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Happy Days,

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1887.

THE WITCH'S HEAD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. the tall was drawing to a close. The Good Appetite, dancing room, notwithstanding its open windows, was intensely hot, and many of the dancers were strolling in the gardens, among them Ernest and Eva. They had just danced their third waltz, in which they had dis-covered that their steps suited better than ever. New Strength,

Florence, Dorothy and her brother were also waiking all three together. It is curious how people in misfortune cling to one another. They walked in silence; they had nothing to say. Presently they caught sight of two tall figures standing by a bush, on which was fixed a dying Chinese lantern. It is sometimes unfortunate to be tall, it betrays one's identity; there was no mistaking the two figures, though it was so dark. Instinctively the three haited. And just then the expiring Chinese lantern did an unkind thing; it caught fire and threw a larid light upon a NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Discusses.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinthe, Mr. F. A. Miller, GOR Raise 167th street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malarial prestration after seven years antering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1884, went to work in one month, regained his full weight in six months. Quintine did him no good whatever. caught fire and threw a lurid light upon a very pretty little scene. Ernest was bending forward toward Eva with all his soul in his expressive eyes, and begging for something. She was blushing sweetly and looking down at the rose in her bosom; one hand, too, was raised as though to unfasten it. The light no good whatever.

Mr. Oldeon Thompson, the olde-4 and one of the most respected efficients of bridgeport, Conn. says: "I am ninety years of age, and for the last three years have suffered from malaria and the effects of quinthe potentials." I recently began with Kaskine which broke up the maintia and increased my weight to pounds. was for a moment so strong that Dorothy afterward remembered noticing how long Evals curling black eyelashes looked against her check. In another moment it had flared out, and the darkness hid the sequel; but it may here be stated that when Eva reappeared in the ballroom she had lost her rose.

kine which broke up the mainta and increased my weight 22 pounds, of 129 Halliday St., dersey Mrs. T. A. Solomens, of 129 Halliday St., dersey City, writes My sen Harry, it years, was cared of malaria by Kaskine, after 15 months' illness, when we that given up all hope.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details, will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice, \$1.09 per bottle.

Sold by MOYER BROS, Bloomsburg, Pa., or sent by mail on recepts of price. Charming and idyllic as this tableau tres vivant of youth and beauty, obeying the primary law of nature and making love to one another in a garden of Eden illumined with Chinese lanterns, undoubtedly was, it did not seem to please any of the three spec-Sold by MOYER BROWN 37 mai on receipt of price, THE KASKINK CO., 54 Warren St., New York BOY26, 5417,

Jeremy actually forgot the presence of ladies and went so far as to swear aloud. Nor did they reprove him; probably it gave their . vicarious relief. "I think that we had better be going home; it is late," said Dorothy, after a pause. "Jeremy, will you go and order the carringe!"

Jeremy went Florence said nothing, but she took her fan in both her hands and bent it slowly, so that the ivory sticks snapped one by one with a succession of sharp reports. Then she threw it down and set her beel upon it and ground it into the path. There was something inexpressibly cruel about the way in which she crushed the pretty toy, the action seemed to be the appropriate and unconscious outcome of some mental process; and it is an cidl proof of the excitement under which they were both laboring, that at the time the gentle minded Derothy saw nothing strange about it. At that moment the two girls were nearer each other than they ever had been before, or ever would be again; the common stroke of a misfortune for before, or ever would be again; the common stroke of a misfortune for a moment welded their opposite natures into one. At that moment, too, they knew that they both loved the same man; before, they had guessed it, and had not liked each other the better for it, but now that was forgotten.

"I think, Florence," said Dorothy, with a little tremor in her voice, "that we are 'out of the running,' as Jeremy says, Your sister is too beautiful for any woman to stand against her. He has fallen in love with her."

"Yes "said Florence, with a bitter leach."

and a flash of her brown eyes; "his highness has thrown a handkerchief to a new favorite. and she has lost no time in picking it up. We always used to call her the sultana," and she laughed again.
"Perhaps," suggested Derothy, "she only means to flirt with him a little; I hoped that

my! what chance has Jeremy against him! Ernest would make more way with a woman in two hours than Jeremy would in two years. We all love to be taken by storm, my dear. Do not deceive yourself Flirt with him! she will love him wildly in a week. Who could help loving him?" added, with a thrill of her rich voice. Dorothy said nothing; she knew that it was true, and they walked for a few steps in

"Derothy, do you know what generally "No."
"They come to a bad end; the other ladies

of the harem murder them, you know." should murder my dear sister. What I do mean is this, that I think we might manage to depose her. Will you help me if I find a

Dorothy's better self had time to assert itself by now; the influence of the blow was over, and their natures were wide apart

again.
"No, certainly not," she answered. "Ernest has a right to choose for himself, and if your sister gets the better of us, it is the fortune of war, that is all—though certainly the fight is not quite fair," she added, as she thought of Eva's radiant loveliness, Florence glanced at her companion con-

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps

"What do you mean to do?"
"Mean to do!" she answered, swinging ound and facing her; "I mean to have my

"Oh, Florence, it is wicked to talk so! Whom are you going to be revenged on-Ernest! It is not his fault if-if you are fond

"Yes, it is his fault; but whether it is his fault or not, he shall suffer. Remember what I say, for it will come true; he shall uffer. Why should I bear it all alone!

leave him alone—do your hear that i—and yet she is taking him away from me to gratify her vanity—she, who can have anybody she "Hush, Florence! don't give way to your

temper so, or you will be overheard. Besides, I dare say that we are making a great deal out of nothing; after all, she only gave him a

not nothing. I guessed that it would be so, I knew that it would be so, and I know what is coming now. Mark my words, within a month Ernest and my sweet sister will be sitting about on the cliff with their arms round each other's necks. I have only to shut my eyes and I can see it. Oh, here is Jeremy! Is the carriage there, Jeremy! That's right;

ottage, won't you!"

