

**THE COLUMBIAN.**  
BLOOMSBURG, PA.  
**J. S. Williams & Son,**  
BLOOMSBURG, PA.  
**Public Sale Criers and  
General Auctioneers.**  
Fifteen years experience. Satisfaction  
guaranteed. Best returns of any sale criers in  
this section of the State. Write for terms and  
rates. We never disappoint our patrons.

**LOCAL NEWS.**

Legal advertisements on page 7.

Ask Mercer for it, if he has not got it he will get it for you. Try it.

This week ends the ice cream soda season at Rishton's drug store. He will dispense hot soda hereafter. Rishton enjoys a large soda trade.

J. H. Maize Esq. knows something about the proverbial patience of Job. He has been afflicted with a succession of boils on his neck and head.

Chief of Police Wesley Knorr, Will Dentler and Harry Deitrick, put in Tuesday hunting at Frosty Valley. They were not very successful, however. They only got two rabbits.

Services will be held in the Presbyterian, Reformed, and St. Paul's Episcopal churches this morning at 10.30. The Holy Communion will be celebrated in the last named church at 7.45 a. m.

Theta Castle No. 276 Knights of the Golden Eagle, attended service in the Lutheran Church Sunday morning. The Pastor Rev. M. E. McLinn, preached an excellent sermon. He took as his text the thirty-second verse of the eighth chapter of John; "If the Lord shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Bloomsburg has the reputation of being an up-to-date town. It is time for the passage of an ordinance making a penalty of five dollars for spitting on the pavement. The filth that is ejected from the mouths of some human hogs is sufficient to turn the stomachs of men, not to mention the fact that women have to drag their skirts through it.

No nicer, in fact none as beautiful as the lamps that Mercer the Druggist is selling.

An exchange prints the following marriage ceremony, which was said by a Tennessee squire a short time ago; "Wilt thou take her for thy pard; for better or worse; to have, to hold, to fondly guard till hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way; consult her many wishes, make the fire each day and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and mother, Aunt Jemima, Uncle John and three sisters and a brother?" His face grew pale and blank; it was too late to jilt; as through the floor he sank, he meekly said, "I wilt."

Try Dr. Hess' Chicken Panacea, it will make your hens lay. At Mercer's Drug and Book Store.

**Theatrical Attractions.**

Following are a few of the bookings at the Grand Opera House: Nov. 27, matinee and night, The Sons of Ham; Dec. 10, Aiden Benedict's "Rip Van Winkle;" Dec. 17, "Missouri Girl;" Dec. 22, "Old Arkansas;" Dec. 30, Mildred Holland in the "Iily and the Prince;" Feb. 3, "At Valley Forge;" Feb. 5, "Night Before Christmas;" Feb. 9, "Two Little Waifs;" Feb. 17, "Romeo and Juliet;" Feb. 18, Watson's Burlesquers;" March 4, Uncle Tom's Cabin;" March 6 "Jesse James;" March 10, Porter J. White Faust;" March 17, "Micky Finn."

**Notice.**

The trustees of the A. M. E. Church will give a chicken and waffle supper on Thanksgiving Nov. 27. Supper 25 cts. Ice cream and cake will be extra. Supper from 4 to 10. All are welcome.

**THE OLD RELIABLE**



**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

**THE TURKISH WOMAN.**

Her Friday Excursions on the Sweet Waters of Asia.

Friday is the only day on which Turkish women enjoy a little liberty and release from the dreadful seclusion in which they are always kept, and they are not slow to avail themselves of the change. On Fridays every one goes to the Sweet Waters of Asia, which consist of a small river running about two miles inland, with trees and meadows on each side. Hundreds of boats assemble and glide up and down the river. Every boat or calque has two or more Turkish ladies on board. The sight is a very fine one, as each private calque is most carefully got up, and the boatmen wear brilliant liveries to match the cushions and the long embroidered cloth which hangs over the stern and trails in the water. The khedivah of Egypt is one of the finest, in crimson and gold, embroidered with crowns and fishes. Besides the liveries the parasols make a wonderful show, and here may be seen all the latest Parisian creations. The ladies must not speak to men, but the careful observer can frequently catch sight of veils lowered or other signal given when a particular boat is passing, and habitual frequenters can point out boats which are sometimes close to each other. It is a very innocent diversion and would not satisfy western ladies. An hour before sunset the police boats appear and force all women to leave.—London Telegraph.

