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## The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI, NO 24 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. 11, NO 15

young ones."

"Indeed, Master Ernest, then why did you look so blank when I told you that my young ladies were not visible?"

"Because I regretted," replied that young gentleman, who was not often at a loss, "having lost an opportunity of confirming my views."

my views."
"I will put the question again when they

When their call was over, Ernest and Jer-

thought, perhaps, that Eva had got over her beadache—her headaches do go in the most

wonderful way—and that you had seen her and were dreaming of her."

"And why should I dream of her, even if I

"Better looking, indeed! I am not good

looking"
"Nonsense, Florence! you are very good looking."
She stopped, for he had turned and was walking with her, and laid her hand lightly

on his arm.
"Do you really think so?" she said, gazing full into his dark eyes. "I am glad you

think so."

They were quite alone in the summer twi-

They were quite alone in the summer twilight; there was not a single soul to be seen
on the beach or on the cliffs above it. Her
touch and the earnestness of her manner
thrilled him; the beauty and the quiet of the
evening, the sweet freshness of the air, the
murmur of the falling waves, the fading
purples in the sky, all these things thrilled
him too. Her face looked wave handerse in

purples in the sky, all these things thrines him, too. Her face looked very handsome in its own stern way, as she gazed at him so earnestly; and, remember, he was only 21. He bent his dark head toward her very

He saw the clive face grow pale, and for a

enough of me to be aware that I am not a woman to be played with. I hope that you are serious, too; if you are not it may be the worse for us both," and she flung his arm from her as though it had stung her. Ernest turned cold all over, and realized that the position was positively grewsome. What to say or do he did not know; so be

stood silent, and, as it happened, silence served his turn better than speech. "There, Ernest, I have startled you. It is—

This was not reassuring intelligence to Ern-

will you not? And you must not dance with me, will you not? And you must not dance with Eva, remember; at least not too much, or I shall get jeale... and that will be bad for us both. And now good night, my dear, good night," and again she put up her face to be kissed.

He kissed it; he had no alternative; and she

left him swiftly. He watched her retreating form till it vanished in the shadows, and then he sat down upon a stone, wiped his

A GARDEN IDYL.

Ernest did not sleep well that night; the

scene of the evening haunted his dreams, and he awoke with that sense of oppression that impartially follows on the heels of misfor-

tune, folly and lobster salad. Nor did the

tune, folly and labster salad. Nor did the broad light of the summer day disperse his sorrows; indeed, it only served to define them more clearly. Ernest was a very inexperienced as he was he could not but recognize that he had let himself in for an awkward business. He was not in the smallest degree in love with Florence Ceswick; indeed, his predominant feeling toward her was one of foar. She was, as he had said, so terribly in earnest. In short, though she was barely a year older than himself, she was a woman possessed of a strength

self, she was a woman possessed of a strength of purpose and a rigidity of will that few of

her sex ever attain to at any period of their lives. This he had guessed long ago; but what he had not guessed was that all the tide of her life set so strongly toward himself.

of her life set so strongly toward himself. That unlucky kiss had, as it were, shot the holt of the sluice gates, and now he was in a fair way to be overwhelmed by the rush of the waters. What course of action he had best take with her now it was beyond his powers to decide. He thought of taking horothy into his confidence and asking her advice, but instinctively he shrunk from doing so. Then he thought of Jeremy, only, however, to reject the idea. What would Jeremy know of such things! He little guessed that Jeremy was swelling with a secret of his own, of which he was too shy to

cret of his own, of which he was too shy t

deliver himself. It seemed to Ernest, the more he considered the matter, that there was only one safe course for him to follow,

and that was to run away. It would be ig-nominious, it is true, but at any rate Flor-ence could not run after him. He made ar-

rangements to meet a friend and go for a ton

with him to France toward the end of the month of August, or about five weeks from the present date. These arrangements he now determined to modify; he would go for his tour at once. Partially comforted by these reflections, he

When he entered the ballroom at the

forehead and whistled. Well might he whistle.

moment she raised her arm as though to fling it about his neck, but next second she started

looking "

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W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.
Superintendent's office. Scranton, Feb.1st,182

ion, and Northern Central Railway. \_\_\_|x||\_\_\_

TIME TABLE.

In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury. EASTWAND.

Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.5 p. m.; New York, 5.20 p. m.; Baitimore, 1.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia e So p. m.; Rew York, 9.35 p. m.; Parlior car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore, 7.45 p. m.—Eric ovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and not ill intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.35 a. m.; New York, 7.10 a. m. Haltimore, 4.55 a. m.; New York, 7.10 a. m. Siceping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York, On Sundays a through siceping car will be run; on this train from Williamspy to Philadelphia philadelphia passengers can remain in siceper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Eric Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 3.30 a. m. Through Puliman siceping carmare run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 3.30 a. m. Through Puliman siceping carmare run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 3.30 a. m. Through Puliman siceping carmare run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 3.30 a. m. Through Puliman siceping carmare run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 3.30 a. m. Through Puliman siceping carmare run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, 3.30 a. m.—Eric Mail (daily except Sunday), (o.

phia and Baltimore. WESTWARD.

