

WAIFS OF A GREAT CITY

Homes Found on Farms in the West and a New, Useful Life.

CHILDREN ARE HAPPY

85 Per Cent of Those Sent West Grow to Be Respected and Useful Citizens. While Only 25 Per Cent of Those in City Turn Out Well. Not All Homes Are Good.

While much is said about the steady influx of young men and women to the great cities, a movement which is estimated to add more than one hundred to this city's population every day, little is said of the counter current which is taking the waifs of the metropolis to good homes in the Middle West. The institution which does this work is the New-York Juvenile Asylum.

In the last fifty years the Juvenile Asylum has placed six thousand of its wards in private homes in the West, and this work is regarded by Superintendent Hillis and the directors as the most valuable that the institution performs, for it has been found that the children placed in wholesome homes in the West over 85 per cent grow to be useful and respected citizens, while of those who remain in the city only 25 per cent turn out equally well.

There are many thick volumes at the Juvenile Asylum made up of letters from youngsters who, on Western farms, are gaining a firm foothold and a new outlook upon life. Of course mistakes sometimes occur. Not all the homes are good, not all the children thankful. The asylum depends on its visitors, who inspect several times each year the condition of its wards, to discover any case of ill-treatment and to remove any one who is not properly taken care of. Last year five such instances were brought to light. Two of these sprang from a deliberate attempt to induce the wards, young men nearly eighteen years old, to desert and consequently abandon the \$50 and new suit of clothes which were due to each of them on his eighteenth birthday. The boys wrote that while they had hitherto been treated well, recently there had been a complete change. A visitor discovered the reason for their homes. In one case the farmer was compelled to pay the boy \$42, besides letting him take away \$14 which he had put in a toy bank. In the other instance the farmer paid \$24 and the sale of a pet calf formerly given to the boy brought \$36 more. A third case was that of a boy who was so badly clothed that his feet were frozen. The man who had charge of him was sued by the asylum authorities and judgment of \$50 was secured against him.

The asylum's official visitors see that the ward is well treated, but there is no sure way of seeing that the ward treats his guardian well. In the majority of cases, however, the children are anxious to please and as grateful as could be asked. Not infrequently one comes on pathetic letters as self-accusation. The following is from a fifteen-year-old girl:

"I have never regretted coming West, and I think it is the most beautiful part of the country. I can do almost all kinds of housework, except nice pastry cooking. My guardians have lived in the same house nearly thirty-eight years. I shall stay in my home after I am of age if my guardians are willing. I hope I shall get to be a better girl soon, but it seems doubtful; and I make so much trouble that I sometimes wish I had never come West. It is a trying ordeal for my guardian to keep me, and I sometimes think that I will never come to any good, but I will promise you to strive to do better. Mrs. Warren thinks I am very slovenly, and she gets out of patience with my work and my tongue. I was always left to run loose in New York, and I think I was put in the asylum."

Mrs. Warren's view of the case was not quite so black. She wrote: "Annie has improved in ability to work, and I live in hopes that she will do better as she grows older. She has a good education, and can write a very good letter, but she has a saucy tongue that is very trying to endure."

Instances of asylum boys whose names are now well known in many parts of the country are frequent. For example, in the last contest for the Illinois Governorship John J. Brown, County Judge of Vandalia County, was prominently mentioned as a candidate to run against Governor Yates. Mr. Brown was sent to Vandalia County by the asylum in 1861 and placed with William Hemminger, a prosperous farmer. Mr. Hemminger's two sons declined their father's offer to send them to college, and instead he sent young Brown. After graduating Mr. Brown studied law and became active in State politics. The rector of one of the largest churches in Brooklyn is an old asylum boy, and one of Chicago's best known lawyers declares that he got his start in life when six years old by stealing apples from a pushcart on the Bowery—a crime for which he was sent to the asylum.

Rooms to Let in Paris.

