

SO MUCH—SO LITTLE!

"So much to do, so little done!"—Cecil Rhodes. In there no debt that thou dost owe To lighten, other's care or woe? Is there no comfort thou canst give To help another creature live? Hast thou no Peace thou canst bestow And let a sadder being know? Oh, Fellow Pilgrim, stop awhile To give a helpful, loving smile. Thy life is not thine own to live, As thou hast gained so much thou givest! But, give not only of thy wealth, Give, too, a little—of thyself. Oh, do not answer thus to me: "I've greater cares that first must be," Thou canst not live this way for friend, What will confront thee at the end Since there is little comfort gained For those who live to merely—hoard. Oh, Soul so stultified, and mean, What bit of love canst thou then glean? With not one voice to intercede And help thee, in thy pressing need? Look thou to it, Aye, count the cost Of precious, helpful moments—lost. So much to do, so little—done! It is not strange the World's unwon. So little done by you, and me, So little love with charity. —Lawrence Frederic Deutman, in N. Y. Observer.

THE CLUBBY GIRL

"I AM afraid I am not a bit clubby," said the girl who thought she was up to date. "I suppose the whole trouble is that I am not in the running. I'm dead and I don't know it. So Oleander says, and what Oleander says goes. Oleander is a new woman. "It was at the Comb and Brush club that I met her. Ethel was there and she said: "Wouldn't you like to meet Oleander Vining Hook, dear?" "Do you mean the Oleander Hook?" I asked. "Yes, Oleander Hook, who writes things. You see, the Comb and Brush girls are so used to genius they don't mind it a bit. "I have worshiped her verses for years," I said, "those dear, tender dew-droppy little things that have the very scent of apple blossoms in them. Most decidedly I should like to meet her. I shall consider this somewhat aimless afternoon well spent." "Well, here she comes," gurgled Ethel. "I looked up and saw a sporty-looking blonde, with bay-colored hair coming over, taking long strides and with a sort of varsity droop to her shoulders. She leaned forward from the waist up, and a gun-metal cigarette case dangled from her belt. "She had a tight tailor skirt with a crease down the front and hip pockets. A scarlet waistcoat showed beneath a jaunty little mess jacket, and her watch fob was of leather. Then she had a stock tie with a horseshoe pin and a flaring Panama hat like a man's. "She came over with a broad grin, and gave my hand a grip, then slowly pumped it right and left. It was most disconcerting." "Well, you old beggar," she said, "you don't mean to say you've forgotten me?" "I confess I was somewhat stunned by the mode of address, and then it was that I reflected that after all this was probably the proper thing. Staying away from club life makes one a fossil! "I was quite sure I had never met her, though, for her dewdrop poem had made such an impression on me that I'd have recollected. "I hardly think," I began, smiling weakly, while Ethel looked at us in astonishment, "that is, I am quite sure I've never met you, but I've read you with much pleasure." "Oh, break it off, break it off, short, you beggar," she said; "you know very well we were on the same committee in the Electric Club." "Now I am sure you are mistaken," I said, pleasantly, trying to ignore her fad for addressing me as a beggar; "I never belonged to the Electric." "Then it was the Thursday P. M. club. What?" "Nor to that," I said. "Oh, come! you're pulling my leg," she said. "She certainly is a breezy girl, Oleander is. I didn't know what to say, so I just smiled. "You were chairman of the reception committee of the Thursday P. M. club, or I'll pay for the dinner," she said. "Never belonged to it," I repeated. "I was getting a little tired." "Then the Do It To-Day club. That is it. I'm twisted. It was the Do It To-Day." "Never heard of the club," I said. "She stared at me as if she thought that I was lying. "The fact is, Miss Hook, I've never belonged to any woman's club," I said. "I once belonged to a dinner club, but there were as many men as women in it. Prof. Volt, the electrician, was president. It was quite a prosy, scientific sort of a—?" "Did you belong to that tough club?" she asked. "Ethel broke in here to avoid trouble. "Oh, how nice! Tell me about it," she said. "It was a beastly tough crowd," went on Oleander; "that was where I met you. Beastly tough. A lot of the worst boundaries I ever was up against." "I suppose it must have been if you—," I began. "Were there, I suppose you are going to say," she ejaculated. "No, I wasn't going to say it," I replied. "I always endeavor to avoid being rude." "Really she seemed a most unpleasant person. There was nothing dew-

