

THE COLUMBIAN AND DEMOCRAT, BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

They Wanted to Live in the Stars.

Very near resided two young people who were the focus of a man who shaves them every day, and that is what time had never seen and right before. They were poor girls on the shoulder of his coat and a tender dream lay in her lovely eyes. They sat and looked up at the stars and they didn't care for any earthly thing more than to this earth Mortimer, she murmured softly. "My father," his name appeared to be Mortimer, "has come to me." And though I couldn't learn whether it was his from name, or his after name Mortimer, she said, "I could only live apart from this boy and moving to the world. In one of your glittering cities of golden radiance, living apart from all else only for each other, for making the base things of earthly life, the same greed of the world and its ungodly lusts, that would be our heaven would not do."

And Mortimer, he said, that it would. Their heart of my own," he said, and his voice trembled with earnestness, "my own darling Ethel, through all the softened radiance of the day, and fill the shimmering tenderness of night, our lives would pass away in an exalted atmosphere above the base-born wants of earthly mortals, and far beyond the chattering crowd that lives but for to-day, our lives refined beyond the common ken."

And just then the man with the gong came out. Mortimer, he made a grab at Ethel's hand and a plunge at the cabin door. Ethel just gathered up her skirts with her other hand, jumped clear over the back of her chair and after him, and away they went, slithering down the cabin, passing a chair, ran into a good sweet old Quaker lady, and banged in bad word out of her before she had time to stop it down the stairs they rushed, collapsed a couple of chairs, fell a water and open the campaign without skirmishing. I am a man of coarse mold, and my earth-born appetite and I won't live in a star so long. I could find a good hotel in America; but long, long before I could get seats at the table for my family, Mortimer and Ethel had eaten two blue-fish, a little rare beetroot, some corn bread, a plate of hot cakes, two boiled eggs and a bunch of onions, and the waiter had gone out to fetch some oysters. Mortal! I have during my wanderings, met several people who wanted to live in a star, where earth-born people with human appetites couldn't stand them, and I always found the safest place for an earth-born man in the star-born soul started for the dinner table was behind a large rock. Distress the patriotic soul who lives in the stars so elevated that he resents the use of a telescope when he wants to look down at the rest of us. And if he wants to board at your humble table, charge him \$15 a week and feed him on lots of soup or you'll lose money on him.

Male News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a cure forague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. They affected she did give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—Portland Argus.

Good Company Number Twelve.

Good Company, Number Twelve (\$1.00 a year; Springfield, Mass.) closes the volume, and subscriptions should be made at once. A specimen copy will be sent to any one not familiar with it for ten cents.

Two papers just read before the American Social Sciences Association are given, both on subjects which have been attracting considerable attention of late. One, about food adulterations, is by a competent authority, Prof. S. W. Johnson, of the Yale Scientific School. It will doubtless relieve some people who have been somewhat alarmed by recent newspaper paragraphs. The other Associated Charities, explains the modern method of organization by which various benevolent societies and individuals in a town unite so that a large proportion of money given in charity need not be wasted as is now generally the case, and the deserving poor be more effectively reached. It is by an authority on the subject, Rev. George C. McCulloch of Indianapolis, one of the places where the plan is in practical operation. The other articles bearing on the same general subject are "The Destruction of the Poor" by President John Bacon of Madison, Wis., University, and an account of the doings of the late Conference of Charities and Corrections.

"Savonaria and the Renaissance" is a careful synopsis and estimate of the great reformer's work by Mr. Noble C. Butler, of Indianapolis. There are two stories: "When Two and Two Did Not Make Four," by Miss Louise Stockton; "The New Jerusalem," a Millerite story; and "How Chevy Thought of It." One of the sketches tells of some of the great excursion trips near New York where the people flock by the thousand in summer; another of a visit to the factory in Münster, Germany, where such effects china is made.

There are also reflections of Seward, Greeley, Lincoln and Douglas; and papers about camp meetings, in favor of family meetings as a social benefit; about the servant girl question; besides other articles.

"Taking turns at the Crisp," has special application where public officials are about to be nominated.

"No more Landau for our babies!" All mothers unite in pronouncing Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best coating remedy now sold. It is free from opiate.

Lots of Apples.

The apple crop this year—which is "apple year"—is then poor. It will exceed anything in the previous history of the country, notwithstanding there are localities where the crop is an utter failure. It is estimated that the crop this season will reach 200,000,000 bushels, the orchards of the country having no less than 125,000,000 trees in bearing. In New York State it is said that the orchards are located to the very ground with fruit, and the soil underneath the tree is knee deep with fallen fruit, for which there is no market. In 1876 the apple crop was about 110,000,000 barrels and valued at \$50,000,000. In 1878 the crop was estimated at 150,000,000 barrels. This year's crop ought to be worth \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000, and probably will fetch that when we take into the account, besides the apples sold, the larger quantities of cider, vinegar and "apple butter" that will be made. When farmers' cellars are well stocked with apple butter, cider, pickles, marmalade, &c., as always happens in good apple years, they are able to sell their dairy butter, lard and even pork and bacon much more closely, and every pound of these products thus released from home consumption and put on sale in the market ought to set over to the profits of the apple crop.

Agents and Canvassers make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for G. H. Hideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for their catalogue and terms, April 10, 1878.



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