

The Columbian.

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NO 1.

ADDING NEW ACCOUNTS

AT THE Farmers National Bank.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$150,000.

We are constantly adding new accounts and our business is increasing at a very satisfactory rate. If you have not already opened an account with us, we invite you to do so now.

3 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

In Point of Business Success and Financial Strength this Bank Occupies Front Rank.

C. M. CREVELING, PRES. M. MILLEISEN, CASHIER.

Hector

By Edward Ostrom, Jr.

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"Cling! cling!" said the fire-bell with her silver voice. "Cling! cling! cling! There's a fire not far away!—and the roof of the building is falling in!—and the smoke is pouring out of the windows!—and it'll be all up with the women and children if you don't hurry up! Cling! cling! cling! cling!"

Hector strode out of his stall with a loud snort; a towering giant of a black horse, with fire in his eyes, and fire in his nostrils, and fire under his hoofs as he stepped. Tossing his head contemptuously, he took his place of honor between the poles of the engine, the other horses falling quickly in on either side of him, looking like ponies in comparison with their big leader. All were harnessed ready to go, before a label could have burned off a gasoline can. No. 10 was hissing spitefully, and Skinny, the driver, was settling himself comfortably upon the box. Hector, however, had been pawing the ground.

"Get up, Hee," said Skinny; "do you think this is a funeral?"

Hector tossed his giant head again, and pulled the engine and the other horses playfully out upon the street.

"All together now," said Skinny persuasively, as he shook out the long reins.

And with that they were off and away, with a wild clatter and ringing, up the long, crowded, startled thoroughfare.

Back of Skinny the men who a few minutes before had been peacefully pulling at their corn-cob pipes and swapping stories with their friends, the boys of the neighborhood, were clinging with desperation to the poles of the roaring engine and hose-cart as they rushed down the crowded street, rocking around sharp corners and winding an intricate path to the scene of their duty.

"I wonder what's the matter with Skinny to-day," said Bill Hoffman as he jammed his helmet tighter on his head. "He's driving wide everywhere—acts as though he was scared of something."

"Oh, you never can tell about Skinny," replied his companion. "He's the craziest kid on the works. Some days he drives as if there was a baby under the wheels all the time. Then again he's clippin' them Elevated pillars by fractions of an inch."

Feet braced against the foot-board, snowy hands straining with all their power against the excited horses, head bare to the rushing wind, eyes set to the front, never wavering, face stern with the responsibility that rests upon the man who is guiding a brazen comet through city streets with eager spectators—this was Skinny.

"Looks like a soldier charging the enemy," said one man half to himself.

"You're right, sir, he is a soldier; but with those fellows death is all in the day's work," and his neighbor turned again as the battalion chief whirled clanging by in his buggy in the wake of the dying engine.

But with Skinny on the driver's seat it was different to-day. To the outsider Skinny was the same intrepid keen-eyed driver who loves to show his daring and skill and devotion to duty. Even his comrades at the fire-house had noticed no marked difference for he had always been an errand and made few intimate friends.

Hector was the only one to whom he had given all his heart and all his confidence.

"Ter safe if ye tell yer secrets to a horse," he often said, and then he had half laughed.

But the men knew that Hector was more to Skinny than a child would be to some men, and they respected him for it even if they joked with

him about it.

And to-day with Skinny was different. A sense of calamity had been with him since morning, intangible, undefinable.

"Somethin's going to happen, old boy," he had murmured to Hector when he went to his big horse's stall in the morning.

Hector had sniffed at the back of Skinny's head while he poured out the oats, but had vouchsafed no answer. He was hungry for the oats and pawed impatiently at the floor.

"Somethin's sure goin' to happen," he said later and Hector had turned and whinned to him while he polished the buckles and joints of his horse's harness.

"I feel just the way Johnny Burns did the day before that piano factory fell on him. Gee, I hope I ain't goin' to lose my nerve—or my horse," thought Skinny.

The alarm had come as a welcome relief from this gloomy foreboding.

Once on the seat Skinny was himself again—almost, but as he threaded his way down the long street he found himself going over in memory the days since he and Hector had gone into the department.

Then had come the other incidents of their life together—the big apartment house fire when, with all the windows spitting fire and smoke, Skinny had crawled slowly up the front of the building with his scaling ladder and brought down the old woman and her two little granddaughters. The next day the papers flamed with accounts of his heroism.

