667 HAD a funny experience with a burglar once," said a government official whose home is in northern Pennsylvania when he is not serving his country. "My house is three miles from the city on a fine piece of road, and though there is a good deal of passing that way I have never been troubled with marauders about my place except for the usual raids on my orchard and this one occasion about which I am telling

"Not that I was in the habit of wishing for an adventure with a burglar, for I desired nothing of the sort. While the life I led was a quiet one it suited me quite well, and I did not need a little gun-play exercise with a midnight marauder to appreciate the beauty of living. I had never imagined that burglars were possible in that seeluded spot, and so was all the more surprised when one really arrived. In fact, I do not really understand how I made myself believe that my visitor was a burglar before I saw him.

It was on a winter night about one o'clock that I was disturbed by some one falling over a chair in the room next to mine. This was the dining-room, and my room was the only one on that floor which was occupied at night. I thought it might be somebody who had no business there, and, taking my revolver, I proceeded to investigate, having waited long enough for the burglar, if it was a burglar, to think that the noise he had made had not wakened anybody. I slipped along the hall to the parlor in

front and came back through the parlor to the dining room door, which was ajar. I could see a dim light coming through the deorway, which I knew was out of the ordinary condition in that room at that hour, and, expecting to have a scrap, I nerved myself for it by standing stock still for a minute and wondering what the dickens anybody wanted to be robbing houses for and giving the inmates all sorts of disagreeable feelings. Did you ever tackle a burglar in the dead of the night? No? Well, you'll never know what it is like until you've been there. Knowing that if I made any noise the burglar would turn his eyes and perhaps his gun to about the place where he thought a man's head ought to be when he came through a door, I got down on my hands and knees and crawled up to where I could peep in. He did not hear me, and I could him, over in the corner where the sideboard was, taking a bite to eat preparatory loading what swag he had collected in the shape of silver spoons and other bric-a-brac into his bag. A lamp, turned down low, was on the sideboard beyond him, and I had a good look at him. I wanted to shoot him on the spot, but that didn't seem to be quite fair, so I rose to my feet with my gun on him and ordered him to throw up his hands. I don't know which one of us was more scared at that moment, but I had the advantage, and he let his hands go up and begged me not to shoot. I told him I would use my own pleasure about that, and went over and turned up the light.

"He was not a bad-looking burglar, as burglars go, a man of 30, perhaps, and evidently not an old hand at the business, or he never would have stumbled over that chair. The only weapon he carried was a small fourbarreled pistol, which I still have as a souvenir of the occasion, and after I had got him in a helpless condition I began to wonder what I was going to do with him. It was a bitter cold night, and I didn't want to drive to town with him; neither did I want to sit up all night with him, and we had no telephone. He begged me to let him go; he was only a beginner, and would swear off forever if I gave him a chance.

'After thinking the matter over I concluded to give him the chance, although I was going to do it my own way. I told him I had no wish to spoil his future, and that a his solemn promise to reform . let him go. He went down on his knees, swearing that he would never do so any more, and I told him to get up and take off his coat. He asked me what for, but I said that was my business, and to do wha I told him. He obeyed me, and I followed with orders to take off his waistcoat and collar. He objected when I told him to take off his trousers, but I got a buggy whip standing in the corner, and a lick or two with it convinced him that he had better obey orders and file his objections at some later period. It required a few more licks with the whip to get his shoes and shirt off, but after that he submitted, and presenthe was ready for the bath. He was a clean-limbed, clear-skinned, healthy chap, and I felt quite certain in my mind he was equal to the stunt I had arranged for him.

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"I made him put on his shoes now, leaving off his socks, and then I conducted him to the front door, which I had noticed he left open in order to facilitate his departure in case of emergency. He shivered when he ame out into the draft, but I did not offer him an overcoat.

"'For God's sake, mister,' he asked, as his teeth chattered, 'what are you going to do

'I'm going to let you go,' I responded, and you've got to go like thunder or you'll freeze to death. It's three miles to town, but the road is smooth, and you have on shoes, and are not carrying any extra weight. The mercury is down to zero, and if you stop to loaf along the way you'll be frostbitten, so you had better hustle pretty lively. Get out, now, and get quick, and I spened the door wide, hit him a cut with the whip, and he went out and off the porch with a jump. He never stopped to look back, but went down the gravel path to the gate like a sprinter. The moon was shining and I could see him for a quarter of a mile lown the pike, going like a scared rabbit. Then I returned to my virtuous couch, feeling as if I had done a great work of re-form and wishing I could catch a burglar about three times a week.

