

RAILROAD NOTES.

REDUCED RATES TO CHICAGO VIA PENN'A RAILROAD—ACCOUNT G. A. K. ENCAMPMENT.

On account of the Thirty-fourth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Chicago August 27-31, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Chicago, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

REDUCED RATES TO DETROIT VIA PENN'A RAILROAD—ACCOUNT KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, BIENNIAL CONCLAVE.

For the Biennial Conclave, Knights of Pythias, at Detroit, August 27 to September 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to Detroit, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

LAST SUMMER TOUR TO THE NORTH—TOUR TO CANADA VIA PENN'A R. R.

The last tour to the North for the summer of 1900 via the Pennsylvania Railroad to Canada and Northern New York will leave August 11. The places visited include Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence, Quebec, the Saguenay, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, and Saratoga; the trip occupying fifteen days; round trip rate, \$125.

The tour will be in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies.

The rate covers railway and boat fare for the entire round trip, parlor car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, and carriage hire.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

CHAUTAQUA—LAST LOW-RATE EXCURSION VIA PENN'A RAILROAD.

On July 27 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the last special excursion from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Reading, Altoona, Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Shamokin, Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury and Williamsport, and principal intermediate stations, and stations on the Delaware Division, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, to Chautauqua, N. Y. Special train will start from Harrisburg at 11:35 a. m. Connecting trains will leave Philadelphia 8:40 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 7:30 a. m. Round trip tickets, good to return on regular trains not later than August 25, will be sold at rate of \$10 from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and at proportionate rates from other stations.

For specific rates and time of connecting trains apply to nearest ticket agent.

REDUCED RATES TO PITTSBURG—VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the Prohibition State Convention to be held at Pittsburgh, August 8, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Pittsburgh from all stations on its line in the state of Pennsylvania at rate of one fare for the round trip (minimum rate twenty-five cents). Tickets to be sold and good until August 6, 7, and 8, and to return until August 9, inclusive.

TEN-DAY EXCURSION FROM FISHING CREEK VALLEY TO ATLANTIC CITY VIA R. & S. AND P. & R. RYS. THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1900.

Special coaches will run through from Jamison City to Philadelphia, leave Jamison City, 5:40 a. m., Benton 6:08 a. m., Orangeville 6:40 a. m. Price of excursion ticket from Jamison City \$5.00, from Benton \$4.75, from Orangeville \$4.50. Similar rates run intermediate stations. Stop off allowed at Philadelphia in either direction within time limit of the ticket. Tickets can be purchased from B. & S. Ticket Agents, and from Conductor of B. & S. train morning of the excursion.

Tickets must be used on the above train and date to Philadelphia, and on any day within time limit of ticket. A representative of the Railway Company will go with this excursion and will take pleasure in giving passengers information relative to Hotels and points of interest in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

NOTED HISTORIAN DEAD.

John Clark Ridpath Had Suffered Long in a New York Hospital. NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—John Clark Ridpath, the historian, died in Presbyterian hospital last night at 5:30 o'clock from a complication of diseases. He had been a patient in the hospital since April 23.

John Clark Ridpath, LL. D., historian, was born in Putnam county, Ind., in April, 1841. There was not at that time a wagon road within three miles of the log cabin in which he was born. His parents were from Christianburg, Va. His mother was a descendant of Samuel L. Matthews, one of the colonial governors of Virginia. He was graduated from Asbury (now De Pauw) university in 1863, taking first honors. After serving as principal of an academy at Thornstown, Ind., and as superintendent of public schools at Lawrenceburg, he was called in 1869 to the chair of English literature at De Pauw. He was transferred later to the chair of history and political philosophy. He became a conspicuous figure in the college world. He distinguished himself by his ability to think clearly, speak eloquently and write masterly.

In 1875 he published his first book, an "Academic History of the United States." It was an immediate success. It still holds its place as a textbook in many schools.

In 1876 he published his "Popular History of the United States," a large octavo volume, of which more than 40,000 copies have been sold. It has been published also in German. He wrote the "Life and Work of Garfield," of which 55,000 copies were sold. His "Cyclopedia of Universal History" was published in 1883 in four octavo volumes.

In 1885 he resigned his professorship in De Pauw and the vice presidency of the university in order that he might devote his whole time to writing. In 1893 he published his "Life and Work of James G. Blaine" and in 1894 his most comprehensive and philosophical work entitled "Great Races of Mankind" in four volumes. He was engaged for ten years in preparing the material and four years in writing this work. In 1898 he published his "Life and Times of Gladstone" and a supplement to the "History of All Nations" for Webster's Dictionary. He was for a time editor of the Arena Magazine of Boston. His monographs are numerous. In 1896 he consented to run for congress on the Democratic ticket in his home district in Indiana. Though he ran ahead of his ticket, he was defeated by a small majority. In recent years he had been engaged in the preparation of a complete and elaborate history of the United States.