A white card on a Parisian dwelling house indicates that furnished apartments are to be let. A yellow card informs pedestrians that unfurnished rooms may be had. The object is to save passers-by the trouble of crossing the street if they chance to be on the opposite side, in case such rooms as they desire are not advertised.—Exchange.

RICH MEN OF A MONTH.

How Some Suddenly Acquired Fortunes Have Been Squandered.

The sudden acquisition of unaccustomed wealth is responsible for many strange freaks on the part of the newly enriched. Thus, a Durham collier, after inheriting the sum of \$20,000 from an uncle who had emigrated to Australia, purchased a male and female elephant from a traveling manager, had a large and gaudy carriage built, to which he harnessed them, and then drove out with his wife and children till stopped by the police. He spent his money in six months, chiefly at race meetings, and is now once more a humble collier, glad of the comparatively scanty wage that he receives each week from the clerk in the pay shed.

The case of a once popular French novelist is still remembered in Parisian literary circles. Reaping a harvest from two or three capital books that took all Paris by storm, the author purchased a palace in Italy, a villa on the Riviera, a castle in Scotland and a town house on the Champs Elysees. It seemed his ambition to possess as many residences as a prince of the blood. Although all these properties were heavily mortgaged, the smash came within a year, and the novelist, loaded with debts that he would never be able to repay, calmly disappeared, and was afterward recognized as an Arab trader and lord of many caravans plying between Harrar and Djibuti.

The novelist, who had adopted a suitable Arab name, stood high in the favor of the Emperor Menelik. Consumption cut short a career that for variety and adventure far exceeded any romance that the novelist himself had ever penned.

Another "freak capitalist" was a Spanish lady of Badajoz, who, winning \$40,000 in the Manila lottery, collected the money and set out secretly for Paris, leaving her husband and children in complete darkness as to her whereabouts.

Eight months later she returned to her home penniless, but accompanied by thirty huge trunks, the contents of which accounted for the vanished thousands.

The exploits of the late Marquis of Anglesy are paralleled and exceeded by those of the son of a wealthy Hungarian sugar refiner. The young man not only had a replica of the Roman Colosseum erected on one of his estates, but would himself descend into the arena, in imitation of the Emperors of old. Dressed as a gladiator and armed only with the short Roman thrusting sword, he would engage lions, tigers and bears in single combat, often paying as much as \$1,000 for the spectacle that furnished him and his friends with a half hour's entertainment.

The Hungarian authorities put a stop to these savage exhibitions, and while the remainder of his wealth lasted he had to content himself with an ordinary circus. He died dramatically, when on the verge of being declared a bankrupt, taking poison at the close of a farewell feast, to which he had invited his neighbors and tenants.—Tit-Bits.

A Government Pawnshop.

One thousand watches a day, one thousand wedding rings a week—that is the ordinary course of business the year round at the great pawnbroking establishments of France. The watches and wedding rings which daily make their way to the Mont de Piete are, of course, the last resource of the poorer classes, but the borrowers from this government pawnshop, with its twenty-five branches in Paris, are by no means drawn exclusively from the masses. It is indeed, the women of the upper classes who are the most reckless in their expenditure, and who are, therefore, the most exposed to sudden pecuniary difficulties. Women in society, when driven to the Mont de Piete, carry their jewels in their dainty handbags, and they encounter many a poorer sister on the way, dragging heavy sewing machines or shabby bedding across the courtyard.

Whisky Drinking in Scotland.

It is reported that the Highland Scotchman is ceasing to drink whisky. A visitor to Scotland says that the typical Highlander, as he saw him this season, takes an occasional "nip," as before, but that beer is gradually ousting usquebaugh from its supremacy. He saw many Highlanders take their "meridian"—a ceremony still religiously observed—and in the majority of cases beer was the drink. Beer as a drink for Highlanders is a new thing. In the old days claret was drunk all over Scotland. It came—smuggled as a rule—from France, and in the estuaries of the west coast a big trade was done with claret laden gabbers from the continent. After claret, whisky; and now beer.

The Japanese Parliament.

