

A GALLANT BOER SOLDIER

Adolph Schiel was the Ruler of Thousands of Blacks.

NOTORIOUS AND FAMOUS

Rosbach, His Beautiful Home—Adored by the Makatase—Feared by the Insolent Magato Clans—His Six Sons Wore His Escort.

Born in 1858—from college to military service in the ranks of the famous "Black Hussars" at Brunswick, then to Africa; hunter, explorer, and filibuster, farmer, frontiersman, and Boer Government official; once again a soldier as officer of the State Artillery at Johannesburg, Elandsfontein, prisoner of war at St. Helena, finally author and lecturer, until he died recently at the pretty village of Reichenhall, in the Bavarian Alps—such is in half a dozen lines the romantic story of the career of a gallant soldier of fortune, and my old friend—Capt. Adolf Schiel.

His name has been both notorious and famous—take it as you like—on the Zululand-Transvaal frontier since the later '80s. With a band of daring Boer filibusters he participated with considerable success in the inter-tribal wars between Dinizulu Cetewayo's son, and the pretender Ushibegu, whose ride he took with such effects as to deserve the distinction for a period of having a reward placed on his head by the Imperial authorities, who rightly objected to white men assisting natives in their own quarrels.

His beautiful home, which he named Rosbach in honor of the doughty battle in which his old regiment won eternal laurels in the days of Zieten and the great King Fritz, was typical of its owner.

I remember well calling here nearly ten years ago en route to the mountain recess, where dwelt the great Magato, whom I was to interview the next day. Built on a ledge overhanging the Selat Valley ravines this white stone castellated bungalow presented a unique and most picturesque aspect. To descend to the crystal river—quite a thousand feet below—we made a wonderful walk over paths made in easy gradients, but cut through a jungle of sub-tropical forest, composed of wild banana, yellow-wood trees, covered in glorious creepers, and abounding in giant tree ferns, with natural cascades rushing down either side. There in the wilderness of the North he who has just gone from us to the better land had created an earthly paradise, in which human knowledge and Nature had combined to utmost advantage. There he ruled tens of thousands of blacks, often with iron severity, yet always, to my knowledge, equitable in his administration of justice by Transvaal or native law.

The Makatase tribes, known as Knob Kneuzen, had elected him their paramount chief, and adored him, he stowing the name of "Cetewayo" on their white ruler. The insolent Magato clans, practically at all times in a semi-rebellious attitude, feared him more than any other Boer leader, and paid their annual taxes to him when called upon, which was not the case with commissioners who succeeded him. To see Schiel at his best in those days was to watch the late Colonel approach his home in a gallop, escorted by his six sons, in ages ranging from 5 to 18, all splendidly mounted on rough Basuto ponies, born to the saddle from childhood, and followed by magnificent German mastiffs and bear hounds which breed their father loved to acclimatize in South Africa.

After Magato's death in 1896, Capt. Schiel was called to Preoria, doing good work as Inspector and Chief of Prisons. But Holland's intrigues and Boer conservatism made the carrying out of reforms extremely difficult after the raid. Just before the outbreak of hostilities I interviewed him as he was about to leave for the Natal Free State frontier to take charge of the German volunteers. He was not hopeful for the success of the Boer forces, and correctly predicted their ultimate defeat by trained troops, although he believed that successful actions would be fought as the outset. As an old soldier, however, he was enthusiastic for active service. As a burgher of over twenty years in the country he went gladly on commando to do his very best in assisting the Commandant General, Piet Joubert, with whom he had for years been on terms of intimate friendship. His military career in the war was very short. Dangerously wounded at Elandsfontein three weeks later he was captured as described by Sir Conan Doyle so vividly in his great work, and whom perhaps, I may be permitted to quote here: "After the final charge on the brow of the hill, the panting, breathless climbers were on the edge of the plateau. There were the two guns which had flashed so brightly—silent now, with a litter of dead Boer gunners around and one wounded officer standing by the trail. It was the famous Capt. Schiel, the German artilleryman."—London Daily News.

The Monocle. The eyeglass is coming into vogue again, but not as an appendage of coxcombs, but as an article of utility. Mr. Aitchison, of Fleet street, tells me that a large percentage of people are astigmatic, in other words, that both eyes do not see exactly alike, because they do not reflect images similarly, yet each may be a perfect organ when the wearing of the monocle rectifies this and relieves the nerves from eye strain, that profligate source of headaches and many other ills.—Free Lance.

USEFUL URALITE. Is Incombustible and Can Be Worked With Like Wood.

Have you ever heard of the urallite? Probably not, for it is a new invention. Yet it is well worthy of your notice, since it is superior to anything of the kind that has yet been produced. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer and chemist named Imshonetzky, and its claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is absolutely fireproof.