Half an hour later the fly that had brought Miss Ceswick and Eva came round, and with it Ernest's dog cart. But as Miss Ceswick was rather anxious about the injured wheel Ernest, as in duty bound, offered to see then safe home, and ordering the cart to follow, got into the fly without waiting for an answer. Of course Miss Ceawick went to sleep, but it is not probable that either Ernest or Eva followed her example. Perhaps they were too tired to talk; perhaps they were begin ning to find out what a delightful companion-ship is to be found in silence; perhaps his gen-tle pressure of the little white gloved hand,

that lay unresistingly in his own, was more oquent than speech. Don't be shocked, my reader; you or I yould have done the same, and thought our elves very lucky fellows!

At any rate, that drive was over all too

Florence opened the door for them; she had old the servant to go to bed. When Eva reached the door of her roon the turned round to say good night to he and kissed her on the face.

"I congratulate you on your dress and on your conquest," and again she kissed her and "It is not like Florence to be so kind," re-Eva did not know that as there are some Eva and not know that as there are some kisses that declare peace and set the seal or love, there are others that amounce war and proclaim the hour of vengeance or treachery. Judas kissed his Master when he betrayof

EVA FINDS SOMETHING. When Ernest woke on the morning after the hall it was 10 o'clock, and he had a severe headache. This—the headache—was his first impression, but presently his eye fell upon a withering red rose that lay upon the dressing table, and he smiled. Then followed reflec-

tions, those confounded reflections that always dog the heels of everything pleasant in life,

and he ceased to smile.

In the end he yawned and got up. When he reached the sitting room, which looked cool and pleasant, in contrast to the hot July sunshine that beat upon the little patch of bare turf in front of the house, and the glittering sea beyond, he found that the others had done their breakfast. Jeremy had gone out but his sister was there, looking a little out, but his sister was there, looking a little pale, no doubt from the late hours of the

provious night.

"Hulloa, Doilt good-morning."

"Good-morning, Ernest," she answered, rather coldly. "I have been keeping your tea as warm as I can, but I'm afraid it is getting

"You are a good Samaritan, Doll. I've got She smiled as she gave it to him; had she spoken what was in her mind she would have answered that she had "such a heart."

He drank the tea, and apparently felt bet-ter for it, for presently he asked her, in com-paratively cheerful tones, how she liked the

"Oh, very well, thank you, Ernest; how did "Ob, awfully. I say, Doll:"
"Yes, Ernest."

"Un't she lovely?"
"Who, Ernest?"
"Who! Why Eva Ceswick, of course." "Yes, Ernest, she is very lovely."
There was something about her tone that
was not encouraging; at any rate, he did not
pursue the subject.

"Where is Jeremy!" he asked next. "He has gone out."

Presently, Ernest, having finished his second cup of tea, went out too, and came across my mooning about the yard. inition, my bearty! and how are you after

"All right, thank you," answered Jeremy, Ernest glanced up quickly. The voice was the voice of Jeremy, but the tones were not his tones.

"What is up, old chap?" he said, slipping his arm through his friend's.

"Oh, yes, there is, though. What is it? Out with it. I am a splendid father con-Jeremy freed his arm, and remained sulkier

than ever. Ernest looked hurt, and the look softened the other.

"Well, of course, if you won't tell me, there is nothing more to be said," and he prepared "As though you didn't know!"

"Upon my honor, I don't."
"Then if you'll come here I will tell you,"
and Jeremy opened the door of the little outhouse where he stuffed his birds and kept his gun and collection of eggs and butterflies and motioned Ernest majestically in. He entered and seated himself upon the stuffing table, gazing abstractedly at a bit-tern that Jeremy had shot about the time that

this story opened, and which was now very moth caten, and waved one melancholy leg in the air in a way meant to be imposing, but mly succeeding in becoming grotesque. "Well, what is it?" he interrogated of the lassy eye of the decaying bittern.

Jeremy turned his broad back upon him he felt that he could speak better on such a subject with his back turned, and, addressing

upty space before him, said:
"I think it was precious unkind of you." "What was precious unkind?" o go and cut me out of the only girl"— ever loved," suggested Ernest, for he

vas hesitating.
"I ever loved," chimed in Jeremy; the hrase expressed his sentiments exactly.
"Well, old chap, if you would come to the point a little more, and tell me who the deuce There is only one girl"-

"Well, in the name of the boly Roman em-"Why, Eva Ceswick."

"Why, Eva Ceswick."

Ernest whistled, "I say, old chap," he said, after a panse, "why didn't you tell me! I didn't even knew that you knew her. Are you engaged to her, then?"

"Ernest No."

"Well, then, have you an understanding "No, of course not." "No, of course not."
"Look here, old fellow, if you would just slew round a bit and tell me how the matter stands, we might get on a little."
"It doesn't stand at all, but—I worship the

ground she treads on; there!"
"Ah," said Ernest, "that's awkward, for so
do I—at least I think I do." do I—at least I think I do."
Jeremy groaned, and Ernest groaned too by
way of company.
"Look here, old chap," said the latter,
"what is to be done! You should have told

me, but you didn't, you see. If you had, I would have kept clear. Fact is, she bowled me over altogether, bowled me clean.

