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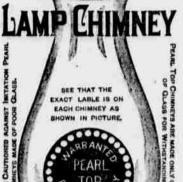
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undesired. "I cannot bear to think what years lie between your birthday and mine; but still my very age gives me the right to speak. Is it good that you should surrender all your happiness to one for whom you have no real regard, just because you once gave him a hope to that effect? Nay, there is no loyalty in that. Betten thim go than live to repeat the bargain he has made." "There is my word," persists she,

"There is surprise in your tone-and doubt. Why should I not hold such a creed?" returns she steadily, though her

to the wood he had mentioned.

in one corner of the tennis ground. Miss in one corner of the tennis ground. Miss Grey, who had been playing, but has now resigned her place and her næket to another, is looking at her companion with an expression half wistful, half mis-chievous-perhaps wholly mutinous. "Time is flying," says the young man ardently. "Have you not come to a de-cision yet! It is almost the last hour. After to-morrow there will be no grace left. He returns then," "Granit? Yes." creed?" returns she steadily, though her lips have grown very pale. "I cannot answer that here. Will you come with me to the Firwood? I shall not keep you long, and I must speak to you. Do not refuse me, Nadine. This is probably the last hour we shall ever have together. I leave the park the day after to morrow."

She had shrunk a little from him when first he appealed to her, but as his plead-ing grew stronger, more impassioned, she "Granit? Yes."

"You must choose between me and him. You know that, and still you hesi-tate. When he returns it will give him rose. With her eyes downcast, and her color faded to a pallor that bespoke an anguished heart, she moved beside him an advantage, because then he will give him have the world on his side—his very presence gives him an extra chance. If you could decide—if you could let me speak before he comes." "I don't see how his presence or ab-sence can influence the matter. There is to me only one thing to be considered—

Presently they enter it. The eternal greenness of it stirs her blood once more to an admiration that rouses her and to me only one thing to be considered-

to an administration that rouses her and compels her return to the immediate present. Ever since she had obeyed his word, and risen and followed him hither, she had been in a kind of waking dream that had been too sweet to permit her desire for its dissolution. Now, however, that she is fully awake to her danger as well as to her pain, it is too late to withwhether or not we can live happily when quite poor." "It wouldn't be quite." interposes he eagerly. "There would be the eight

eagerly. "There would be the eight hundred a year." "There would be -starvation!" "If you choose to term it so," says he a little haughtily, his Irish blood atlame. well as to her pain, it is too late to with-draw from a tete-a-tete, that she feels must rive her soul. Duran, stopping abruptly beneath the spreading branches of a huge Scotch fir, lays his hand upon her arm thus arrest-ing her footsteps also. a nettle haughtily, his frish blood affame. "And as you so choose, it of course de-clares to me that you have made up your mind not to share it." He looks at her for a little while with his head well drawn up and his eyes full of an indig-nant entreaty. Miss Grey, receiving this look point blank, knows that the moment has come to know here here lays his hand upon her arm thus arrest-ing her footsteps also. "If love be indeed all-powerful how is it that I have failed" he asks in a low tone. "No love was ever stronger than that I bear for you, and yet it has been of no avail when matched against the moment has come to keep him or los

moment has come to keep him or lose him for ever. "You are so precipitate—so impul-sive," she says, with a haste that is suffi-ciently well bred to 'so devoid of the ap-pearance of hurry that really belongs to it. "I understand the case as well as of no avail when matched against the barrier that stands between you and me. Has it been my fault, or is it that the love should be equal on both sides, and that—yours—falls below the mark?" She had been standing with lowered lids and trembling hands, but now, as though forced to it against her will, she looks at bin. Wer hare dark mournful you do," petulantly. "It is poverty with

one man, misery with the other. One has to decide between them-and-one does not like poverty!"

looks at him. Her large, dark, mournful eyes are full of a reproach—mute, but so terrible that his heart grows warm within him. Alas! how clearly in those melandoes not like poverty!" "Does one prefer misery?" "N-o. I suppose not." Then she pauses and lock's her fingers together, and then unlocks them. "It is misery either way," she says. "Not if there is love," entreats he softly. "And-you will have to make up your mind now." "You mean that you will not wait to receive my decision later on?" asks she, with a sudden swift glance from her eyes.