5.10 a.m.—Eric Malf (daily except Sunday), fo.

8ric act all intermediate stations and Canandal, gua ard intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falis, with theough Pullman Palce cars and passenger coaches to Bric and Rochester.

9.20 a. m.—Sunday mail for Remove and intermediate station.
THROUGH TRAINS POR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.
Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. with through sicepling car from Philadelphia 4.50 a. m. with through sicepling car from Philadelphia 4.50 a. m. Harnsburg. 9.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53 a. m.
Niagara Express leaves

Niagara Express leaves

Philadelphia.

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RALROAD AND NORTH AND WEST
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(Daily except sunday.)

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his full weight in six months. Quintoe did him no good whatever.

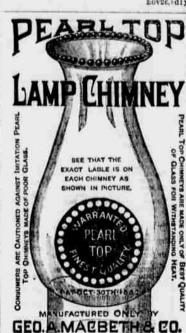
Mr. Gideon Thompson, the oldest and one of the most respected citizens of Bridgeport. Comp. says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quintoe pelsening. Freemity began with Kaskine which broke up the malaria and increased my weight 22 pounds."

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CHAPTER V.

EVA'S PROMISE. When on leaving Cambridge Jeremy got back to Dum's Ness, Mr. Cardus received him with his usual semi-contemptuous coldness, a mental attitude that often nearly drove the young fellow wild with mortification. Not that Mr. Cardus really felt any contempt for him now, he had lost all that years ago when the boy had been so anxious to go and "earn his bread," but he could never forgive him for being the son of his father, or conquer his inherent dielike for him. On the other hand, he certainly did not allow this to interfere he certainly did not allow this to interfere with his treatment of the lad; if anything indeed it made him more careful. What he spent upon Ernest, that same sum he spent upon Jerenny, pound for pound; but there was this difference about it, the money he spent upon Ernest he gave from love, and that on Jerenny from a sense of duty.

Now, Jerenny knew all this well enough, and it made him very anxious to earn his own living, and become independent of Mr. Cardas. But it is one thing to be anxious to earn your own living and out another to do

earn your own living and quite another to do it, as many a poor wretch knows to his cost, and when Jeremy set his slow brain to consider how he should go about the task it quite failed to supply him with any feasible idea. And yet he did not want much; Jeremy was And yet he did not want much; Jeremy was not of an ambitious temperament. If he could earn enough to keep a cottage over his head, and find himself in food and clothes and powder and shot, he would be perfectly content. Indeed, there were to be only two sine qua nons in his ideal occupation; it must admit of a considerable amount of outdoor exercise, and be of such a nature as would permit him to see plenty of Ernest. Without more or less of Ernest's company, life would not, be considered, be worth living.

For a week or more after his arrival home

For a week or more after his arrival home For a week or more after his arrival home these perplexing reflections simmered incessantly inside Jeremy's head, till at length, feeling that they were getting too much for him, he determined to consult his sister, which, as she had three times his brains, he would have done well to think of before.

Dolly fixed her steady blue eyes upon him, and listened to his tale in silence.

and listened to his tale in silence.

"And so you see, Doil"—he always called her Doil—he ended up, "I'm in a regular fix. I don't know what I'm fit for unless it's to row a beat, or let myself out to bad shots to kill their game for them. You see I must stick on to Ernest, I don't feel samehow as theme. though I could get along without him; if it wasn't for that I'd emigrate. I should be just the chap to cut down big trees in Vancouver's Island or brand bullocks," he added medita-"You are a great goose, Jeremy," was his sister's comment. He looked up, not as in any way disputing her statement, but merely

"You are a great goose, I say. What do you suppose that I have been doing all these three years and more that you have been rowing boats and wasting time up at college! I have been thinking, Jeremy."
"Yes, and so have I, but there is no good in thinking."

thinking."
"No, not if you stop there; but I've been acting too. I've spoken to Reginald, and made a plan, and he has accepted my plan."
"You always were clever, Doll: you've got all the brains and I've got all the size," and he surveyed as much as he could see of himself mefully.
"You don't ask what I have arranged," she

said, sharply, for in alluding to her want of stature Jeremy had touched a sore point. "I am waiting for you to tell me "Well, you are to be articled to Reginald." "O Lord!" grouned Jeremy, "I don't like

"Be quiet till I have told you. You are to be articled to Reginald, and he is to pay you an allowance of a hundred a year while you are articled, so that if you don't like it you needn't live here."
"But I don't like the business, Doll; I hate
it; it is a beastly business; it's a devil's busi-

"I should like to know what right you have "I should like to know what right you have to talk like that, Mr. Knowall! Let me tell you that many better men than you are con-tent to earn their living by lawyers' work. I suppose that a man can be honest as a lawyer as well as in any other trade."

suppose that a man can be nonest as a lawyer as well as in any other trade."

Jeremy shook his head doubtfully. "It's blood sucking," he said, energetically.

"Then you must suck blood," she answered with decision. "Look here, Jeremy, don't be pig headed and upset all my plans. If you fall out with Reginald over this he won't do anything else for you. He doesn't like you, you know, and would be only too glad to pick a quarrel with you if he could do it with a clear conscience, and then where would you be, I should like to know!"

