

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

A great number of persons who knew the celebrated Dr. B., a professor of the College of Surgeons, England, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:

One day he had procured the bodies of two deserters, who had been hung, for anatomy, and not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in a room contiguous to his bed-room.

During the evening Dr. B. wrote as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly; when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack that contained the bodies was torn asunder, and on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it seemed impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when to his horror and amazement he perceived the missing corpse sitting upright in the corner.

Poor Dr. B., at this unexpected apparition became transfixed with terror which was increased by observing the dead and smitten eyes of the corpse fixed on him; whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre had risen and followed him, whose livid features, added to the lateness of the hour and the stillness of the night, seem to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little strength and courage he has left; his strength fails, his candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene was now in complete darkness.

The good doctor has gained his apartment and thrown himself on the bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror the doctor loudly exclaimed: "Who ever you are, leave me!" At this the spectre let go his hold and moaned feebly these words: "Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!" The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained little by little his composure. He explained to the criminal who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call up some of his family.

"Do you, then wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal "If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity, save me from death!"

The poor doctor did not well know what means to take to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way then was to get him into the country; so having made him dress himself in some old clothes which the kind-hearted doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early accompanied by his protegee, whom he represented as his assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called.

When they had got into the open country the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B. had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well-dressed man—who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he was not Dr. B., of London; and on his answering in the affirmative, pressed him to dine with him at his house, which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner which reception surprised him the more, coming as it did from persons he had never before met.

After dinner, the merchant having taken him into his counting house, seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him: "Do you recollect me?" "No," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand, and being also a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained for me the confidence of my employer, and the affection of his daughter. When he retired from business I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness! Generous man, consider henceforth my house, my fortune and myself as wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both those happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.

In old French cards the queens were named Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas.

SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

And Dethled the Conductor to Make Her Get Out of the Way.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down South," said a railway man. "We used to make a long run and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day when we reached the junction station a woman came up to me and asked me to hold the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her that it was impossible for me to hold the train for her.

"I don't see why," she expostulated. "I think you might do a little thing like that."

"I tried to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman, either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly:

"Well, I'll just see about that." "I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh. For what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping hold of the rails with both hands. The conductor signaled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I would kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was, and going up to the woman told her to get off the track.

"I just won't," she replied, "until my daughter gets on board your train." "He pleaded with her 'some more, and finally declared that he would be compelled to use force.

"Just you dare!" she cried. "I'll sue you for damages if you do."

"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of policy, her daughter came up and, seeing the old woman on the track, kissed her good-by and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board." "And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman if necessary she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a good-by, calling, as we pulled out of the station:

"I hope I've taught you fellows a grain of penitence."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Unique Test. "What a dreadful cold you have!" exclaimed one of the sweet girls. "It is rather severe," replied the other. "But I don't mind it. I caught it in a good cause."

"Did you have to go out in the rain after a doctor?" "No. It was a selfish experiment; but it assisted me in a manner so important that I don't mind it."

"What is it helping you to do?" "Decide a question on which my future happiness depends."

"Goodness me!" "Yes. Father said that as soon as the weather got cool enough to have the furnace going, Herbert would begin coming to the house three or four times a week instead of only once. He said that he didn't think there was any heat in Herbert's hall bedroom, and that he came here because it's a nice warm place to sit. So last night when he called I hid the heat turned off from the parlor. I got very chilly, but I stood it better than Herbert did, for I knew what to expect and dressed accordingly. I told him that we didn't expect to have that room heated all winter, because we used it so little. It was a dreadful ordeal, but I shall not regret it, for it will silence my doubts forever. If Herbert comes back now, I will know that he really and truly loves me."

Alphonse Karr's Polite Revenge. Alphonse Karr, the humorist, owned an estate in the southern part of France. His neighbor was an elderly Italian count who owned a well-stocked library. One day the author, who had never met his neighbor, the count, sent his servant with a card requesting the loan of a book. The count replied in a polite note, saying, that he was sorry not to be able to oblige Mr. Karr, but with him it was a matter of principle never to lend books outside his house. At the same time he invited his neighbor to come to his house at any time and his library would be at his disposal all day. Karr availed himself of the privilege and became friendly with the count, who not long afterwards, sent to his literary neighbor to borrow a lawn sprinkler. Karr replied: "I deeply regret the impossibility of obliging you with the loan of a sprinkler, but, as a matter of principle, I could not possibly allow my sprinkler to be used outside of my garden; but if you desire to use it on my own lawn I shall gladly place the sprinkler at your disposal all day."

No Guesswork. A little girl who was in the habit of using the word guess intemperately was reproved by her teacher. "Don't say 'guess,' Mary; say 'presume.'"

Just then a playmate came up, and feeling of Mary's cloak, said: "My ma is going to ask your ma for the pattern of your cloak." "My ma ain't got no pattern," answered Mary; "she cut it by presume."—Texas Siftings.