"So she did me."
"Till tell you what, Jeremy; I'll go away
and leave you to make the running. Not that
I see that there is much good in either of us making the running, for we have nothing to marry on, and no more has she." "And we are only 21. One can't marry at 21," put in Jeremy, "or one would have a large family by the time one's 30. Fellows who marry at 21 always do."
"She's 21; she told me so."

"She told me, too," said Jeremy, determined to show that Ernest was not the only person favored with this exciting fact. "Well, shall I clear! We can't jaw about it

that showed that it cost him an effort to say it, "that would not be fair; besides, I expect that the mischief is done; everybody gets fond of you, old chap, men or women. No. you shan't go, and we won't get to logger-heads over it, either. I'll tell you what we will do—we will toss up."

This struck Ernest as a brilliant suggestion.

This struck Krnest as a brilliant suggestion.
"Right you are," he said, at once producing a shilling; "singles or threes!"
"Singles of course; it's sooner over,"
Eenest poised the coin on his thumb.
"You call. But, I say! What are we tossing for! We can't draw lots for the girl like the fellows in Homer. We haven't captured

This was obviously a point that required onsideration. Jeremy scratched his head. "How will this do?" he said. "The winne to have a month to make the running in, th

oser not to interfere. If she won't have any thing to say to him after a month, then the loser to have his fling. If she will, loser to keep clear."
"That will do. Stand clear; up you go."

The shilling spun into the air.
"Talls!" howled Jeremy.
It lit on the beak of the astenished bittern and bounded off on to the floor, finally rolling under a box full of choice specimens of the petrified bones of antediluvian unimals that had been washed out of the cliffs. The tox had been lugged out of the way with diffi-

culty, and the shilling disclosed.

"Heads it is!" said Ernest exultingly. "I expected as much; just my luck. Well, shake hands, Ernest. We won't quarrel about the girl, please God."

They shook hands heartily enough and parted; but from that time for many a long day there was an invisible something between m that had not been there before. Strong

indeed, must be the friendship of which the bonds do not slacken when the shadow of a woman's love stacken when the shadow of a woman's love falls upon it. That afternoon Dorothy said that she wanted to go into Kesterwick to make some purchases, and Ernest offered to accompany her. They walked in silence her. They walked in silence as far as Tithe-burgh Abbey; indeed, they both suffered from a curious constraint that seemed to effectually check their usual brother-and-sis ter-like relations. Ernest was just beginning to feel the silence awkward when Dorothy

stopped.
"What was that?" she said. "I thought I heard somebody cry out."

They listened, and presently both heard a woman's voice calling for help. The sound seemed to come from the cliff on their loft. They stepped to the edge and looked over. As the reader may remember, some twenty feet from the top of the chiff, and fifty or more from the bottom, there was at this spot a samly ledge, on which were deposited many of the remains washed out of the churchyard by the sea. Now this particular spot was almost inaccessible without ladders, because, although it was easy enough to get down to its level, the cliff bulged out on either side of it, and gave, for the space of some yards, little or no hold for the hands or feet of the

The first thing that caught Ernest's eye when he looked over was a lady's foot and ankle, which appeared to be resting on a tiny piece of rock that projected from the surface of the cliff; the next was the imploring face of Eva Ceswick, who was sprawling in a most undignified position on the bulge of sandstone, with nothing more between her and eternity than that very unsatisfactory and insufficient knob of rock. It was evident

that she could move neither one way nor the other without being precipitated to the bot-tom of the cliff, to which she was apparently clinging by suction, like a fly. "Great God!" exclaimed Ernest. "Hold on, I will come to you."
"I can't hold much longer." It was one thing to say that he would come, and another to do it. The sand gave scarcely any foothold, how was he to get enough parchase to pull Eva round the bulge? He looked at Dorothy in despair. Her quick mind had taken in the situation at

"You must get down there above her, Ernest, and lie flat and stretch out your hand

"But there is nothing to hold to, When she puts her weight on to my hand we shall both go together."
"No. I will hold your legs. Be quick, she is getting exhausted."

is getting exhausted."

It took Ernest but two seconds to reach the spot that Dorothy had pointed to, and to lay himself flat, or rather slanting, for his heels were a great deal higher than his head. Fortunately he discovered a hard knob of sandstone against which he could rest his left hand. Meanwhile, Dorothy, seating herself has securely as she could above saised him by as securely as she could above, seized him by the ankles. Then Ernest stretched his hand downward, and gripping Eva by the wrist, began to put out his strength. Had the three had any time to indulge their sense of humor they might have found the appearance they presented intensely indicreas; but they had not, for the very good reason that for thirty seconds or so their lives were not worth a farthing's purchase. Ernest strained and strained, but Eva was a large woman, although she danced so lightly, and the bulge over which he had to pull her was almost perpendicular. Presently he felt that Dor-

othy was beginning to slip above him.
"She must make an effort or we shall all
go," she said, in a quiet voice. Drive your knees into the sand, and throw yourself forward, it is your only chance!" gasped Ernest to the exhausted woman be-She realized the meaning of his words, and

gave a desperate struggle.
"Pull, Doll, for God's sake pull! she's com-Then followed a second of despairing effort,

Then followed a second of despairing short, and she was beside him on the spot where he lay; another struggle, and the three sunk ex-hausted on the top of the chiff, rescued from a most imminent death. "By Jove?" ejaculated Ernest, "that was a Dorothy nodded, she was too exhausted to speak. Eva smiled and fainted.