Uralite is composed of asbestos fiber with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and it is supplied in various finishes and colors, according to the purpose for which it is intended. In a soft form a sheet of urallite is like an asbestos board; when hard it resembles finely sawn stone and has a metallic ring. Besides being a nonconductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof (and may be made entirely so by paint), and is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke in large towns, which rapidly destroy galvanized iron.

Moreover, it can be cut by the usual carpenter's or woodworker's tools, it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color either during the process of manufacture or afterward.—Dietic and Hygienic Magazine.

Holding Death at Bay.

One often wonders, in scanning the bulletins of the physicians in attendance upon some public man struck down by mortal disease, why such heroic measures are taken to prolong life for a day or a few hours, or even a few minutes, when to all appearances no human hand can avert the final issue.

When we hear of the patient, weak and tired, asking only to be allowed to die in peace, tormented with injections of salt solution, with inhalations of oxygen, with the prick of the hypodermic needle we are tempted to ask what is the good of it—why prolong the agony of the dying man and rend the hearts of those whom he is leaving by vain efforts to stay the hand of death? Why not let the harassed soul escape in peace?

But before blaming the doctors for their seeming inhumanity one should stop a moment and hear their side. The mission of the physician is not only or chiefly to relieve suffering—it is, before all else, to save life. If death is inevitable, it is his duty to soften it so far as he may; but he has not the right, for the sake of a moment's ease to throw away the chance of averting death.

No one can gauge the vital forces. Many a time, when death seemed actually to have closed the scene, some well-directed measure has fanned the spark of life again into flame. No one knows better than the physician that while there is life there is hope, and his duty is plain to use every means at his command to maintain the action of the heart and to stimulate the nerve centers to renewed work. There is always the hope that the disease may spend its force at any moment, and so the conscientious physician must fight on. In the face of desperate odds.—Youth's Companion.

Pierpont Morgan's Personal Honor.

A certain underwriting syndicate involving a good many millions was organized on the eve of Mr. Morgan's departure for Europe, but not completed when he sailed. Upon his return he asked to see the subscription list and the balance sheets, the work of the syndicate having been completed and the books closed. As he glanced over the list, he noticed that one name which he presumed would be there was missing, and he said to his partner: "I do not see the name of _____ here." The reply was: "We were able to organize the syndicate without them, and we therefore did so."

Instantly Mr. Morgan replied: "But I promised them that they should come in."

Then, making a rapid computation of what these bankers' profits would have been had they been admitted to the syndicate, Mr. Morgan drew his company's check for the amount, which involved several hundred thousands, and sent it to them.—Everybody's.

Indian Territory Tract's Bloody Record

On the six miles between the two rivers, North and South Canadians, there have been forty-two lives lost, all being in good health at the time of their death. On this six miles of railroad and wagon road, running parallel with the railroad, seven negroes, twenty whites and thirteen Indians have been killed one way or another.

Twenty-four of these went the gun route, one committed suicide, two were killed by being run over by wagons, three by driving on the railroad right-of-way, two were killed by horses on right-of-way, a tramp was burned to death, a bridge hand met death by falling off a bridge, one, a woman, not known how she came to her death, one boy was killed by a horse.

Out of this great lot of killed only seven were killed by officers, two by Creek Indian officers, who were executed by shooting. In this lot of deaths there was no accidental shooting; they all knew that the gun was loaded and used it to kill.

THE MARY O'DONNELL

Donovan Who Won and Lost a Half Million.

WATER FRONT ROMANCE

Now He's Back at the Point Where He Started His Staten Island Ferry—"That is What is Left of My Fortune"—Rowing 'Em Across Just the Same.

Pat Donovan's life is typical of many that have lived along the waterfront of many a city.

Pat Donovan may be found seven days in the week at the end of a rotten wharf jutting out from Staten Island into New York Bay, near the little railroad station at New Brighton. He wears a sou'wester over his grizzled, age-worn face, and he is always ready to ferry all who venture on the pier across the arm of the bay to the factory-lined Jersey shore, a good mile away.

Most of his passengers are workers in the factories, who have their homes in Staten Island beyond the pall of smoke. Once in a good while, a stranger picks his way along the wharf and lowers himself into one of the aged ferryman's boats.

A minute or two later the boat glides past the half-submerged wreck of what apparently was once a fine craft of some sort. Then, as the stranger looks with curiosity at the heavily-rusted machinery, the remnants of a gilded cabin, and the crumbling pilot-house, Pat Donovan shifts his tobacco and anticipates his passenger's question.

"That," he says, with gruff cheerfulness, "is what is left of my fortune."

"Yes, sir," he continues, after letting the boat drift close up to and pass the wreck and then resuming the oars, "there's the remains of forty years' work, and here I am, a man of seventy odd, doing the same thing I did when I started out getting what's sunk back of you, sir."