"The morning paper had a notice in its last edition of the capture of a clotheless man at 1:45 a. m. by the police, who chased him a mile straightaway on a bicycle. It was not known whether he was a lunatic or not, and he was held on suspicion. I went around to the station house about ten o'clock to see the prisoner, and he recognized me at once d got white with fright. Of course he ought I was there to put the finishing sches on him, but I soon convinced him that he could trust me. I told the police people a war tale about his being a hired man of mine who was subject to fits, and got him off all right. I gave him his clothes and five dollars for pin money, and told him to get out of the neighborhood as fast as he had got over the pike the night before. He ighed and said he couldn't, for there sughed and said he couldn't, for there wasn't a locomotive in that part of the country could make the time he did for the first two miles and a half. He left, though, as soon as he could, with many thanks to me, and I heard from him three weeks later in Buffalo, where he had got a good job in a machine shop and already had a bank account of \$25, a check for five of which he inclosed to me."—N. Y. Sun.

Young Detroit Girl Shows Rare Skill in Marksmanship.

Sonia Wright Never Fired a Shot Before Last October, and Now She Is Prenounced a Marvel by All Sharpshooters.

Miss Sonia Wright, of Detroit, Mich., is said by those who know her to be the most remarkable rifle shot in the coun-

Two years ago she was a teacher of elocution and physical culture in Detroit. She found the field overcrowded and began reading proof in the office of the Evening Mail at Lafayette, Ind. There she met the man who discovered her wonderful skill with the

John E. Long, assistant engineer of the Lafayette waterworks, is known as an expert shot and the father of the "Hoosier Boy Shot," who won considerable fame at the world's fair for his remarkable skill with the rifle. Miss Wright was included in an invitation to visit the waterworks last October, and went with several friends. Mr. Long happened to mention, in a reminiscent mood, how lonely he felt without his son, who had been such a treasure to him in various ways.

"I miss him so much," he remarked, "in my shooting, and I don't seem to find anyone that can take his place."

"Why can't I pose as a pupil?" said Miss Wright, banteringly. Mr. Long invited her to call during his practice hours in the courtyard of the waterworks. He never expected to see her again, and was much surprised when she called on him one day and said she wanted to take that lesson,

Mr. Long gave to her the "lesson." He instructed her how to hold the gun



MISS SONIA WRIGHT. (Doing Some Fancy Rifle Shooting from Her Bicycle.)

and to aim in much the same manner that he would instruct any novice. "Now, there is the target, and you have the sight," he explained; "do your

Miss Wright placed the gun to her The bullet struck the bull's-eye. The distance was ten yards, and the shot | It's the only one you've missed.' was regarded by Mr. Long as merely a chance hit. Another shot was tried, and again the bullet struck the bull's-This at once inspired him to in-

duce her to become a permanent pupil. Before she had taken many lessons, Mr. Long discovered that Miss Wright was really the person that he had long been searching for. He taught her the various tricks of the business and found her an extraordinarily apt pupil. Her latent talent was as much a sur prise to Miss Wright as it was to her instructor. He remarked one thing about her shooting, and that was that nearly all her shots were what are technically termed "line shots." That is, they did not waver from the "sight," but were true and good. Her lessons included ten shots each, and in the sixth lesson she placed five shots in the black space, hitting the bull's eye three times and getting 112 out of a

possible 120 in the score. When she had taken eight lessons, Mr. Long was so confident of her ability that he asked her to shoot the ashes off a cigar held in his mouth at eight yards. This she did very successfully, though she went through the test with considerable trepidation.