**Scotland's Round Towers.**

Scotland boasts of two round towers, said to be stragglers from the great typical group found in Ireland. The one is attached to the handsome cathedral of Brechin and the other stands in the center of Abernethy, near the entrance gate to the churchyard. The Brechin tower, built in six irregular courses and rising over 100 feet, is the more perfect of the two. It dates from Kenneth's reign, 971-95, and has a most graceful appearance. Pennant in his history speaks of having, in 1772, found handsome bells within its walls. These were afterward removed and now hang in a neighboring steeple. The origin of these towers is now somewhat doubtful, but archaeologists are generally agreed that they were built in connection with churches "for defense and faithfulness of watch" during the Norseman raids. They were afterward used as belltowers, the Brechin tower having done duty as such for generations. The tower is now one of the sights of the ancient town and is regarded as a memorial of its early connection with Ireland.—Scottish-American.

**The Changed Grizzly.**

There are numerous reliable statements of grizzly bears having attacked men, but nowadays the grizzly does not seek out his human victims, as there are credible statements that his forefathers used to do. Neither does he lie in wait and, pouncing upon a hunter, tear him into bloody shreds in delighted fiendishness, as the old time stories used to tell. The change in the grizzly's disposition is likened by veteran hunters to the change in the character of the white cousin of the grizzly, the polar bear of the arctic. When the stations for the Hudson Bay company were established, the diaries of the men there often referred to the fright of attacks by polar bears. Many a navigator in the arctic seas has been clawed and chewed to death by polar bears. But for nearly a century the polar bear has not been regarded as so very fierce, and nowadays it is looked upon as a cowardly beast. Association with armed men has modified the polar bear's disposition.—Outing.

**Cobweb Pills.**

In New England cobweb pills are supposed to cure the ague, and in the south a certain knuckle bone in a pig's foot is a sure cure for rheumatism if it be carried in the pocket or worn suspended from a string around the neck. Tracing the spider web pill, it originated in China, where all species of insects have certain positive or negative values in medicine. In Peking it is customary to give two or three scorpions or spiders to a patient ill of fever. In Ireland the pensantry swallow small spiders alive to effect cures. From these the cobweb pill of the New England native was easy. In Flanders the live spider is fastened into the empty shell of a walnut and worn around the neck of the patient. As the creature dies the fever decreases until it is gone entirely.—Rochester Post-Express.

**His Question.**

Sister—You've seen Mrs. Newpop's baby, haven't you?  
Brother—Yes, but I'm afraid Mrs. Newpop must think I don't take any interest in babies.  
Sister—Of course, if you don't ask questions about it she—  
Brother—But I did ask a question; asked if it could sit up on its hind legs and beg yet, and she wouldn't answer.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Wise Deacon.**

"Deacon," began the old colored parson, "do you ebeh say, 'Git behind me, Satan?'"  
"No, bruddah, Ah do not," said Deacon Green. "Ef Ah told Satan to git behind me, he might stiek me when Ah wa'n't lookin'. Ah keeps him right in front whah Ah kin see him."—Chicago News.

**An Offhand Answer.**

"Who can tell me the meaning of leisure?" asked the teacher.  
"It's a place where married people repent," replied the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Record.

To remove a pasted label from a can or bottle hold over the steam of a kettle for a few minutes, when it can be easily removed.

**PERSISTENT LOVERS.**

WOMEN WHO WERE MARRIED IN SPIKE OF THEMSELVES.

Some Matrimonial Experiences That Would Seem to Justify Voltaire's Cynical Declaration That "Any Man Can Wed Any Woman."

"Any man can marry any woman," Voltaire once cynically declared, "if he only pursues her long enough." This, at any rate, was the experience of Jacob Halliday, a well known character in the north of England a couple of generations ago.

Never did a lover win a wife under such discouraging conditions as Jacob, for after his first proposal he was soundly horsewhipped by the young lady's father and ducked in a convenient pond.

"I'll ask her again next year," Jacob spluttered as he emerged from his bath, the fire of his passion not a whit quenched by his cold douche. "Regularly once a year, on the anniversary of his first proposal and immersion," Nicholson says in his biography of Mr. Halliday, "Jacob attired himself in his finest raiment and presented his petition, always with the same negative result. When he presented himself, now a middle aged man, for the twenty-fourth time, the lady greeted his appearance with a peal of laughter. 'It's no good, Jacob, I see,' she exclaimed. 'I may as well give in now as later, but what a faint hearted creature the unfortunate widow was compared with you!'"

Sheridan took an equally bold course when he sought to win the fairest of the beautiful daughters of Linley, the composer of Bath, who was strongly opposed to the suit of the brilliant young poet and dramatist. His lady-love, too, was beset by an army of suitors, many of them far more eligible than the penniless law student. The circumstances called for bold and decisive action. After threatening to destroy himself if the lady refused his advances and fighting a couple of duels with one of his most formidable rivals Sheridan took the bold step of running away with Miss Linley and conducting her to a French nunnery, where she remained in confinement until, succumbing to her lover's daring and persistence, she consented to marry him.

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom in later years of married life he was so touchingly devoted.

One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Giamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man Disraeli is coming up the drive. Do, please, run to the door and say I'm not at home." Jane opened the door to the undesired caller and gravely announced her message. "I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come downstairs," which, of course, Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do a few minutes later.

"Oh, dear, what can I do with such an obstinate, thick skinned man?" the widow asked desperately later in the day when Disraeli showed no sign of raising the siege. "Marry him, I suppose, ma'am," was Jane's philosophic answer, and, as the world knows, the persistent wooer had his way in the end in this as in most other things in life.

A judge, not long deceased, used to tell a diverting story of his wooing. In those days he was a struggling and obscure lawyer without even the prospect of an income, and the woman on whom he had set his affections was the daughter of a purse proud man with a high sounding name who was strongly opposed to giving his daughter to a "penniless lawyer."

"Do you know, sir," the father thundered when he was asked for his daughter's hand—"do you know, sir, that my daughter's ancestors have all been noblemen and that one of them was a favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth?" "Oh, yes, I know all that," the young barrister placidly answered, "and do you know that Queen Elizabeth once slapped your ancestor's face, and unless you are more civil I will do the same for you?" It is scarcely surprising that his way in the end, even in the face of such a barrier of ghostly noble ancestors.

The late Prince Bismarck, it is said, won his wife in much the same way. Although he had not known the lady of his love more than a few days and her parents were not even aware of his existence, he presented himself one day before them and boldly asked permission to marry their daughter. In vain the father fumed and blustered and threatened to have the young man forcibly ejected from the house for his impertinence. "I am sorry to annoy you, sir," the young soldier said, "but I must respectfully decline to leave the house until I have your consent." Nor did he, although the consent was given in these ungracious words: "Well, I suppose you must have your way, but I cannot compliment my daughter on her choice of a mule for a husband."

**He Feels It.**

"Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.  
"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Bobby's Comment.**

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:  
"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."—Tit-Bits.

**AMERICAN AUDIENCES.**

Men and Women and Their Effect Upon Public Meetings.

American audiences are strangely alike in some things and strangely dissimilar in others. A good committee will take as much pains in the arrangement of its audience as of its speakers. An audience seated without crowding is seldom enthusiastic. Neither is an audience whose hands are occupied with bundles or umbrellas, an audience largely composed of women or an audience in a cold room. The easiest audiences to address, the most responsive and inspiring, are those composed of men crowded and packed together and warm.

Women naturally do not applaud or cheer. They are by instinct more self restrained in the public expression of their emotions than men. Every public speaker is complimented by their presence, knowing that their quiet word at home is oftentimes more effective in results than the most enthusiastic shouting on the street corners by the other sex. In a public meeting, however, the audience gets its cue from those nearest the speaker. I remember well two audiences, both from the same social class, both crowded, both in large theaters and both largely attended by women. One happened to be in Colorado, one in Massachusetts. In one meeting the orchestra was reserved for women. In the other meeting the men had the orchestra and the women had the lower gallery and all the boxes. In both cases the audiences were entirely friendly to the speakers. The second meeting was marked by wild enthusiasm, the first one by respectful attention. In the second case the mass of men in the orchestra urged on the speakers by continued applause. In the first case the men in the galleries who started to applaud were checked because between them and the speakers was a mass of absolutely silent femininity in the orchestra. I do not say that one meeting was less effective than the other, but the difference in the strain on the speaker was marked.—From "The Spellbinder," by Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., in Scribner's.

**A Supreme Court Coincidence.**

While in session the associate justices of the United States supreme court are seated on either side of the chief justice, in the order of their commissions, the oldest in commission on his right, the next oldest on his left; the third is second on the right and the fourth second on the left, and so on alternately, the youngest in commission occupying the seat on the extreme left.

When Justice Field was the senior associate, this arrangement produced this curious result: The names of the justices on the right had but a single syllable—Field, Gray, Brown and White—while the names of those on the left had two syllables—Harlan, Brewer, Shiras and Peckham. All were married, but no one of the justices on the right had ever had any children, while each of those on the left had both children and grandchildren. The colors were all on the right—Gray, Brown and White—while the left was colorless—Youth's Companion.

**No Influence Above.**

In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational.

On one occasion William M. Everts discovered E. DeLafield Smith, then corporation counsel of New York city, singing with all his heart and whispering to his friend:

"Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel'! I knew he wanted to be district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel."

The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort:

"No, I have never mentioned the matter to Everts, knowing that he had no influence in that direction."

**Lighting Satan Down.**

"Lightning knocked the church steeple down," some one said to Brother Diekey. "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple gwine up." "And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting." "Yes; Satan goes ter meetin' long wid de res' er dem en sometimes shouts de loudes." "And a preacher was drowned in the river last week." "Oh, yes; Satan's in de water too. He bleeze ter go dar ter cool off." "So you blame everything on Satan, do you?" "Bless God!" was the reply. "Ain't dat what he's fer?"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Conspicuous Example.**

"Women are belittled and made of no account in every possible way," exclaimed the indignant head of the family. "Even the geographers willfully and deliberately slight her. How many really important towns in this country are named in honor of a woman?" "Well, my dear," said her husband, scratching his chin reflectively, "there's Janesville, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

**An Anchor to Windward.**

He—Let's get married on Friday.  
She—Oh, George, Friday, you know, is—

He—Yes, I know it's unlucky, but, then, if our marriage doesn't turn out well we shall always have something to blame it on.—Philadelphia Record.

**Lift It High.**

"Yo' kin allus tell er politt' man," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "by de way he lift his hat t' de ladies, an' ef he lift it high, yo' kin also tell dat he ain't baldheaded, Mistah Jackson."—Baltimore News.

A man who dares to waste an hour of time has not learned the value of life.—Charles Darwin.

This Announces the Opening of our Second Floor.  
Much time, labor and expense has been Required.  
It's now in complete readiness for your inspection.  
You—Your friends—Yes, Everybody invited.

November 28th.  
String Orchestra in Attendance  
2 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.



The Lackawanna will sell special excursion (regular fare plus \$1.00) tickets to New York City December 11, 1902, good returning on December 16, 1902.

Go and see L. E. Whary's china bazaar. His stock is larger and finer than ever before.

Normal's opponents on the gridiron tomorrow will be the strong Crescent Athletic Club of Freeland. Taking the game played against Hazleton as a basis of estimate, they should give Normal a hard game. A good crowd will be in attendance.

The largest line of lamps in Old Columbia County at Mercer's Drug and Book Store.

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., postoffice, and will be sent to the dead letter office December 9, 1902. Persons calling for these letters will please say "that they were advertised Nov. 25, 1902":

Miss Virginia Browne, Mr. Frank Hollister, Mrs. Ada Diefenbach (2) Mr. S. S. Pomeroy.  
One cent will be charged on each letter advertised.  
J. C. BROWN, P. M.

The tolling of the Lutheran church bell about half-past nine Tuesday night startled a great many people, and no one was able to explain the cause of it. Upon inquiry we learned that it was the work of some mischievous youngsters who stole into the corridor during the progress of an entertainment and pulled the bell rope. The names of the boys could not be learned.

**Goat Wanted.**

Wife (who is doing her own cooking now)—I can't seem to make little enough of anything. I wish some poor hungry creature had what we have left every day.

Hubby (who hasn't much appetite lately)—Yes, we ought to keep a goat. They say a goat can eat anything.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**"Resting on His Laurels."**

"I think," said the placid person, "that I will now rest on my laurels."  
"That's another of those foolish phrases," said the man who is always finding fault. "It suggests the idea of a man who is trying to be comfortable standing on his head."—Washington Star.

**Reason for All Things.**

Yeast—They must be very happy since they were married.  
Crimsonbeak—Why?  
"Oh, every morning I notice he kisses her at the door, when leaving."  
"Pshaw! He does that because she hasn't asked him to eat any of her biscuit yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Slow Improvement.**

Mrs. Benham—Don't you think I grow better-looking as I grow older?  
Benham—Yes, and it's really too bad you can't live as long as they did in Bible times; you might then become a veritable beauty.—Tit-Bits.

**His Status.**

Gladys—Is he so absolutely flippant and worthless?  
Ethel—Is he? Why, every girl he meets feels sure she discovers noble qualities in him that only need development by a true woman.—Puck.

**What It Wore.**

"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?"  
"Why, the close of the day, of course."—University of Minnesota Punch Bowl.

**THE STATE AT A GLANCE.**

—A tunnel one mile long, which has been opened for the new trolley road between Hazleton and Wilkes-Barre has been completed.

—The bedroom slippers, the handy work of Mrs. William McKinley, by her given to the Ladies' Aid Society of the Shippensburg Methodist Episcopal Church, brought \$5 when put up at auction in a bazaar.

—While carelessly handling a revolver Monday morning Lawrence Ball, 18 years old, of Clearfield, shot and instantly killed his brother, Victor.

—While H. E. Harsh was hauling straw from the country Tuesday afternoon, in coming down a steep hill he slipped and fell between the shafts. The horse kicked him, breaking his jaw and fracturing his skull. Death followed in a few minutes. His home is in Millifenburg.

—Francis E. Morgan, of Carbon-dale, for nine years a Delaware & Hudson conductor, Tuesday morning walked into the open trap in the bottom of an empty coal car and was ground to death.

—Small-pox, diphtheria and typhoid fever are causing the physicians of Schuylkill county much alarm and an epidemic is imminent. Schuylkill Haven has several cases of small pox. Miss Mars Wagner, a nurse at the Pottsville Hospital, died from typhoid fever, and Miss Elene Berlin, a nurse who attended several children for diphtheria, has been stricken.

—Hyde Brothers of Pittsburg, incorporators of the Clearfield Steel and Iron company, are buying several iron plants in southern cities and will consolidate them at Clearfield.

—While out gunning on Friday D. L. Williamson of Salladaburg, was shot by the accidental discharge of a gun carried by his nephew, 18 years old, who was about to fire at a pheasant, and instantly killed.

**SHOES**

If you have not seen our line of SHOES, it will pay you to see it. We have the largest

**Stock of Shoes**

of any store in this section. Made by the best Manufacturers especially for me, and will FIT AND WEAR.

**Our School Shoes**

are made extra strong to stand the hard service given a School shoe.

**W. H. MOORE,**  
Cor. Main and Iron Sts.  
BLOOMSBURG, PA