THE BROCKWAYS OUT.

Superintendent of Elmira Reformatory Resigns.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Zebulon B. Brockway is out of the Elmira reformatory, where he has served for 30 years as general superintendent. His resignation was tendered to the board of managers yesterday morning, but the news was not given to the public until late in the afternoon. The resignation is to take effect in December next and was accepted, and at the request of Mr. Brockway he was granted a leave of absence for the next five months.

Dr. Frank W. Robertson, late of Bellevue hospital, New York city, and for some months past the senior resident physician of the reformatory, has been appointed acting general superintendent, which means, as previously indicated in these dispatches, that he will be Brockway's successor when his term as acting superintendent ceases.

Transfer Officer Hugh Brockway, brother of the superintendent, also tendered his resignation.

Dr. Robertson, the new superintendent, is 32 years of age and was born in Oswego, N. Y. He refuses at this time to discuss his plans for conducting the reformatory further than to say that he will defer to the wishes of the board of managers with regard to the matter of corporal punishment, which means that there will be none.

Four Young Women Drowned.

OCEAN CITY, N. J., Aug. 11.—Four young women, residents of Philadelphia, met a tragic death in the surf here yesterday about noon, and their bodies, Mrs. Meehan of the same city, who was bathing with them, was rescued by a life guard in an unattended state. The drowned were Misses Elsie and Virginia Lowe, aged 18 and 20 years respectively, daughters of Dr. Clement Lowe, residing in Mount Airy, a suburb of Philadelphia, and Misses Jennie and Biedie Lonsdale, aged 19 and 23 years respectively, daughters of Edwin Lonsdale of Chestnut Hill, a Philadelphia suburb.

Wailett For Draper's Place.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The president has tendered the appointment of ambassador to Italy to former Governor Roger Wailett of Massachusetts. The Italian government has been asked whether Mr. Wailett would be acceptable to it in such a capacity, a form already observed in international relations. So far no response has been received to either of the inquiries. Mr. Wailett is supposed to be in France, and the president has communicated with him by cable, so that an early answer is expected.

Teachers Will See Niagara.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., July 28.—It has been decided that the Cuban teachers will visit Niagara Falls on their way home. The date of their leaving probably will be Aug. 16 or 17.

New York Markets.

FLOUR—Baker and still dull, as buyers are out of town, showing little interest. Minnesota, 100 lbs., 1.10; winter extras, 1.07; winter patents, 1.09. WHEAT—Extremely dull and about as low as forward buying and the demand is none. RYE—Dull, steady, 1.00. CORN—Narrowed, but firm on higher cable and light offerings. OATS—Dull, steady, 1.00. HAY—Dull, steady, 1.00. BUTTER—Steady, state dairy, 1.00. EGGS—Steady, state and Pennsylvania, 1.00. SUGAR—Raw steady, fair refining, 1.00. COFFEE—Dull, steady, 1.00. PEPPER—Dull, steady, 1.00. SPICES—Dull, steady, 1.00. CLOTHS—Dull, steady, 1.00. SHIRTS—Dull, steady, 1.00. TIES—Dull, steady, 1.00. HATS—Dull, steady, 1.00. SHOES—Dull, steady, 1.00. GLOVES—Dull, steady, 1.00. Hosiery—Dull, steady, 1.00. Socks—Dull, steady, 1.00. Undershirts—Dull, steady, 1.00. Collars—Dull, steady, 1.00. Neckties—Dull, steady, 1.00. Handkerchiefs—Dull, steady, 1.00. Suspenders—Dull, steady, 1.00. Trunks—Dull, steady, 1.00. Suitcases—Dull, steady, 1.00. Bags—Dull, steady, 1.00. Hats—Dull, steady, 1.00. Shoes—Dull, steady, 1.00. Gloves—Dull, steady, 1.00. Hosiery—Dull, steady, 1.00. Socks—Dull, steady, 1.00. Undershirts—Dull, steady, 1.00. Collars—Dull, steady, 1.00. Neckties—Dull, steady, 1.00. Handkerchiefs—Dull, steady, 1.00. Suspenders—Dull, steady, 1.00. Trunks—Dull, steady, 1.00. Suitcases—Dull, steady, 1.00. Bags—Dull, steady, 1.00.

AT THE "SIGN OF THE SMILE."

We're weary a-walking the highway of life; We're fettered and flustered with worry and strife; Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load, And rest at the inn at the turn of the road—

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile." Ho, the "Sign of the Smile" is a jolly inn, With gargoyles about it that do naught but grin, And an echo that ever will answer us back—

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile." At the "Sign of the Smile" we will linger long there— For the strictest of rules is the ban upon care, And the guests must forget there are such things as years, And never shed any but laughter-brought tears—

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile." There'll be flacons of jollity for us to sip, And many and many a rollicking quip, Though the jokes may be old—like the juice of the vine, They mellow with age to the richest of wine—

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile." Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile"— Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile, Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to night, Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light—

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile." —Baltimore American.