Miss Wright was in the meantime getting famous without looking for honors in that or any other line. People used to come around to the waterworks court yard to see "the girl that shoots," and one day a committee from the St. Boniface church bazar called on her, and asked her to give an exhibition at their fair. Miss Wright didn't think she was an attraction to be featured, or that her skill was worthy of a public exhibiton, but she consented, and her marksmanship, under the direction of Mr. Long, created a sensation. This was her first stage appearance, and among other things she accomplished was the so-called "trimming of the finger nails" at eight yards. Mr. Long held candy disks in his hand, and had Miss Wright shoot holes through them. Then he lit a match and she shot it out. She also snuffed a candle, split a card and did things that made the audience gape in wonderment and demand a repeti-

Miss Wright's father was a colonel of the Royal engineers, Ireland, and she was born in the army, so to speak. She is an attractive young woman and the only denotement of her profession is a broad-brimmed "Texas summer hat," which gives her a decidedly frontier appearance. Miss Wright was born in County Fernoy, Ireland, and Detroit has been her home for ten years. Her mother resides on Grant

sourt.

# PUNISHED A BURGLAR EXPERT RIFLE SHOT. LIGHTNING KILLS WILD BOARS

Five Out of Six Imported from the Black Forest Struck Together in Pike County.

Five of six wild boars imported from the Black Forest in Germany at a cost of \$100 each were lately killed by lightning at Porter's Lake, Pike county, Pa. They were brought over by Weissbrod & Hess, of Philadelphia, and were intended for breeding purposes, and it was proposed to turn their young loose in the forest, reports the New York

The animals had only just arrived and were still in their boxes, which were piled under a tree. When the storm was at its height a bolt descended, striking the tree and running down it to the animals. One in a box on top of the others escaped, but those below were instantly killed. It is said their places will be supplied by other importations.

The propagation of wild boars in this region is not a new experiment. Some of New York and London, whose summer home was on the west side of the Shawangunk mountain, not far from Port Jervis, turned out several wild boars in his mountain park. For a time they thrived until at last they broke through the inclosure and committed depredations on the neighboring farms. The farmers turned out with dogs and guns, but were never able to capture any of them. They were hunted day and night. They finally took up their abode in Sullivan county, where hunters tried in vain to kill them. Judge W. H. Crane, of this place, brother of the late Stephen Crane, was the only person who successfully brought down one of these wild boars. What has become of the remainder of the animals is a mystery, as they have disappeared. It is believed they all died.

### MILES FAVORS GOOD ROADS.

Commander of the United States Army Illustrates Their Great Importance.

If Gen. Nelson A. Miles had his way the roads of the United States would be equal to those of any country on SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900, teamster out west who was driving over a very rough road in the Rocky mountains shortly after the Geronimo campaign. He had the general for a passenger. The wagon was an old prairie schooner, without springs or cushions, and the general was vainly attempting to fall asleep, says the Chicago Chroniele.

"But there was no sleep for me on that trip," says Gen. Miles, "for the old rascal drove over every bowlder in the road; in fact, he seemed to be doing it purposely. Finally I became interested and began to count the number of rocks over which the wheels of the wagon passed or which they struck. Suddenly, to my consternation, he missed one-a huge bowlder in the middle of the roadway.

"'Whoa! Hey!' I cried. 'Back up! Back up! "He quietly followed my instructions, seeming to be not at all surprised and Elizabeth Wirt.

by them. When he had his wagon shoulder like an amateur and fired. in the proper position I said: 'Now, drive over that rock, confound you!

"Without so much as a glance in my direction, he replied: 'Cert, pard. Never noticed it. Ain't got a chew about yer?'

"I got out and walked the remaining

# "A Bright Little Boy"

Would be sure of a welcome in almost any home. But what a welcome he would have in a home where the hope of children had been extinguished. What a welcome this particular "bright little boy" did have in such a home,

What a welcome this particular bright little boy" did have in such a home, may be judged by the closing paragraph of his mother's letter, given below. There is no room for the whole letter, which recounts a story of fifteen years of suffering and a perfect cure by the use of "three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and some of the 'Pellets.'"

