

# The Columbian.

VOL 38

BLOOMSBURG, PA. THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903

NO. 10

## Two Sudden Deaths.

Mrs. Jane E. Brown and Calvin Derr Stricken on the Street Tuesday.

### Heart Failure the Cause.

There were two sudden deaths in Bloomsburg on Tuesday. The summons in both instances came without any premonition. The first occurred at seven o'clock in the morning when Calvin Derr, a well and favorably known resident of Derrs, Jackson township, this county, was stricken with heart failure and died almost instantly. Mr. Derr had come to Bloomsburg from his home early Monday morning and went to Berwick where he transacted some business and returned to Bloomsburg in the evening. He spent the night with his friend Isaac Titman on Fifth street. He arose about five o'clock Tuesday morning and in company with his son Calvin Jr. and Lee Titman went to Derr's stable on Sixth street to feed his horse. The three were returning to the Titman home, Mr. Derr, Sr. slightly in the rear of the other two when he was attacked with heart failure. He emitted a cry for help, but before they reached him he fell to the pavement and expired. The body was carried into the home of Chas. Ward on Sixth street. In the afternoon it was prepared for burial by undertaker H. G. Supplee and removed to the family home in Jackson township. The funeral will take place tomorrow at ten o'clock.

Mr. Derr was a son of the late Associate Judge Iram Derr and had lived until Sunday next would have been sixty years of age. He leaves a family of a wife and four children. The latter are Mrs. Grace Ulrich of Watsonstown, Mrs. Vinnie Houghton of Turbotville, Mrs. Ella McHenry of Derrs and Calvin Jr.

Mr. Derr's death came in a moment of unexpectedness, particularly so because only a few minutes before he had remarked to his son that he was feeling very well.

MRS. JANE E. BROWN.

The second fatality, the circumstances of which are very nearly identical with the above, happened toward evening of the same day the exact time being about 4:30 o'clock. Mrs. Jane E. Brown, accompanied by Katharine, a little five year old daughter of A. J. Williams, were on their way to attend the Lenten services in St. Paul's Episcopal church. While on Centre street she told the little girl that she was not feeling very well but continued on their way. In front of Derr Brothers she was taken mortally ill and her strength permitted her to go but a few steps further when she would have fallen to the pavement, but was caught by C. H. Reice. She was placed on a chair and carried into Mr. Reice's meat market. Dr. Reber and A. J. Williams were summoned but they could do nothing for her and she died in a few minutes.

Mrs. Brown was the widow of the late George H. Brown, who at one time and for an extended period was the proprietor of the Central Hotel. She was born in Northumberland county in 1821. After the death of her husband she for a number of years conducted a boarding house on Market street, just around the corner, the building having been torn down where the addition was built to the First National Bank. She has resided here for more than fifty years. For the past four years she has been living with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Williams. Her survivors are the following sisters and brother: Mrs. Catharine Crawford, Milton; Mrs. Julia Whippe, and Mrs. Phoebe Holdren, White Hall; Mrs. James Thornton, Bloomsburg, and Elijah Crawford, Milton.

Mrs. Brown was a sincere Christian lady and a member of St. Paul's Episcopal church. The funeral will be held from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Williams, corner of Centre and Fourth streets tomorrow morning at half past ten o'clock. Rev. D. N. Kirkby will officiate. Interment will be made in Rosemont cemetery.

Mayor Townsend has been on the sick list for several days.

## FATAL EXPLOSION.

Michael Dolan Killed Near Bloom Poor Farm.—Barton, Mathias and Carl Shaffer Have Narrow Escapes.

### Report Heard For Miles.

Michael Dolan, foreman for P. McManus, contractors for the Susquehanna, Bloomsburg & Berwick Railroad, now in course of constructing, was killed by an explosion of dynamite, Sunday afternoon. The accident occurred in a little building, used for the double purpose of blacksmith shop and store house, located only a short distance from the Bloom Poor District farm.

As had been his custom, Mr. Dolan had gone to the building, to make ready the materials and select the tools for Monday's work. He observed that the dynamite was frozen, and he decided to thaw it out. Several sticks of it were placed in a tin can, and hung over the forge. In a few minutes there was a terrific explosion. The tin can was burst into fragments. A piece of it struck Mr. Dolan in the lower abdomen, on the left side, tearing away the flesh, and laying bare his bowels. His whole left side, together with his leg was also horribly mangled.

Only a few minutes before the explosion, Barton, Mathias and Carl Shaffer, had stopped in the shop and conversed with Mr. Dolan. They had left, but had only reached a point not more than twenty feet distant when the explosion took place. Barton Shaffer, though aware that there was considerable powder, stored in the building, and that a second explosion, would in all probability follow, took his life in his own hands and rushed in and carried the injured man out, just in time to save him from being burned to death. He had scarcely reached a safe distance, when the second explosion, which shook the ground, and which could be distinctly heard for miles took place.

Mr. Dolan was removed to the home of Elsworth Shaffer, the nearest resident, and tenderly cared for until the arrival of Dr. Reber, who dressed the wounds. Though satisfied that the injuries were of a fatal nature, the doctor did everything that medical skill could do, and friends of the injured man, in the hope that his life might be saved, secured the services of a trained nurse, but to no avail. Death had marked him, and at half-past six o'clock in the evening, the end came.