droppy about her except her fresh-ness. "You girls both wrote for the Tri-umvirate," said Ethel, to break the silence. "Didn't you?" "Yes, that's why they had to lower the price," said Oleander. "Old Spacer told me that, when I asked him why they'd gone and done it. "We can't get 20 cents for it if we continue to print your stuff," he said. "Queer old bird, Spacer was." "I don't think we appreciated him," I said, trying to give a gentler turn to the conversation. "When he was gone I realized that I had learned a lot of things from him." "Did, eh? Well, I taught him a few," said Oleander, glibly. "He seemed to be quite well informed, as men go," I said. "Well, you ought to know," said Oleander. "By this time I had begun to suspect that Oleander's manner was simply an unpleasant pose, so I turned my back to her and picked up a magazine. "She gave a sort of horse laugh and went off chuckling in a most horrible way. "Old sort of person, isn't she?" I said to Ethel. "Oh, she's always like that," said Ethel. "She's such fun! She's the wittiest girl in the club and as quick as a flash." "Well, she's too speedy for me," said I, "and if you've any more like her, just keep them off. I can't quite assimilate that buoyant personality of hers." "About a month after Ethel sent me two tickets for the Comb and Brush club's vanderlife performance. "I can't be there," she wrote; "I'm going to Florida, but I want you to go and am sending you these tickets with my compliments and much love." "But I thought of Oleander Hook and weakly capitulated by deciding I wouldn't go. I'd have to cut her, and Oleander seemed so explosive there was no knowing what might happen. "But that day in came Mrs. Fairfax, a cousin of Ethel's, and I told her I wasn't going and asked her if she didn't want the tickets. "But you must come," she said. "It's going to be such fun." "So I went with Mrs. Fairfax. In the distance as we entered I saw Oleander. She had on another doggy-looking gown and a derby hat. Fancy! In the evening! She fastened her gaze on me, but I looked through her. "She kept coming nearer and nearer, smiling broadly at me, but I just didn't see her. Then she sat down near me and began to talk loud to another girl. I paid no attention whatever to her. "Finally she leaned over and plucked me by the sleeve. I know it's a Shakespearean sort of expression, but that's just what she did. She caught the sleeve between her finger and thumb and gave it a little tug just as a fox terrier would do with its teeth. "I looked around and coldly confronted her, grinning broadly. "Oh, I said, "Miss Hook, I believe, isn't it?" "That's just who it is," began the dreadful girl, "you didn't see me, did you?" "Yes, I saw you," I said. "Well, you didn't know me then," she blurted. "You—had a different hat on, I believe, when I met you," I said, eying the derby. "Do you always know people by their hats?" she said. "Not always; only sometimes," I replied. "Mrs. Fairfax came to the rescue here. "Isn't it a delightful evening!" she said. "I suppose it is," I said. "But I'm so awfully scared." "Terrible thing to have such a shy disposition," said Oleander. "You're not troubled that way, Miss Hook," I remarked. "Oh, I'm all right," she said. "I'm on earth and don't you forget it." "You'll not let me forget it, I fear," I said. "I'd hate to be a dead on," said Oleander. "I wish I could share your views," I remarked. "Oh, be clubby," she said. "Life is too short to chew the rag. Let us go to the trapeze, Lady Jane." "I moved out of Miss Hook's aura. Her relentless gaze followed me. I felt, and I knew that she was saying things. "About three weeks after I got a note written on the heavy paper of the Comb and Brush club with the odd emblems of the association engraved on top. The writing looked as though it had been done with a match dipped in stove polish. It said: "Dear Lady Jane: We're \$2 to the bad on our vanderlife show and I guess it's about up to you as your name isn't down among the purchasers and you must have crawled in under the tent. But it won't do, old girl! Just drop that high and mighty touch-me-not air of yours long enough to cough up \$2! And be quick about it. See? Painfully yours, OLEANDER HOOK, Treasurer the Comb and Brush. —N. Y. Sun. "Proof Sufficient. "Why," said the man who was trying to sell me a horse, "a woman can drive him!" "Of course I laughed scornfully at this preposterous claim. "I mean what I say," the man persisted. "Look! When I pull on the right-hand rein he turns promptly to the left, and when I pull on the left-hand rein he turns promptly to the right; and if I drop the rein and shriek 'Whoa!' in a terror-stricken voice, he moves off gently in the very middle of the road." "Now, here was ocular demonstration. Besides, the man seemed an honest fellow.—National Tribune.

