Mr. John Takes His Bath ないのであるからないのであるからなるなるからなる

N THE olden days, when Rome was as beautiful as she was brilliant and brilliant as she was base, the bath was an institution. It was not an accessory to the toilet as it is at the present time. It was a place where profound statesman and polished patrician and perfumed epicurean met to lounge and visit and discuss affairs of state and social importance. They went there with much ceremony and pomp, attended by their slaves and arrayed in gorgeous attire. They reclined inplently under awnings of burning crimson and royal purple and they teasted and drank and spoke of the beauties and the sonorous cadences of Homeric verse. And they watched the sunlight glint and glitter on the perfumed waters, turning them to limple agure at their feet, while the low, plaintive voice of some bronze-skinned harpist rose and fell in musical monotone. sweet as love and sad as death, fulling their epicurean senses to somnoient content. It was all lovely with the loveiness of art and the poetry of unshackled paganism. It had all the dignity of an age that was sublime in its sensuousness and superb in its sin. It was a scene that had all the color and are and barbaric splendor beloved of the Caesars. It has filled the dreaming eyes of centuries of painters and been the inspiration and the despair of brain and chisel.

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It was all this. But to-day there is change. Paterfamilias still takes his bath. It is a weekly necessity, not a ceremony. It is preceded and followed by tri-weekly or dally "sponges," but it is a duty to self and community, like paying the taxes and going to church. And he observes it in the same manner and catalogues it on his mental engagement list under the same heading. He regards it as an unavoidable but regrettable waste of time, instead of in the Romanesque light of sensuous pleasure and social enjoyment. The perfumed waters are to him not anguorous with the incense of Araby, but redolent with bath soap and ammonia. The marble steps and waves of limpid azure have gone glimmering, whither he wots not nor cares as he lifts the soiled clothes basket, the baby's rocker, a dress-suit case and a preserve kettle out of the tile bathtub and turns on both taps.

And, to begin at the beginning, the modus operandi of paterfamilias on bath night as follows: His wife commences by mentioning at dinner that this is his bath night. He does not answer with much enthusiasm and the matter drops. Then he rises from the table, lights a cigar, sits down by the study-lamp and hides himself behind the paper. His better half suggests that he take his bath early to-night and he murmurs:

"Eh? Oh, yes. The British certainly bit a bigger mouthful than they can comfortably masticate. Serves 'em right, drat 'em! Turn the lamp higher, will you?

He reads steadily for some time and his wife finishes some darning, puts her sewing materials neatly away and remarks cheerfully:

"Don't forget your bath, dear." "Bath? Nope. Say, that was a bad smashup on the X. & Q. Now, why in blazes they can't manage this train business better beats me. They've got their signal system, with all sorts of frills on it, and yet they can't stop at a crossrond or water tank but what the next train has to plump into 'em and send everybody to kingdom come.

"Are these Billy's cuffs, John?" "No; mine. Say, if that boy don't leave my linen alone there's goin' to be trouble. I never wore my father's clothes. If I had I'd have been taken for some enlisthenic exercises in the woodshed. And his father's no better than-I mean, he's as good as-say, Billy's aching for a lickin' and he'll get it one of these days. You'll see."

Now, if I were running a road-"

He turns another page and there is a long pause.

Presently his wife looks at the clock. "My! It's after ten. Sha'n't I turn on the water in the bath, John?"

Some inarticulate grunts issue unmusically from behind the paper and Mrs. John rocks back and forth gently: Soon she yawns a little and rubs her eyes sleepily. Then she studies the top of John's head doubtfully. 'John, dear, it's growing late. Won't

you take your bath now?"

John dear jerks another page over and remarks amiably that he'll take it in a minute, but why in the name of all the gods they want to run that duffer for reelection is beyond comprehen-It is just such skates that don't know enough to come in when it rains real hard that seem to get in office somehow. They and blacklegs. Now, If he had been in office he would have shown the party what was what. In the first place, he would-

Mrs. John thinks she hears the baby stir and disappears in the bedroom. When she returns her husband has slid down in his chair, with his head close to the lamp, and is deads to the world in the stock quotations. She tidies up the room, then hesitates and says

John, dear, if you don't mind, I think I will go to bed. Will you take your bath soon?"

Something like "Awri-gw'on-finish s'article" floats from the depths of the newspaper and Mrs. John thankfully departs.

The towels are in the bathroom, dear. And your robe is hanging on the door," she says from the bedroom. "M'hm. Lemme lone 'n goterbed," rumbles from the stock quotations.

The city directory men, says the Chi-cago Tribune, are entitled to honorary membership in the Two Million club, "Oh! and that new soap is in the medicine chest, John!" "De owrij ewril Jus'so," and al-

Mrs. John is just dozing off comfortably as she is suddenly startled into wakefulness with:

"Mary, where, in thunder are my bath towels?

