There Used to Be an Inquest Every Monday Morning.

### BAD MEN NOW EXTINCT

The Industrial Invasion Has Swept the Six-Shooters Aside and Acts of Lawlessness Now Rarely Take Place-Cowbey Hats and "Chaps" Even Have Been Abandoned.

Peace, sweet peace, has settled down upon the lower Rio Grande region. In this section. which in former days was the hotbed of Mexican revolutionists and American smugglers and the rendezyous of desperate Mexican and Amertean thieving cutthroats, the industrial invasion has swept the sixshooters aside and acts of lawlessness now rarely take place. one is better able to appreciate these changed conditions, says a Hidalgo correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, than John Closner, for the last sixteen years sheriff of Hidelgo county and for four years before his election as Sheriff a deputy

For twenty years Sheriff Closner has been in close touch with the criminal element of the lower border. The building of a railroad into this section two years ago caused an exodus of the bad men, and since that time there have been but two terms of court held in this county. There has not been a criminal case on the court docket for more than a year. Alfalfa fields and irrigated farms now cover the region which was formerly a cactus covered desert and the hiding place for bandits.

"I remember one summer a few years ago," said Mr. Closner, "when there was an inquest every Monday morning for eleven consecutive weeks The inquests were not the results sults of accidents, although the verdict the jurors brought in when they met in the justice of the peace's office may have been to that effect. There hasn't been a killing for four or five years, and not an atroclous murder for many years."

Closner does not look like a person one would expect in a man who had been a sheriff on the border for sixteen years. Being Sheriff of Hidalgo county these days is only incidental with managing a large sugar plantation and looking after the care of 375 acres of alfalfa. The cowboy hat and chaps have been abandoned in Hidalgo county. The Sheriff of Hidalgo would be mistaken for a bank cashier or man of busiress.

"No, I never killed a man in my said Closner. "There was once, in 1892, I think it was, when It came nearly to the place where I had to kill or get killed. It was when Pancho Garcia and his band of Mexican outlaws were stealing and terrorizing along the American bor-Several men had been killed by the reckless bandit. We learned where he made visits to a Mexican woman's house, and on a certain night when he was expected, I had two men stationed in the house where the woman lived. That same night Garcia and one companion held up and robbed a party of seven persons and tied them to mesquite trees. The travellers were relieved of their valuables and the horses were stripped of their saddles and bridles.

"'We don't want to hurt you," Garcia said to them. 'All we want is what you've got, but there is one thing we are going to do. We are going to Hidalgo and kill the Sheriff and his deputy and the woman who has given us away.'

"Leaving the men tied Garcia and his companion went to the house where he had visited the woman. When he knocked at the door he was covered with a gun from a window and commanded to surrender. Replying that he never surrendered he started to run. Closner's deputies filled him with buckshot, killing him instantly.

"Pancho Garcia is the same bandit who made an appointment with the chief of police of Reynosa, just across the border one day to meet him in a lane not far out from the town. With a dozen picked men he went to the appointed spot. Garcia soon appeared, walked toward them, fired several times, wounded the chief of police and two of his men and got away before the officers ever got a shot at him.

"It may have been the same bandit who killed a tenderfoot. It seemed that a pedler in travelling through that part of the country had made the acquantance of the band, had learned of its methods and indignantly said he intended presenting what evidence he had before a Grand Jury. The pedler was taken out and literally cut to pieces and burned."

### Alcohol.

There is no such thing as alcoho! to be found in what may be called normal nature. Alcohol is the result of "fermented" (or rotted) nature. The possibilities of alcohol exist in a thousand things but men go not get drunk on "possibilities." They get drunk on the actual alcohol which they get from rotting the sweet and wholesome nature that God made.

BURMESE DOCTORS' SECRETS.

Cares for Cobes Bite and for Hydrophobia They Will Not Divulge.

Every one knows, of course, that the bite of the Indian cobra is fatal. But what Europeans do not actually know is whether or not the ustives of India really possess the cures they claim to have both for cobrabite and for hydrophobia.

A few years ago an Indian civilian in Burmah strolled out with his gun in the evening. When scarcely a hundred yards from the zayat or shelter in which he was camping S- was bitten in the leg by a cobra, which he promptly shot. He at once returned to the zayat and scrawled a pencil note to be carried by his orderly to his chief, the Deputy Commissioner, and then resigned himself to the attention of a couple of Burmese medicine men who happened to be passing the night there and to the death which he accepted as absolutely inevitable. Meantime his superior officer proceeded direct to headquarters on receipt of the news to seal up the unfortunate man's effects, after which he set out for the zayat to see to the burial of his subordinate.

