

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1905.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Ladies Will Make House to House Canvass to Raise Money.

Our library has now been in existence for one year and a half. During this time it has been kept in active working order by the strenuous efforts of the ladies of our town, together with the good will of the citizens.

The time has now arrived when the directors feel that another way should be found by which this institution can be maintained. You with the rest of the public are tired of being asked to attend entertainments, pie and cake sales, euchres, etc.; to accomplish this end and in order to do away with these means of making money the ladies of the library directors have decided to make a house to house canvass during the next two or three weeks, asking each citizen to give as he is able to this noble cause.

If sufficient money can be raised in this way the citizens will not be asked to buy tickets, attend sales or anything of the kind, but will be called upon once a year for their subscriptions. If this can be accomplished it will make the running of the library an easy matter.

Think over the question of library maintenance carefully so that when called upon by one of the ladies you will be ready to respond promptly.

LOUISE H. DILLON, Secretary Library Directors.

Real Estate Transfers.

Register and Recorder J. C. Rutter, has recorded the following deeds, since those last published: Berwick Land and Improvement Company to U. S. McNeal, for lot of land situate in West Berwick. Consideration \$150.

Heirs of Michael Ruddy to Agnes Koris, for lot No. 3, in block No. 26, in Borough of Centralia. Consideration \$650.

Mary E. Miffin and Warner J. Miffin and wife to Emanuel Creasy, for lot of land in Bloomsburg. Consideration \$3500.

C. E. Kreisler and wife to Mary A. Harman, for nine acres of land in Columbia County. Consideration \$40.

B. H. Dodson and wife to the United States Lumber Company, for land in Berwick, beginning corner of Second Street. Consideration \$3,500.

J. T. Ashworth and wife to Peter H. Vought, for land in Franklin township. Consideration \$800.

Daniel D. Feldman and wife to Jennings U. Kurtz, for land in Briarcreek township. Consideration \$125.

County Commissioners to H. D. Miller, for a lot of ground in Mifflin township. Consideration \$14 00.

County Commissioners to H. D. Miller, for two and one-half acres of land in Mifflin township. Consideration \$4.77.

W. L. Demaree and wife to S. C. Creasy, for lot in Bloomsburg. Consideration \$60.

Thomas W. Merrill to H. E. Hippensteel, for land in Scott township. Consideration \$2,000.

W. H. Rhawn and wife to Susan Kostenbader, for land in Main twp. Consideration, \$1, &c.

W. W. Black, Sheriff, to George E. Creasy, for a lot of land in Mifflinville and another in Mifflin township, sold as land of Stephen Creasy. Consideration \$800.

Honora Robbins-Grimes et. al. to Grace Neal Hutton, for lot in Bloomsburg. Consideration \$500.

When you are chewing gum just step before a mirror and watch the very unpretty facial contortions you indulge in, notice the silly grimaces as you roll the cud from side to side, and the swing of the jaw that reveals a cavernous mouth and then fire the stuff and swear off for good.

AMATTER OF HEALTH ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

THEATRICAL.

HOOLOGAN'S FUNNY SHOW COMING!

That announcement means a night of joyous mirth and heart uplifting fun to all who have seen him before and to all to whom the exquisite experience will be new. Hooligan and "Hooligan's Troubles" have become synonymous and both are synonymous with fun. The merry comedy will be presented precisely the same as in New York, brim full of rollicking humor and presented by clever comedians, and novel specialties. A rattling good time may be had by all who attend the performance at the Opera House, Monday evening, Feb. 6.

It is spoken of by press and people who have seen it often, to be the funniest comedy ever written. After you have finished laughing at one thing, you find yourself splitting your sides over another. This splendid company of fun-makers is well recommended wherever they appear. Packed to the door, standing room only is the warning in all the towns. The crazy scarecrow and tricky donkey throw people into fits of laughter. If you are going to see "Hooligan's Troubles" then bring your needle and thread. You'll need it. It is beyond doubt the newest, funniest comedy ever offered to the people, creating one long continuous laugh. More real fun than a circus. A sunburst of mirth and music. All real laughter—no tears. There is every indication from reports that every seat will be sold before the night of the day of the performance. Fetch grandma and grandpa and the whole family to see "Hooligan."

"DORA THORNE."