PILGRIMING TO HOLYWELL. The Blind, the Lame and Sick Seeking Relief at Miraculous Spring in Wales. Anyone who thinks that superstition is no more in Great Britain ought to pay a visit to Holywell, in north Wales. The little Welsh town is overrun in the summer by an army of sufferers from all sorts of diseases who come there to be made whole by the "miraculous" powers of the water in the spring of St. Winifred, says a London paper. The "holy well," from which the place gets its name, has been famous throughout the entire country for centuries. The legend runs that St. Winifred lived near the spring and endowed it with the power of relieving all ailments, and ever since history began to be written in Wales hosts of people, most of them Roman Catholics, have journeyed from all parts in the hope of being cured of their respective maladies. The spring is surrounded by a small chapel which is supposed to have been built by Margaret, mother of King Henry. The candidate for cure enters and kneels on a stone ledge beside the water, and then, according to the cherished legend, whatever ailment him once thereafter ails him no more. Anyone who visits the little chapel at almost any time in the year, will find it full of the lame, the halt and the blind, most of them people of the poorer classes, and the villagers of Holywell tell of endless miraculous cures that have taken place before their astonished eyes. SINGLE OFFICERS IN DEMAND. They Are Preferred Because of the Crowded Condition of Uncle Sam's Military Posts. The overcrowded condition of the residential quarters of the various military posts in this country, due to the return of regiments from the Philippines, is embarrassing the military authorities, reports the Washington Star. The trouble is not so much with respect to housing the officers themselves as with the members of their families. The situation has reached a point where bachelors are favored over benedictines in assignment to stations with limited living accommodations where such discrimination is possible. And it is even asserted that where there is no other choice between two young candidates for a commission it is bestowed on the single man in preference to one who is married. Even then it is recognized, however, that the bachelor appointed is not likely to continue long in single blessedness. The powers that be admit that their authority does not reach to the extent of interfering with subsequent affairs of the heart. It is plain that there is no official prejudice against matrimony—but just at the present the military posts would afford better accommodations for more officers if it were not for the family attachments of some of them. Congress provided liberally for the army in this respect during the session just closed, but it will be many months before the additional quarters authorized are ready for use. TAXES WERE TOO ONEROUS. An Old Pennsylvanian Who Thought the Government Was Pressing Him Too Hard. From Pottsville comes a story of an old chap who is proud to describe himself as the original anti-expansionist, says the Philadelphia Times. Soon after the breaking out of hostilities with Spain and the passage of the war revenue act by congress he began to grate against the new taxes as an exhibition of federal tyranny. He would fairly froth at the mouth as he denounced the war tariff and would darkly hint at the possibility of a latter day Patrick Henry and a new awakening of the people to a sense of the injustice. A severe cold laid him low and his doctor, finding him asleep one day and thinking a little blistering would do him good, applied a fine large mustard plaster to the old fellow's back. The burning, stinging bite of the heated mustard awoke the crusty patient, who rolled over in agony for a minute or two, clapped one hand behind him, felt the plaster and frantically tearing it off roared: "Has it come to this that an old man like me can't even die peacefully in his bed without having the government come along and clap a revenue stamp on him?" Street Etiquette. In meeting a lady in a public thoroughfare in America a gentleman always waits for her bow of recognition before lifting his hat or addressing her. In Europe, however, the contrary is the established rule, it being the gentleman's place to bow first, when, if the lady desires not to recognize him, she ignores his salutations, thus giving the cut direct. It is not good form in any place for a lady to stop a gentleman in the street for the purpose of chatting with him, though she may with perfect propriety pause to speak if he take the initiative. Prolonged talks in the street are not, however, considered good form, even between persons of the same sex, the better plan being to walk on slowly until the conversation is concluded. Lava Villages on Mt. Aetna. On the west side of Mount Aetna there are several villages in the midst of former lava streams, and with all the houses built of lava. London to Shanghai. The man from London to Shanghai, which now is on the way 33 to 36 days, will require only 16 days via the Siberian railway.