Skinny was made the driver of the engine after that—the promotion he had always secretly longed for. How he and Hector could work together! No one else could manage the fiery animal so well and skillfully. There was the bond of friendship—of love between them. They understood each other.

Hector it was after the long run to the car-barn fire last winter when the snow was deep in the side streets and the water frozen in glaciers over the pavements and walls that seemed to know instinctively the peril of the tottering wall and communicated his fears to Skinny.

The pulsating, throbbing engine had been dragged away only a moment before the street was filled with a ruin of fallen and smoking brick.

Hector again responding to the firm but delicate guidance of his friend, had by his enormous strength alone swerved the engine from its course and barely clear of a big eight-seater automobile filled with white-faced, frightened tourists. Skinny had grinned at them as he passed, but he knew only too well that it was Hector alone that had saved a half dozen lives, including probably his own.

Do you wonder that he loved his fine big horse! Through all the best part of his life they had gone together—friends, sharing dangers, comforts and pleasures.

Out of his dream came Skinny with a shock. Round the last corner at the foot of the hill they dashed at reckless speed. The blue-coated policeman sprang out from the curb and shouted down the avenue to clear the way.

The whole street shrank out of the way, except one little baby girl with dazed eyes. Skinny stood up to the reins like a madman, his foot jammed on the brake.

"Whoa, Hector, you devil! whoa!" he cried hoarsely.

The great horse gaped with pain of the bit; and tried to hold back on his haunches. Plunger staggered on his left, but he held him up for several yards; then Bolter stumbled to his knees, Plunger went under the marching wheels, and the engine came to a stop. It was all over as quick as a kiss—Plunger lay quivering with a broken back; Bolter was stone dead, his skull crushed in like an apple by Hector's terrible hoof; Hector himself, panting and sweating, stood bravely quiet with his knees shamed to the bone. And the tiny girl who a moment before had been smiling and happy—was safe on the sidewalk, her small face hidden in her frock, sobbing she scarce knew why.

COMPTROLLER'S CALL. REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Bloomsburg National Bank

At the Close of Business December 31, 1907.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and Investments	\$536,406.50	Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	8,000.00	Surplus and Profits	47,377.40
Cash and Reserve	118,006.72	Circulation	100,000.00
		Due Banks	6,280.33
		Individual Deposits	408,755.49
	\$662,413.22		\$662,413.22

3 Per Cent. Interest Allowed on Savings Deposits

WE RESPECTFULLY SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

Wm. H. HIDLAY, Cashier.

A. Z. SCHOCH, President.

Then Hector took the engine up the hill alone. His veins stood out so painfully beneath the strain, however—the sweat poured over his muscular flanks thickly, and the panting of his huge sides was so terrible to hear—that it seemed to poor Skinny as if his favorite, too, must kill himself before they reached the top. But the smell of the fire came to Hector, and he lifted his weary feet into a canter. The horses soon stretched with a familiar quivering on every hand and the firemen were running ahead of him with their bright axes. He was there in the thick of it at last—the red blood dripping from his nostrils.

"I want to take my horse home, sir," said Skinny to the Chief, touching his hat.

"Why?"

Skinny explained his misfortune in short sentences.

"I might better killed the kid than that horse," he added sadly.

"Take him home, lad," said the Chief, wiping the smoke from his eyes. "I'll send someone up with your engine."

So Skinny took Hector by the bridle, and led him gently all the long way down the hill, sympathizing with him tenderly, and patting his soft nose as they went. Poor Hector could scarcely drag one hoof behind the other. At the foot of the hill the little girl, with screams of laughter, was tearing the yellow wing from a butterfly.

"Oh, poor horse!" she cried, as Hector limped past with bleeding knees. But Skinny turned away his face and swore.

Upon reaching home, Hector gave a snort that was half a groan, and walking unsteadily into his own stall, leaned up against the side; and the boards cried out beneath his weight, and the stanchions shifted their feet unwillingly. Some oats were in the manger, wet and fragrant, though Hector cared not even to sniff at them, but let his huge head, a mountain in itself, droop lower and lower down.

"Poor old cuss," whispered Skinny, kissing the horse's nose furtively. "I hope to God yer ain't busted!"

The man came slowly out of the stall; and the big horse lay heavily down and closed his eyes.

"Hector's busted," said Skinny, trying to explain the sorry situation in a business-like voice to the green hand who had been left on watch.