"NOT FOR A MILLION"

"Dora Thorne," a dramatized novel of the present season, marks a new departure in melodrama. The story of the play follows the book accurately enough to permit the use of the title, but the playwright has chosen the incidents and happenings with excellent taste, and woven them into a play that is interesting in the extreme. The audience cannot help but engage themselves sympathetically with every turn of the fortunes of Dora Thorne, a girl whom the English would call "low born"; who won affection of and married the duke's son. The resultant plot may be mapped out, but the treatment of her natural girlish exuberance in contrast to the habitual reserve and repression of the manner aristocratic, must be seen to be appreciated. A large share of the success of the performance is due to the cast, which is strong throughout, including as it does, Miss Cuba Niblo in the name part, Miss Isabel Sherman, who causes all the trouble and that sterling actor of old men characters, Mr. George C. Denton. "Dora Thorne" will be seen at the Opera House, Thursday evening, February 9th.

THE HOLY CITY.

The Holy City is correctly described in the theatre program as a powerful dramatic story of old Jerusalem in the time of our Saviour. It is a very strong play and Gordon & Bennett's presentation at the Academy last evening was a creditable one. The company is good and some members played their parts in splendidly convincing style. Charles M. Greene as Caiaphas, the high priest; Clyde B. Callicotte as Marius, a young Roman; Raymond Gilbert as John the Baptist and Pontius Pilate; Amelia Mayborn as Herodias; Fred N. Allen as John, the beloved disciple; Edwin Hoyt as Judas, and Leon Robertson as Peter, deserve especial mention. The settings are fine and costumes historically accurate and pleasing. The final scene, the grand transformation of the holy sepulchre, the resurrection and flight of angels and the gates of the new Jerusalem is a beautiful one. The atmosphere of the play is holy and impressive and made a good impression on the audience.—The Morning Star, Meadville, Pa., Oct. 20. Opera House, Monday Feb. 21.

ONLY A LAPSE OF COURAGE

By CHARLOTTE CANTY

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HEAVY with a thrill of apprehension the night air came in through the little barred window to Alice Forbes. A newspaper correspondent following the fortunes of war may not indulge in the feminine weakness of nerves, yet she paced the room in the old stone building where, through the kindness of young Dr. Wallace, she had been permitted to make her quarters.

It was now long past midnight. They had said that at daybreak, if the trenches of the enemy had not been vacated, the troops would move forward. Foremost in that charge would be Captain Alexander Forbes, and to Alice there was no one in the line so brave as her soldier brother. Together they had studied army tactics, and when his regiment had been ordered to the Philippines she had not rested until she had made arrangements to follow him.

How noble he was, how heroic, how different from— But there! It was absurd even to think of Dr. Wallace in the same hour with Alexander. Still, a realization that her refusal of him had sorely hurt the quiet doctor gave her an uneasy sense of not being quite on good terms with herself.

Out there, covered by the darkness, the troops were ready, and Alice, leaning upon the window ledge, fancied that through the stillness she could hear the pulse beats of the men waiting. She thought of Alexander, eager, wakeful.

Had she dozed? A low spoken command reached her ear, and the voice—surely it was that of Gough Wallace.

"Stop! Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am—never mind who I am! Let me pass!"

The first tone of the response had brought Alice to her feet.

"Oh, it's you, Forbes! Then perhaps it's my place to explain." The doctor's voice, still very low, had taken another tone, and Alice heard her brother spring lightly from his horse. "I managed to get permission to quarter Alice in this building. You know how anxious she is to see every detail of your work tomorrow, and from here she can watch in perfect safety. However—the doctor's voice broke somewhat nervously—"I didn't like leaving her here on a night so full of unpleasant possibilities, and I decided to remain near her in case of an alarm."

Alice was but faintly conscious of her feeling of gratitude toward the doctor. What had brought her brother here?

"It's more than kind of you, Wallace. I was a little nervous about her—"

"Oh, then you knew that she was here?"

"Yes—no"—Alice observed that he was fumbling strangely with his reply.

"There will be some busy hours for all of us tomorrow," remarked Dr. Wallace. "Of course your men are all wild to begin. Alice is very proud that you have the position of honor. B company leads, I understand."

"Yes; B company leads." Again the girl observed that curious weakness of tone.

"Forbes"—the doctor was speaking hurriedly—"I judge from your manner that you are not quite at ease about the little girl here. Let me relieve you of any anxiety on her account. If things go badly tomorrow, trust me to stand by her as friend and brother. I ought to tell you that I had hoped to be something more to her, but she thinks differently about the matter. I don't measure very much in her eyes beside you."

The words were spoken lightly, but Alice, listening, felt the keenness of their edge.

"Only a little while now between you and glory, Forbes. There isn't much of this black night left."

"No; there isn't. That's just it." Forbes jerked the words out with singular emphasis. "Wallace, I believe that, after all, I shouldn't be able to lead my men in that charge."

"Forbes!" The doctor's exclamation drowned Alice's gasp of horrified amazement.

"The truth is that I—that I have been ill all night."

The tremor in his voice translated the words for Alice, but the doctor had no suspicion of her meaning.

"Why, Forbes, you're all right. It's your first time under fire, and naturally you feel the responsibility, but you'll go through in fine style, and Alice will sing your praises more loudly than ever. You haven't much more time to wait now, Forbes."

A thin silver blade along the horizon was cutting the black night from the earth.

"No; not much more time." Could that spiritless voice belong to Alexander? "At daybreak," the orders read. "And if after the battle I am dead or missing you'll help Alice!"

"Have no fear for Alice. The thought of her love for you and her faith in your invincible courage will help carry you through safely."

"I know, I know, and for her sake—doctor, suppose I disgrace myself by becoming ill on the field. Would it not be better to let Lieutenant Roberts take command in this engagement, and maybe you can do something for me to help me join them later in the day?"

An unusual sternness gave a steely ring to the doctor's voice.

"If you are not there at the opening of the charge, you'll never get the men to follow you again. You know

Bad Blood

is responsible for most of the diseases and ailments of the human system. It seriously affects every organ and function, causes catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism, weak, tired, languid feelings and worse troubles. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies and enriches the blood as nothing else can

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as well as I that the first engagement is the crucial test. We're only flesh and blood, Forbes, but there are hours when we must become something harder, and your hour is here."

The view about them was slowly widening as the darkness rolled away. Alexander Forbes stepped back a pace, and Alice looked down upon him. One glance at the shrinking figure confirmed her worst fears. She sank down upon the window ledge, shamed to the soul by the revelation of his cowardice.

She was roused by the sudden blast of a bugle, the call to arms that she had heard in her dreams so many times. It drew her to her feet, and she looked down at Alexander. He could not fail to respond, she thought, and then the doctor's voice came up again to her.

"Forbes!" The doctor had seized Alexander and dragged him to his horse. "Mount and go!"

But Alexander was past speech. He stood looking miserably at the doctor, and Alice closed her eyes to shut out the wretchedness of his face.

She opened them again at the sudden sound of a galloping horse's hoof beats. He had gone, then! No; he was still there under her window, a limp heap. But in the weird dusk of the new day she saw Gough Wallace, mounted upon Alexander's horse, dashing rapidly across the fields. The horse sped on past the ranks of B company straight for the trenches of the enemy.



"Mount and go!"

The enemy. Then, mingled with the confused sounds of the opening battle, she heard a tremendous shout go up: "Forbes! Forbes! Hurrah! Forbes!" Over the uneven fields the men were scrambling after the fearless rider, the darkness hiding from them the fact that he was not their captain.

The cry had reached Alexander. Alice saw him rise and listen. The name rang out once more, "Forbes!" and then a broken cheer.

The work of battle had begun, and the cheer had brought the soldier spirit back into Alexander's blood. Alice saw him drop his covering manner as a prisoner might step out of his shackles. She leaned forward to cry out to him in her eagerness, but Alexander was running swiftly over the fields, following the shouting voices.

Down through the ranks of hastily forming companies he ran, through trenches and ditches, over rock and stone and stubble, to where B company was drawing together at the front. Under the untrained leader the men were forming wildly, uncertainly. The uneven fire of the enemy was finding victims on every side. He pressed on without stopping until he seized the bridle of his horse.

Gough Wallace looked down into the face of the soldier. It was quiet and resolute, but the torch of war was blazing in his eyes.