He Overdid It. Beggem (to himself)—I've got around that rich old great-aunt of mine at last. She's interested in benevolent schemes, and I'm helping her night and day to search out worthy objects. To-day she said I'd have cause for rejoicing when her will was read. His Great-Aunt (to herself)—I had no idea my grand-nephew was so good. It worries him almost sick to see so much misery in the world. How delighted he will be to find that all my money is to go to the support of the poor, friendless orphans!—N. Y. Weekly. He Pays the Bills. I've heard that women purchase naught when they go out to shop— That all they do is price the goods Where'er they chance to stop. The rule may be that women swoon To purchase tucks and frills. But my wife isn't built that way; I know—I pay the bills. —Ohio State Journal. WISE ICEMAN. Lady of the House—This little bit of ice won't last an hour. Why don't you give me a large piece these hot days? The Iceman—What for? It would only melt.—Chicago Journal. She Was His'n. He started with: "O Dora, please—" She did not stop to listen. He meant to flop down on his knees, But she hopped up on his'n. —Philadelphia Press. Very Absent-Minded. She (after the elopement)—I have received a letter from my father. Dear papa is so absent-minded. He—In what way? She—He inclosed a lot of millinery and dressmaking bills, and forgot to put in the money to pay for them.—N. Y. Weekly. The Inevitable Result. Nell—Just one month ago to-day Stella and I agreed to point out each other's faults without reserve. Bess—And are you still doing it? Nell—Oh, no. We haven't spoken to each other for 29 days.—Chicago Daily News. For Sweet Charity. Johnny—Please, pa, let me have a quarter to give to a poor, lame man. Pa—Who is the poor, lame man, Johnny? Johnny—Er—well, pa, he's the ticket seller down at the circus.—Putnam Dyeo. Discretion. "So you made a great hit in your presentation of Hamlet, Mr. Barnstormer? I suppose the audience called you to come out before the curtain?" "Called me? They dared me!"—Baltimore News. Could Not Say. She—So you asked papa for my hand by telephone? What did he say? He—Well, I don't know whether he said something or whether lightning struck the transmitter.—Puck. Penalty of Greatness. First Guest—Who is that distinguished-looking man who has been sitting alone all the evening? Second Guest—He is the author of a dozen noted books which no one here has read.—N. Y. Weekly. Ample Time. She (playing whist)—I don't see how you can remember just what cards have been played. He—Oh, I memorize the play while you're talking.—Brooklyn Life. Could Recommend Them. "Have you any real Panama hats?" asked the customer. "No," answered the truthful salesman. "But we have some that are just as ugly."—Chicago Tribune. Another Shorn Lamb. "I understand that his money is invested in Wall street." "No, he took it down there, but the fellow who got it went to Europe."—N. Y. Times. Suggestion of Bribery. Church—What do you suppose we can do to induce our minister to preach shorter sermons. Gotham—You might try giving him more pay.—Yonkers Statesman. As to the Actress. "She has talent, of course?" "Oh, yes; advertising talent. No one is more successful in getting her domestic affairs into the newspapers."—Chicago Post. A Disappointment. St Hayrake—Was th' balloon ascension a success, Sally? Sal Medders—Not so very. Th' balloon went up all right; but th' parachute come down all right.—Puck. Likely. Dashaway—My visit to that Boston girl was a perfect snap. Cleverton—Cold snap? —Detroit Free Press. She Rejected Him. Ella—Fred is a confirmed bachelor. Stella—Yes, and I assisted at the confirmation.—N. Y. Times.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of Lavari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa., and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bloomsburg, county and State aforesaid, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902, at two o'clock p. m. All that certain piece or lot of ground situated in the town of Bloomsburg in the county of Columbia, and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the westerly line of Magee Avenue, forty-two feet northwardly from the line of Sixth street; thence westwardly parallel with Sixth street seventy feet; thence southwardly parallel with Magee Avenue fourteen feet; thence eastwardly parallel with Sixth street seventy feet to Magee Avenue; and thence by Magee Avenue northwardly fourteen feet to the place of beginning, wherein is created a BRICK DWELLING HOUSE. Seized, taken in execution at the suit of Mary E. Pursel vs. James Magee and to be sold as the property of James Magee and. DANIEL KNORR, Sheriff. TESTIN. AMY. WIDOW'S APPRAISMENTS. The following Widow's Appraisements will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Columbia county on the first Monday of September, A. D. 1902 and confirmed final, and unless exceptions are filed within four days thereafter, will be confirmed absolute. 1. Estate of Henry H. Hirtman, late of Jackson township. Real estate \$400. 2. Estate of Clark M. Kils, late of Sugarloaf township. Personally \$275. 3. Estate of Samuel Rihlman, late of Briar-creek township. Personally \$250. 4. Estate of Cyrus B. Hess, late of Benton township. Personally \$300. 5. Estate of Albert Wilchey, late of Beaver township. Personally \$250. 6. Estate of A. J. Carr, late of Millville Boro. Personally \$200. 7. Estate of Samuel S. Lowrey, late of Madison township. Personally \$500. 8. Estate of Clarence F. Stiller, late of Centre township. Personally \$500. 9. Estate of Abram Lockard, late of Briar-creek township. Personally \$500. 