In many instances childless

stances childless-ness is the result ness is the result of conditions which are curable. It has often happened that when "Favorite Presistion" has

scription" has cured a woman of female weakness and the nervous condition attention condition attending it, her return to health is signalized by the birth of her first child, "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"I cannot tell half that Dr. Pierce's medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. T. A. Ragan, of Norris, Watauga Co., N. C. "It will do all that is claimed for it—prevent miscarriage and render childbirth easy. It has given me a bright little boy, and I would not have had him had it not been for your wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much in praise of it; I think it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God for my life, and Dr. Pierce for my health." "Pleasant Pellets" clear the com-

### EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MARY ANN WALTERS, LATE OF BLOOMSBURG, PA., DECKASED. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Ann Walters, late of the Town of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased, have been granted to John L. Walters, of Catawissa, Pa., 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.

JOHN L. WALTERS, Executor, Buckingham, Ally, (7-2-4), Catawissa, Pa

\*\*\*\* The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA. BRONGHITIS AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION IS

Sold by all druggists 25850cts \*\*\*

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia wears ago Otto Plock, a wealthy broket | County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1900, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain lot, or plece of land, situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, County of Columbia, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Brugier's alley, on the east by Iron street, on the south by lot now or late of B. R. Davis, and on the west by let now or late of J. G. Wells, containing ninetyfeet in front, on said Iron street, and extending back, of an equal breadth, fifty feet, whereon is erectd a two and one-half story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE

and outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of the Pennsylvania Trust Company vs. Martha W. Ellenbogen and Morris Ellenbogen, and to be sold as the property of Martha W. Ellenbogen and Morris Ellenbogen.

W. W. BLACK. Sheriff.

### SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of

the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed. here will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, county and state aforesaid, on

the globe. He tells a story of an old at two oclock p. m., all that certain piece, or parcel of land, situate in Bloomsburg, Columbia County, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit : Beginning at a corner, in lot owned by Israel Murray, on the southeast side of Third street, Bloomsburg Pennsylvania, and running thence northeastwardly along said street twenty-one (21) feet four and one-half (4%) inches; thence southeastwardly one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet to an alley; thence along said alley south westwardly twenty-one (21) feet four and one half (416) inches, to Murray lot, aforesaid thence along the same one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet to the place of beginning, being the same land conveyed by Armetta Benchoff and husband to Willits Bauman, by deed of partition, dated May 18th, 1895, recorded in the Recorder's office of Columbia county, in deed book 58, page 70, having erected thereon a two-story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Conewango Building & Loan Association vs. Willits H. Bauman and Elizabeth Wirt, and to be sold as the property of Willits H. Bauman

HARMAN, Atty.

### SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, county and state aforesaid, on SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1900,

at two o'clock p. m., all that certain piece, parc I and tract of land, situate in the Town of Bloomsburg, Pa., bounded and described as foilows, to wit: Beginning at a stone, on the south side of Sixth street, fifteen feet west of line of E. C. Caswell, being on west side of a fifteenfoot alley, laid out by D. J. Waller; thence along west side of said alley southward, one hundred and thirty and fivetenths feet to a stone; thence parallel with Sixth Street, aforesald, westwardly, one hundred and seventy-five feet, more or less, to line of land of Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad Com pany; thence northwardly along said line of Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad twenty-one feet, more or less, to a stone; thence eastward, parallel with sixth street, one hundred and ter feet, more or less, to a stone, seventy feet west of the westerly side of above alley; thence northwardly, parallel with said alley, one hundred and ten and five-tenths feet to Sixth street aforesaid: thence eastwardly along Sixth street seventy feet, to the place of beginning, being that portion of the premises described in the mortgage, executed by the Mears Manufacuring Company, to George E. Sponsler and Joseph W Eves, trustees,dated the first day of April A. D 1893, recorded in Mortgage Book, Vol. 24, page 238, and named in judgment No. 179, February Term, 1900, and Levart Facias No. 55, September Term, 1900, being the writ upon which this sale is made, not heretofore sold, by virtue of legal process, on prior mortgage, upon the portion so sold, whereon is erected

A LARGE BRICK FOUNDRY

Selzed, taken in execution, at the suit of George E. Sponsler and Joseph W. Eves, trustees against Mears Manufacturing Company, and Keystone Foundry & Machine Co., terre tenants, and to be sold as he property of the Mears Manufacturing Company, and the Keystone Foundry & Machine Co., terre tenants. W. W. BLACK,

C. W. MILLER, ATTY. 1891.

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assets are all invested in solid securities, and liable to the hazard of fire only.

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