him. Alasi how clearly in those melan-choly eyes is her pure love lying. "It is true, then! I have your love," he says, always in a low voice, but noue the less ecstatically; "and if so, my dearest, why will you repulse me? Ah! have pily on me, if you will not on yourself! Think—think before you sacrifice us both to a mistaken sense of duty." "I have given my word," says Nadine —"my promise." "A word—s promise—better broken. See here, my love, I have lived many years longer than you. Too many," he says after a pause, that is filled with po-gret for those pass hours when he had not known her, and when another had borne his name—another unloved and undesized. "I cannot bear to think what years le between your birthday and

eyes. "Yes, that is what I mean," says

Massarcene. It is to be now or never, then! She realizes the situation at once, and admires her true lover a little the more in that her true lover a little the more in that she knows he will abide by his word, and that if she now triffee with him, he will be over the border to morrow ere daylight shows the land, and beyond all recalling, be the voice of the charmer never so sweet. "You mean, too"- she says, tempor-izing a little. "Nothing but that. Make your choice now, to day, between me and him. To-morrow there will be no choice left. If you do not love me, that will matter not at all, and I shall have kad an escape

labored as it is ancient. "There are a few arrangements as yet

incomplete. Some eligibles unassigned," whispers Lady Valworth to her favorite. "I should like to give you some one who would amuse you through the tedious time of dinner. Would you like"

She comes suddenly to a dead stop. She had been murmuring to the girl in a gay aside, with a smile upon her face, but now the smile has given place to a glance of mingled astonishment and horror. Her oyes are fixed on Nadine's breast, where the dimend entry. Dark Argedenic stip the diamond cross-Paul Annerley's gift -is glittering and sparkling magnifi-cently as the girl's gentle bosom rises and falls.

"That-where did you get that?" de mands Lady Valworth, in a stiffed tone. Lord Aster, fortunately, is glancing through his jaunty eyeglass at some one sitting quite at the other end of the room. Nadine and Lady Valworth are virtually

"That?" asks Nadine nervously, sur prised at Lady Valworth's, manner. She looks so innocently at her hostess that the latter, by a supreme effort, recovering herself, lays her hand reassuringly upon

her arm. "Nothing, my love. It was a mere start I received. That pretty cross upon you neck reminded me of one I used to ad mire long ago. Who gave it to your"

"Paul Annerley—Paul, to whom I am engaged," says the girl, with a little sigh. In truth, the pretty bathle—the value of which is unguessed by her—is devoid of all tender interest, coming as it did from him. "Able a pretty wift," returns Lady Val.

did from him. "Ahl a pretty gift," returns Lady Val-worth absently. In spite of herself her manner is constrained. She moves away from Nadiue and crosses the room to

from Nadine and crosses the room to where Millicent is standing, conversing with Geraldine Massareene. Her face is very pale, and there is excitement in her eye as she approaches her niece. "Millicent," says she abruptly, tapping Miss Grey's arm with her trembling fingers. "Something more than strange has happened. I must speak to you be-cause you are her friend, and"—— "What is it? You look as if you had seen a ghost!" exclaims Miss Grey, com-pelling her to sink upon a lounge near

pelling her to sink upon a lounge

again! Part of my stolen diama have seen my diamond cross!"

"Where" exclaims Milleent, as much taken aback as even Lady Valworth can desire. "Round Nadine's neck." "Oh, you must have been mistaken! How could Nadine have a diamond cross of such value!"

How could Natine have a diamond cross of such value?" "How, indeed! She said she had been given it by that man to whom she is en-gaged—Paul Annerley." "A city clerk! Impossible! Dearest aunt, you may be sure you have made a mistake. These French jewelries are so good nowadays. They copy so exactly the fine old designs that one is easily de-ceived when brought face to face with theam."

I am sure, would be the very last to pre-vent that; and so, when you come to think of it"-looking at Millicent-"would out materially reducing the supply of

Boston Corbett the slayer of John

Wilkes Booth, created a sentation in

ment of the session of the legislature

Corbett was appointed assistant door-

tried to expostulate with him, when

Corbett cocked one of his revolvers,

ed for Speaker Smith, and on meeting

a member who somewhat resembled

him, was about to fire, when the mem-

speaker's gallery and walking in front of the doors held it during the entire

morning session, refusing to allow any-

body to come near him. Three city policemen were called, but they would

not venture into the dark corridor, and the slayer of Booth held possession.

At 12 o'clock he sent word down to

the house to adjourn or he would come

Corbett was afterwards exptured in

the lower corrider, disarmed and taken

Little Johnny was saying his pray-

ers before returing, and when he came to "Give us this day our daily bread,"

he stopped. "Give us this day," sug-gested his mother in a whisper. "Yes'm I know it, but I don't want to say that

part," be replied. "Why not ? You al-ways say it." "I know it, but I don't

want to say it to-night." "Tell mam-

ma why you don't want to say it." "Because-because-if I said that God

might up and ask me why the mischief

I didn't eat the bananas I stole off the fruit-stand on the corner and hid in the

alley, and not be asking him for bread all the time."-Merchant Traveler.

to say about this. I got suthin else to

do besides runnin' in an' out to open

the doors of that there barn every

to the police station. He was judged

insane and confined in an asylum.

down and adjourn it himself. The

house adjourned.