Natural Interference. Binkins—Where's Johnson now? Binkins (whispering)—You don't tell me? Why, I supposed they were the happiest couple in town. What was the nature of the trouble?—Cleveland Leader.

Rhythmical. Supercum Flop—What do you suppose Edgar Saltus means by speaking of a girl as a "perfect rhyme?" Supercum Flop—I don't know, unless she was averse to him.—Harlem Life.

Card Queens In old French cards the queens were named Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas.

The World's "Ifs."

If marriage were not such a doubtful state—and women were all that they seemed—and the dudes were obliterated from the face of the earth—and the offensive partisans were not too rampant—and we could discover that a man may be good even before he died—and society were not a matrimonial mart—and the objectionable features could be eliminated from the waltz—and the collection box was not always associated with religion—and sensationalism were not considered naughty by the people, and spiritualism did not look so like a fake—and the suicide would not seek the nicest room in a hotel wherein to die—and the pie "like mother's used to bake" were more numerous—and the bad spellers were not so anxious to write letters—and girls who go to cooking schools were not too tired to help mothers get dinner when they come home—and the puglist wouldn't talk so much about fighting—and the word "genial" were not used so much—and a few other things were arranged—this world would not be a bad place to live in.

Elaborate Coffins. A few years ago Mrs. D. Hiller, residing in New York, buried her husband in a coffin of solid mahogany, elaborately carved, lined with corded silk and mounted with gold. The silk cost forty dollars a yard. The hinges were of gold, and the solid gold knob weighed 6 lbs. Mrs. Hiller has prepared a similar coffin for herself and also a shroud valued at \$20,000. Dr. and Mrs. Thyler, of Framlingham, Massachusetts, lately exhibited their own coffins; they were made of carved rosewood, ornamented with silver, took ten years to finish on account of their fine workmanship, and cost \$5,000 each. Dr. Thyler died two years before his wife, but she had him temporarily interred in an ordinary shell, while she continued her lectures and the exhibition of both coffins. On her death, which occurred recently, she left sufficient money for a splendid marble tomb, in which to place the two coffins, and light it by electricity for 100 years.—Tid-Bits.

Medal for a Brave Man. A Pennsylvania Sergeant's Valor on Gettysburg Field.

The Philadelphia Record of Saturday says: "A medal of honor has been presented to George W. Mears, of Rupert, Pa., late sergeant, Company A, Sixth Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteers, for most distinguished gallantry in action at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863.

This non-commissioned officer discovered a party of rebel sharpshooters located in a log house who were pouring a destructive fire into his regiment, and at the head of five volunteers he gallantly charged upon the house, and with great heroism captured the rebels, some 12 or 13 in number, and conveyed them back to his regiment."

Nuggets of News. It has been definitely settled that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will take place at Carson City, Nev.

An ordinance to prevent wearing of hats by ladies in theaters passed the lower branch of Baltimore's city council.

Elijah Pierce, prominent citizen of Blocton, Ala., was brained with an ax by Isaac Creel, a half witted 15-year-old boy whom he was teasing.

United States Marshal Wells and associates have secured control of 247,000 acres of oil lands in Cabell, Wayne and Lincoln counties, W. Va.

President R. S. McConnel, of the failed Merchants' National bank of Ocala, Fla., is under arrest at his home for embezzling \$80,000. He is critically ill.

The fierce snow storm of last week done much damage in and about Wilkesbarre. The snow was accompanied by wind of a hurricane nature.

Match Boxes for Women. Since the passage of the city ordinance pertaining to lamps on bicycles, women who ride wheels find it necessary to carry a match box. Therefore, there are any number of new match boxes, which are smaller and more dainty than anything in this line ever seen before.

"Do the girls buy them?" a prominent jeweler was asked. To which question he answered: "Yes, indeed. The smaller sizes are made particularly for their special use."

The prettiest of the new match boxes for girls are of gold, with an enameled decoration. The enameling either takes the form of a college or yacht club flag, or it resembles a hand-painted miniature showing a girl on a wheel, or the head of a dog. Many of these match boxes are made with a concealed recess for a photograph. It is only when a certain spring is touched that the picture can be seen, so skillfully is it hidden away.

The silver match boxes, decorated with the outline of a tiny bicycle in enamel, are also new and much less expensive.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wounded and Paralyzed.

AN OLD VETERAN OF THE WAR AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING HAS A SHOCK OF PARALYSIS.

Mr. David G. Talbot is a well-known and respected citizen of Onsego County, New York, residing at Edmeston, who three years ago had a stroke of paralysis, which he attributes to the effects of a wound received on the 16th of June, 1864, before Petersburg, Va., while serving with the New York Heavy Artillery.