Exiles in a Far Land

AND so it came to pass that these two young persons, man and wife, living comfortably in Washington, decided about two months ago that Washington was not of sufficient size for them. Likewise, they mutually concluded that Washington was slow. Furthermore, it struck them both at one and the same time that there didn't seem to be "anything doing" in Washington, and the male person of the couple referred to the capital of the nation as a burg of no speed whatsoever worth mentioning and alluded to it in caustic terms as being all right in its way, but a Sleepy Hollow at that—in all of which the wife of his bosom coincided with him.

"All of which," said the male person of the couple, "naturally leads up to—" "New York, of course," replied the wife of his bosom.

Whereupon, after patronizing their Washington friends a whole lot, indeed, and telling their Washington friends that they were sorry to leave them behind in a poky old place that didn't know it was alive like Washington, and declaring in loud and specific terms, subject to no misconception whatsoever, that New York would be good enough for them for the remainder of their natural lives, they departed for New York. As they sped out of the station on the train they reviled Washington unto each other and remarked that Washington wouldn't do, and that they were tickled almost foolish at the prospect of arriving within a matter of five hours or so at a point where they would have every opportunity to get a run for their money.

Arrived in New York, this pair of Washingtonians, man and wife, hesitated not to express themselves as being deliciously happy. "It's the only town, ain't it?" said the male person, beaming upon the wife of his bosom. "The only town," she echoed. "Look at this blaze of lights," said the male person, pointing his cane at the bulb-electric sign over the Broadway pugilists' saloons and the Broadway restaurateurs' polite-robbery establishments; "don't see blaze of lights like this down in little old Washington, do you? Real thing, isn't it? Plenty of action here, ain't there?"

"Oh, lots," replied the wife of his bosom. "Great to be in the madding crowd, once again, isn't it?" he went on, pointing out the surging throngs of beautifully dressed bunco steers and other promoters rushing hither and yon in their anxiety to nail "good things" in advance of each other. "Don't see people like this in the little old place down there, do you?"

"No," she replied with so much conviction, as it were, that he had to look at her closely to see if she were really enjoying herself. "Never bunch, aren't they?" said the male person of the couple when they took their first table d'hôte dinner at the Blue Dog restaurant, pointing out the disheveled artists, the gay and glad-some shoe clerks, the ladies with great sorrows and features behind them (not to speak of their prismatic hair and their ineradicable complexions), the imaginative and imaginary writers, who told not, neither do they spin; the pale versifiers with T. Chatterton make-ups, against whom (to hear the T. Chattertons) all publishers are leagued in one vast, cruel conspiracy; the "talker" physicians, whose practice consists in the writing of Lombroscopic vapors for the New York Sunday saffrons, and all the rest of the merry, mirthful, pint-of-Zinfandel-red-link-on-the-side "Bohemians" (tortured world). "Free, flowing, unconventional natures they have, haven't they? They put away the petty restraints of civilization as if the restraints were not, you perceive. Childish, bland, brilliant lot, hey? Don't see folks like them down in the little old place on the Potomac, do you?"

"No," replied the wife of his bosom, with all accent so clear and distinct that he had to look at her again in order to ascertain, if possible, if she were really entering into the jollity,

happy-go-lucky spirit of the occasion. "I wouldn't be back in Washington for big money, would you?" he inquired, in order to force her to put herself on record once more.

"Er—no," she replied, in a tone that didn't seem to have any vast amount of heartiness behind it. "Of course, though," she said, after awhile, with a forefinger placed a bit wistfully to her lip: "Washington looks beautiful at this season, doesn't it?"

"O, yes," said he, deprecatingly; "it's a pretty enough little old place—around this time of year, particularly, it'll do to spend a week or so in—trees all in foliage, lilacs and snowballs and things in bloom—all that sort of thing. We never said Washington wasn't pretty, did we? But it's so slow—wonder how we managed to live there contentedly as long as we did, don't you?"

"Yes—er—yes," answered the wife of his bosom, but her eyes seemed to be far away. "Look at this zoo, now," said the male person of the couple to the wife of his bosom when he took her to the Central Park menagerie the other Sunday; "something like a zoo, isn't it?" She looked up at him hesitatingly.