10. Estate of F. N. Turner, late of the town of Bloomsburg. Appraisement for minor children. Personally \$100. Clerk's Office, W. H. HENRIE, Bloomsburg, Pa., August 5, 1902. Clerk O. C. CHARTER NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 25th day of August, A. D. 1902, by William F. Adams, Christian A. Small, J. E. Sharpless, L. C. Munsch, Warren S. Sharpless and Jacob W. Adams 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 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Adams' Sugar and Tobacco Company" the charter and object of which is for the purpose of manufacturing, selling, or otherwise disposing of cigars and tobaccos, made from tobacco, or any other material known to the trade, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. CHRISTIAN A. SMALL, LEWIS C. MUNSCH, Solicitors. 7-41 4t. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Rebecca F. Harman, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Rebecca F. Harman, late of Bloomsburg, county of Columbia, Pa., deceased, have been granted to J. Lee Harman and John G. Harman, residents 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. J. LEE HARMAN, JOHN G. HARMAN, Executors. 7-47 4t. CHARTER NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the state of Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the fourteenth day of August, 1902, by J. L. Harman, J. G. Harman, M. Hassert and others, 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 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Harman & Hassert," the character and object whereof is the manufacture of iron and steel, or both, or of any other material, or of any article of commerce from metal or wood, or both, and for those purposes, to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said act of Assembly and its supplements. JOHN G. HARMAN, Solicitor. 7-24 4t. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Albert C. Achenbach, late of Orange Township, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Albert C. Achenbach, late of Orange township, Columbia county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Oscar Achenbach, residing in said township, 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. CLYDE HERRING, Administrator. 8-7 4t. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Lucinda Seesholtz, late of Bloomsburg, Pa., deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Lucinda Seesholtz, late of the town of Bloomsburg, county of Columbia, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Andrew L. Fritz, 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. ANDREW L. FRITZ, Executor. 8-25 4t. MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS There will be a meeting of the Stockholders of the Beaver Lake Copper and Smelting Company at the office of the company in Bloomsburg, on Thursday, September 4th, 1902, for the purpose of electing officers to serve for the ensuing year. O. B. MELLICK, Secretary. PROFESSIONAL CARDS. N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Mrs. Ent's Building, Court House Alley, BLOOMSBURG, PA. A. L. FRITZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Bloomsburg Nat'l Bank Bldg., 2d floor. BLOOMSBURG, PA. J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office, in Lockard's Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA. JOHN G. FREEZE, JOHN G. HARMAN, FREEZE & HARMAN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Offices: Centre St., first door below Opera House.

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. 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 F. FLYNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CENTRALIA, PA. Office Liddicoat building, Locust Avenue. J. S. JOHN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and residence, 410 Main St. 7-30-14 BLOOMSBURG, PA. MONTOUR TELEPHONE. BELL TELEPHONE. EYES TESTED, GLASSES FITTED. H. BIERMAN, M. D. HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OFFICE HOURS: Office & Residence, 4th St. 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., 6:30 to 8 p. m. BLOOMSBURG, PA. J. J. BROWN, M. D. THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested and fitted with glasses. No Sunday work. 311 Market St., Bloomsburg, Pa. Hours—10 to 5 Telephone. DR. M. J. HESS, DENTISTRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, Crown and bridge work. SPECIALTY, BLOD SPURG PA. Columbia & Montour Telephone connection. DR. W. H. HOUSE, SURGEON DENTIST, Office Barton's Building, Main below Market BLOOMSBURG, PA. All styles of work done in a superior manner and all work warranted as represented. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN. by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted. To be open all hours during the day. C. WATSON MCKELVY, FIRE INSURANCE AGENT. (Successor to B. F. Hartman) Represents twelve of the strongest Companies in the world, among which are: CASH TOTAL SURPLUS CAPITAL, ASSETS, OVER ALL. Franklin of Phila. \$400,000 \$1,125,000 \$1,000,000 Penna. Phila. 400,000 3,225,100 1,419,500 Queen, of N. Y. 500,000 3,225,915 1,621,600 Westchester, N. Y. 300,000 1,723,367 423,700 N. America, Phila. 3,000,000 9,700,000 2,264,720 Office—First Nat'l Bank Bldg., 2d floor. Losses promptly adjusted and paid. M. P. LUTZ & SON, (SUCCESSORS TO FRESCH BROWN) INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND BROKERS, N. W. Corner Main and Centre Streets, BLOOMSBURG, PA. Represent Seventeen as good Companies as there are in the World and all losses promptly adjusted and paid at their Office. SADE T. VANNATTA, (Successor to C. F. Knapp.) GENERAL INSURANCE Office 238 Iron St., Bloomsburg, Pa. Oct. 31, 1901. tf * 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 liverly attached. EXCHANGE HOTEL, G. SNYDER, Proprietor, (Opposite the Court House) BLOOMSBURG, PA. Large and convenient sample rooms, Bath rooms, hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences.