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GEO. B. HOSLER ENDS HIS OWN LIFE.

Weary of Earth, He Sends a Bullet Crashing Through His Brain.

Illness the Probable Cause.

Burdened with the cares of life, depressed in spirits by the hand of sickness and discomfort, and satisfied, no doubt that to live only meant a continuation of suffering, with no hope of recovery, George B. Hosler, in the early hours of last Friday morning, while his wife was sleeping on the floor above ended his agony, with a revolver, and sent his woe-worn spirit to a world where grief forgets to mourn. The act was committed with a weapon which he had procured the day before, on the pretext that he intended shooting some dogs, that for several nights had been prowling about the house, and disturbing his sleep. Mrs. Hosler knowing that the barking of the dogs at night had gotten to be a nuisance, she never for a moment thought that the preparation on the part of her husband was for any purpose, other than stated. Even when she heard the report of the shot, which was somewhere between five and six o'clock, she was not alarmed to any very great extent, thinking of course that it had been fired at the dogs. The awfulness of the shock, can therefore be imagined, when upon going down stairs, she found her husband sitting in a chair, with the blood streaming from a wound over his right eye. His hand still gripped the weapon, and lying on the floor, beside the chair, was a mirror, indicating that careful aim had been taken at a vital spot.

Realizing what had occurred, Mrs. Hosler hurriedly summoned aid in the person of George Kressler, who happened to be passing the house. He sent for Dr. Bierman, but his services were unavailing. After examining the body he expressed the belief that death had been instantaneous.

There is but little doubt that the act was premeditated. Frequently, in conversation with his wife he had expressed a weariness of earth, and a desire for the end. Only recently he gave explicit instructions touching the matter of his burial. She told him to disabuse his mind of such thoughts, and that he soon would be feeling better, but he refused to be comforted, until he had exacted a promise that his wishes would be carried out.

Mr. Hosler's ailment was a complication of diseases, and he had suffered for an extended period, which together with his great weight, between 350 and 400 pounds made life doubly burdensome. He, a few years ago, weighed over 400 pounds, and he was by every one regarded as the heaviest man in this section.

Mr. Hosler was born at Foundryville, near Berwick, on the 29th of January, 1853. Learning the flour milling business when a boy he, for a number of years, followed that work. After his marriage in 1874 to Miss Nancy P. Lockard, of New Columbus, he moved to Jonestown where he conducted a general store for a number of years, to sell later on and move to Rupert where he again embarked in the store business. This he sold in 1892, moving to Fernville, where he has since resided.

THE NEW COUNCIL.

C. C. Yetter, Esq., was sworn in as President of the Town Council on Monday at 12:00 o'clock, by Justice Guy Jacoby. The ceremony took place at Mr. Yetter's office in the presence of the retiring Mayor, John R. Townsend. The other members of Council were sworn in by Mayor Yetter on Monday evening. They are James Magee, J. W. Mifflin, C. W. Runyon, M. H. Rhodes, J. H. Giger and John Deily. The first meeting of the new Council will be held tonight.

Time to Clean Up.

The season of the year is here when careful attention should be paid to cleaning up the alleys and back yards. The health of the community demands that proper attention be given to remedying this evil. Get to work. Don't delay.

BURGLARS AT THE POST OFFICE.

Arrival of Night Watchman Hower Thwarted Plan to Wreck Safe.

Ran Out Door and Escaped.

An attempt to blow open the safe in the Post Office was made about two o'clock yesterday morning, and that it was not successful was due to the arrival at the rear door of the building of night watchman Hower. The plans were well laid. The burglars, after prying open the swinging doors at the front entrance, made provision for their escape in case of detection by cutting the electric light wire, causing it to be dark both in and outside the building. They also took the additional precaution to tie the hall door, below the post office, leading up to Mrs. D. W. Kitchen's apartments, with a rope. They then turned their attention to the safe. The large knob was twisted off, and into the aperture had been placed a good sized charge of nitroglycerine. Everything was in readiness to complete the job. The fuse with cap attached, was lying on the top of the safe, and five minutes more would have been sufficient time for the robbers to have accomplished their purpose.

When Hower appeared at the rear door, they took to their heels and escaped through the front door. Hower pursued them but the chase was futile, the darkness enabling them to get away.

He immediately enlisted the aid of Paul R. Eyerly of the *Morning Press*, who was the nearest person at hand, and together they made an examination of the office, after which Hower went to the Exchange Hotel to awaken Postmaster Jas. C. Brown, while Eyerly, revolver in hand, stood guard at the office door.

An examination by Mr. Brown showed that all the burglars had secured was nine cents, which had been taken from the money order drawer. Nothing else was disturbed. Had they succeeded in blowing the safe open they would have been rewarded to the extent of \$500.00 including money and stamps.

The perpetrators were doubtless accomplished in their art. Everything showed the skill and training of a full-fledged burglar. It is not known how many there were of them. Two suspicious looking characters were observed loitering about in the vicinity of the post office early in the evening. They may have been and probably were members of the gang but there must have been more. The fact that they got out of the building so quickly, would seem to indicate there had been pickets stationed on the outside and that the robbers had been warned of Hower's approach. The arc light on the Square was out, but there was a bright light in the First National Bank, and anyone standing near Rishton's store could easily have seen Hower passing.

The safe being locked, charged with nitro glycerine, there was no money orders issued at the post office yesterday. Postmaster Brown detailed the circumstances to the York Sate Company, and they immediately sent an expert here to see what can be done. He arrived late yesterday afternoon, and went to work at once. He succeeded in extracting much of the nitro-glycerine, and it is expected that the safe will be opened to-day.

There has nothing developed regarding the route taken by the safe crackers after leaving the post office. About half past one o'clock, a half hour before night watchman Hower routed them from the post-office, four men were seen by Mrs. Thos. Moyer, of Railroad Street. She heard them walking on the back porch, and looking out of the window she saw one of them cut the clothes line. This was evidently the rope with which Mrs. Kitchen's door was fastened.

William Rabb, who has been confined to the home of his sister, Mrs. Geo. P. Ringler, by a severe illness, since his return home from attending college at Philadelphia, several weeks ago, is able to walk out. At one stage of his sickness, his condition was quite alarming.

Remember This Bank.

When considering your financial interests, and where to safely place your money, it might be well to remember that this bank offers the most favorable conditions, because of its *SOUND POLICY AND CONSERVATIVE MANAGEMENT*. Remember too that money grows most surely and quickly when kept in a good bank. Pockets have a poor reputation as *SAVINGS BANKS*.

WE INVITE NEW AND DESIRABLE ACCOUNTS.

Bloomsburg National Bank

A. Z. SCHOCH, President.

WM. H. HIDLAY, Cashier.



Easy to paint with
Lucas Paints
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They spread so readily and cover so well that they take much of the labor out of painting. It's a real pleasure to use Lucas Paints.

Sale by **J. G. Wells**

OUR RETIRING MAYOR.

After serving the town for three years in the office of President of the Town Council Mr. John R. Townsend retired from that position on Monday last. Notwithstanding the many difficulties that always confront the incumbent, he has served faithfully and well, and retires to private life with the satisfaction of knowing that he has received the commendations of the public for his very satisfactory administration.

When he entered upon his duties as Mayor in 1902, he was confronted with a large floating debt. There were many demands for the expenditure of money, and it required a cool head and good judgment to provide for the handling of the old debt and to prevent the creation of a new one. Then in August, 1902 came the Bloomsburg Centennial, when he was made chairman of the Executive Committee, a position which required months of labor in arranging the details of that event. The general public knows only that it was a great success. Only those who were intimately associated with him know of the many weeks when his entire time was given up to the preparation of the event, and that it was his guiding hand largely that produced the great success of the Centennial.

The flood of 1904 brought with it additional duties for the Mayor. A relief fund was raised and a committee organized to distribute the fund among the needy, and Mr. Townsend was chairman of this committee.

Numerous improvements have been made during his incumbency, one of them being vitrified brick crossings on the streets. He has filled an onerous office, and largely a thankless one, with marked ability and with a conscientious devotion to duty, and he leaves the office enjoying the respect and best wishes of his fellow townsmen.

HARTMAN'S SPRING OPENING.

Today and tomorrow, afternoon and evening, R. E. Hartman's store will be an attractive spot, especially so because of his great opening of spring goods. An orchestra will furnish music.

Many improvements have been made recently, the most noticeable being the handsome glass show cases that have replaced the tables. Mr. Hartman is up-to-date, and keeps his store fully abreast of the times, and sometimes a little ahead in his constant efforts to please the public.

After Easter Egg Doctors.

Pure Food Agent Robert Simmers is after the dealers in Easter eggs. Many of the so-called chocolate eggs are composed of paraffine and marble dust. He is purchasing chocolate eggs and candies which he will forward to the State chemist for analysis.

DR. EVELAND WELCOMED SAUK.

In happy recognition of the return of Dr. W. P. Eveland to the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church and to show their pleasure at his coming back, the members of the congregation, together with the ministers of the other denominations, tendered him and his estimable wife a very delightful reception, in the dining-room of the Methodist Church Monday evening. S. C. Creasy had charge of the reception, Miss Helen Hartman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hartman, with well chosen words and pleasing manner, welcomed Dr. Eveland back to the Church, which under his faithful leadership has prospered, and to the community where he is universally esteemed and admired. Brief remarks were made by Rev. J. E. Byers, Rev. R. S. Nichols, Rev. Mr. Whitney and Rev. Hamlin.

S. C. Creasy, speaking for the congregation, extended some words of welcome to Dr. Eveland, and assured him of the hearty co-operation in doing the Master's work.

Dr. Eveland responded in his characteristic able manner, dwelling upon the peaceful, happy relations that have always existed between pastor and people. His remarks were greatly enjoyed.

A quartette composed of O. H. Yetter, E. H. Ent, Harry Barton and R. F. Vanderslice sang several very pretty selections, after which ice cream and cake were served.

Death Claims Well Known Resident.

A three week's illness with typhoid fever, terminated in the death of Amos Wanich, at his home in Fernville, a suburb of Bloomsburg at about five o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Wanich's condition for several days previous to the end had been extremely critical, and so faint was the hope for his recovery, that his two sons, John and Charles, residing in New York, had been sent for. They arrived and were at the bedside, when the flickering flame of life deserted its earthly tenement.

The deceased was a veteran of the Civil war, having been a member of Co. G. 168th Penna. Volunteers. He was in many engagements, and fought valiantly for the cause of right. Beside the two sons above mentioned, he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Bruce Kelchner, of East Third Street.

The funeral will occur to-morrow at one o'clock. The remains will be taken to the Millerstown church, where Rev. J. E. Byers will conduct services and interment will be made.

At a short session of court on Saturday the license of hotel Morton at Berwick was transferred from W. M. Hunsinger, deceased, to his widow Mary Hunsinger, and the restaurant license of B. F. Spoonenburg also of Berwick to Thos. L. Berger.



Yes, it's Spring again.
The time of the year when all nature as well as all Mankind will dress anew.
Way back in the garret the moths have all lined up, waiting patiently to get a square meal out of the old Winter garments.
Don't disappoint them.
We are ready to outfit you for Spring, with everything that's new and fresh in Suits, Top Coats, Trousers, Vests, Hats and Haberdashery.
For the best things to wear at fair prices most Men have a habit of coming here.
Better join the majority and come along.
You CAN'T do better, you MIGHT do worse.

BEN CIDDING

Corner Main and Center Sts.

Come in and see us, we'll treat you right.

CARPETS FURNITURE Newness Everywhere

'Tis newness everywhere. Each department is filled with new goods of all descriptions.

New Furniture, New Carpets, New Rugs.

If ever there was a time to buy good Furniture at Right Prices its now.

Furniture for Library. Furniture for Dining Room. Furniture for Bedrooms.

Carpets to suit every taste. Rugs to match every Carpet. A large assortment of all the newest colorings and designs.

Bring your measurements, we will do the rest.

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