"There's better work for you back there, Wallace," said Alexander, and then the first heavy volley from the enemy gave emphasis to his words.

Gough Wallace did not reply. The volley had cut into B company, and in the uncertain light Captain Forbes saw the doctor plunge headlong from the saddle. An instant later the music of Alexander's martial commands cut a path through the noise, and B company formed into firing lines.

Many hours later the doctor opened his eyes in the tent of the army surgeon. The first glance that met his was that of his chief; then a hand stole into his, and Wallace looked up into the blue eyes of Alice Forbes.

"Our war correspondent has turned nurse, Wallace, and you're under orders for the present," explained the surgeon. "I don't know how you managed to get yourself into that tangle at the front, but that's where the hospital men found you. There's not much wrong with you, only now you'll have to take that vacation that I've been advising. I'll have you in shape for the first transport that leaves."

"The very first," supplemented Alice, with a tremulous tenderness that revived a stifled dream in the young doctor's heart.

SATURDAY, FEB. 4th.

We will Commence Our

February Linen Sale

when there will be offered

Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, and Fancy Linens

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"I'd like to see your nurse go with you," went on the surgeon, "but of course she'll have too much to write now of her soldier brother's doings. My soul, but Alexander has made a brilliant day of this! I suppose, Miss Forbes, that you'll never wish to leave your hero now?"

Miss Forbes bent low over the cot, her lips trembling, her eyes filled with a look that answered a longing in the heart of Gough Wallace, although she answered the surgeon:

"I shall wish to follow always wherever my hero leads."

A Village Blessing. Mrs. Tittle—Isn't it awful the way Mrs. Wild goes on with Mr. Wayward? Mrs. Tittle—Yes; I've often thought what a blessing they are to the village. It would be intolerably dull without them, don't you think?—Boston Transcript.

DR. IRVINE "FORGIVES."

Deposed Priest Will Drop All Proceedings Against Bishop Talbot.

Rev. Dr. I. N. W. Irvine, who was deposed by Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, and whose effort recently to present the bishop failed, on Monday issued a signed statement announcing his intention to drop all proceedings against Bishop Talbot, both ecclesiastical and legal.

He stated that he is actuated by a desire to prevent further scandal to the Episcopal Church.

Undesirable Element.

The foreign element crowding in to the coal regions must be a valuable acquisition to the population if the following from the Hazleton Standard is any criterion:

"People should not throw dead chickens into the street as they are apt to be picked up by the foreign element, who cook and eat them. They make a practice of going about the city in quest of dead fowl and visit the offal barrels of the grocery stores, where they gather up spoiled fish and other cast off eatables. Health Officer Bonner has repeatedly warned this class of people to desist in this practice, but they continue to violate the injunction."

STORY OF CAL-CURA.

Discovered by Dr. David Kennedy—Only Kidney Remedy Sold Under Guarantee.

Dr. David Kennedy was born in New York City, but at an early age his family moved to Roxbury, N.Y. He was graduated in 1860 from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He at once volunteered as a surgeon and was assigned to the United States Army General Hospital in West Philadelphia, and soon became President of the Examining Board and Consulting Surgeon.

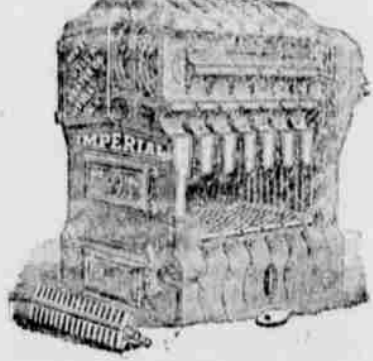
After the war, Dr. Kennedy settled in Rondout, City of Kingston, N.Y., where for a number of years he enjoyed a large practice as an operative surgeon. He was one of the Presidential Electors of New York State, Mayor of Kingston for four years, and held many other professional, business and political offices.

The latest achievement of his life was the discovery of Cal-cura Solvent, a positive cure for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. In speaking of this remarkable remedy, he said: "Cal-cura Solvent is the crowning achievement of my life. It will not disappoint."

Your druggist will return your money if Cal-cura fails to cure, and The Cal-cura Company, of Rondout, N.Y., will pay the druggist. Cal-cura Solvent cures 95% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. \$1.00 a bottle. Only one size.

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