He turned to her with a little cry, and be-

gan to chafe her cold hands. "Oh, she's dead, Doll!" he said.
"No, she has fainted. Give me your hat."
Before he could do so she had seized it, and was running as quickly as her exhaustion would allow toward a spring that bubbled up a hundred yards away, and which once had

been the water supply of the old abbey. Ernest went on rubbing for a minute Errest went on rubbing for a minute of more, but without producing the slightest effect. He was in despair. The beautiful face beneath him looked so wan and death-like; all the red had left the lips. In his distress, and scarcely knowing what he did, he bent over them and kissed them, once, twice, thrice. This mode of restoration is not recommended in the reddene observance is not recommended in the reddene observance. ommended in the medicine chest "guide," but in this instance it was not without its effect. ently a faint and tremulous glow diffused elf over the pale cheek; in another momen it deepened to a most unmistakable blush. (Was it a half consciousness of Ernest's new method of treatment, or merely the returning blood, that produced that blush? Let us not inquire.) Next she sighed, opened her

not inquire.) Next she signed, opened her eyes, and sat up.

"Oh, you are not dead?"

"No, I don't think so; but I can't quite re-member. What was it? Ah, I know," and she shut her eyes, as though to keep out some bound discharge. horrid sight. sight. Presently she opened them "You have saved my life," she said. "If it had not been for you, I should have now been lying crushed at the foot of that dreadful cliff. I am so grateful." At that moment Dorothy came back with a ittle water in Ernest's black bat, for in her

hurry she had spilled most of it. "Here, drink some of this," she said. not a very convenient drinking vessel till you get used to it, and she ups-t more than she wallowed. But what she got down did her good. She put down the hat, and they all three laughed a little; it was so funny drink

ing out of an old hat.
"Were you long down there before we came!" asked Dorothy. "No, not long: only about half a minute on that dreadful bulge."

"What on earth did you go there for?" said

Ernest, putting his dripping hat on his head, for the sun was hot.

"I wanted to see the bones. I am very active, and thought that I could get up quite safely; but sand is so slippery. Oh, I forgot; look here," and she pointed to a thin cord that was tied to her wrist.

"What is that?" "Why, it is tied to such an odd lead box that I found in the sand. Mr. Jones said the other day that he thought it was a bit of an old coffin, but it is not, it is a lead box with a I might want it getting down, you know—so I tied one end of it to the handle."
"Let us pull it up," said Ernest, unfasten-ing the cord from Eva's wrist and beginning

But the case was too heavy for him to lift alone; indeed, it proved as much as they could all three manage to drag it to the top. However, up it came at last. Ernest examined it carefully, and came to the conclusion that it was very ancient. The massive iron handle at the top of the oblong case was almost eaten through with rust, and the lead itself was much corroded, although from fragments that still clung to it it was evident that it had once been protected by an outer case of oak. Evidently the case had been washed out of the churchyard, where it had

lain for centuries.
"This is quite exciting," said Eva, who wa her escape. "What can be in it!—treasure or

papers, I should think."
"I don't know," answered Ernest; "I should hardly think that they would bury such things in a churchyard."
"Perhaps it is a small haby."
"Ernest," broke in Dorothy, in an agitated

way, "I don't like that thing I can't tell you why, but I am sure it is unlucky. I wish that you would throw it back to where it came from, or into the sea. It is a horrid thing, and we have nearly lost our lives ov "Nonsense, Doll! whoever thought that yo

were so superstitions? Why, perhaps it is full of money or jewels. Let's take it hom "I am not superstitions, and you can take it

thome if you like. I will not touch it; I tell you it is a horrid thing."

"All right, Doll, then you shan't have a share of the spoil. Miss Ceswick and I will divide it. Will you help me to carry it to the house, Miss Ceswick that is, unless you are steaded of this Doll." afraid of it, like Doll." "Oh, no," she answered, "I am not afraid; I am dying of curiosity to see what is inside."

WHAT EVA FOUND, "You are sure you are not too tired?" said

Ernest, after a moment's consideration.
"No, indeed, I have quite recovered," she answered with a blash.

Ernest blashed, too, from sympathy, probably, and went to pick up a bough that lay ably, and went to pick up a bough that my beneath a stunted oak tree which grew in the ruins of the abbey, on the spot where once the altar had stood. This he ran through the iron handle, and, directing Eva to catch hold of one and, he took the other himself, and they started for the bouse. Derothy marching releasests in front.

As it happened, Jeromy and Mr. Cardu were strolling along together smoking, when suddenly they caught sight of the cavalcade advancing, and burried to most it. "What is all this?" asked Mr. Cardus of Denothly, was was now nearly fifty yards about of the other two.