She tells him they are in the bathfoom and he wants to know why on earth she had not said so instead of letting him hunt the flat for half an hour for towels when he was worn out and so sleepy he could hardly keep his eyes

She says nothing, but sinks back on the pillows and has just closed her eyes, as he dances in in a condition of extreme bad temper and distinctly immodest attire and demands to know if she has used his bath robe for a door mat or sold it to the junk man, as it certainly is not in the flat. She tells him it is hanging on the back of the bathroom door and he dances out, reminding her that if he dies of quick consumption it will be her fault.

As she turns her pillow over to the cool side he puts his head around the portiere and asks, with intense mildness, if she has given his flesh brush away as a prize at some of her cinch parties. He knows he used to own one, but cannot find it, which is not at all strange in that house, anyway. She re-minds him that he gave it to the baby to play hobby-horse with that morning. He stalks off, stumbles over the furniture, lights all the gas in the flat, with the aid of several matches and a good deal of eloquence, and Mrs. John finally creeps wearily out of bed and finds the brush on the bathroom floor. Then she retires to her bed.

In two minutes exactly her lord calls her in tones that cause her to run to the bathroom. And she finds him garbed airily in a moderate-sized bath towel and a liberal supply of what looks like brown paint. His face is quite purple and his language profane.

"Iodine! Iodine!" he sputters. "Look at me, will ye? Keepin yer dashed soap in yer dashed medicine chest as though it was some cure for the measles. How was I to know that dashed stopper would come out, ch? Look at me! I'm a sight. And the dashed stuff has to wear off-nothing but time and prayer and sand paper will move it. And I found everything in there but soapsoap and receipted bills! Everythingfrom cure for cramps to your marriage certificate. Wipe me off, will ye? That is, what will come off. I know my back looks like a British war map of Africa. I'll go into a museum as the only genuine tattooed man. Of all the places to say you keep soap, and all the time I suppose it is behind your Venus di Medici in the parlor, with a ten-cent cup and saucer standing on it. That's called artistic furnishing nowadays. Don't take all the skin off my spine! There, that'll do. G'wan to bed and maybe I can take my bath in peace. Have you got any washing powder or lye, seeing there is no soap?"

Mrs. John hands down two cakes of soap from the third shelf of the medicine chest and her husband snorts as he grabs a cake and steps into the bathtub. She goes back to bed and this time falls sound asleep. It seems to her that she has slept about five minutes when she is aroused by the gas flaring vividly in her face. Shading her eyes she raises herself on one elbow and sees her lord and master turning the bureau drawers upside down on the floor.

"What are you looking for, John?" Her husband sits back on his heela and grips the bathrobe around him with both hands.

"Looking for?" he remarks. "Looking for? At this time of night? What would any sane person be looking for, do yer suppose? For one of my dresssuit shirts, maybe, or a pair of silk socks with sunflowers embroidered on em. Have I got a nightshirt to my name or haven't I? Or have you cut 'em all down for Billy? Have I any rights in this house, anyway? I used to have some clothes before I had a family, but I'll be blamed if I have anything any more."

"My dear, your nightshirt is airing over the back of that chair beside you," says Mrs. John.

"Air-is it? Well, why in thunder didn't you say so? Here I've gone through all the furniture from the chiffonier to your writing-desk looking for that shirt rather than wake you up. But I'm the only one that seems to have any consideration for other people in this family."

Mrs. John yawns a little and turns over as her lord struggles into the nightshirt. He buttons the shirt at the neck, then steps over the chaos of underelothes that he has deposited on the carpet, shoves a pile of laces and gloves that he has emptied from the bureau drawers aside with one foot and winds his watch. Then he shakes his sleeping wife by the shoulder and asks her where the keys of the buffet are, as he knows he is in for a good cold unless he can take something to ward it off. He is drowslly informed that the keys are in full view on her comb tray on the dressing table and he departs for the dining-room, remarking that if people would only leave his clothes and things where he could find them without the aid of a microscope he would be grateful. Later on she is aroused with a request for her manicure scissors, but she objects mildly and gives him her penknife. Five minutes later she is startled by a fervent declaration that he would like to see her knife in another country further south, and she gets up to hunt court-

plaster. Mrs. John feels rather tired by this time and the next morning she has a headache, but when she reads his leters from New York, in which he says he is so enjoying his Turkish baths, which he is taking regularly, she thinks of bath night at home and sighs retrospectively and wonders much,-Chicago Chronicle.

Reward of Merit.

CURRENT COMMENT. Notes Political and Otherwise on Mutters of Public Interest.

