

THE SHUT DOOR.

Lord, I have shut my door— Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise: Here in this silence they intrude no more. Speak Thou, and heavenly joys shall fill my heart with music sweet and calm— A holy psalm.

MOTHER TUBBS By J. L. Harbour. (Copyright, 1900, the Authors' Syndicate.)

MOTHER TUBBS and I were the only passengers in the heavy, old stage coach as it slowly crept up the steep and rocky ascent of Golden pass. It was a raw cold November day and we would have ridden outside with Sherry, the driver, but as there was a fine, chilling mist in the air, we were glad to wrap ourselves up well on the back seat of the inside of the coach.

"My man he says that my tongue is loose at both ends," she said, merrily, soon after I had seated myself by her side in the coach. I had thought that she might prefer to have the back seat to herself, and I was about to take the front seat when she said: "You'd better seat here by me, for it's more comfortable riding forwards than backwards, and then there ain't but just this one robe in the stage, and we can both use it if you set here."

"Indeed, I have, my son. And I ain't ever been out o' sight of 'em in all that time, either. Oh, I'm an old-timer, I am. My land! the booms I've lived through, and the camps I've seen go up and down in that time! I went all through the Leadville boom, and the Gunnison county booms, and here I am on my way to another one over here in Poverty gulch, where I reckon you are bound for. Some o' the boys they say a boom wouldn't be with anything if Mother Tubbs wa'n't in it. That's what they call me—Mother Tubbs. And land knows I have mothered enough of 'em to have earned the title."

We had ridden about ten miles, and Mother Tubbs' tongue had run incessantly in a very entertaining way. Presently we rode down into a narrow gulch, where five or six log cabins with sunken roofs and fallen doors indicated the existence of a little mining camp in days long past. Mother Tubbs glanced out of the window in the door of the coach, and said, with a little sigh: "Dear me! Here's all there is left of old Camp Fancy, and when them cabins was built it was thought it would be the biggest minin' camp in the country. That's what the miners think about ev'ry new minin' camp. There was as many as a thousand miners in this gulch one summer, and there were tents and cabins all up and down the gulch. Then the min'ral veins all petered out. You see that cabin up by that big boulder?"

"Yes, I see it." "Well, I kep' a lodgin' house there 20 years ago, and sometimes I kep' 30 people over night in the three little rooms that cabin had. I never think of them days without callin' to mind something that happened one night along the first o' the boom, when there wa'n't a great many folks in the gulch yet. I'll tell you about it if you say so."

"O please do." "Well, it was one real cold and stormy day in November when the stage came along and dropped a single passenger at my house, and I'd never had such a passenger dropped there before. She was a yaller-haired, blue-eyed, innocent lookin' young thing of about 19, whose pa and ma had no business to let her be trav'lin' round alone, even if she was on her way to marry the fellow she was engaged to. But it was like this: The girl was inclined to be weak-lunged, and the doctors in her home back east had said that the thing for her to do was to get out to the mountains as soon as she could. Well, it so happened that she was engaged to be married to a young fellow who had come from her home out here to seek his fortune. He had got the minin' fever, and had come to this gulch, thinkin' there was to be a big boom here. He had a little money, so when the girl writ him what the doctors had said about her, he sent word for her to come right out here, and they would be married. He was full o' hope about the future, and he knew they'd git along all right. Well, she'd got here a day or two ahead o' time, so he wa'n't here to meet her. He

was back on the hills prospectin', so I just mothered her, and told her to make herself right at home there at my house, and they could be married there if they had a mind to when her brother showed up. She was such an innocent lamb that I took right to her, and she was head over heels in love with this fellow. She showed me his photograff before she had been three hours in the house, and I recognized it as the face of a young chap who had stayed a day or two at my house a few weeks before. His name was Harvey Briggs.

"Well, the girl was all played out after bein' on the stage all day, and I hustled her off to bed right after supper. The night had set in awful stormy and bad, and I was settin' by a roarin' fire hemmin' some tablecloths 'long about ten o'clock and thinkin' that I hoped no one was out in that storm when all of a sudden my door opened and in dashed a tall, slim young feller without any hat or overcoat and lookin' skered out of a year's growth. "'O Mother Tubbs!' he says, with his voice all of a tremble and his eyes stickin' out of his head with fright. 'They are after me! What shall I do?' 'Who's after you, son?' says I. 'And what are they after you for?' 'The men up in the gulch,' he says. 'They say I have jumped a claim, but if I have I didn't know it! I thought it was an old claim that some one had abandoned. But they can't be made to think so unless you can make 'em think it. What shall I do?'"