"Well, Regimaid, it is a long story. First,

we found Eva Ceswick slipping down the cliff, and pulled her up just in time." "My luck again," thought Jeremy, grean-ing in spirit. "I might have set on the ledge of that cliff for ten years and never got a chance of pulling her up. "Then we pulled up that horrid box, which

was found down in the sand and tied a cord "Yes," exclaimed Ernest, who was now arriving, "and would you believe it—Dorothy wanted us to throw it back again;" "I know I did; I said that it was unlucky,

and it is unlucky." "Nonsense, Dorothy! it is very interesting. I expect that it will be found to contain deeds buried in the churchyard for safety and never dug up again," broke in Mr. Cardys, much interested. "Let me catch hold of that stick, Miss Ceswick, and I dare say that Jeremy will go on and get a hammer and a cold chisel, and we will soon solve the mys-

Oh, very well, Reginald; you will see." Mr. Cardus glanced at her. It was curious her taking such an idea. Then they pro-ceeded to the house. On reaching the sitting room they found Jeremy already there with his hammer and chiscl. He was an admira-ble amateur blacksmith; indeed, there were few manual trades of which he did not know a little, and, placing the case on the table, he set about the task of opening it in a most

vorkmanlike manner.
The lead, though it was in places enten quite away, was still thick and sound near the edges, and it took him a good quarter of an hour's hard chopping to remove what ap-peared to be the front of the case. Excitement was at its height as it fell forward with a bang on the table; but it was then found that what had been removed was merely a

portion of an outer case, there being beneath it an inner chest, also of lead.

"Well," said Jeremy, "they fastened it up pretty well," and then be set to work again.

This inner skin of lead was thinner and easier to cut than the first had been, and he got through the job more quickly, though not nearly onlickly genote for the nearly quickly enough for the impatience of the bystanders. At last the front fell out and disclosed a small cabinet made of solid pieces of black oak, and having a hinged door, which was fastened by a tiny latch and hasp of the common pattern, that is probably as old as doors are. From this cubinet there

came a strong odor of spices.

The excitement was now intense, and seemed to be shared by everybody in the house. Grice had come in through the swing door and stationed herself in the background Sampson and the groom were peeping through the window, and even old Atter-leigh, attracted by the sound of the hammer-

g, had strolled aimlessly in What can it ber said Eva, with a gasp. Slowly Jeremy extracted the cabinet from its leaden coverings and set it on the table.

"Shall I open it?" he said, and, suiting the action to the word, he lifted the latch, and, placing his chisel between the edge of the little door and its frame, pried the cabinet open.

open.

The smell of spices became more pro-nounced than ever and for a moment the cloud of dust that came from them as their fragments rolled out of the cabinet on to the table, prevented the spectators who, all but table, prevented the spectators who, all but Dorothy, were crowding up to the case, from seeing what it contained. Presently, how-ever, a large, whitish bundle became visible. Jeremy put in his hand, pulled it out, and laid it on the top of the box. It was heavy, But when he had done this he did not seem inclined to go any further in the matter. The bundle had, he considered, an uncanny look. At that moment an interruption took place. At that moment an interruption took place, for Fiorence Ceswick entered through the open door. She had come up to see Dorothy,

open door. She had come up to see Porothy, and was astonished to find such a gathering. "Why, what is it all about?" she asked. Somebody told her in as few words as pos-sible, for everybody's attention was concen-trated on the bundle, which nobody seemed "Well, why don't you open it?" asked Flor-

"I think that they are all afraid," said Mr. Cardus, with a laugh.

He was watching the various expressions on the faces with an amused air on the faces with an amused air.

"Well, I am not afraid, at any rate," said
Florence. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, the
gorgon's head is about to be unveiled. Look
the other way, or you will all be turned to "This is getting delightfully ghastly," said

Eva to Ernest "I know that it will be something horrid," added Dorothy, Meanwhile Florence had drawn out a heavy pin of ancient make, with which the wrapping of the bundle was fastened, and begun to un-wind a long piece of discolored linen. At the very first turn another shower of spices fell out. As soon as these had been swept aside, Florence proceeded slowly with her task, and as she removed fold after fold of the linen the

bundle began to take shape and form, and the shape it took was that of a human head. Eva saw it and drew closer to Ernest; Jeremy saw it, and felt inclined to bolt; Dorothy saw it, and knew tint her presentiments as to the disagreeable nature of the contents of that unlucky case were coming true: Mr. Cardus saw it, and was more in terest I than ever. Only Florence and Hardriding Atterleigh saw nothing. Another turn or two of the long winding sheet, and it slipped suddenly away from whatever it in-

There was a moment's dead silence as the There was a moment's dead silence as the company regarded the object thus left open to their gaze. Then one of the women gave a low cry of fear, and actuated by some common inpulse, they all turned and broke from the inner room in terror, and calling, "It is alive!" No, not at all. Florence turn paie, but stood there by the object, the wind-ing sheet in her hand; and old Atterleigh also remained staring at it, either paralyzed

or fascinated. too, seemed to stare at him from its coint of vantage on the oak chest, in which t had rested for so many centuries. And this was what he saw there upon the box. Let the reader imagine the face and head of a lovely woman of some 30 years of age, the latter covered with rippling age, the latter covered with ripping brown locks of greath length, above which was set a roughly fashioned coronet studded with uncut genus. Let him imagine this face, all but the lips, which were colored red, pale with the bloodless pallor of death, and the flesh so firm and fresh looking that it might have been that of a cover not a day old, as in been that of a corpse not a day old; so firm, indeed, that the head and all its pendent weight of beautiful hair could stand on the unshrunken base of the neck which, in some far past age, cold steel had made so amouth. Then let him imagine the crowning horror of this weird sight. The eyes of a corpse are shut, but the eyes in this head were wide open, and the long, black lashes, as perfect now as on the day of death, hung over what appeared, when the light struck them; to be appeared, when the light struck them, to be two balls of trembling fire, that glittered and rolled and fixed themselves upon the face of the observer like living eyes. It was the awful eyes that carried such terror to the

