloom brushed off was no plum for him. He had told himself, with a hot, fevered anger throbbing through his brain; and what value were the smiles whose sweetness was lavished liberally on all alike?

And as he rode along, with folded arms and traveling cap drawn sullenly over his eyes, Gilbert Amydon felt like one who was already bereaved.

The house was dark as he ascended the steps and opened the door with his latchkey.

"Gone!" he said to himself, with a bitter smile. "Gone! Well, I know it. What else could I have expected? She is no longer my sweet, home-loving Florence, but—Rowena, the Saxon Princess!"

With these thoughts in his mind, he strode up the passage, and opened the drawing-room door. To his surprise, it was neither dark nor deserted. A cheerful fire burned in the grate—the shaded lamp threw its circle of light on the red-covered centre-table—and there, all alone, sat Florence, her cheek resting on her hand, her soft eyes fixed intently on something in her lap—his photograph!

It was the prettiest little tableau in the world. Amydon stood for a second, scarcely willing to disturb it.

"Florence!"

"O, Gilbert, Gilbert!"

And with a low, sobbing cry of joy she sprang to his breast.

"So you haven't gone to the fancy ball, after all," said he, as he sat down beside her, passing his hand fondly over her golden hair.

"To the fancy ball? I never thought of going, Gilbert. I knew you did not like balls; and, besides, where would be the pleasure of going, with you away?"

"They wrote to me that you were going as Rowena, the Saxon Princess," said Amydon, half ashamed of the words he uttered.

"O, I know!" said Florence, laughing. "Fanny Myrtle did want me to go. She was to be Rebecca, the Jewess, you know, and Major Darrock, her cousin, was to be Ivanhoe; and she thought it would be a nice party. She even ordered a costume for me, but I told her all along I shouldn't go; so Clara Myrtle is wearing it to-night."

"While you are sitting here all alone, and studying my photograph?" he interrogated fondly.

"I—I'm afraid I was crying a little," confessed Florence, "for I was so lonely, and I wanted to see you so much."

"My own darling little wife!"

This was the last of Gilbert Amydon's brief madness of jealousy. Drusilla's spite and Uncle Crawley's quiet malice had all fallen short of their mark.

And Florence reigns undisputed queen at last over her husband's heart.

Holland and Her Colonies.

It is not the fiercest nations that have been the greatest successes at colonizing and getting rich out of gentile toil. Next to England, little plebeian Holland has the most valuable colonies in the world. She still holds Java, containing 25,000,000 people, and although the natives are Malays they are very loyal. She also has other rich possessions in the east, the island of Sumatra being four times as large as Cuba, and the island of Celebes being larger than all New England, to say nothing of her six islands in the West Indies and her possessions in South America. The good-natured Netherlands, like the British, have held on to their profitable territory by keeping the spirit of trade alive rather than the spirit of autocracy, and avoiding the levy of murderous taxes, with nothing in return to compensate.

About Mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes, it is to be presumed, exist for some useful service, but what it is known only to etomologists. To the majority of people there is no information regarding them so welcome as the fact that they are gradually being exterminated by the advance of civilization. This being so, it should be additionally interesting to those who live in districts where mosquitoes abound to know how their departure can be expedited. Permanganate of potash, says a medical paper, can be used against them with deadly effect. Minute parts of the crystal are sufficient for the purpose. The same authority informs us that only two and a half hours are required for a mosquito to develop from its first stage, a speck resembling cholera bacteria, to its active and venomous maturity.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, County and State aforesaid, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1899, at 9 o'clock p. m., all that certain piece and parcel of land situate in the town of Bloomsburg, county of Columbia, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and bounded as described as follows to-wit: Beginning at the intersection of the east line of Strawberry alley with the north line of Seventh street, running thence north 66 degrees east sixty three (63) feet more or less to lot of Mrs. Florence Donohue, thence north 37 degrees east eighteen and one-half (18 1/2) feet to lot of C. W. Hassert, thence north 36 1/2 degrees west fifty (50) feet to lot of Dr. Gardner, thence south 48 degrees west eighty five and one half (85 1/2) feet to Strawberry alley, and thence south 45 1/2 degrees east twenty four (24) feet to the place of beginning, whereon is erected a large double

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of Cosmopolitan Building & Loan Association vs. Fred J. Richards, John L. Richardson and Frank N. Turner and to be sold as the property of Fred J. Richards, John L. Richardson and Frank N. Turner. W. W. BLACK, Sheriff. HARMAN, AUCTIONEER. 3-30 4t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of writs of Levary Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, County and State aforesaid, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m.