"Well, I recognized him in a minnit as Harvey Briggs and I held up my hand for silence, fering the girl in the other room would hear him, but she was too worn out and slept too soundly to be easily wakened. I told the boy—he wa'n't over 22—to set down, and he kep' beggin' me to hide him, and I was about to send him to the loft overhead when the door swung open and in came about as many men as could crowd into the room, and the young feller gave a yell and ran into a corner like a skered rabbit. Well, I just jumped right in front of him, and I held up my hand and I says, says I: "'Stand back, boys; stand back! There ain't one of you that wants to lay hands on a woman, and you'll have it to do if you try to pull him out. Stand back, I tell you!'"

"I knew more than half of 'em, and I tell you, they stood back. It'd been mighty rash for one of 'em to lay hands on Mother Tubbs, for there were boys there that would have fit to the death for me, and one of them boys was Bill Hodge, the leader o' the gang. He says, says he: "'Yes, stand back and hear what Mother Tubbs has to say.'" "I got this to say, says I: 'There's a young gal in the other room who has come nearly 2,000 miles to marry this boy, and just as sure as you take his life hers will go, too, for she is just that far gone on him. You don't want her blood on your hands; no, nor you don't want any human blood on your hands. This boy says he didn't mean to jump that claim, and even if he did he is a young, inexperienced boy, and it ain't for you to judge him. I don't believe that he meant to do wrong, and I tell you right flat that you don't take him out o' this house to his death. I'll shoot first!'"

"There was a loadin' rifle on the wall back of me, and I grabbed it and held it out before me." "'Dully for Mother Tubbs!' says Bill Hodge. "'Just at that minnit the door of the cabin's other room opened and the girl come out. She had on a long, loose, blue wrapper and all her yeller hair hangin' down her back. The young feller screams out 'Lucy!' and she was in his arms in a minnit. Then, in a minnit or two, she says: "'What are all these men here for?' "'La, child,' says I, 'they have come to your wedding. We'll have the ceremony performed right now. Come, parson, marry 'em right off.'" "You see, I had a parson that had just come to the camp lodgin' with me, and he had been routed out by the noise and had just come into the room. He come forward and the girl kind o' objected to bein' married in a blue wrapper, but I told her that she couldn't look purtier in the finest white satin and that it would be a pity to send the men away without seein' a weddin' when they had come for that purpose. So she give in, and they was married, and if Bill Hodge wa'n't the first one to shake hands with the bridegroom, and he kissed the bride! I flew around and made coffee and cut a big fruit cake I'd made for Thanksgiving, and we had a gay time. And the young fellow turned out real well. He is a prosperous man and he and his wife have four lovely children. I visited 'em last week. But I reckon that was the first and only time a lynchin' was ever turned into a weddin'."

"Vigorous Measures. For a long time the favorite form of 'make believe' of little Faith was that of 'getting married.' For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last her mother, becoming tired of it, said: "'Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?'" This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said: "'Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him—'" "I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.—Harper's Magazine.

Irish Mayors. Irish mayors are exempt from duty in courts of law.

Feminine Diplomacy. "How do you get on with your new neighbors?" "Very nicely," answered Mrs. Blykina. "We pursued our usual programme, and as soon as they moved in sent over and asked to borrow their washbuds, flatirons, gas stove and baby grand piano." "But you have all such things yourself." "Of course. What I wanted to do was to head them off."—Washington Star.

Perfectly True. "You disapprove of some of the conventional fictions?" "I do," answered Miss Cayenne. "And yet I have heard you exclaim to a number of people: 'I am delighted to see you!'" "The remark was perfectly true in each case. I shouldn't care to be blind, you know."—Washington Star.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE.



Farmer Halbrick—Hinkelspeel, that was a foolish idea of yours to build two houses when you only use one. Farmer Hinkelspeel—Not 'tall; you see, ven der gomes a prairy fire py and sweeps away one house, I have de odder one left.—Chicago Tribune.