Perhaps the greatest sign of the westernization of Japan was when it formed its parliament, only sixteen years ago. The first meeting, a somewhat stormy one, took place in the winter of 1890-1. Japanese members of parliament are paid about \$80 a year as salary, in addition to traveling allowances, which they are not at liberty to refuse even if disposed to do so. The number of qualified voters in Japan amounts to little over 1 per cent. of the total population. All electors must be twenty-five years of age, and must pay fifteen yen (about \$30, in English money) direct national taxation.—Era Magazine.

MRS. STANFORD'S FAME

Wealthy but Endured Privation for Leland Stanford College.

MONUMENT TO THEIR SON

When Central Pacific Brought Suit Against Her Estate—She Sold Jewels and Works of Art, and Lived on \$100 a Month in Order the University Would Not Suffer.

A writer in "Collier's Weekly" under the caption of "A Romance of Philanthropy," reviews the work of the late Mrs. Leland Stanford and her famous husband, who died a dozen years ago. Among other things the writer says:

"In the early 80's Leland Stanford and his associates, Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins, were classed together in the public mind of California as 'soulless plutocrats' and tyrants. Stanford was nominated by the governor as Regent of the State University. The Senate, controlled the nomination. It is generally believed that but for this action there would have been no Stanford University, and eventually a great part, if not all, of the Stanford millions would have gone to the University of California.

"The Stanfords had a son whom they idolized. He seems to have been really a remarkable boy, one of those fine souls oppressed by the burden of the world. He wrote plans for the benefit of other boys and girls, and on his deathbed he begged his parents to carry them out. He died in 1884 at sixteen, leaving his father and mother crushed by a loss whose magnitude almost unsettled their minds. The world was blank to them; wealth had lost its savor, and they had no thought but to devote themselves and their fortune to the realization of their boy's wishes and to the immortalization of his name. They canonized his memory, and when the Rev. Dr. Newman in his funeral sermon compared the dead boy to Christ among the doctors, the parallel which scandalized reverent strangers seemed to the bereaved parents only a just appreciation of his merits.

"The next year the Leland Stanford, Jr. University was born. Its queer name was a touching reminder of its real founder. In its museum, as in a shrine, were displayed odd little relics of the worshipped boy—his clothes, his intimate personal belongings—incongruous little things that made casual visitors laugh. The whole university was his monument. Its welfare became the absorbing passion of Stanfords' life. A substantial endowed was deeded to it at the start, but for the bulk of its support it depended on the continued generosity of its founders. Leland Stanford was elected to the Senate, and in 1893 he died. Although it has been understood that his fortune would ultimately go to the university, the greater part of it was left unreservedly to his widow. This marked no change in the original plans. The two had worked out their ideas together, their desires were one, and Stanford knew that there was no way in which their execution could be so thoroughly assured as by leaving everything in Mrs. Stanford's unchecked control. There had been a board of trustees from the beginning, but its functions had been purely ornamental. As long as a Stanford remained at there would be no other governing body.

"The Central Pacific Railroad owed the government over \$600,000,000. For many years the corporation, under the guidance of Collis P. Huntington, attempted to evade the payment of that debt. While this contest was going on it occurred to the government that an advantage might be gained by bringing suit against the personal estates of the men who had incurred the debt, and by an inspiration of genius the estates selected for the test case was the particular one that had been devoted to public purposes. A suit for \$15,000,000 was brought against the Stanford estate, the whole property was tied up in the courts, and Mrs. Stanford was left to bear the entire expense of defending an action in which Huntington and his partners were the chief parties in interest.

"She told President Jordan that she could live on \$100 a month, as she had done before, and that the university could have all the rest. She shut up her great houses, discharged most of her servants and lived in one wing of her Palo Alto home. The professors were asked to wait for part of their salaries and did so. They were still getting more than the woman who furnished their money. The university scraped along. Mrs. Stanford sold some personal effects of her own to meet this deficit, and prepared to sell her valuable jewels and works of art. At last the suit was decided in her favor, and times became easier.

