

BANK ROBBER WHO WON PARDON DEAD

George M. White, Long an Expert Thief, Ends Days in Honesty at Keene, N. H.

ESCAPED FROM SING SING PRISON

Claimed Freedom by Paying \$30,000 to Guards and Received Clemency by Restoring Government Bond Plates—Faithful Wife Stood by Him.

Keene, N. H.—George M. White, once notorious as a bank robber, died recently at the Elliot City Hospital in this city, at the age of seventy-two years.

White was a member of a good New England family, and was brought up in puritanical surroundings. He became one of the most expert bank thieves in the country, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in this State. He escaped from Sing Sing, and then rendered important services to the government by revealing the location of forged bond plates. At the special request of United States Attorney General George H. Williams he was pardoned by Governor Dix of New York, the only instance, it is said, where a pardon has been granted to an escaped convict while still at large and with an unexpired term to serve.

White went into business and led the good will and respect of his neighbors and acquaintances. He did not attempt to conceal his history, and the New York Herald of March 11, 1906, printed a long interview with him in which he declared that it had cost him \$30,000 to get out of Sing Sing.

It was under the alias of George Bliss that he began his operations against banks. He was associated with the most expert criminals of his day, including Mark Shimburn, "Fairy" McGuire, "Charlie" Bullard, "Dave" Bartlett, "Ike" Marsh, "Big John" Brady and "Sandy" McCormack. His intelligence and ingenuity made him the recognized leader.

With two others he was arrested in March, 1871, charged with attempting to rob a bank at Adams, N. Y. He was convicted and was sentenced to ten years in Auburn Prison. He had plenty of money put away outside and negotiations for escape were quick begun. The first step was to have a transferred to Sing Sing. This cost \$1,000.

He avoided hard work from the outset by paying a fee of \$500 to the prison physician, who reported that he was too delicate to stand hard labor. He became the physician's hostler and later went to work in the dispensary.

His wife was permitted to visit him frequently, and she invariably left a five dollar bill in a book which she handed to the man in charge of the visiting room. The first arrangement made was to have White escape by means of a tug which would pass the prison dock at a specified time. He boarded the tug, and so did eight other prisoners, with the result that all were caught.

He finally escaped by hiding in a wagon that was brought into the prison grounds. For this privilege he paid \$15,000 in advance and \$15,000 in New York after his escape. He met the prison guards at Belmont's and paid them the money. He continued to reside in New York, going about without concealment and attending to various business interests.

Colonel Whitely, then chief of the Secret Service had instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury to spare neither time nor expense in recovering stolen Treasury notes and bond plates. White put him in a position to get them and as a result he was pardoned in 1873.

JOHN D. TO FARMERS.

Tells Them His Forefathers Went After Business in Haphazard Way.

Augusta, Ga.—John D. Rockefeller while the honor guest at a barbecue dinner given by the Beach Island farmers made a short speech in which he said he was no farmer, but his people as far back as he could remember were farmers. He said the farmers during his forefathers' time were not like those of to-day; they went after business in a haphazard way.

"But after we get through with farming or railroading or whatever our task in life may be," he said, "we will be asked the pertinent question—it will come to us after we have finished our work and have handed it down to our children—What was the fruit of our work? What was the real fruitage?"

WHERE LIARS GO.

Little Brooklyn Girl Knew and Where Asked She Told.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—A little brown-eyed girl was called before Magistrate Furlong as a witness in the Gatos Avenue Court, Brooklyn, against a woman who was accused by the child's mother of calling her names and using improper language in the little one's presence.

"Now, little one, do you know where little girls go who tell lies?" "Yes, sir; they go to jail."

"Well, where do they go when they die?" the Judge asked.

"I know," said the child; "they go to the cemetery."

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

An Englishman's Address at a Ladies' Seminary in Siam.

The influential Englishman in Siam flattered himself that he had a very decent knowledge of the language and was ready to do great things. He had already ordered coffee from his hotel waiter with success and asked the boy to bring up his boots.

Now, influential Englishmen in Siam are not as common as cock-fishes, and that afternoon the distinguished visitor was requested by a friend to deliver an address on "England" at the only ladies' seminary in the country. Confidently he accepted.

He began famously. Every one applauded and smiled. But gradually as he proceeded he noticed consternation overspreading the countenances of his listeners.

"What's the trouble?" he whispered in English anxiously to his friend on the platform.

"Trouble!" exclaimed the friend hotly. "Why, the trouble is what you are saying."

"But," protested the speaker, "I am saying, I am delighted to see so many young ladies rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appreciation."

"Oh, no, you're not," corrected the friend. "You're saying, 'I am pleased to see so many small bonnets growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet.'"—London Tit-Bits.

WHEN YOU WEEP.

The Way That Tears Act Upon the Human Organism.

Professor Waynbaum, M. D., of Paris publishes some queer facts regarding the nature and purpose of tears, coming to the conclusion that tears act upon the human organism "like chloroform, ether or alcohol."

"When a human being gives way to sorrow," says Dr. Waynbaum, "the blood pressure in the brain decreases. The tear helps in this process, which benumbs the brain for the time being, causing passiveness of the soul almost approaching indifference.

"Tears are blood, changing color by their passage through the lachrymal glands. One can drown his sorrow in tears as one can numb his senses by the use of alcohol or drugs. When a person cries the facial muscles contract and the appearance of the face changes, which action facilitates the white blood letting, driving the blood particles into the lachrymal gland, from which they issue in the shape of tears.

"Children whose nervous system is particularly tender derive great benefit from crying occasionally. The act of crying relieves their brains. The same may be said with respect to women."

The professor likewise explains why laughter sometimes produces tears, but the explanation is too technical for reproduction.

The Only Safe Way.

"No, I can't stay any longer," he said, with determination.

"What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is."

"Quite right, quite right," he returned. "I can fool my wife almost any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas and made her think that I was a little after 12. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes up hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added as he bowed himself out, "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

A Dog Story.

At a farmhouse at which we have been staying a terrier, Rough, shares always his master's first breakfast, the bread and cream accompanying a cup of tea. Three corners he breaks off and gives to Rough, who eats the first two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a hen who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept and at the gate awaits her friend's arrival. Should others of the hens appear, Rough "barks them off" while his favorite devours her portion.—London Spectator.

A Tremendous Task.

"So you are going to study law?" "Yes."

"Going to make a specialty of criminal law?" "No."

"Corporation law?" "No. Both are too easy. What I want is to be accurately and reliably informed as to what months in the year and days in the week it is permitted to shoot certain game in the various sections of the country."—Washington Star.

A Patron of Art.

"So you enjoy reading all the extravagant praise that is printed about that opera singer?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Oumrox. "It kind of helps me to feel that maybe those tickets were worth what I paid for 'em."—Washington Star.

Poor Jones!

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Cannibal—Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.—Judge.

Husbands to Burn.

The elderly spinster in the rear of the drawing room car had no more than settled in her seat when her attention was attracted to a woman a little farther front who was garbed in the deepest mourning. As Miss Spinster adjusted her nose grabber glasses for a better inspection of the one in widow's weeds she saw the conductor lean over and converse with her earnestly for several minutes.

When the conductor got back to her seat taking the passenger's tickets Miss Spinster was consumed with curiosity about the woman in mourning.

"Conductor," she asked in her sweetest tones, "what's the trouble with the lady up there in widow's weeds?"

"Oh, that's Mrs. Gettem!" replied the obliging conductor. "She's just taking her third husband out to a crematory."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Spinster. And then in a faraway voice she added:

"And just think of it! Here I am past fifty and never had a husband in my life, while that woman up there has had them to burn!"—New York Times.

Strong Monosyllables.
Instructors in the art of literary composition usually condemn a string of monosyllables, but in the well known hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," written by a master of the English language, you may count thirty consecutive words of one syllable only. They offend neither the eye nor the ear.

Milton often uses a series of monosyllables. In the second book of "Paradise Lost" we have:

The fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough,
dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues
his way
And swims or sinks or wades or creeps
or flies.

Such lines are not uncommon in the book:
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and
shades of death.

And again:
Of neither sea nor shore nor air nor fire.
—London Notes and Queries.

Courtship in Ireland.

An Irish boy marries when he has a rid house and an Irish girl just when she pleases. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few; at other times she is content to wait upon wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice, but in the former almost always a lucky one, for luck is the guardian angel of the Irish.

"You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahony a particular boon.

"If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure myself of that fault," was Mary's reply.