By Andrew J. Palm.

State Chairman Rilling was recognized at the Kansas City convention by being made a member of the committee on notification, Mr. Rilling has been a constant and persistent Bryan man, and it was fitting that he should be selected as one of the committee to notify Mr. Bryan formally of the convention's action.

David Starr Jordan, president of Leland university, is authority for the statement that Roosevelt once described McKinley's backbone as being made of the same material of which bananas are composed. Since Teddy Imagines that he has backbone for two McKinley's lack of spinal column will not be a serious drawback to the team.

Ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison was one of the most popular delegates at the Kansas City convention. Having been twice elected governor of the stronghold of a high protective tariff, it is not strange that he has a national reputation, Hon. Robert E. Pattison is one of the able men of the party, and his speech at the convention was one of the best made during the ses-

The more the light is turned upon McKinley's work in the Philippines the worse it looks. No less an authority than Richard Brinsley Sheridan has published a book describing what he knows of the Filipinos from personal observation He declares that before going to Manila his sympathies were entirely American, but he says: "After a short time in Manila I discovered that the Filipinos have been grossly misrepresented. Where I had expected to meet people unworthy of recogni tion, I found men of refinement and cultivation; individuals of intellect and education who objected to the American policy of extermination and to the arrogance of Gen. Otis." If the American people understood the case; if they would believe the reports of fair minded authorities instead of the censored reports sent out by military satraps, the sense of justice that still remains would raise such a storm of public indignation as to force McKinley and his policy of "benevolent assimiinto permanent retirement without delay.

Our "strenuous" efforts in attempting to teach the Cubans the art of self government are about as consistent as Satan's attempts at preaching the gospel. Cuba is undergoing a system of taxation that will speedily turn her plantations over to the control of the land grabber. Through the devasta-tion of war many of the Cubans lost all they had except their land, which they do not now have the means to cultivate. Gen. Wood, in spite of their helplessness and poverty, has issued an order declaring that estates shall be taxed just the same as if worked to their full producing capacity. the tax is not paid within two months of levy six per cent additional is added. and if delayed six months 12 per cent is added, and so on. This, in many cases, means confiscation, just what the land speculator, in league with the officials, desires. The rate of taxation is worse than any that King George the Third ever imposed on the colonies. It amounts to \$16,000,000 annually, or \$8 for every man, woman and child on the island. This money is either stolen directly or used in paying a lot of favorite supernumeraries double salaries. All this in the name of Hanna, McKinley and God.

Like most of his fellow men, the writer felt when the hot days of July came that he would like to spend a few days at the seashore. Cape May was chosen as the objective point, partly because of its magnificent beach and partly for the reason that it can be reached from Philadelphia by boat. The fine steamer Republic makes the round trip daily during the summer season, and the trip down the historic Delaware is a most enjoyable one, and will bear repeating again and again. Our stay at the Cape was made doubly pleasant by the excellent accommoda tions and service at Congress Hall, under the efficient management of Miss R. Halpin. Congress Hall stands in the midst of a magnificent lawn on the highest point of land at the Cape and affords a fine view of the ocean. It has passenger elevators, electric lights and perfect sanitary arrangements. Miss Halpin formerly conducted the Windsor, at Cape May, and that house under her judicious management prospered greatly. Since she left it the larger portion of its aristocratic patronage has followed her to Congress Hall. Cape May is not the place where politicians meet to concoct schemes of conquest, but many of them go there rest when tired of the worries of political life.

Fifteen years ago Lord Wolseley and other English writers pointed out the danger of teaching the Chinese the art of war. The hardy nature of the Chinese, their indifference to life and death, and their aptness to learn were commented upon to show that if they should be taught the methods of mod-ern warfare China, with her 400,000,-000, might sweep civilization from the earth. This lesson was unheeded. The spirit of greed and commercialism, which heeds nothing but its own insatiate greed for plunder by fair means or foul, rushed in to supply China with all the hellish instruments of destruction that wicked civilization has devised. Germany sold the Yellow Men 400,000 Mauser rifles, many large Krupp guns and tons of ammunition at a big price. England sent her agents to secure a share of the blood money and took as many orders as possible for Whitworth and machine guns, while the United States clamored to have the open door opened still wider that she might have a larger share in the wages of sin. Now the worm is beginning to turn, and who can say that the retribution is not just, if the Chinese, instructed in the art of destruction and death and furnished with the means to lay nations waste, should now turn upon those who taught them the bloody art of war? War is hell. Cursed be war and all who in any manner aid to keep its unboly spirit alive.