"I don't think the scenery's so pretty as the Washington Zoological park, do you?" she inquired, in a sort of muffled tone. "Er—no, blamed if I think it is, come to think of it," said he, scratching his chin reflectively. "That's right—it isn't. But this is over in New York, you see! Now, if the Washington zoo—mean the park, and the situation and all that—were over here, instead of adjacent to poky old Washington, why—"

He didn't mention just what the advantage would be, perhaps for an obvious reason. Thus they went on. Three or four times a day the male person of the couple would dwell with great (if carefully worked-up) enthusiasm upon the real thingsness (thus to phrase it) of existence in New York as compared with life—"nothing more'n hibernation, I'd call it," said he—in Washington, and on each occasion she would fall in line with a "yes" that really appeared to proceed from a point not much nearer her heart than her throat.

It so happened that one evening not long ago, as they sat by the front windows of their abiding places in New York—he dwelling with his usual insistence upon the joys of life on Manhattan island as compared with "rusting away in Washington, and she replying with only an occasional "yes"—a band of six or eight colored men, some of them with guitars and banjos and mouth organs, went by, singing and playing. The two young persons from Washington, man and wife, remained very quiet until the last echo of the music had died away far up the street.

"Sounds like—" the man started to say, turning sheepishly to the wife of his bosom, and then he observed that she had her handkerchief folded up into a wad about an inch in diameter, and that she was dabbing first one eye and then the other with the wad.

"Sounds like Washington on summer nights, doesn't it?" said the male person, with a sort of raucous grin on his face. "Kind of restful and familiar, eh?"

"Very," replied the wife of his bosom, continuing to dab at her eyes with her wad of a handkerchief. Then they were silent for a little while.

"Come to think of it, Washington isn't such a bad old place, after all, is it?" said he, pulling at an ear, reflectively. "No, it isn't," she replied, decisively. "Dear old Washington."

"That's right," said he. "Dear old Washington's what I say, too." They were silent again for awhile. "Wouldn't mind going back to the little old place, would you?" said he, breaking the pause, and looking out of the window so as not to have to face her. "I'd just love to, and that's the truth," said she, "but we can't go back yet awhile, can we?—you know how everybody said we wouldn't stay more than six weeks in New York, although we declared we were going to remain forever, and—and they'd just say we awfully if we went back now, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, that's a fact," said the man, ruefully. "Dear old Washington!" said she. "Dear old Washington!" said he.—Washington Star.

THE HEALTH PROBLEM is much simpler than is sometimes supposed. Health depends chiefly upon perfect digestion and pure blood, and the problem is solved very readily by Hood's Sarsaparilla. You may get well by taking it promptly for any stomach or blood disorder. Its cures of scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other diseases are numbered by the thousands.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

Book News for August contains the first and only sketch of George Ade, written by himself. He is the author of "Fables in Slang," etc. His portrait is used as frontispiece. "A Literary Woman of the Eleventh Century" is the third of a series of articles on famous women. There is a sketch and a portrait of Dr. Wm. Elliot Griffis, author of "The Pathfinders of the Revolution," "Jane Porter," by N. Parker Willis, continues the Great Writers Series. Two pages are devoted to families of covers of summer fiction, thus giving an idea of the outside as well as the inside of these books. A chapter from "Widow Magregor," by John J. Jennings, is included, while Dr. Talcott Williams continues his interesting talks on the important new books. The Authors' Birthday Calendar is continued. Thus Book News gives you just the information necessary to keep you in touch with the entire field of current literature. 5 cents a number; 50 cents a year. John Wm. Baker, Philadelphia, New York.

When a fellow does his courting over the long distance telephone it's hard work for him to save enough money to get married.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Saline. Price, including the spraying tube, is 75 cents. Dispensed by mail. The liquid embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation. Cream Saline is quickly absorbed by the membrane and does not dry up the secretions, but changes them to a natural and healthy character. Ely Brothers, 66 Warren street, New York.

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., postoffice, and will be sent to the deal letter office Aug. 14, 1900. Persons calling for these letters will please say "that they were advertised July 31, 1900": C. P. Kinsley, Charles Miller (formerly of Mt. Carmel), George A. Cakes.

One cent will be charged on each letter advertised. O. B. MELICK, P. M.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Not an Ordinary School. When Williamsport Dickinson Seminary was founded, money making was not in the thought of its promoters. To give young men and women thorough intellectual and moral training at the lowest possible cost was its paramount aim. It remains its paramount aim. Buildings have been added, equipment increased, the faculty enlarged, but...

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. Money talks when you drop a sack into a photograph. RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by C. A. Klein, druggist, 128 W. Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa. 4 20 15. It's the crazy cornet player who blows his brains out. DISTRESSING STOMACH DISEASE—Promptly cured by the masterly power of South American Nerve Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer, because this great remedy cures them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvelous and surprising. It makes no failure, never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving force. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by C. A. Klein, druggist, 128 West Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa. 174 19. When a man has no fault to find with his next-door neighbor it's about time for his wings to begin to sprout.