Jeremy was unable to form an opinion as to where he would be, so she went on:

"You must take it for the present, at any rate. And then there is another thing to

rate. And then there is another thing to think of. Ernest is to go to the bar, and un-less you become a lawyer, if anything happened to Reginald, there will be nobody to give him a start, and I'm told that is every-thing at the bar."

This last Jeremy admitted to be a weighty

argument.
"It is a precious rum sort of a lawyer I shall make," he said, sadly, "about as good as grandfather yonder, I'm thinking. By the way, how has he been getting on?"

"Oh, just as usual, write, write, write all day. He thinks that he is working out his time. He has got a new stick now, on which he has nicked all the months and years that have to run before he has done.

on which he has nicked all the months and years that have to run before he has done, little nicks for the months and big ones for the years. There are eight or ten big ones left now. Every month he cuts out a nick. It is very droadful. You know he thinks that Reginald is the devil, and he hates him, too. The other day, when he had no writing to do in the office, I found him drawing pictures of him with borns and a tail, such awful pictures, and I think Reginald always looks like that to him. And then sometimes he wants to go out riding, especisometimes he wants to go out riding especi-ally at night. Only last week they found him putting a bridle on to the gray mare, the one that Reginald sometimes rides, you "When did you say that Ernest was coming

back!" she said, after a pause.
"Why, Doll, I told you—next Monday
week."
Her face fell a little. "Oh, I thought you

and Saturday."

"Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, only about getting his room ready."

"Why, it is ready; I looked in yesterday."

"Nonsense! you know nothing about it,"
she answered, coloring. "Come, I wish you would go out; I want to count the linen, and

you are in the way."

Thus adjured, Jeremy removed his large form from the table on which he had been sitting, and whistling to Nails, now a very ancient and preternaturally wise dog, set off for a walk. He had mooned along some little way, with his hands in his pockets and his control to the ground reflecting on the unpleasure of the stage of the set of the se eyes on the ground, reflecting on the unpleas ant fate in store for him as an articled clerk continually under the glance of Mr. Cardus roving eye, when suddenly he became awars that two ladies were standing on the edge of the cliff within a dozen yards of bim. He would have turned and fled, for Jeremy had marked dislike to laddes' society and a strong opinion, which, however, he never ex-pressed, that women were the root of all evil-but, thinking that he had been seen, he feared that retreat would appear rude. In one of the young ladies, for they were young, he recognized Miss Florence Ceswick, who to all appearance had not changed in the least aunt to call on Dorothy. There were the same brown hair, curling as profusely as ever, the same keen brown eyes and ripe lips, the same small features and resolute expres-sion of face. Her square figure had, indeed, developed a little. In her tight fitting dress it looked almost handsome, and somehow its very squareness, that most women would have considered a defect, contributed to that have considered a detect, contributed to that air of power and unchanging purpose that would have made Florence Ceswick remark-able among a bundred handsomer women. "How do you do?" said Florence, in a sharp manner. "You looked as though you were valking in your sleep." Before Jeremy could find a reply to this re-

mark the other young lady, who had been looking intently over the edge of the cliff, turned round and struck him dumb. In his

her sister, so tall, in-seed, that only her own natural grace could save her from looking awkward. Like her sister, she was a bru-nette, only of a nuch more pronounced type. Her waving hair was black, and so were her

beautiful eyes and the long lashes that curled over them. The complexion was a clear clive, the lips like coral and the teeth small olive, the lips like coral and the teeth small and regular. Every advantage that Nature can lavish on a woman she had endowed her with in abundance, including radiant health and spirits. To these charms must be added that sweet and kindly look which sometimes finds a home on the faces of good women, a soft voice, a quick intelligence and an utter absence of conceit or self consciousness, and the reader will get some idea of what Eva Ceswick was like in the first flush of her beauty. "Let me introduce my sister Eva, Mr.

Jones."

But Mr. Jones was, for the moment, paralyzed; he could not even take off his hat.

"Well," said Florence, presently, "she is not Medusa; there is no need for you to turn into stone."

This woke him un—indeed, Florence had an

and he took off his hat, which was, as usual, a dirty one, and muttered something inaudible. As for Eva, she blushed, and, with ready wit, said that Mr. Jones was no doubt astonished at the flithy state of her dress (as a matter of fact, Jeremy could not have sworn that she had one on a fall rough less as a matter of fact, seeiny coun not have sworn that she had one on at all, much less its condition). "The fact is," she went on, "I have been lying flat on the grass and looking over the edge of the cliff." "What at!" asked Jeremy. "Why, the bones." The spot on which they were standing was

part of the ancient graveyard of Titheburgh abbey, and as the ses encroached year by year, multitudes of the bones of the long dead inhabitants of Kesterwick were washed out

inhabitants of Kesterwick were washed out of their quiet graves and strewed upon the beach and unequal surfaces of the cliff. "Look," she said, kneeling down, an ex-ample that he followed. About six feet be-low them, which was the depth at which the corpses had originally been laid, could be seen fragments of lead and rotting wood profeeting from the surface of the cliff, and what was a more ghastly sight, eight inches or more of the leg bone of a man, off which the feet had been washed away. On a ledge in the sandy cliff about twenty-five feet from the top and sixty or so from the bottom, there lay quite a collection of human remains of all sorts and sizes, conspicuous among them being the bones that had composed the feet being the bones that had composed the feet that belonged to the projecting shanks.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Eva, gazing down with a species of fascination; "just fancy coming to that! Look at that little baby's skull just by the big one. Perhaps that is the mother's. And oh, what is that buried in the

As much of the object to which she pointed as was visible looked like an old cannon ball, but Jeremy soon came to a different conclu-

sion.