first glance around, and made them not unful examination of these flery orbs that Mr Cardus was afterward able to discover what Cardus was afterward able to discover what they were, and as the reader may as well un-derstand at ones that this head had nothing about it different from any other skillfully preserved head, he shall be taken into confi-dence without delay. There were balls of crystal fitted, probably with the aid of slen-der surjusts into the second der springs, into the eye sockets with such in-fernal art that they shook and trembled to the slightest sound, and even en occasion rolled about. The head itself, he also discov-ered, had not been embalmed in the ordinary fashion, by extracting the brain and filling the cavity with spices and bitumen, but had been preserved by means of the injection of silica or some kindred substance into the

brain, voins and arteries, which, after per meating all the flesh, had solidified and made it like marble. Some brilliant pigiment had been used to give the lips their natural color, been used to give the lips their natural color, and the hair had been preserved by means of spices. But perhaps the most dreadful thing about this relic of forgotten ages was the mocking smile that the artist who "set it up" had managed to preserve upon the face, a smile that just drew the lips up enough to show the white tooth beneath, and gave the idea that its wearer had died in the full en-idea that its wearer had died in the full enjoyment of some malicious jest or triumph. It was a terrible thing to look on, that long dead, beautiful face, with its abundant hair, its crowning coronet, its moving crystal eyes and its smile, and yet there was something awfully fascinating about it; those who had seen it once would always long to see it

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI NO 25 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. 11. NO 14 Mr. Carons and fled with the rest but a soon as he got outside the swing door his common sense reasserted itself, and he

"don't be so silly; you are not going to run away from a dead woman's head, are you?" You ran too," said Dorothy, pulling up and gasping.
"Yes, I know I did; those eyes startled me;
"Yes, I know I did; those eyes startled me; but, of course, they are glass. I am going back; it is a great curiosity."
"It is an accursed thing," muttered Do-

Mr. Cardus turned and re-entered the room, drawn by their devouring curiosity, followed him. That is they all followed him except Grice, who was ill for two days afterward. As for Sampson and the groom, who had seen the sight through the window, they ran for

a mile or two along the cliff before they When they got back into the room, they found old Atterleigh still standing and star-ing at the crystal eyes, that seemed to be re-turning his gaze with compound interest, while Florence was there with the long lines wrapper in her hand, gazing down at the beautiful hair that flowed from the head onto the oak box, from the box to the table, and from the table nearly to the ground. It was oddly enough, of the same color and texture as her own. She had taken off her hat when she began to undo the wrappings, and they all noticed the fact. Nor did the resemblance were the beautiful teeth and the fixed, hard smile. The dead face was more lovely, in-deed, but otherwise the woman of the Saxon era-for, to judge from the rude tiara on her brow, it was probable that she was Saxonand the living girl of the Nineteenth century might have been sisters, or mother and daughter. The resemblance startled them all

as they entered the room, and they said not mg.

They drew near and gazed again without the first to break the

"I think she must have been a witch," she said. "I hope that you will have it thrown away, Reginald, for she will bring us had luck. The place where she was buried has been unlucky; it was a great abbey ence, now it is a deserted ruin. When we tried to get the case up we were all very nearly killed. She will bring us had luck. I am sure of it, Throw it away, Reginald, throw her into the sen. Look, she is just like Florence there." Florence had smiled at Dorothy's words, and the resemblance became more striking than ever. Eva shuddered as she noticed it.

"Nonsense, Dorothy!" said Mr. Cardus, who was a bit of an antiquarian, and now had forgotten his start in his collector's seal, "it is a splendid find. But I forget," he added in a tone of disappointment, "it does not belong to me, it belongs to Miss Ceswick." "Oh, I am sure you are welcome to it so far as I am concerned," said Eva hastily. "I would not have it near me on any account."

"Oh, very well. I am much obliged to you. I shall value the relic very much." Florence had meanwhile moved round the table and was gazing earnestly into the crystal eyes.
"What are you doing, Florence?" asked
Ernest sharply, for the scene was uncanny and jarred upon him.

"If" she answered with a little laugh. "I am seeking an inspiration. That face looks wise, it may teach me something. Besides, it is so like my own, I think she must be some far

distant ancestress."

"So she has noticed it, too," thought Ernest.

"Put her back in the box, Jeremy," said
Mr. Cardus. "I must have an air tight cars. made."
"I can do that," said Jeremy, "by lining the

old one with lead and putting a glass front to Jeremy sat about putting the head away, touching it very gingerly. When he had got it back into the oak case he dusted it and placed it upon a bracket that jutted from the oak paneling at the end of the room.

"Well," said Florence, "now that you have put your guardian angel on her pedestal, I think that we must be going home. Will any of you walk a little way with us?" Dorothy said that they would all come, that , all except Mr. Cardus, who had gone back to his office. Accordingly they started, and, as they did so, Florence intimated to Ernest that she wished to speak to him. He was alarmed and disappointed, for he was afraid of Florence, and wished to walk with Eva,

of Florence, and wasned to wask with Eva, and presumably his face betrayed what was in his mind to her. "Do not be frightened," she said, with a slight smile; "I am not going to say any-

slight smile;"I am not going to say anything disagreeable."
Of course he replied that he knew that she never could say anything disagreeable at any time, at which she smiled again the same faint smile, and they dropped behind.
"Ernest," she said presently, "I ant to speak to yon. You remember what happened between us two evenings ago on this very beach?" for they were walking home by the beach.
"Yes, Florence, I remember," answered Ernest.

"Well, Ernest, the words I have to say are hard for a woman's lips, but I must say them. I made a mistake, Ernest, in telling them. I made a mistake, Ernest, in telling you that I loved you as I did, and in talking all the wild nonsense that I talked. I don't know what made me do it, some fool-ish inpulse, no doubt. Women are very curious, you know, Ernest, and I think I am more curious than most. I suppose I thought I loved you, Ernest—I know I thought it when you kissed me i but last night, when I saw you at the Smythes' dance, I knew that ft was all a mistake, and that I cared for you

-no more than you cared for me, Ernest. Do you understand me?"

He did not understand her in the least, but he nod-led his head, feeling vaguely that things were turning out very well for him.
"That is right; and so here, in the same place where I said them, I renounce them. We will forget all that foolish scene, Ernest. I made a little mistake when I sold you that my heart was as deep as the sea; I find that it is shallow as a brook. But will you answer me one question, Ernest, before we close this conversation?" "Well, when you—you kissed me the other night, you did not really mean it, did you? I mean you only did so for a freak, or from

loved mer Don't be afraid to tell me, be-cause if it was so, I shall not be angry; you see you have so much to forgive me for. I am breaking faith, am I not?" and she looked him straight in the face with her piercing eyes. Ernest's glance fell under that searching

the impulse of the moment, not because you

rose to his lips. But he could not get it out; he could not bring himself to say that he did ove her—so he compromised matters.
"I think you were more in surnest than I was, Florence."
She laughed, a cold, little laugh, that some She laughed, a cold, little laugh, that some-how made his flesh creep.

"Thank you for being candid; it makes matters so much easier, does it not! But do you know, I suspected as much, when I was standing there by that head to-day, just at the time that you took Eva's hand."

Ernest started visibly. "Why, your back was turned." he said.

was turned," he said. "Yes, but I saw what you did reflected in the crystal eyes. Well, do you know, as I stood there, it seemed to me as though I could and with as clear a brain as though I could consider the whole matter as dispassionately and with as clear a brain as though I had been that dead woman. All of a sudden I grew wise. But there are the others waiting

"We shall part friends, I hope, Florence," wid Ernest, anxiously.

\*Oh, yes, Ernest, a woman always follows
the career of her old admirer with the deepest interest and for about five seconds you

standard when you bissed me, you were my admirer, when you kissed me, you know. I shall watch all your life, and my thoughts shall follow your footsteps like a shadow. Good night, Ernest, good night"—and again she smiled that mecking smile that was so like that on the features of the dead woman of fixed by the release of the dead. woman and fixed her piercing eyes upon his face. He bade her good night, and made his way homeward with the others, feeling an un-

definable dread heavy on his heart. In due course Jeromy duly fitted up "the witch," as the mysterious head came to be called at Dum's Ness, in her air tight cabinet, which he lengthened till it looked like a clock case, in order to allow the beautiful hair to hang down at full length, retaining, howeven

the original door and ancient latch and been the original door and ancient later, and tassp.

His next step was to fit the plate glass front, and exhaust the air as well as was feasible from the interior of the case. Then he screwed on the entside door, and stood it back on its bracket in the oak paneled sitting room, where, as has been said, it looked for all the world like an eight day clock case.

He world like an eight day clock case.

all the world like an eight day clock case.

He spent whole hours as he sat in his workshop in the yard, tinkering at the air tight case, in weaving histories in which this beautiful creature, whose head had been thus marvelously recovered, played the leading part. It was so strange to look at her lovely, scornful face, and think that, long ages since, men had loved it, and kissed it, and played with the waying loir.

with the waving hair.

There it was, this relic of the dead, preserved by the consummate skill of some old monk or chemist, so that it retained all its ancient beauty long after the echoes of the tragedy, with which it must have been connected, had died out of the world. For, as he nected, had died out of the world. For, as he wrought at his case, Jereny grew certain that it was the ghastly memento of some enormous crime; indeed, by degrees, as he tacked and hammered at the lead lining, he made up a history that was quite satisfactory to his mind, appealing on doubtful points to the witch hereoff who was received on the the witch herself, who was perched on the table near him, and ascertaining whether she meant "yes" or "no" by the simple process of observing whether or not her eyes trembled when he spoke. It was slow work getting the story together in this fashion, but then the manufacture of the case was slow also, and it was not without its charm, for he felt it an honor to be taken into the confidence of so

amateur, a very good job he made of it. When it was done he placed it back on the bracket, and showed it to M. de Talor.

But from the day when Eva Ceswick nearly fell to the bottom of the cliff in the course of her antiquarian researches, things began to go wrong at Dum's Ness. Every-body felt it except Ernest, and he was thinking too much of other things. Dorothy was very unhappy in those days, and began to look thin and miserable, though she sturdily alleged, when asked, that she never had been better in her life. Jeremy himself was also unhappy, and for a good reason. He had caught the fever that women like Eva Cos wick have it in their power to give to the sons of men badly enough. His was a deep, self-contained nature, very gentle and tender, self-contained nature, very gentle and tender, not admitting many things into its affections, but loving such as were admitted with all the heart and soul and strength. And it was in the deepest depths of this loyal nature that Eva Ceswick had printed her image; before he knew it, before he had time to think, it was photographed there upon his heart, and he felt that there it must stay for good or evil; that place could never be used again. But if nobody else was happy, Ernest was; that is, except when he was sunk in the depths of woe, which was on an average about three days a week. On the occasion of