"Thus one of the richest women in the world voluntarily reduced herself to the position of a person of modest means. But in doing so she won a distinction all her own. There are plenty of rich women, but there is none, or any man either, who has liberally given others a fortune comparable with that sacrificed by Mrs. Stanford."

Eastern capitalists are preparing to construct an electric line which will traverse the entire Grand Valley, which is one of the most important agricultural and horticultural districts in Colorado. The line will carry both passengers and freight.

The Chesapeake, famous for her encounter with the British ship Shannon, in the war of 1812, is still in existence.

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN GUIDES.

Three at Present Follow this Calling in the Maine Woods.

First the Indians, then the white pioneers and their descendants hunted the deer and moose, the bears and the bobcats of the Maine woods, and in recent years have come thousands of sportsmen from other States, while now, with Pullman cars running to the very edge of the forests, women have joined the chase for big game. It is no uncommon thing to see, in the lists of lucky hunters, the names of Mrs. So-and-So or Miss So-and-So as having killed a deer, a couple of deer, or even a big bull moose. With the coming of the modern Dianas, with their short corduroy skirts and repeating rifles, the woman guide has appeared, and that she is a most useful and valuable aid in the now fashionable sport of big game hunting is shown by the fact that the three women guides of Maine are in constant demand at pay equal to or better than that received by the 1,797 male guides who make a living by piloting city sportsmen to success.

There are only three women who make a business of guiding now, but the number is bound to increase, for the demand for their services is great, and there are hundreds of women in the backwoods of Maine who are well equipped in every way for this sort of service. These women, reared in the woods, know every lake and stream, and every forest path and woodland trail, as well as their husbands and their brothers. They have been from childhood schooled in the use of the rifle, rod and paddle, and their practical knowledge of fishing and hunting is as complete, their skill and courage as great as long experience and the spirit of the Northern pioneers can make them.

The first woman to attain prominence as a hunter and guide in Maine is Miss Cornelia T. Crosby, of Phillips, Franklin County, who is known to sportsmen all over the country who have seen her skill tried in the woods and on the trout streams, while to many others she is known through her connection with sportsmen's exhibitions in the large cities, and through her writings over the nom de plume of "Fly Rod." In early childhood Miss Crosby whipped the trout pools of Franklin County with a success that excited the envy of city anglers with costly tackle, and later she won at the Rangeleys and elsewhere such success with the square tailed trout and the big landlocked salmon as to arouse the admiration of men who thought they knew the whole book of fishing.

When the railroads found their way into the Rangeleys and to other sequestered spots in the sportsman's paradise of Maine, "Fly Rod" began to find money where before she had merely enjoyed sport. She was employed to point out good places to fish and to tell newcomers and green anglers how to make and cast a fly. In a canoe she was always perfectly at home, and the way she would send her birch or canvas boat through the rough and quick waters would win approval from a Penobscot Indian. Tall and straight as a pine tree, strong and athletic from constant development of a fine constitution by a love of door sports, "Fly Rod" is a marvel of physical endurance, and she is a very bright woman as well.

When it comes to shooting Miss Crosby is almost as expert as she is with the rod and line, and it is said she is the only woman who ever killed a caribou in Maine. The deer she has killed are without number; those she has pointed out for other people to kill would stock a forest, and she has not been without luck in knocking over bull moose, the king game of the forest.

Over in the Dead River country every one knows how to shoot and fish—for shooting and fishing, next to logging, are principal industries of that far backwoods region. Miss Ethel Harlow, a bright and pretty young woman now in her twenties, has always had the reputation among the Dead River people of being a smart girl. She has none of the appearance of a backwoods woman, and while fond of fishing and hunting, which take the place of golf and bicycling on Dead River, she is not at all lacking in the various refinements common to other young women. Before she was out of short skirts she could paddle a canoe, shoot true with a rifle and cast a fly as skillfully as any boy in her neighborhood. With advancing years her skill in these sports increased, and finally when the registered guide system was introduced she applied for registration and received a license.