On the road he met the "dead man" comfortably jogging along toward headquarters quite recovered. The Burmese medicine men had scarffled the wound and rubbed a certain paste into it. They had also given the patient certain infusions to drink and had cured him. Nothing. however, would induce them to give away the secret.

Our own medicine men have many cures of hydrophobia to their credit. but cures of cobra bites are almost unknown. An English officer in the Shan States kept a number of dogs, one of which recently went mad and bit one of the Sahib's servants. The station was an isolated one. The services of a Shan doctor was called in and the servant, after passing through all the stages of the terrible disease, was absolutely and completely cured by the Shan doctor.

The English officer offered 1,000 rupees for the secret of the treatment used, and to a han this would. of course, be a large sum of money. But the secret was never divulged.

### Hardly Negotiable

Stories have been told of buttons tacks, and various extraneous substances found in contribution-boxes. but it is seldom that a church member strikes a blow so severe as was that delivered by Amos Budd of Potterville on one occasion.

It was at the close of a missionary sermon that Mr. Budd, whose wont it was to contribute ten cents to each of the charities to the support of which the church subscribed, was seen to take a blue slip from his pocket and look at it keenly and affectionately.

When after a slight but evident hesitation, he dropped the slip carefully folded, into the box, Deacon Lane, who was passing it, could hardly refrain from an exclamtion of joy.

"The Lord will bless you, Brother Budd," he said, when the sermon was over, hurrying down the aisle to overtake the prosperous grocer.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Budd, dryly, "but I'm afraid you cal'late on that being a check I dropped in the box. It wasn't. 'Twas a receipted bill for kerosene the church owed me last year, and it had been overlooked. Of course it's just the same as money, though, when you come to

### Standard Oil in China.

The following translation of the advertisement of a Standard Oil lamp in China, will prove amusing: If you wish happiness, long life,

comfort, health and peace, you must live surrounded by brightness. To live in brightness you must use a "Mei-Fu" hong lamp (which is made on scientific principles) and burns real "Met-Fu" oil. By using this small lamp and burning the best oil, the light given will be so bright that it will be like day. This will undoubtedly mean a great advantage. If your children are studying at night then they will be able to do so in comfort, and will take more interest in their studies.

Some may say, "If we buy this lamp and the chimney becomes broken we shall not be able to get a new We therefore wish to say one." that the Standard Oil Company, at every port will have supplies of chimneys to be sent to every city and town for sale. The Standard Oil Company has fixed the price at which shops may sell-each lamp, including chimney and wick, to be sold for not more than seventeen Mexican cents.

### Earth and Ocean.

The superficial area of the globe is about one hundred and ninetyseven millions of square miles, some three-quarters of which, about one hundred and forty millions of square miles, is covered by sea. The average depth of this enormous extent of sea (reckoning in the various gulfs and bays) is about two thousand fathoms. The greatest depth is in the North Pacific Ocean, 4,575 fathems, not quite five and a quarter

### Impossible.

It is difficult to understand how the young man with the turned up trousers and the striped hat band can be as foolish as he looks.

### Poetry Worth Reading.

The Stamped

A forked flash of lightning, the bawling of a cleer, Yen thousand needs are frund'ring

across the prairie sear; And dust clouds hang dun colored against the rain clouds drear.

The great horns clash like sabres, as heans are tossed on high; The dusty desert trembles as the herd goes roaring by With in the lead a cowboy who feareth not to die.

Now jaws are dripping slaver, and nostrils red with gore, But stackened are the hoo! beats; he cheers who rides bet sre;

The herd will soon be milling-the run will soon be o'er. Put now the pony stumbles where

dangers ever lurk. And in the day's faint dawning a form rests in the murk; another faithful servant who gave

all to his work!

New York City: An Impression. Modern epic of restless Occident life; Symphony of revelry and strife; Portrait of a vigorous young face, Marked by the impress of each hu-

man race-, Thy traffic machine reses nor day nor night,

A maker of questions with each hour's flight. Thy passionate throbbing heart is

never still; Thou whippest the heels of Time up eternity's hill.

E. K. B.

The Spy. This is the silent fortress of her

heart: I came unbidden and the gate's aiar How was it I, who'd never played

the part. In Love's disguise could penetrate so far?