"Look behind you and see what I used to own. Just about a mile of the waterfront near the railroad station. Guess I was worth pretty close to a half a million at one time, all made by working night and day along here from the day I landed from Ireland until fifteen years ago."

"Yes, sir, I started out ferrying as a youngster right here where I'm ferrying you across now. That was fifty years ago. Been ferrying ever since, too, but not in a rowboat all that time. No, sirree, I've taken 'em over in as fine a steam craft as ever carried passengers in New York Bay. And that's why I'm rowing 'em across today."

"Tell you how it was. Fifteen years ago I got tired seeing my men rowing passengers over and I thought of the property I'd managed to get hold of with my savings from year to year."

"I calculated I had several hundred thousand dollars in real estate and buildings on it, and so I said to myself: 'Pat, I reckon you've got enough money to take your customers across in a decent boat.' And I gave orders for a steam ferryboat to be built."

"She was as fine a craft as ever ploughed her way through the Bay—white sides, gold paint, and looking glasses in cabins, and a pilot house with hard wood work and brass trimmings. Lord, I was proud of her—so stuck up proud that I took her across myself the first week, and she heaved like the trim little lady she was."

"Then, one day I didn't feel like working, and I turned her over to a hired pilot—and damn me, sir, she burned to the water's edge that same day."

"Discouraged? A boatman never stops pulling in a squall. I was in love with the Mary O'Donnell, and I made up my mind to bring her up from the grave, which I did, though it cost me another \$25,000 mortgage on my property."

Pat Donovan spat reflectively over the boat's side.

"Same old story—she burned a second time, two months later. But her bones are not back yonder. They belong to Mary O'Donnell, the third, and she went like the others."

"Yes, sir, those boats burned up under my feet in less than five years, and that's why I lost my nerve for a while and then lost what property I had left after clearing off the mortgages."

"Doesn't pay to lose your nerve, does it? Well, I got mine back after a time, and set about rowing across here as I'd done before I could rub two quarters together; and here I am, still at it."

"Ever wish for my fortune back?" The steel-gray eyes twinkled. "Can't say I ever did. Ain't I doing what I did when I had the Mary O'Donnells—taking 'em across?"

"Doing something was my best pleasure then, and doing something gives me my best times now. Besides ain't I got the memory of the days when I had plenty of money and when folks called me 'Mr. Donovan,' and not plain Pat?"

"Just to think of those fine times, when I'm smoking my pipe of nights, and to know that I've tasted of 'em, is enough to keep me feeling happy now."

"Then there's the bones of the last Mary O'Donnell back there. Why, every time I row past 'em I laugh at the thought of myself strutting 'round in a uniform and bawling like mad at the deckhands and scaring the passengers half to death with my importance. Yes, sir."

"Why should I feel gloomy? Ain't I rowing 'em across just the same?"

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

I, W. W. BLACK, High Sheriff of Columbia County, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a general election will be held in the said county of Columbia, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1905 (being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month for the purpose of electing the several persons hereafter named:—

One person for State Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Three persons for Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.

One person for Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court of Columbia County.

One person for Register and Recorder of Columbia County.

One person for Treasurer of Columbia County.

One person for District Attorney of Columbia County.

Three persons for Commissioners of Columbia County.

Three persons for Auditors of Columbia County.

One person for Mine Inspector.

The qualified voters of Columbia county are hereby authorized and required to vote by ballot, written, or partly printed and partly written, for any or all of the following named persons as they see fit:

STATE TREASURER, J. Lee Plummer, Republican

WILLIAM H. BERRY, Republican

ROBERT B. RINGIER, Republican

E. J. DRUGMUND, Republican

JOHN STEWART, Republican

EDWARD KAPPLINGR, Republican

E. K. MARLEY, Republican

CHARLES E. RICE, Republican

JAMES A. BEAVER, Republican

GEORGE B. ORLADY, Republican

JOHN B. HEAD, Republican

HOMER L. CASTLE, Republican

FREDERICK L. SCHWARTZ, Republican

CORNELIUS F. POLEY, Republican

A. A. GRANT, Republican

S. R. HAGER, Republican

H. SPITAL, Republican

PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURT, W. M. Robbins, Republican

CHARLES M. TERWILLIGER, Republican

JESSE M. JOHN, Republican

REGISTER AND RECORDER, HENRY F. TRAUSS, Republican

FRANK W. MILLER, Republican

TORRENCE C. SMITH, Republican

W. L. GARRISON, Independent

COUNTY TREASURER, D. P. LEVAN, Republican

M. HARRY RHODES, Republican

DR. ISAAC L. EDWARDS, Republican

DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ALBERT W. DUY, Republican

CHRISTIAN A. SMALL, Republican

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, ELSHA RINGROSE, Republican

CHARLES L. POHE, Republican

JERRY A. HEAS, Republican

FRANK L. BELLAS, Republican

CHARLES L. SANDS, Republican

WILLIAM B. SCHUCK, Independent

COUNTY AUDITORS, JOHN H. DIMMER, Republican

CLYDE L. HIRLEMAN, Republican

HARRY B. CREESEY, Republican

WILLIAM J. BIDDLEMAN, Republican

MINE INSPECTOR, JAMES A. O'DONNELL, Republican

Henry, in said borough.