"HUNGER IS THE BEST SAUCE," yet some people are never hungry. Whatever they eat has to be "forced down." There is, of course, something wrong with these people. By taking Hood's Sar a arilla a short time they are given an appetite and then they enjoy eating and food nourishes them. If you find your appetite failing, just try a bottle of Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic and every dose does good.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills,

The South African winter begins toward he end of April and lasts until September, Georgia's peach crop filled over 150

Exposure to a sudden elimatic change pro luces cold in the head and catarrh is apt to follow. Provided with Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against nasal catarrh. Price 50 cents at druggists, or Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York, will mail it. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immedi-ately the painful inflammation, cleanses and tures. Cream Balm quickly cures the cold.

A spinster looks upon all single men as owards.

Among the illustrations in that excellen work, the Horse Book, written by Judge Biggle, is General George Washington's stable at Mt. Vernon. The chapter on sta-bles contains many helpful hints, and has the plans and elevation of an attractive village stable. The price is fifty cents, mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkin-son Co., Philadelphia.

Might Be the Reason. "My wife," he said proudly, "has been known as the queen of hearts."

"No doubt," they answered, "it was because she took the knave."-Chicago

Hopeless.

"Do you think one can fall in love more than once?" she asked.

"Precious!" he exclaimed, "I've fallen in love with you a thousand times! Philadelphia North American.



Headache for Forty Years.

For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celery King. The result was gratifying and surprising, my headaches leaving at once. The headaches used to return every seventh day, but, thanks to Celery King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y. Celery King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias, issued ut 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, in Bloomsburg, county and state aforesald, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain lot, or piece of ground, situate in the Town of Montana, Township of Conyngham, County of Columbia and State of Penn'a, being the lot which is marked on the map or plan of said Town of Montana, with the number eight (8), in block N, and being the same premises which the Citizens' Building & Loan Association, of Centralin, by deed, dated 20th of December, 1896 granted and conveyed to Annie Ernstberger, Whereon is erected a one and one-half story

FRAME DWELLING HOUSE and frame barn. Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of the

Citizens' Saving & Loan Association vs. Bernard Ernstberger et al., and to be sold as the property of Bernard Ernstberger et al. W. W. BLACK,

SHRRIVE

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF LAWSON HUGHES, DECEASED.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., to make distribution of balance in hands of administrator of said deceased, will sil, at office of Ikeler & Ikeler, in Bloomsburg, Pa., on Wednesday, September 5th, 1999, at 10 o'clock a.m., to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties interested in said estate must appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund

8-9-4t. FRED IKELER, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF BENRY RITCHIE. LATE OF PINE TWP., COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., DECEASED.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., to pass upon exceptions to the first and final account of the administrator of said estate, and to make utstribution of the balance in his sends, and the properties of the prope to make distribution of the balance in his hands, to and among the parties criticed there-to, will sit, at his office in the Ent building. In Bloomsburg, on Thursday, August 30th, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., to perform the duties of his appointment, when and where all part-les interested in said estate must appear, or be forever debarred from coming in a said trad ver debarred from coming in on said func-l-4t. HARRY R. STEES, Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MARY ANN WALTERS, LATE OF BLOOMSHUEG, PA., DECNARED.

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, Atty. (7-19-5t) Catawissa, Pa.

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Morris S. Broadt. Teller Business and individual accounts respectfully olicited. Aug. 2, 1899.

→ 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.

JOHN G. H ARMA JOHN G. PREEZE. FREEZE & HARMAN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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CLYDE CHAS. YETTER,. ATTORNEY -- AT-LAW,

Office in Wirt's Building, W. A. EVERT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. BLOOMSBURG, PA. (Office over Alexander & Co. Wirt building.

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Office over First National Bank JOHN M. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, First National Bank Bldg., 2d Floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office, in Lockard's Building,

BLOOMSBURG, PA. CLINTON HERRING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office with Grant Herring. BLOOMSBURG, PA. will be in Orangeville Wednesday of each week.

W. H. RHAWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, Corner of Third and Main Sts., CATHERCON PA.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON,

ATTORNEY-AT LAW. Office in Wells' Building over B. A.

Gidding's Clothing Store, Bloomsburg, 14 Will be in Millville on Tuesdays.

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Losses promptly and honestly adjusted an paid as soon as determined, by Christian F

Knapp, Special Agent and Adjuster, Blooms The people of Columbia coanty shoul patronize the agency where losses, if any are settled and paid by one of their own

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Large and convenient sample rooms, bath reoms, hot and cold water, and modern cor-veniences. Bar stocked with best wine and liquors. First-class livery attached.

> EXCHANGE HOTEL, G. SNYDER, Proprietor,

(Opposite the Court House) BLOOMSBURG, FA.

Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath rooms hot and cold water, and all modern con "eniances