Repentance grips me as I steal away;

Oh. 'tis a very dastard's game I've played! Better, a traitor to my cause, to stay and live forever the sweet masquer-

The Sea's Call. The heave of a deck and a wide blue

track.

That rises to meet the sky, The belching of smoke from her funnels black, And spray that is leaping high.

The edge of the world that looms A half moon, ghostly, white-

The sait sea smell and the bright Pole star. And the winds of a tropic night.

A sky with the storm clouds bending

And her bow with a coat of fleck-The waves, foam capped, that break

The spume on her slanting deck. The glare in the hold when the stokers feed,

A cheer from her lusty crew; A cry from the old man. "Give her speed!"---And the beat of her throbbing screw.

Oh, these are the things, the ocean's

That creep in a sailor's veins-Aye, steal in his heart and soul as

sure As the sunlight follows rains. And I am one of the deep sea's

brood. A child that has gone astray, Eut I hear her call, and she's under-

stood-And I shall return some day!

### Freda.

Life doesn't seem the same to us Since Freda went away. We talk about it every night And also every day.

The kitchen seems a cheerless place; We hate to turn the knot And look into that lonesome waste, Since Freda yoomped her yob.

We miss our Freda dreadfully, In fact for her we pine. Her English was distressing, but Her breakfast rolls were fine.

And now we sit and think of her, And in our throats a sob Of sorrow rises at the thought That Freda yoomped her yob.

She won't come back. She's married now. She thinks she's better off.

Perhaps she is—at any rate, It does no good to scoff But every time we think of her Our sad hearts give a throb. It makes a difference in our house Since Freda yoomped her yob.

The Seventh Hell-Al Hawiyet. Weary the lot of those who sit In the High Places of the earth; Of those who blow on knots, that it May cross the moment of man's

But wearier still the Hypocrite.

For him the Hosts of Eblis tread Through Al Hawiyat, and his cant By Mordad shall be weighed and read.

Unto the measure of an ant; Of fire and blood shall be his bed.

Deep in the Seventh Hell lies he; And bitter fruit shall be his fare. From Al Zakkum, the devil's Tree; Dijinni shall gibe at his despair, And Tacwins mock his agony.

### "The Philadelphia Record" Actively Supports Bryan



known, even among its contemporaries, as "Record style." A proper sense of perspective dictates its thorough presentation of happenings in its own immediate field—Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. Its editorial treatment of the questions of the day is at once well-balanced and aggressive. The Philadelphia Record" exploits no fads and rides no hobbles, but it is preeminent in its special departments. It is the recognized authority in the field of sports and the turf. Farmers and shippers swear by its market reports, which be the principal topic of discussion

topic of discussion wherever men congregate until the claims of the rival candidates shall be settled at the battot-box in November. It goes without saying that accurate information of all the important moves on the campaign chess-board will be indispensable to every wide-awake voter.

Democrats turn naturally to "The Phil-lelphia Record" for such information. It is the only Democratic newspaper in Phil adelphia recognized the country over as one of the leading exponents of Demo-cratic opinion on this edge of the Continent. It is fair, though partisan; It chronicles the teiling blow, no matter who is hit. Suppression and misrepresen tation are weapons that have no place in its armory. "Square deal" Democrats and Republicans will find the daily budget of "The Record" essential to an intelligent understanding of the progress of a lively Presidential canvass.

No newspaper ever achieved popularity on the strength of its political attitude alone. "The Philadelphia Record" is no exception to the rule. It is lifted above the common level by many distinctive features that appeal to the varied inter-ests of every member of the household. It prints the news—all the news—in a meise, brisk form that has come to be

sports and the turf. Farmers and shippers swear by its market reports, which are always complete, accurate and wholly reliable. To the practical man its columns of popularized science are entertaining and helpful; the practical woman finds the matters that lie nearest to her heart treated amply—and sanely—in a department devoted to the home, dress and the world of feminine achievement. There is a corner in "The Resord" for boys and girls; a weekly column of condensed, upto-date information for the farmer; a daily bouquet of breezy anecdotes—"The Reporter's Noseany"—so good that they are clipped and reprinted by newspape editors throughout the country.

If you want a clean newspaper, worthy to occupy an honored place in the home circle—

to occupy an honored place in the home circle—

If you want a live newspaper without a streak of yellow in its make-up—

If you want a stalwart Democratic newspaper that will keep you thoroughly posted on every phase of a stirring national campaign—

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### THE COLUMBIAN.

A rish story.

a Clear Lake, Ia., fisherman is the

central figure in a fish story of un-

usual interest. The fisherman had

driven to a distant and quiet shore

of the lake to engage in the sport of

fighing for suckers, being careful

to throw back all the game fish

caught. The water spaniel was a

member of the party, and after the

man had enseonced himself upon the

bank, the dog proceded to play about

in the water frightening away the

prospective suckers. Commands

were of no avail, and the fisherman

to insure quiet, tled the dog to a

wheel of his buggy with an extra

fish line already baited. The fisher-

man absorbed by the fascination of

waiting for a bite, falled to observe

that the dog had escaped until the

carrying around his neck the fish

line with spoon hook attached.

When he finally swam back to shore

a five pound pike was on the hook,

and he proudly dragged it to his

badly injured by the hook to be

able to go home with a fine pike for

supper without being guilty of vic-

lating the fish laws of Iowa .-- Rock-

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

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Bears the Char H. Tatchers

ester Heraid.

A 1et water spanlel belonging to

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Every man who rises above the common level receives two educations-the first from his instructors, the second, the most personal and important, from himself.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as king's palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.

The man who borrows may not be able to wear better clothes than the man who lends, but he usually does, just the same,

It takes a good many years of strenuous experience to enable a man to profit by the knowledge he acquired at college.

animal had reached the water. An Veterinary Specifics cure diseases angry shout only served to frighten of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry by acting directly on the SICK PARTS the dog farther out into the lake, without loss of time.

> A.A. PEVERS. Congestions Infla B. B. SPRAINS, Lameness, Injuries,

C. C. | SORE THROAT, Quiney, Episoette master. The latter found it too D. D. WORMS, Bots, Grube. thrown back into the lake, and was

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IF BOOK MAILED PREE.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT June 1 1904, and until urther tice.

Carsleave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lim

Ridge, Berwick and intermediate points a s

A. M. \$5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20 9.00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40.

P. M. 12:20, 1:00, 1:40, 2.20, 3:00, 3:44, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, \*(9:40) to:20 \*(11:00)

Leaving depart from Berwick one hor from time as given above, commencing

Leave Bloom for Catawisse A. M. 5:30 6:15, 17:00, 18:00, 9:00, 110:00, 110:00

F. M. 1:00, 72:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:20, \*(11:00) Cars returning depart from Catawissa 26

minetes from time as given above. First carflenves Market Square for Ferwick

on Sundays at 7:00 a. m. First cartfor Catawissa Sundays 7:00 a. m. First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays

eaves at \$100 a. m First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at

30 a. m.

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Superintendent.

### Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1908, 12:05 a.m.

NORTHWARD.

A.M. P.M. P.M. A.M Bloomsburg D L & W. 9 (80 2 37 6 15 Bloomsburg P & R. 9 (92 2 39 6 15 Bloomsburg P & R. 9 (92 2 39 6 15 Bloomsburg P & R. 9 (92 2 39 6 15 Paper Mill 9 14 2 52 6 29 Light Street. 9 18 2 55 6 34 Orangeville. 9 26 3 03 6 48 Forks. 9 36 3 13 6 53 Zaners 7 40 18 17 6 57 Stillwater 8 48 8 25 7 03 Benton 9 56 3 33 7 13 Edsons. 7 10 00 73 37 7 13 Edsons. 7 10 00 73 37 7 17 Coles Creek 7 10 03 78 40 77 21 Laubachs. 7 10 08 78 40 77 21 Laubachs. 7 10 10 15 3 52 7 41 Jamison City 10 18 8 55 7 45

A.M. A.M. P.M. A.M. A.M. A.M. A.M. F.M. A.M.

Jamison City. 550 10 48 4 35 7 00
Central. 553 10 51 4 38 7 00
Gentral foot 11 10 0 6 47 17 12
Laubachs. 7603 711 02 74 48 77 13
Coles Creek. 16 12 711 06 74 55 77 22
Bdsons. 78 14 711 09 74 56 17 24
Benton. 618 11 13 5 00 7 28
Stillwater. 628 11 21 5 08 7 28
Zaners. 76 28 11 21 5 08 7 28
Zaners. 629 11 33 5 21 7 49
Or ngeville. 650 11 42 5 31 8 00
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Light Street. 7 00 11 50 5 39 8 13
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Bloom. D L C W. 7 20 12 10 6 00 9.30

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