The latter tip-toed over to Hector's stall, and peered in mutely. Hector paid no attention to him. Skinny threw two blankets over the prostrate horse, and slid another rolled up for a pillow under his head. The flies were buzzing lazily over the fragrant oats.

Skinny, who seized every chance to swear at the green hand, phoned for a veterinarian, and then stamped about like a baited bull, cursing the long delay. When the surgeon at last arrived with his little satchel, and looked at poor Hector with his cold, unsympathetic eyes, he pursed up his lips hopelessly, and shook his old bald head.

"He's pretty bad, ain't he?" blurted Skinny. "Oh, yes, I knew it—I felt sure from the first there wasn't no hope—oh, yes, I give him up clear from the start—"

Skinny's shoestring came untied as he spoke, and he was a long time fixing it. The veterinarian, meanwhile, explained with obvious satisfaction that Hector had had a serious hemorrhage, and might even then be bleeding slowly to death inside.

"Keep him quiet," he said warningly.

But Hector showed no disposition to move, lying wearily, with closed eyes and heavy breathing, oblivious to all that went around him. Even toward evening when No. 10, grimy and unkempt, in tow of two strange horses came rambling up to the door, he did not offer to raise his head. He did not lift his heavy eyelids when the clumsy newcomers staggered and stamped on the slippery concrete, in their violent straining to accomplish what he could have done alone. He did not prick up his ears when the wondering men drew near, and staring at him in open pity,

called "Hector!" softly with their well-known voices; and even when his good friend Scraggs, the spaghetti-covered dog mascot, blundered crab-fashion into the stall and sniffed noisily with tickley whiskers at the ice bandages, he gave no sign of life. Nothing seemed to affect him. So the men on tiptoe went soberly about their work of cleaning up; the flies continued to buzz undisturbed in Hector's manger; and Skinny, with blind eyes, made a mournful pretence of refurbishing up the harness.

Suddenly, however, a strange thing happened. It was not that the alarm began to ring with its clear, glass-like note of warning—for that was a common, almost hourly occurrence—but there came a noise of a terrible effort from Hector's stall. Awakened at last by the familiar bell, the great horse seemed to be struggling to answer the summons. The straw flew furiously in all directions. The partition wall of the stall kicked loose by the mighty iron shoes, sealed over the concrete floor like a square of pasteboard. Hector, arising with a mighty groan, came forth.

"Whoa, boy! whoa. Hee, old man!" cried Skinny, running to his head.

But Hector staggered against Skinny, who rebounded backward against the tiled wall; then the horse came blundering forward, scattering fire with an unsteady tread. Disregarding the blindness of his eyes and the weakness of his knees, giant Hector took his accustomed place of honor between the poles of the engine. But no one came to fasten his harness; though he stretched out his neck for the collar, no collar was lowered upon it; and though he opened his mouth for the bit, no bit was placed between his teeth. Tottering then from side to side, the red blood pouring from his nostrils, he reared up ready to fight it out, and pawed the air with his terrible hoofs, falling at last, baffled but not conquered, upon the oaken pole of the engine, which snapped beneath his weight with a deafening crack; but it was a useless precaution, for Hector lay on the floor like a stone.

The men stepped forward and stared in silent wonder at the great quiet body, which nearly reached from the brass pole on their right to the brass pole on their left. The strange horses in the dim light of their stalls, stood spectrally gazing out with outstretched necks and pricked up ears; Scraggs crouched in a shivering heap in the desolate stall, where the flies were buzzing, buzzing their mournful tune.

At last Skinny came limping forward, and knelt stiffly by the silent head.

"Hector's gone," he said presently, in a smothered voice.

Paper-Hanging Machine.

A paper-hanging machine is the latest achievement, according to Wisconsin Fer Allie. The arrangement used for this purpose is provided with a rod upon which the roll of paper is placed. A paste receptacle with a brushing arrangement is attached in such a manner that the paste is applied automatically on the back of the paper. The end of the wall paper is fixed at the bottom of the wall and the implement rises on the wall, and only needs to be set by one workman. While the wall paper unrolls and, provided with paste, is held against the wall an elastic roller follows on the outside and presses it firmly in place. When the wall paper reaches the top the workman pulls a cord, whereby it is cut off from the remainder of the roll.