He was conscious to the last. He requested that word be sent to his sister at Reading. The scene was an affecting one, and those present were moved by a gentle sympathy. Rev. Murphy of St. Columba's Catholic Church, arrived in time to administer the last sad rites.

Mr. Dolan was forty-nine years of age, and is survived by a daughter and two sons. His wife died several years ago.

The body was taken in charge and prepared for burial by undertaker G. G. Baker. S. F. Peacock, paymaster for McManus & Company, on Monday took it to Reading for interment.

Mr. Dolan had for years followed this dangerous business, and was considered an expert in the use of dynamite. He saw no danger in it, and seemed to move along on the theory that as nothing had happened, nothing would happen, but as is usually the case with men engaged in hazardous work, the end came, and just when it was least expected.

In rushing into the building after the explosion, and carrying out the injured man, Barton Shaffer performed an act of real bravery, a deed of the noblest kind, and called into being a scene seldom known here.

### Rev. W. M. Tinker Called.

At a meeting of the Pulpit Committee of the Baptist church held last night it was decided to extend a call to Rev. W. M. Tinker of Newark, N. J. The sentiment was unanimous in favor of Rev. Tinker, no other name being mentioned. His pastorate of the church a few years ago was eminently successful, and if he decides to accept the call, his return will be welcomed by every member of the congregation.

## The Bloomsburg National Bank

Is Conducted On Conservative Lines.

And on that basis continues to solicit the business of responsible people, promising all of the courtesies that are usually extended by an obliging and carefully conducted banking house.

A. Z. SCHOCH, PRESIDENT. WM. H. HIDLAY, CASHIER.  
PAUL E. WIRT, VICE PRESIDENT.

[READ MY AD ON 5TH PAGE.]

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### SHOULD ASSIST THE FIREMEN.

The fire department is made up entirely of volunteers. The members have no more interest in extinguishing the fire than any other citizen. And yet it seems to be a universal thing for people not members, to refuse to lend any assistance to the firemen. Dozens of men on the side-walks, on the way to a fire, will see three or four men struggling along with a hose cart, without offering to lend a hand, and will pay no attention even when asked to take hold of the ropes. The general feeling seems to be that a fire is started purposely to amuse the general public who go to watch the firemen work and to see what is going to happen.

After the fire is reached and the proper officers are on hand, of course discipline is necessary, and the crowd must be kept in check so that property brought out of a burning building will not be stolen, but the first thing to do is to get to the fire, and no man ought to refuse to help in this.

We remember a fire that occurred before the water works were built, when the only fire protection the town had was the Friendship hand engine. As there were no fire-plugs the engine had to be filled with buckets. Two lines would be formed from the nearest pump and the full buckets passed along one line to the engine and the empty buckets returned by the other line. At the fire we refer to it was impossible to get men enough away from the fire to form lines. After repeated efforts the women present were appealed to, and they at once responded. It is unnecessary to say that the latter did not have to stay long in line, as the men were so shamed by this action that they soon fell in line and took the places of the women. The men of that day are now most of them too old to run to fires, but there are plenty of young men of to-day who are no more willing to help pull a hose-cart than were the men of thirty years ago to help form a bucket line.

Some years later Robert Burdette set a good example. He delivered a lecture in the Opera House, and before he had retired at the Exchange Hotel the fire alarm sounded.

Going out in front he saw a hose-cart coming, and he rushed out, dress suit and patent leather shoes, grabbed the rope and ran to the fire through mud over his shoe tops. But it was only a smoke house. Lots of men would not help if they had on storm coats and rubber boots, and the fire was in a business block.

### Congregation Accept Resignation.

The Lutheran congregation has accepted the resignation of their pastor, Rev. M. E. McLinn. A meeting was held at the close of the Sunday morning service, and this conclusion reached. Two ballots were taken. As already stated in these columns, Rev. McLinn will go to Apollo, Pa. He will move the first of April.

### Normal Won Again.

Normal downed their old rivals, Wyoming Seminary before a big crowd last evening. The visitors played fairly well in the first half, but after that they were not in the hunt. Riland did not play in the first half on account of a sprained ankle, but he went in during the last half, and his presence seemed to inspire the rest of the team to greater efforts, and they played all around their opponents. The score was 20 to 7. The next game will be with Pittston Saturday night.

Roy, son of Henry Dieffenbach, aged seventeen, had an arm broken Saturday afternoon. He was closing a heavy barn door, when the upper rollers jumped, and the door fell upon him.

The Morning Press celebrated its first anniversary on Monday by issuing a 24 page paper which was in every way creditable to the publishers. The growth of the Press has been phenomenal and we know of no inland daily whose progress has been so rapid.

Isaiah Hagenbuch arrived home on Sunday from Tres Piedras, Mexico. His son Clark is looking after his mining interests there and he reports him in excellent health. He encountered heavy snow storms both going and coming and was delayed several days.



**Beautiful Spring!**

We're not quite sure whether she's here or not—but the shrewd buyers are already making their selections from our lines of Smart and Snappy Spring Suits. It's nice to have first choice and to wear the new things first.

We have Suits for the conservative man, and for the man who wants all the style and luxury that can be put into a suit.

A real Spring day will catch you in that old Winter suit, if you don't look out. You take no risk in buying here, for, if you're not satisfied, there's no ifs, ands, whys or wherefores—you get your money back at once, if you want it.

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