Adequacy. "What are you up to, my pretty maid?" "Quoth the modern girl, quoth she: "You may bet your life I am always up to whatever's up to me!"—Puck.

Not in His Line. "Tell me," he said to the grocer's clerk, "just what is the difference between this Brie and that cake of Camembert? Which do you consider the better kind of cheese, and why?" "I must ask to be excused," was the reply. "Comparisons of this kind are always odorous."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Showed Courage. "Whom do you consider the greatest hero in this town?" asked a stranger. "Oh, Ed Summers, of course." "In what does his heroism consist?" "He jilted a girl who has two brothers, both prize fighters."—Boston Post.

THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY.—Those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism or dyspepsia, say it cures promptly and permanently, even after all other preparations fail. You may take this medicine with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. What it has done for others you have every reason to believe it will do for you. Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of Lev. Fa., 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, in Bloomsburg, County and State aforesaid, on SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1900, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain piece, parcel, and lot of ground, situated in the Town of Bloomsburg, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of Sixth and Leonard streets; thence eastward along the northern side of Sixth street three hundred and ninety-six feet, more or less, to the Rupert and Bloomsburg Railroad; thence northward along lands of said Rupert & Bloomsburg Railroad one hundred and eighty feet, more or less, to the corner of the building known as the "Burling Room," upon the Ingram carpet plant; thence westward along south wall of the building and building known as the "Ingram Weaving Mill," seventy-nine feet, more or less, to the southwest corner of the Ingram Weaving Mill; thence southward on the Ingram Weaving Shed; thence westward two hundred and eighty-seven feet, more or less, to Leonard street; thence southward, along line of Leonard street, sixty-six feet to place of beginning, whereon are erected the following buildings: A

TWO STORY BRICK BUILDING seventy-nine by one hundred and forty feet, known as the

TAPESTRY WEAVING SHED, a one-story brick building, seventy-nine by forty feet, known as the

TAPESTRY COLOR SHOP, one three-story brick building, fifty by one hundred and sixty feet, known as the

SPINNING MILL, together with the engine, shafting, belting and other machinery contained therein, and covered by the lien of all that certain mortgage, executed by the Magee Carpet Works, to C. C. Peacock and L. E. Waller, as trustees, bearing date January 27th, 1896, recorded in Mortgage Book, volume 28, at page 29, etc., upon the premises heretofore named, the judgment upon which the foregoing levavit facias was issued, having been confessed by the Magee Carpet Works, to enable the holders of the bonds to collect the money due thereon, and secured by said mortgage.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of L. E. Waller and C. C. Peacock, Trustees, vs. The Magee Carpet Works, and to be sold as the property of the Magee Carpet Works.

W. W. BLACK, Sheriff.

MILLER, Atty.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of Levavit 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, in Bloomsburg, county and state aforesaid, on SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1900, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain piece, parcel, or tract of land, situated in the Township of Scott, County and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone, in line of land late of Aaron Boone; thence by said land north eleven and three-quarters degrees west, ten perches to a stone; thence by the same north seventy-eight and one-quarter rods to stone and land low, or late of Sheppard Shehammer; thence by same and lands of Jesse W. Merrill, north twenty-nine and three-quarters degrees west, twenty-six and three-tenths perches to stone in street; thence by same course, by land of William Hopper, seventy-five feet to stone; thence by said Hopper's lot north sixty and one-half degrees east, two hundred and nineteen feet and three inches to a road; thence by said road north twenty-nine and three-quarters degrees west, eighty-nine feet and six inches to stone and lands of Howell's estate; thence by land belonging to Howell's estate south sixty-eight and one-half degrees west, two hundred and twenty-five feet to a stone; thence by same north twenty-nine and three-quarters degrees west, ninety-eight feet and six inches to line of reserved road; thence by said road south sixty-eight and one-half degrees west, one hundred and thirty-five feet and three inches to stone and land of Charles Brychies; thence by said Brychies south twenty-nine and three-quarters degrees east, eleven and five-tenths perches to a stone; thence by same and other lands south sixty-eight and one-half degrees east, twenty-eight and one-tenth perches to stone; thence by lot now, or late of Christopher Fedder, north seventy-eight and one-quarter degrees east, fourteen feet and eleven inches to a stone. In line of street forty feet wide; thence by said street north eleven and three-quarters degrees west, one hundred and eight feet and nine inches to a stone; thence crossing said street and by land of the Evangelical Church north seventy-eight and one-quarter degrees east, two hundred feet; thence by Church lot and lots now, or late of Straub, Price and P. F. Snyder, south eleven and three-quarters degrees east, two hundred and seventy-four feet and two inches to lot of Catharine White; thence by lot of Catharine White north seventy-eight and one-quarter degrees east, nine perches to a stone, in line of land late of Aaron Boone, to the place of beginning, containing