"And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the suitor discouragingly.

"If you only have patience, ma'am," was Laurence's reply to this. "I'll cure her of that fault." And he did too.—Seumas MacManus in *Linnacott's*.

The Nervous Mother.

An Atchison woman who is very nervous and inclined to worry is the mother of a boy. She recently read of a boy who was killed while roller skating and immediately put her son's roller skates in the fire. Another newspaper told of a boy who was killed riding the street cars, and as boys are frequently killed while walking by street cars running over them she chained her boy to the front door. Then she read of a boy who died of blood poisoning caused by his shoe rubbing his heel, and her boy's shoes and stockings came off. The story of a boy who bit off a button on his waist and choked to death resulted in her taking off her boy's clothes. He had left only a flannel shirt, and she is reading now that wearing flannel shirts is the cause of great mortality and is thinking of removing that.—Atchison Globe.

The Bloom on the Egg.

"I know these eggs at least are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off on my hands."

Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh. "In that case," he said, "I'll forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, my dear, proves your eggs to be a year or so old—maybe four or five years old."

"The bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are pickled. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for pickled eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new laid sort."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Riddle.

Here is a strange riddle which we have never met before. It is sent us by a friend from Jhansi, India:
Divide 150 by 6. Add two-thirds of 10. So ends the riddle.

Here is the answer: COLENSO. C—100. L—50. EN—two-thirds of TEN. SO—ends the riddle.—London Scrap.

Changeable Names.

Tom—Belle is a strange girl. She doesn't know the names of some of her best friends. Maud—That's nothing. Why, I don't even know what my own will be a year from now.—Boston Transcript.

The Process.

"You are a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me out in the wood shed and straps me three or four times a week."—Harper's Weekly.

THE WORD "WINTER."

Said to Have Originally Indicated Wetness, Not Coldness.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter," as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of wet, to wash out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is in the Sanskrit as "udan," water, Anglo-Saxon as "wæter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the "w" into a "v" and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetur," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

Red Plant Which Feeds Upon Ants and Other Insects.

Almost everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have any such plants growing right here in southern Florida. Nevertheless there is a plant, or rather, herb, growing here which is really insectivorous.

It is likely that on account of its being extremely small it has escaped attention. In fact, it seems to have been overlooked by the botanists also, as we are unable to find it classed among the sensitive plants.

This is an annual herb, and the entire plant, including the flowers, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reaches a height of more than three inches and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed and present many small fibrillae and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the very small insects, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb these fibrillae the leaves slowly acquire a deep cut shape and sometimes curl completely up over their victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.

These plants grow on the very low, flat, poor and sandy lands. They appear in the late winter and early spring months.—Punta Gorda (Fla.) Herald.

The Human Temperature.

Put to the test of the thermometer, it appears that the normal temperature of the body is almost invariable, regardless of latitude or season. Putting the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of an Eskimo at the frozen north or of a man under the blazing sun of the tropics, we find that in each case, the body being in a state of health, the temperature is about the same, the difference not amounting to a degree. We may say absolutely that the average normal temperature of a human being is about 98.5 degrees F., just as we may say that at sea level water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York American.

Put in More Words.

"Now, Peters," said the teacher, "what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"Salt," said Peters.

"Next!" said the teacher. "What is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"The salty quality of the sea water," answered "Next," "is due to the admixture of a sufficient quantity of chloride of sodium to impart to the aqueous fluid with which it commingles a saline flavor, which is readily recognized by the organs of taste!"

"Right, Next," said the teacher. "Go up one!"

Mutton Birds.

During six weeks every autumn the 400 inhabitants of the Australian Furneaux islands make enough money to support themselves in idleness the rest of the year. They do this by catching the very fat young "mutton birds," which are hatched there in such numbers that the flocks when they migrate extend for miles. They furnish food and oil, which is used for lubricating purposes and also as a substitute for cod liver oil.

Making Sure.

Country Cousin—Are you sure I am in the right train? Town Relative (who has had about enough of it)—Well, I have asked seventeen porters and thirty-two passengers, and they all say "Yes," so I think you'd better risk it.—London Telegraph.

If you continued to take delight in the argumentation that may be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men.—Boswell.

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Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life will make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant drains which are often consequent on marriage and motherhood not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness. As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Half a million women and more have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label.

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