"It is a bit of a lead coffin," he said.

"Oh, I should like to get down there and find out what is in it. Can't you get down?"

Jeremy shook his head, "I've done it as a boy," he said, "when I was very light; but it is no good my trying now; the sand would give with me, and I should go to the bottom."

He was willing to do most things to oblige this levely creature, but Jeremy was, above all things, practical, and did not see the use of irreaking his neek for nothing. reaking his neck for nothing.
"Well," she said, "you certainly are rather

"Fifteen stone," he said mournfully.

"You'd better not try without a rope." y Florence's clear voice.
"When you two people have quite finished turing at those disgusting bones, perhaps, knew how silly you look, sprawling

acrings you would get up."
This was too much for Eva; she got up at uc, and Jeremy followed suit.
"Why could you not let us examine our jokingly. "Because you are really too idiotic. You ee, Mr. Jones, anything that is old and usty, and has to do with old fogies who are end and gone centuries ago, has the greate charms for my sister. She would like to go

home and make stories about these bones, whose they were, and what they did and all the rest of it. She calls it imagination; I call it fudge."

Eva flushed up, but said nothing; evidently she was not accustomed to answer her elder sister, and presently they parted to go

their separate ways.

"What a great oaf that Jeremy is!" said
Florence to her sister on their homeward way.
"I did not think him an oaf at all," she replied, warmly; "I thought him very nice."
Florence shrugged her square shoulders.
"Well, of course, if you like a giant with as much brain as an owl, there is nothing more to be said. You should see Ernest; he is nice,

"You seem to be very fond of Ernest."

"You seem to be very fond of Ernest."

"Yes, I am," was the reply; "and I hope that when he comes you won't peach on my "You need not be afraid," answered Eva smiling; "I promise to leave your Ernest "Then that is a bargain," said Florence.

CHAPTER VI. JEREMY FALLS IN LOVE.

JEREMY FALLS IN LOVE.

Jeremy, for the first time in some years, had no appetite for his dinner that day, a phenomenon that illed Dorothy with alarm.

"My dear Jeremy," she said afterward, "what can be the matter with you; you had only one helping of beef and no pudding?"

"Nothing at all," he replied, sulkily, and the subject dropped. "Doll," said Jeremy presently, "Do you know Miss Eva Ceswick?"

"Yes. I have seen her twice." "Yes, I have seen her twice."
"What do you think of her, Doll?"
"What do you think of her?" replied that

cautious young person.
"I think that she is beautiful—as an an Quite poetical, I declare; what next! Have you seen her?"
"Of course; else how should I know that she was beautiful?" "Ah, no wonder you had only once of

"I am going to call there this afternoon; rould you like to come?" went on his sister. "Yes, I'll come." Jeremy colored. "Better and better; it will be the first call

"You don't think she will mind, Doll?"

"You don't think she will mind, Doll?"

"Why should she mind! Most people don't
mind being called on even if they have a
pretty face."

"Pretty face. She is pretty all over."

"Wall then a pretty all over. I starter St "Well, then, a pretty all over. I start at 3

"Well, then, a pretty all over. I start at S; don't be late."

Thereupon Jeremy went off to beautify himself for the occasion, and his sister gazed at his departing form with the puzzled expression that had distinguished her as a child.

"He's going to fall in love with her." she said to herself, "and no wonder; any man would, she's pretty all over, 'as he said, and what more does a man look at? I wish that she would fall in love with him before Ernest curses bome," and she sizhed. ane would fall in love with him before Ernest comes home," and she sighed.

At 2:45 Jercmy reappeared, looking partic-ularly hoge in a black coat and his Sunday trousers. When they reached the cottage where Miss Coswick lived with her nieces they were destined to meet with a disap-pointment, for neither of the young ladies

was at home. Miss Ceswick, however, we there and received them very cordially. "I suppose that you have come to see m newly imported nicce," she said; "in fact, am sure that you have, Mr. Jeremy, becau you never came to call upon me in your life Ah, it is wonderful how young men will change their habits to please a pair of brigh eyes!"

Jeremy blushed painfully at this sally, but

Dorothy came to his rescue.

"Has Miss Eva come to live with you for

"Yes, I think so. You see, my dear, between you and me, her aunt in London, with whom she was living, has got a family of daughters, who have recently come out. Eva has been kept back as long as possible but now that she is 20 it was impossible to keep her back any more. But then, on the other hand, it was felt, at least I think it was felt, that to continue to bring Eva out with her cousins would be to quite ruin their chance of settling in life, because when she was in the room no man could be got to look

at them. And so you see Eva has been sent some."
"Most of us would be glad to undergo
beavier penalties than that if we could only
be guilty of the crime," said Dorothy, a little

sadly.

"Ah, my dear, I dare say you think so," answered the old lady. "Every young woman longs to be beautiful and get the admiration of men, but are they any the happier for it? I doubt it. Very often that admiration brings andless troubles in its train, and parhaps in the end wrecks the happiness of the woman herself and of others who are mixed up with her. I was once a beautiful woman, my dear—I am old enough to say it now—and I can tell you that I believe that Providence cannot do a more unkind thing to a woman than to give her striking beauty, unless it gives with it great strength of mind. A weak minded beauty is the most unfortunate of her sex. Her very attractions, which are sure to draw the secret emity of other women on to her, are a source of difficulty to herself, because they bring her lovers with whom she cannot deal. Sometimes the end of such a woman is sad enough. I have seen

whom she cannot deal. Sometimes the end of such a woman is sad enough. I have seen it happen several times, my dear."

Often in after life, and in circumstances that had not then arisen, did Dorothy think of old Miss Ceswick's words and acknowledge their truth; but at this time they did not convince her.

their truth; but at this time they did not con-vince her.

"I would give anything to be like your niece," she said, bluntly, "and so would any other girl. Ask Florence, for instance."

"Ab, my dear, you think so now. Wait till another twenty years have passed over your heads, and then, if you are both alive, see which of you is the happiest. As for Florence, of course she would wish to be like Eva; of course it is painful to her to have to go about with a girl beside whom she looks like a little dowdy. I dare say that she would have been lowdy. I dare say that she would have been as glad if Eva had stopped in London as her cousins were that she had left it. Dear, dear, I hope they won't quarrel. Florence's temper is dreadful when she quarrels."

This was a remark that Dorothy could not gainay. She knew very well what Florence's temper was like.

temper was like.
"But, Mr. Jeremy," went on the old lady,
"all this must be stupid talk for you to listen
to; tell me, have you been rowing any more

"No," said Jeremy; "I strained a muscle in my arm in the 'Varsity race, and it is not m my arm in the 'Varsity race, and it is not quite well yet."

"And where is my dear Ernest!" Like most women, of whatever age they might be, Miss Ceswick adored Ernest.

"He is coming back on Monday week."

"Oh, then he will be in time for the Smythes' lawn tennis party.

And then, at last, came Monday, the long expected day of Ernest's arrival.

CHAPTER VIL

ERNEST IS INDISCREET. Kesterwick was a primitive place, and had no railway station nearer than Raffham, four miles off. Ernest was expected by the mid-day train, and Dorothy and her brother went to meet him.

to meet him.

When they reached the station the train was just in sight, and Dorothy got down to go and await its arrival. Presently it snorted composedly up—trains do not hurry themselves on the single lines in the eastern countries—and in due course deposited Ernest and his portrantean. "Hullo, Doll! so you have come to meet me.
How are you, old gir!" and he proceeded to
embrace her on the platform.
"You shouldn't, Ernest, I am too big to be

"you shouldn't, Ernest, I am too hig to be kissed like a little girl, and in public, too." "Big, h'm! Miss five feet nothing, and as for the public, I don't see any." The train had gone on and the solitary porter had vanished with the portmanteau. "Well, there is no need of you to laugh at me for being small: it is not everybody can be a May pole, like you, or as broad as he is long, like Jeremy." An unearthly halloo from this last named

personage, who had caught sight of Ernest through the door of the booking office, put a stop to further controversy, and pres-ently all three were driving back, each talking at the top of his or her voice.

At the door of Dum's Ness they found Mr. Cardus apparently gazing abstractedly at the ocean, but in reality waiting to greet Ernest, to whom of late years he had grown greatly attached, though his reserve seldom allowed him to show it. "Hullo, uncle, how are you! You look

protty fresh," sang out that young gentle-man before the cart had fairly come to a standstill. "Very well, thank you, Ernest. I need not ask how you are. I am glad to see you back. You have come at a lucky moment, too, for the Batemania Wallisii is in flower, and the Grammatophyllum speciesum, too. The last

is splendid."
"Ah!" said Ernest, deeply interested, for he had much of his uncle's love for orchids, "let's go and see them." go and see them."

While they were engaged in admiring the lovely bloom of the grammatophyllum, Mr. Cardus saw Mr. de Talor come into his office, which was, as the reader may remember, connected with the orchid blooming house by a glass door. The visitor walked round the room, and casting a look of contempt at the flowers in the blooming house stormed at Mr. room, and casting a look of contempt at the flowers in the blooming house, stopped at Mr. Cardus' desk, and glanced at the papers lying on it. Finding apparently nothing to interest him he retired to the window, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, amused himself by staring out of it. There was something so intensely vulgar and insolent in his appearance as he stood thus that Ernest could not help laughing.

"Ah!" said Mr. Cardus, with a look of suppressed malignity, half to himself and half to Ernest, "I have really got a hold of you at last, and you may look out, my friend." Then he went in, and as he left the blooming house Ernest heard him greet his visitor in

house Ernest heard him greet his visitor in that snave manner, with just a touch of deference in it, that he knew so well how to assume, and De Talor's reply, "'Ow do, Cardust 'ow's the business getting on!"
Outside the glass houses Ernest found
Jeremy waiting for him. It had for years been an understood thing that the latter was not to enter them. There was no particular reason why he should not; it was merely one of those signs of Mr. Cardus' disfavor that caused Jeremy's pride such bitter injury.
"What are you going to do, old fellow?" he

asked of Ernest.
"Well, I want to go down and see Florence "Oh, yes, I'll come." "The duece you will—well, I never! I say, Doll," he sang out to that young lady as she appeared upon the scene, "what has hap-

pened to Jewy — he's coming out calling!"
"I fancy has got an attraction," said Miss forothy.

"I say, old fellow, you haven't been cutting me out with Florence, have you?"
"I am sure it would be no great loss if he had," put in Dorothy, with an impatient little

stamp of the foot. "You be quiet, Doll. I am very fond of Florence, she's so clever, and nice looking, "If being clever means being able to say "It being clever means being able to say spiteful things, and having a temper like— like a fiend's, she is certainly clever enough; and, as for her looks, they are a matter of taste; not that it is for me to talk about good looks."

"Oh, how humble we are, Doll; dust on our

head and sackcloth on our back, and how our blue eyes flash!" "Be quiet, Ernest, or I shall get angry."

"Oh, no, don't do that; leave that to people
with a temper 'like—like a flend's.' you know. There, there, don't get cross, Dolly; let's kiss "I won't kiss you, and I won't be friends,

and you may walk by yourselves," and before anybody could stop her she was gone. Ernest whistled softly, reflecting that Dorothy was not good at standing chaff. Then, after wait-ing awhile, he and Jeremy started to pay But they were destined to be unfortunate. But they were destined to be unfortunate. Eva, whom Ernest had never seen, and of whom he had heard nothing beyond that she was "good looking," for Jeremy, notwithstanding his expressed intention of consulting him, could not make up his mind to breach the subject, was in bed with a bad healache, and Florence had gene out to spend the afternoon with a friend. The old lady was at home, however, and received them both warnly, more especially her favorite.

"I am lucky," she said, "in having two nieces, or I should never see anything of young gentlemen like you."
"I think," said Ernest, audaciously, "that

both warmly, more especially her favorite, Ernest, whom she kissed affectionately.

"You are late," she said; "why did you not come to the lawn tennis?"
"I thought that our party was sufficiently represented," he answered, lamely nodding toward Jeremy and his sister.
"Why are you not dancing?"
"Because nobody asked me," she said, sharply; "and besides I was waiting for you."
"Jeremy," said Ernest, "Florence mays that you didn't ask her to dance."
"Don't talk humbug, Ernest; you know I don't dance."

girls appeared to be waiting for him, for on his approach Florence, by a movement of her dress, and an almost imperceptible motion of her hand, at once made room for him on the bench beside her, and invited him to sit down. He did so.

"You are late," she said; "why did you not come to the town tempio"

"Don't talk humbug, Ernest; you know I don't dance."

"No, indeed," put in Dorothy, "it is easy to see that; I never saw anybody look so miserable as you do."

"Or so big," said Florence, consolingly.
Jeremy sunk back into his corner and tried to look smaller. His sister was right; a dance was unfold misery to him. The quadrille had ceased by now, and presently the band struck up a waitz, which Ernest danced with Florence. They both waitzed well, and Ernest kept going as much as possible, perhaps in order to give no opportunity for conversation. At any rate no allusion was made to the events of the previous evening.

"Where are your aunt and sister, Florence" he asked, as he led her back to her seat.

"They are coming presently," she answered, shortly.

When their call was over, Ernest and Jeremy separated, Jeremy to return home and
Ernest to go and see his old master, Mr. Halford, with whom he stopped to tea. It was
past 7 on one of the most beautiful evenings
in July when he set out on his homeward
path. There were two ways of reaching
Dum's Ness—either by the read that ran along
the cliff or by walking on the shingle of the
beach. He chose the latter, and had reached
the spot where Titheburgh abbey frowned at
its enemy, the advancing sea, when he sudshortly.

The next dance was a galop and this he danced with Dorothy, whose alim figure looked, in the wiste muslin dress she wore, more like that of a child than a grown womore like that of a child than a grown wo-man. But child or woman, her general ap-pearance was singularly pleasing and attract-ive. Ernest thought he had never seen the quaint, puckered, little face, with the two steady blue eyes in it, look so attractive. Not that it was pretty—it was not, but it was a face with a great deal of thought in it, and, moreover, it was a face through which the goodness of its owner seemed to shine like the

the spot where Titheburgh abbey frowned at its enemy, the advancing sea, when he suddenly became aware of a young lady in a shady hat and swinging a walking stick, in whom he recognized Florence Ceswick.

"How do you do Ernest!" she said, coolly, but with a slight flush upon her olive skin that betrayed that she was not quite so cool as she looked; "what are you dreaming about! I have seen you coming for the last 200 yards, but you never saw me."

"I was dreaming of you, of course, Florence." light through a lawp.
"You look so nice to-night, Dolly," said "You look so nice to-night, Dolly," said Ernest.

She flushed with pleasure, and answered simply, "I am glad you think so."

"Yes, I do think so; you are really pretty."

"Nonsense, Ernest! Can't you find some other but to practice your compliments on? What is the good of wasting them on me! I am going to sit down."

"Really, Doll, I don't know what has come to you lately, you have grown so cross." "Oh, indeed," she answered, dryly; "I

"tenty, John to de tanow what has come to you lately, you have grown so cross."

She sighed as she answered gently: "No more do i, Ernest. I did not mean to speak crossly, but you should not make fun of me. Ah, here comes Miss Ceswick and Eva." "For the reason that men do dream of "men—because she is handsome."
"Is she better looking than you, then,

They had rejoined Florence and Jeremy. The two ladies were scated, while Ernest and The two ladies were seated, while Ernest and Jeremy were standing, the former in front of them, the latter against the wall behind, for they were gathered at the topmost end of the long room. At Dorothy's announcement both the lads bent forward to look down the room, and both the women fixed they eyes on Ernest's face anxiously, expectantly, something as a criminal fixes his eyes on the foreman of a jury who is about to pronounce words that will one way or another affect all his life.

his life.
"I don't see them," said Ernest, carelessly.
"Oh, here they come. By George!"
Whatever those two women were looking
for in his face, they had found it, and, to all for in his face, they had found it, and, to all appearance, it pleased them very little. Dorothy turned pale, and leaned back with a faint smile of resignation; she had expected it, that smile seemed to say; but the blood flamed like a danger flag into Florence's haughty features—there was no resignation there. And meanwhile Ernest was staring down the room, quite unaware of the little comedy that was going on round him; so was Jeremy, and so was every other man who was there to stare.

slowly, to give her an opportunity of escaping if she wished, but she made no sign, and in another moment he had kissed her trembling there to stare. lips.

It was a foolish act, for he was not in love with Florence, and he had scarcely done it before his better sense told him that it was foolish. But it was done, and who can recall And this was what they were staring at: Up the center of the long room walked, or rather swept, Miss Ceswick, for even at her advanced age she moved like a queen, and at any other time her appearance would in itself have been sufficient to excite remark. But have been sufficient to excite remark. But rather at the radiant creature who accompanied her, and whose stature dwarfed her, tall as she was. Eva Ceswick, for it was she, was dressed in white soie de Chine, in the bosom of which was fixed a single rose. The dress was cut low, and her splendid neck and arms were entirely without ornament. In the masses of dark hair, which was coiled like a coronet round her head, there glistened a diamond star. Simple as was her costume, there was a grandeur about it that struck the ack from him.
"Did you mean that," she said, wildly, "or are you playing with me?"

Ernest looked alarmed, as well he might;
the young lady's aspect at the moment was not reassuring.

"Mean it!" he said, "oh, yes, I mean it."

"I mean, Ernest," and again she laid her hand upon his arm and looked into his eyes, "did you mean that you loved me, as—for now I am not ashamed to tell you—I love there was a grandeur about it that struck the whole room; but in truth is sprung from the almost perfect beauty of the woman who wore it. Any dress would have looked beauti-Ernest felt that this was getting awful. To ful upon that noble form, that towered so high, and yet seemed to float up the room kiss a young woman was one thing—he had done that before—but such an outburst as willow in the wind. But her loveliness did Gratifying as it was to him to learn that he possessed Florence's affection, he would at that moment have given something to be without it. He hesitated a little. not end there. From those dark eyes there shone a light that few men could look upon and forget, and yet there was nothing bold about it. It was like the light of a star. "How serious you are!" he said, at last.
"Yes," she answered, "I am; I have been
serious for some time. Probably you know
enough of me to be aware that I am not a

On she came, her lips half parted, seemingly unconscious of the admiration she was ingly unconscious of the admiration she was attracting, eclipsing all other women as she passed, and making her beauty, that before had seemed bright enough, look poor and mean beside her own. It took but a few seconds, ten perhaps, for her to walk up the room, and yet to Ernest it seemed long before her eyes met his own, and something passed from them into his heart that remained there His gaze made her blush a little, it was so

unmistakable. She guessed who he was, and passed him with a little inclination of her head.

"Well, here we are at last," she said, adit is because I love you. When you kissed me just now, everything that is beautiful in the world seemed to pass before my eyes, and for a moment I heard such music as they play dressing her sister in her musical pure voice.
"What do you think, something went wrong with the wheel of the fly, and we had to stop think my heart is deep as the sea, and I can love with ten times the strength of the shal-low women round me; and as I can love, so I can hate." to get it mended."
"Indeed!" answered Florence; "I thought

"Indeed" answered Florence; "I thought that perhaps you came late in order to make a more effective entry." ""Florence," said her aunt, reprovingly, "you should not say such things." Florence did not answer, but put her lace handkerchief to her lip. She had bitten it till the blood ran. "Yes," she answered, with a smile, "I know I am strange; but while I am with you I feel so good, and when you are away all my life is a void, in which bitter thoughts flit till the blood ran.

By this time Ernest had recovered himself. He saw several young fellows bearing down upon them, and knew what they were after. "Miss Ceswick," he said, "will you introabout like bats. But there, good night. I shall see you at the Smythes' dance to-mor-row, shall I not! You will dance with me,

duce me!"

moment the band began to play a walts. In five seconds more she was floating down the reom upon his arm, and the awarding young gentlemen were left lamenting, and, if the truth must be told, anathematizing "that truth must be told, anathematizing "that puppy Kershaw" beneath their breath.

There was a spirit in their feet; she danced divinely. Lightly leaning on his arm, they swept round the room, the incarnation of youthful strength and beauty, and, as they passed, even sour old Lady Asteigh lowered her ancient necessan neth or more, and deigned to ask who that he adsome young man danc-ing with the "tal" girl" was? Presently they halted, and Ern's at observed a more than usu-ally introvid m an coming toward them, with

No sooner said than done, and at that

ally intropid m in coming toward them, with the design, no doubt, of obtaining an intro-duction and the promise of dances. But again he was equal to the occasion.

"Have you a card?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Will you allow me to put my name down

suit."
"Yes, we get on nicely. Here it is." Ernest took it. The young man had arrived now, and was hovering around and glowering. Ernest nodded to him cheerfully, and "put his name" very much down, deed for no less than three dances and Eva opened her eyes a little, but she said

nothing; their steps suited so very well.

"May I ask you, Kershaw—" began his would be rival.

"Oh, certainly," answered Ernest, benignly,
"I will be with you presently," and they floated off again on the rising wave of the music.

When the dance ended they stopped just by
the spot where Miss Ceswick was sitting.
Florence and Dorothy were both dancing,
but Jeremy, who did not dance, was standing
by her, looking as sulky as a bear with a sore
bead. Eva stratched out her hand to him
with a smile. would be rival.

with a smile. "I hope that you are going to dance with me, Mr. Jones," she said. "I don't dance," he answered curtly, and walked away.

She gazed after him wonderingly; his man

ner was decidedly rude.
"I do not think that Mr. Jones is in a good temper," she said to Ernest, with a smile.
"Oh, he is a queer fellow; going out always makes him cross," he answered, carelessly.

Then the gathering phalanx of would be partners marched in and took possession, and

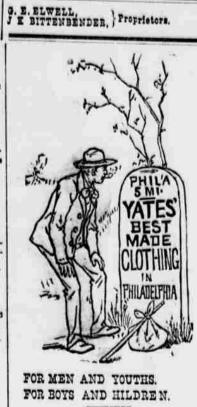
Ernest had to retire. [TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.] A New Zealand Park.

A New Zealand Park.

Te Hen Hen has presented to the New Zealand government for a public park the "wonderland" of that country, including the volcano Tengariro, the extinct volcano Ruapchu, Mount Ngaruahoe, and the hot lake district. Te Hen Hen is a great chief of the Ngatutawbaretea Maories—Chicago Tribune.

Partially comforted by these reflections, he drossed himself that evening for the dance at the Smythes, where he was to meet Florence, who, however, he gratefully reflected, could not expect him to kiss her there. The dance was to follow a lawn tennis party, to which Dorothy, accompanied by Jeremy, had already gone. Ecnest having, for reasons best known to minself, declined to go to the lawn tennis, preferring to follow them to the dance.

When he subgress the hallroom at the The following is an expression which always occurred in President Day's prayers: "We are the degenerate plants of a strange vine." An old Litchield deacon used to have this pet plirase: "When, oh, Lord, the clouds of the valley shall fall on this dilapidated form."—Hartford Religious Berald. Michigan is anterest the baltroom at the Smythes to first quadrille was in progress. Making his way up the room, Ernest soon came upon Florence Coswick, who was sitting with Dorothy, while in the background, loomed Jeremy's gigantic form. Both the



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Pennsylvania Railroad. Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Divis-

noe cars and passenger coaches to Eric and Rochester.

9.53—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

18.32 p.m.—Siagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canachester, Buffalo and Singara Falls with through passenger coaches to kane and incohester and Parlor carto Willfamsport.

5.30 p.m. Pass Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and Intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a.m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and Intermediate stations of the Canaches to Renovo and Watkins.

Harrisburg, 5.10 a. m. daily except summay arriving at Sunbury 2.53 a. m. Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Bailtmore 7.30 a. m.; daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Pariot car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Hautimore.

Fast lane leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.80 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; daily except sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.80 p. m. with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Bailtmore, 10.45 p. m.; Washington, 10.80 p. m.; Haltimore, 11.50 p. m.; daily except saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Philadelphia, 11.50 p. m.; daily except saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Philadelphia at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Philadelphia and liatimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.40 a.m., three-source
12.15 p. m.
Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 2.55 p m, arriving at Bloom Ferry 3.51; Wilkes-Barre, 6.60 p m.
Express East teaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving
at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 1.55 p. m.
Bunbury Mail leaves Wilkes-barre 10.25 a. m. arrivting at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m.
Express West leaves Wilkes-barre2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 2.10p.m.
Catawissa accom. leaves Nesscopeck 5.35 p. m. ar-