There is a blowing well near Raymondville, Texas County, Mo. This well, which is on a hill, was drilled in 1899 to a depth of 187 feet. Soft water was struck at the bottom and rose seven feet in the well. In a dry time, especially in the winter, the well becomes dry. In drilling it a cave three feet high was struck at a depth of 100 feet. When the well is dry, if there is a long prevailing wind from the north, a current of air rushes from the pipe strong enough to blow the cap from the tubing.

EXTRA TROUSERS

As a rule Trousers beat the Coat and Vest to a finish by several months.

Perhaps a pair of our handsome Trousers would bridge over the gap that lies between now and Spring Suit time.

Our Trousers are made by experts in Trousers making. It takes experts to make Trousers well.

Trousers of correct Fall cut from neat patterns of Worsteds, Cheviots and Cassimeres. Trousers at \$2, at \$3, at \$4, at \$5 up to \$6.

We've Trousers of all sizes and proportions. The extra Large Man—the Short Stout Man—the Tall, Slim Man—all can be fitted perfectly.

BEN GIDDING

Clothier, Hatter and Haberdasher.
Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg.

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

"MAUD MULLER."

A clergyman, who wishes his name withheld, after seeing the production of "Maud Muller" wrote to a friend as follows: "Maud Muller" caused a flood of reminiscent memories, sweet as a peaceful dream. It took me back to the good wholesome plays which the present young generation of theatre-goers know too little of, the plays on which we built an early devotion to the stage. Those were the times when Effie Ellsler played "Hazel Kirke," Minnie Maddern played "Caprice," and when Lotta and Maggie Mitchell caused honest tears to flow like April showers through happy smiles—in the dear childhood's days of play-going, before those harrowing offspring of the "advanced" drama which are showing youngsters nowadays the forbidden side of life. I call "Maud Muller" a model play, inasmuch as it provides four acts of most dramatic material relieved by abundant humor. It is as harmless as a child's primer and its story is told without the commission of a crime. It leaves no bad flavor, no bitterness, no thought of the morbid conditions of life. Yet it is as thrilling at times as anything Sardou has given the stage. A play that merits from fifteen to twenty curtain calls must be one to stir the emotions to their depths, and that is what this play did last night." Grand Opera House, Saturday, Jan. 4th.

Lippincott's—A Magazine of Quality.

So many fine stories are being published in these days of keen editorial competition and high prices, that one must be of exceptional merit to stand out above its fellows and attract the undivided attention of the reading public. Such a story, however, is "The Duchess of Dreams," Edith Macvane's latest novel, which is published complete in the January Lippincott's. Miss Macvane has at least temporarily abandoned *la belle France* as the locale of her stories, for the scenes of her new one are laid in America, at Newport. The plot of "The Duchess of Dreams" is daring in its conception. A

wealthy woman who has not succeeded in penetrating the innermost social circles hopes to do so through the advent of a Russian grand duchess who has promised to visit her. At the last moment the lady's cherished plans are upset by the arrival of word that her social lioness cannot come; and on the spur of the moment she makes use of the histrionic ability of a young woman whom she gets to impersonate the grand duchess.

The deception is discovered by a Hungarian prince, who seeks to turn it to his own advantage. The complications which ensue are many and surprising. The characters are realistically drawn, especially that of the pseudo grand duchess and her stalwart young diplomatic lover. The novel is by all odds the best work this gifted young writer has done.

Among the shorter stories, Richard Le Gallienne's contribution, "Omar in Central Park," commands attention both for its quaint humor and its novelty of theme. "The First Indorsement," by Leila Burton Wells, is a strongly dramatic story of army life in the Philippines. "Nursing an Oil Deal," by Charles U. Becker, is a farcical tale of a boom town, and "The Fortunes of Splinter," by D. M. Henderson, Jr., gives a very funny account of the primitive way of dispensing justice in a frontier community.

"A Vision of Cold," a sketch by Rupert Hughes, is a remarkable bit of word painting, and deserves to take its place among the classics. Another of Dr. George Lincoln Walton's noteworthy and helpful series of articles on "Worry and Allied Mental States," also appears in this issue, the subject treated this time being "Hypochondria." The department "Ways of the Hour" contains the following brief but forceful papers: "A New Year's Thought," by Philip Becker Goetz; "Legislative Pay," by Rene Bache; "The Future of Cuba," by "An English Resident"; and "Esperanto," by Ellis O. Jones.

It's all right to tell a girl she is sweet enough to eat, but it is better to tell her she is hungry enough to eat and then take her out to supper.