The following is his own account of his illness and convalescence, which will be found interesting: "On the fifth day of December, 1863, I was taken with a paralytic shock, which affected the whole of the left side, and I could not speak for three weeks. I was confined to my bed for a long time and constantly attended by a physician, though little relief was experienced. My stomach and the muscles of my throat were much affected. I was wounded in June, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., having then lost three fingers of my left hand, and that always affected me in a marked degree, my arm often becoming numb. I should state that on the day I received the stroke, I had two distinct shocks, the first in the morning, which was so light that the doctor was not at all alarmed, but the second nearly finished me up. Ever since the war I had suffered with nervous debility and my condition was very bad when I was attacked. I am now sixty years old and hardly dared look for anything approaching good health after my life of suffering, but I

see so much said about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the newspapers, and that they were good for paralytics, that I determined to try them. This I did just one year and four months ago. I strictly followed directions and felt better within a week. I am not the same man I was when I began to take Dr. Williams' medicine. My old comrade Norton, who was in the same company and regiment with me, and was a grievous sufferer from general nervous debility, at my recommendation has taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have helped him wonderfully.

"I certify on honor that the above statement is true in every particular. (Signed) DAVID G. TALBOT."

Witness JOHN C. LAFFRUS. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Reduced Rates to Washington on Account of the Inauguration via Pennsylvania Railroad. For the benefit of those who desire to attend the ceremonies incident to the inauguration of President-elect McKinley, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Washington March 1, 2, 3, and 4, valid to return from March 4 to 8, at the following rates:— From Buffalo, \$11.20; Rochester, \$11.00; Wallington, N. Y., \$11.70; Newark, N. Y., \$11.20; Canandaigua, \$11.00; Penn Yan, \$11.00; Watkins, \$11.00; Elmira, \$10.75; Erie, \$11.00; Corry, \$10.75; Warren, \$10.75; Williamsport, \$8.79; Wilkesbarre, \$9.40, and from all other stations on the Pennsylvania system at reduced rates.

This inauguration will be a most interesting event, and will undoubtedly attract a large number of people from every section of the country. The magnificent facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad make this line the favorite route to the national capital at all times, and its enormous equipment and splendid terminal advantages at Washington make it especially popular on such occasions.

Good Money All Round. THE ASSAY COMMISSION FINDS THE COINAGE SATISFACTORY. The Government Commission which has been engaged in assaying, counting and weighing specimens of the coinage of the United States finished its work of the Mint yesterday. The tests were applied to 9378 coins taken at random from the Philadelphia Mint: in 5143 pieces from San Francisco, and 3960 from New Orleans. Before adjourning the Commission adopted the following resolution:

Resolved: That the Assay Commission having examined and tested the reserved coins of the several Mints of the United States for the year 1896, and it appearing that these coins do not differ from the standard fineness and weight, by a greater quantity than is allowed by law, the trial is considered and hereby reported satisfactory and adopted unanimously.

The only blood-purifier admitted on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair was Ayer's Sarsaparilla, all others being excluded as secret preparations and patent medicines. With doctors and pharmacists, it has always been considered a standard remedy.

STRAY PARAGRAPHS. Ice floes are floating. The oyster business is a shell game. Falling-heir to a fortune doesn't hurt a person very much. The ground hog is no doubt wondering why he missed his shadow.

"When de wife holt's de rein," says Brother Walkins, "she often drives her husband to drink." An exchange says: "The two men who stole a locomotive at Kingston had quite a tender undertaking.

When a person is losing flesh and wasting away there is cause for alarm. Nothing so worries a physician. Consumptives would never die if they could regain their usual weight. In fact there would be no consumption if there was no wasting of the system. The cause of this loss of flesh is a failure to properly digest the food eaten. Nine-tenths of all our diseases date back to some derangement of the stomach.

The Shaker Digestive Cordial will stop this wasting of the body. It acts by causing the food we eat to be digested so as to do good, for undigested food does more harm than good. The Cordial contains food already digested and is a digester of foods as well.

Every mother hates to make her children take Castor Oil. Laxol is sweet Castor Oil.

After the death of his wife, which took place a few years ago. Mr. Battersby began to take on flesh, and grew too stout to longer attract attention as a skeleton. He then retired from the show business altogether, and went into business. He left Frankford about two years ago to reside with his daughter in Kansas, where he died.

The Fact that Doctors frequently advise change of air and climate to those suffering from catarrh is proof that catarrh is a local and climatic disease. Therefore, unless you can leave home and business, you should use Ely's Cream Balm. Applied directly to the seat of the disease, it effects instant relief and a satisfactory cure after short continuance. No mercury nor injurious drug is contained in the Balm.

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WILKESBARR & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their free offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various goods including Butter, Eggs, Lard, Ham, Pork, Beef, Wheat, Oats, Rye, Flour, Hay, Potatoes, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes, Tallow, Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, Dried apples, Dried cherries, Raspberries, Cow Hides, Steer, Calf Skin, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn, Corn meal, Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and COAL.

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NEW DINING ROOMS.

A LARGE and well furnished dining room has been opened by HARRY AURAND, on the second floor of his restaurant. Meals will be served at the regular dining hours for 25c, and they can also be obtained at any time. The table will be supplied with the delicacies of the season and the service will be first-class. Entrance by door between Restaurant and Malifiora's grocery store.

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