She is quick and sure with the rifle, and has killed more game of all kinds than most male hunters ever saw, while in all the arts of woodcraft she is an adept.

Mrs. J. S. Freese, of Riverton, Argyle, takes a back seat for no man on the Penobscot River when it comes to paddling a canoe, catching a trout or salmon, bringing down a partridge on the wing or getting all the big game the law allows. More than that, she can do, with great skill, what few of the men can do—she can tan the skins of all the deer and moose that she or her party may kill.

Strong and old with the knowledge of an active woodsman and the skill of a veteran hunter. Mrs. Freese goes through these campaigns much as the ordinary woman would a shopping trip, getting as much enjoyment out of it as any of the party, and also more money than most men in the woods can earn.—New York Times.

An electrician is always posted on current topics.

WEIGHT OF A PIECE OF ICE.

How It May Be Easily Determined by Measurements.

"Humph! It doesn't look as if there were 25 pounds in that piece," exclaimed a housewife on the fourth floor of a Harlem flathouse, the other day, as she pulled a dripping piece of ice from the dumbwaiter into her apron.

"It doesn't feel as if it weighed that much either. A person's right in the grip of these ice-men. If that's the way 'trusts,' as my husband calls 'em, do business, I say the men ought to make some laws that would stop the trusts."

"I tell the ice-man that I don't think he is giving me what I order, and he says, 'Well, madam, if you don't think you are getting what you order, why weigh it yourself.' He knows as well as I do that I haven't any scales that I can weigh ice with. Most people don't have 'em, and that's the way he gets around 'em."

This, doubtless is the colloquy of many, now that the ice-man is again making his daily rounds. It is not necessary to have a pair of scales to determine if the piece of ice served is the amount ordered or not.

For the convenience of those who would like to fasten on the side of their refrigerator a table of the dimensions of a number of different shaped pieces of ice of the weights which are ordinarily sold this year at retail for 5 and 10 cents—15 pounds and 30 pounds, the following is given, the first figure in each case being the thickness of the cake of ice:

15-pound piece	30-pound piece
5x11x9 1/4 inches	5x11x9 1/4 inches
8x8x6 1/4 inches	10x11x8 1/4 inches
10x8x6 1/4 inches	10x11x7 1/4 inches
11x7x6 inches	12x11x7 inches
12x6x6 1/4 inches	12x11x7 inches
12x6x5 1/4 inches	13x11x6 1/4 inches
14x6x5 1/4 inches	14x11x6 inches

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 messuage, 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 the Y. M. C. A. being twenty-two feet more or less in width and seventy-one feet more or less in depth, whereon 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. PRACKOCK, Trustee.

A. N. Yost, Atty.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the distribution of the funds in the Sheriff's bonds 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 legally entitled thereto, will sit at his office at No. 46 Main St. Bloomsburg, Pa. on Wednesday, November 16, 2nd, at ten o'clock A. M. to perform the duties of his appointment, when 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.

10-28, 4t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Margaret Stewart, late of Cleveland township, deceased.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia County to pass upon exceptions filed to the account of Charles C. Stewart, administrator of said estate, and also to the account of Charles C. Stewart, guardian, will sit to perform the duties of his appointment at his office in Bloomsburg, Pa. on Thursday, November 23rd 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M. when and where all persons interested in said estate should appear and present their claims.

ANDREW L. FRITZ, Auditor.

11-24t

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Estate of W. H. Purman, late of the town of Bloomsburg, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of W. H. Purman, late of the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Wardie Keller Purman, resident of said town of Bloomsburg, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

WARDIE KELLER PURMAN, Executrix.

JOHN G. HARMAN, Attorney.

10-12 6t

Professional Cards.

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A. L. FRITZ,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office—Bloomsburg Nat'l Bank Bldg., 2d floor
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WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in Wells' Building over J. G.
Wells' Hardware Store, Bloomsburg,
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