A lot of ground situate on the north side of Fifth street in the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pennsylvania, being lot No. 13 in block of No. 8 in the plot or draft of the Bloomsburg Land Improvement Co.'s addition to the town of Bloomsburg compiled by Samuel Meyhard and J. C. Brown in 1891, said lot being further described as follows: Beginning at a point on the northern side of Fifth street at the south-west corner of lot No. 14, thence by the eastern line of said lot mentioned lot north 23 degrees and 54 minutes west 133 feet to an alley, north 68 degrees and 10 minutes west 40.65 feet to the eastern line of lot No. 13, thence by said eastern line south 23 degrees and 54 minutes east 127 feet to the northern line of Fifth street; thence by said northern line north 71 degrees and 45 minutes east 49.3 feet to the place of beginning, containing about 5400 square feet more or less.

Seized, taken into execution at the suit of Layton Runyon vs. Charles Winterstein, and to be sold as the property of Charles Winterstein. W. W. BLACK, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND MORTGAGE BOND HOLDERS OF THE SCHOOL FURNISHING COMPANY OF THE TOWN OF BLOOMSBURG.

The First and Second Mortgage Bond Holders are hereby notified and requested to present their bonds for payment on or before Saturday, April 1st, 1899, at the First National Bank or the Farmers National Bank respectively of the Town of Bloomsburg. No interest will be allowed thereon after that date. JOHN G. MCHENRY, N. U. FUNK, Treasurer. 3-24 2t

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between John McHenry and John G. McHenry, under the firm name of John McHenry & Son, at Benton, Pa., as distillers, has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by John G. McHenry, under the business name of John G. McHenry & Son. All bills due the late firm must be paid to John G. McHenry, and all debts of the same presented to him for payment. JOHN G. MCHENRY, JOHN G. MCHENRY, 3-14 1899.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the late firm of John McHenry & Son, as distillers, has been dissolved. The business will be carried on under the name of John G. McHenry & Son, by John G. McHenry, to whom all bills are payable, and to whom all claims against the late firm must be presented for payment. JOHN G. MCHENRY, March 14, 1899.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF PETER APPELMAN, LATE OF BENTON COUNTY, PA., DECEASED. The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, Pa., to make distribution of funds in hands of administrator, will sit, to perform the duties of his appointment, at his office, in Bloomsburg, on Thursday, April 6, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested must appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. O. B. MELLICK, Auditor. 3-16

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF DOROTHY KEELER, LATE OF BENTON COUNTY, PA., DECEASED. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Dorothy Keeler, late of Benton, Columbia County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to C. P. YOCUM, resident of said town, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. C. P. YOCUM, Executor. FRITZ, Atty. 3-25-99

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF C. H. HARTPATER, late of Mifflin Township, deceased. The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, Pa., to make distribution of funds in hands of administrator, will sit, to perform the duties of his appointment, at the office of James L. Evans, Esq., in the borough of Berwick, Pa., on Tuesday, April 18, 1899, at 9 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested must appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund. FRANK IKELER, Auditor. 3-20 3t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF HENRY KLEIM, DECEASED, LATE OF BLOOMSBURG, PA. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Henry Kleim, late of Bloomsburg, Penna., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned executor, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payments, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to C. A. KLEIM, Executor. 3-16-99

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between S. C. Creasy and E. C. Wells of Bloomsburg, Pa., was dissolved on the 22nd day of February, 1899. All debts due to the said partnership are to be paid, and those due from the same discharged by S. C. Creasy and Joseph G. Wells at Bloomsburg, Pa., where the business will be conducted by the said S. C. Creasy and Joseph G. Wells, under the firm name of Creasy & Wells. S. C. CREASY, JOSEPH G. WELLS. 3-16-99

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of the undersigned, and to all persons to whom it may concern, that he will apply to the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County for the benefit of the insolvent laws of this Commonwealth, on Monday, May 1st, 1899, at three o'clock p. m., of said day, at which time any person having any objection to his final discharge as an insolvent debtor can appear and make the same known. MICHAEL DAILY, W. H. MAGILL, Atty. 3-16-99

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Post Office Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Wirt's Building, 2nd floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FREEZE & HARMAN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Office: Centre St., first door below Opera House

GEO. E. ELWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Lockard's building, Corner Main and Centre Sts.

A. N. YOST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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H. A. MCKILLIP, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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Hartman Building, Market Square, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Clark's Block, corner of 2nd and Centre Streets. 1-12-94

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G. M. QUICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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EDWARD J. FLYNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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