To

do in this respect any of the truns lines may do. If the car stove be not soon supplanted by safer methods of neating in view of these practical dem-onstrations of the feasibility of the use

shall deem it my duty to my race to Farmer-"Gwine to ran a railroad vote for him. If this Senate cannot through my barn ?" Surveyor-"I don't

be great enough to rise to the standard see how we can avoid it." Farmer-of Charles Summer and Thad. Stevens. "W aal, now, boss, I reckon I got suthin

The darkness of comb in fowls is a train goes through."-Harper's Baz-the result of conjection of some kind. as

A Prominent Negro Talka

HE DENOUNCES THE REPUBLICAN SER-

ATE FOR REJECTING & COLOR-

ED DEMOCRAT.

J. M. Turner, formerly minister to

Liberia, and now practicing law in St. Louis, and who is tooked upon as one

of the leading colored men of the

country, is now in Washington. In

conversation with a reporter he severe-ly criticised the action of the Secate in

ejecting Matthew's nomination. "The

action of the Senate was an insult to

the race," he said. "If it can confirm

a white Democrat, why not a black one as well? I have been a Republi-can in Missouri ever since I was en-franchised, but this action by the Re-

publican Senate has done more to make

Democratic votes among the colored people than any act that party could

do. So far as I am concerned, it Gro-ver Cleveland is re-nominated for the

Presidency, by any party whatsoever, I

it can go, and we can choose one that

will

steam necessary to haul the train. this objection the Northern Pacific

Railway is about making a practical the Kansas house of representatives at Topeka, Feb 16. At the commenceng an iron car containing boilers for

of it"-looking at Millicent-"would you." "Well-perhaps. But Nadine must not be teased now. Not tonight. To-mor-row night perhaps, when the ball is over -but not before." "As you will," says Lady Valworth, with a sigh. She would have liked to speak with Nadine now at once. "Is it a conspiracy?" asks Duran, coming up at this moment and touching Lady Valworth lightly on the arm. "You all look so solemm-even Miss Grey, who, as a rule is gay asapring chinery for lighting purposes. This car is to be attached to the train imme-diately in the rear of the engine and will furnish the stars of the engine and steam and hot water and electric ma-Miss Grey, who, as a rule, is gay as spring will furnish the steam necessary for a negro attendant from the representatime.

heating a long train independent of the tive hall. Sergeant-at-Arms Norton "Oh!" exclaims Millicent; "it is this curious affair," she goes on; "auntie imagines she has seen to night some of her lost diamonds. And where do you ocomotive boiler. Its electric light think "In the servants' hall?" suggests he,

apparatus will also reduce the danger of fire from the use of oil or gas and thus render the chances of a conflagra-told him to travel. Corbett then search-told him to travel. Corbett then searchlaughing. "No. Here. In this very room, worn ion in case of a wreck very remote indeed. What the Northern Pacific can

"No. Here, in this very bont, work by one of her guests." "Impossible!" Something in her tone removes the smille from Duran's lips. He turns to Lady Valworth. "A guest!" he

says. "Millicent is indiscreet," hesitates Lady Valworth, casting a reproachful glance at her niece.

f steam it will be mainly because the "Not that; only a little angry," returns railway companies are not willing to "And why should what you have told us be hidden? Why, after all, are we to whisper of it in corners? We almost con-demn her in so doing." "Condemn! Who?" exclaims Duran sharoly. incur the expense necessary to the in-troduction of a safe method.-Phila. Times.

She breaks off abruptly. She is agi-tated, and her eyes are troubled. Could she know it, her agitation, kindly, womanly as it is—has made Duran her

"Certainly, no allusion should be made

to-er-anything awkward," puts in Mas-sareene hurriedly. Duran has already gons in quest of Na-

sharply, Instinct, love, what you will, has led him to a knowledge of the truth. "Nadine," replies Lady Valworth in a

"Natine," represent that y valworth in a low tone, her eyes lowered. "Who has dared"— He checks him-self abruptly by an effort that renders his face as white and cold as marble. "You

face as white and cold as marble. "You can scarcely allude to Miss Roche when speaking of this matter," he goes on, with a labored attempt to appear calm. "Of Nadime? Yes. But it is all a mis-take," says Millicent. "Lady Valworth has seen a diamond cross around her neck. But one cross of that sort is so like another! I for my part feel sure it is a mere coincidence." "It is a point on which no doubt should be allowed to rest even for a moment." declares Duran his

friend for life.

"I have seen what I never hoped to see

CHAPTER XVIII.