North Sugarloaf, at the public house of Jacob Steen, in 1st ward.

South Sugarloaf, at the old school house, at Cole's Green, in 2nd ward.

West Sugarloaf, 1st ward, at the Town Hall in said borough.

West Hill, 2nd ward, at Butler's Livery Stable, in said borough.

Polis shall be opened at seven o'clock a. m. and shall continue open, without interruption or adjournment, until seven o'clock p. m., when the polls will be closed.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That every person, excepting Justices of the Peace and Aldermen, Notaries Public and persons in the militia service of the State, who shall hold, or shall within two months have held, any office or appointment of profit or trust under the United States, or of this State and city, or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer, or not, shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of any city, or of any incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the Select or Common Council of any city, or Commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding, or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk, of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge, or other officer of such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of election officers.

The Justices and Judges of the election shall meet at the respective place appointed for holding the election, in the district to which they respectively belong, before seven o'clock in the morning, and each of those Inspectors shall appoint one clerk, who shall be a qualified voter of such district.

W. W. BLACK, Sheriff. Sheriff's office, Bloomsburg, Pa., Oct. 25, 1905.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, the undersigned, administratrix of Jonas Rantz, late of Benton township, deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises in Benton township on

SATURDAY, NOV. 11th, 1905, at one o'clock p. m., all that certain real estate described as follows:

Beginning at a white oak; thence by lands of Charles Ash north eighty and one-half degrees east eighty-eight and four-tenths perches to a stone; thence north forty and one-half degrees east twenty and eight-tenths perches to a maple tree; thence by land of Thomas Bellas, north one and one-half degrees west fifteen and six tenths perches to a stone; thence by land of William Appleman, north sixty-two and one-half degrees west twenty-seven and three tenths perches to a stone in public road; thence south sixty-six and three-quarter degrees west fifty-four and three tenths perches to a stone in public road; thence north twenty-eight and one-half degrees west twenty-four perches to a chestnut tree; thence south seventy and three quarter degrees west sixty-one and two-tenths perches to a stone on the east side of the aforesaid public road; thence along said public road south forty-two and one-half degrees west thirty-four perches to a stone on the west side of the road; thence by land of M. Kline south sixty-five and one-half degrees east one hundred and thirty perches to the place of beginning. Containing

SIXTY-SEVEN ACRES OF LAND.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property; the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation of sale; and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation nisi.

Possession to be given April 1st, 1906. MRS. JANET RANTZ, Administratrix. C. W. Miller, Atty.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, the undersigned, trustee of the estate of Henry C. Hartman late of the town of Bloomsburg, deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises in Bloomsburg on

SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1905, at two o'clock p. m., all that certain message, lot of ground situated in the Town of Bloomsburg County of Columbia, a-d State of Pennsylvania. Bounded on the East by lot of R. E. Hartman, on the South by Main or Second St. on the West by lot of T. L. Gunton and on the North by lot of the Y. M. C. A. being twenty-two feet more or less in width and seventy-one feet more or less in depth wherein is erected a

ONE STORY FRAME STORE BUILDING.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property; the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation of sale; and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation nisi.

C. C. PEACOCK, Trustee. A. N. Yost, Atty.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the distribution of the funds in the Sheriff's hands arising from the sale of the Real Estate of Rebecca A. Levan and Stephen Levan, deceased.

The undersigned, auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Col. Co. to make distribution of the proceeds of the sale of the real estate of the said Rebecca A. Levan and Stephen Levan to and among the parties lawfully entitled thereto, will sit at his office at No. 46 Main St. Bloomsburg, Pa. on Wednesday, November the 2nd, at ten o'clock a. m. to perform the duties of his appointment, who and where all parties interested must appear and present their claims, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, Auditor. 10-26, 41

Professional Cards.

N. U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ent's Building, Court House Square, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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FRED IKELER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office Over First National Bank, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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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.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Wells' Building over J. G. Wells' Hardware Store, Bloomsburg. Will be in Millville on Tuesdays.

H. MONTGOMERY SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office:—Ent building, over Farmers No 11-16-99

EDWARD FLYNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CENTRALIA, PA. Office Liddfoot building, Locust avenue

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