EIGHT ACRES, more or less, together with all the improvements thereon, including

A DWELLING HOUSE. Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of William Hoffman, use, vs. William Hopper and Mary A. Hopper, and to be sold as the property of William Hopper and Mary A. Hopper.

W. W. BLACK, Sheriff.

MILLER, Atty.

CHARTER NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 24th day of December, 1900, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 20th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an industrial corporation to be called THE WHITE MILLING CO. the character and object of which is the manufacturing and dealing in flour, meal, grain and feed, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The names of the subscribers to said application are: H. V. White, A. B. White, L. S. White, Geo. C. LaPorte, M. Powell, T. E. Hyde, A. C. Treacy, J. H. Alkman, W. S. Moyer, A. W. Heller, Ellis Eves, Joseph Baitz, F. G. Yorks, Geo. B. Hummer, David Powell, J. C. Brown and W. M. Reber. 11-29.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. ESTATE OF ELIZABETH YOST, LATE OF LOCUST TOWNSHIP, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Yost, widow of Herman Yost, late of Locust township, Columbia County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to W. D. Osmann, of Shamokin, 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 to

W. M. D. OSMANN, Administrator. JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty., Shamokin, Pa. (29-6)

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. ESTATE OF DELILAH CRAMER, LATE OF BLOOMSBURG, PA., DECEASED. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Delilah Cramer, late of the Town of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Joseph Cramer, 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 to

ISABELL J. JAMISON, Executor. JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty., Bloomsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Daniel Jamison, late of Centre Township, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Jamison, late of Centre township, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned administrator 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 to

ISABELL J. JAMISON, Administrator. Luzerne Co., Pa.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE. ESTATE OF PETER S. HARMAN, LATE OF BLOOMSBURG, PA., DECEASED. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Peter S. Harman, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Rebecca Harman, 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 to

REBECCA HARMAN, Executrix. JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty., Bloomsburg, Pa.

An Old House in New Quarters. James Reilly has moved his Barber Shop to the Central Hotel, room recently used as a parlor, on first floor. Newly furnished. Expert workmen. Give us a call. 4-5-14

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A. Z. Schoch, President. W. H. Hilday, Vice President. Morris S. Broad, Cashier. Toller

Business and individual accounts respectfully solicited. Aug. 2, 1899.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mrs. Est's Building, Court House Alley, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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.

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WM. H. MAGILL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Lockard's building, Corner Main and Centre Sts.

H. R. STEES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Ent Bldg, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A. N. YOST, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wirt Building, Court House Square, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. A. MCKILLIP, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Columbian Building, 2nd Floor, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

RALPH R. JOHN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Hartman Building, Market Square, Bloomsburg, Pa.

IKELER & IKELER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office back of Farmers' National Bank, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

CLYDE CHAS. YETTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Office in Wirt's Building.

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

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.

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

CLINTON HERRING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office with Grant Herring, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Will be in Orangeville Wednesday of each week.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office in Wells' Building over B. A. Gidding's Clothing Store, Bloomsburg, Pa. Will be in Millville on Tuesdays.

H. MONTGOMERY SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office:—Wirt building, over Alexander Bros. 11-16-99

EDWARD FLYNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CENTRALIA, PA. Office Liddfoot building, Locust avenue

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Over Farmer's National Bank Bloomsburg, Pa. 11-70-99

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CITY HOTEL, W. A. Hartzel, Prop. No. 121 West Main Street, Large and convenient sample rooms, bath rooms, hot and cold water, and modern conveniences. Bar stocked with best wine and liquors. First-class livery attached.

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