depths of wee, which was on an average about three days a week. On the occasion of the first of these seizures, Dorothy, noting his miserable aspect and entire want of appetite, felt much alarmed, and took an occasion after supper to ask him what was the matter. Be-fore many minutes were over she had cause to regret it; for Ernest burst forth with a to regret it; for Erness burst forth with a history of his love and his wrongs that lasted for an hour. It appeared that another young gentleman, one of those who danced with the lovely Eva at the Smythes' ball, had been making the most unmistakable advances; he had called—three times; he had sent flowers—twice (Ernest sent them every morning, he-milling Savegon integrations of the property of the contract of guiling Sampson into cutting the best orchid blooms for the purpose; he had been out walking—once. Dorothy listened quietly, till he ceased of his own accord. Then she

spoke:

"So you really love her, Ernest!"

"Love her! I"— But we will not enter into a description of this young man's raptures. When he had done, Dorothy did a curious thing. Sne rose from her chair, and coming to where Ernest was sitting bent over him and kissed him on the forehead, and as she did so he noticed vaguely that she had great black rings round her eyes.

"I hope that you will be happy, my dear brother. You will have a lovely wife, and I

brother. You will have a lovely wife, and I think that she is as good as she is beautiful." She spoke quite quietly, but somehow her voice sounded like a sob. He kissed her in however. Indeed, in five minutes his thought was scriously and carnestly in love.
Eva was pleased at her conquest, and took
a malicious pleasure in leading Ernest on.
When she knew that he was coming she would make herself look as levely as 1 and put on all her pretty little ways and graces in order to more thoroughly endave him. Somehow, whenever Ernest thought of her in after years as she was at that period of her in the pretty little drawing room at the Cottage, leaning back in a low chair in such a way as to contrive to show off her splendid figure to the best advantage, and

also the tiny foot and slender ankle that peeped from beneath her soft white dress. There she sat, a little Skye terrier called "Tails" on her lap, with which his rival had presented her but a fortnight before, and— yes—actually kissing the brute at intervals, her eyes shining all the time with innocent coquetry. What would not Ernest have given to occupy for a single minute the position of the unappreciative Skye terrier! It was agony to see so many kisses wasted on a dog, and Eva, seeing that he thought so, kissed the animal more vigorously than ever. A last he could stand it no longer, "Put

that he had no right to dictate to her what

she should do, made an effort to pick it up again; but Tails, who, be it added, was not used to being kissed in private life, and thought the whole operation rather a bore promptly bolted.
"Why should I put the dog downf she asked, with a quick look of defiance.
"Because I hate to see you kissing it, it is

touch of the curb, and there are few things a proud woman hates so much as the first touch "What right have you to dictate what I shall or shall not do?" she asked, tapping her foot upon the floor. Ernest was very bumble in those days and

He spoke in a masterful way; it was a

he collapsed,
"None at all. Don't be angry, Eva" (it
"None at all. Don't be had called her so, was the first time that he had called her so, till now she had always been Miss Ceswick), "but the fact was I could not bear to see you kissing that dog; I was jealous of the brute." Whereupon she blushed furiously and changed the subject. But after awhile Eva's coquettishness began to be less and less marked. When they met she no longer greeted him with a smile of mischief, but vith serious eyes that once or twice, he thought, here traces of tears. At the same time she threw him into despair by her cold-ness. Did he venture a tender remark, she would pretend not to hear it—alas that the mounting blood should so obstinately pro-claim that she did! Did be touch her hand, it was cold and unresponsive. She was quiet-er too, and her reserve frightened him. Once he tried to break it, and began some passionate appeal, but she rose without answering and turned her face to the window. He followed her, and saw that her dark eyes were full of tears. This he felt was even more awful than her coldness, and, fearing that he had offended her, he obeyed her whispered entreaty and went. Poor boy! he was very young. Had he had a little experience, he might, perhaps, have found means to brush away her tears and his own doubts. It is a melancholy thing that such opportunities should, as a rule, present themselves before people are old enough to take advantage of

nem. The secret of all this change of conduct was The secret or an this change of conduct was not far to seek. Eva had played with edged tools till she cut her fingers to the bone. The dark eyed boy who danced so well and had such a handsome, happy face, had become very dear to her. She had begun by playing with him, and now, alast she loved him better than anybody in the world. That was the sting of the thing; she had fallen in love with a boy as young as herself—a koy, too, who, so a boy as young as herself—a key, too, who, so far as she was aware, had no particular pres-pects in life. It was humiliating to her pride to think that she, who had already, in the few months that she had been "out" in London, before her cousins rose up and cast her forth, had the satisfaction of seeing one or two men of middle age and established position at her feet, and the further satisfaction of requesting them to kneel there no more, should in the unshot strike her colors to a boy of 31 even upshot strike her colors to a boy of 21, even though be did stand six feet high, and had more wits in his young head and more love in his young heart than all her middle aged ad-

TO BE CONTINUED IN OCH NEXT.] Not Accommodating.

Not Accommodating.

"I suppose this is a good neighborhood?"
said a visitor, addressing Mrs. Prefense.

"Yes, in some respects."

"The Potworthies, across the street, are good people, I suppose?"
"They are very unaccommodating."
"I am surprised at that. Do they refuse to

lend unything!"
"Oh, no; they do very well in that respect." "How, then, are they unaccommodating?" "Well, you see, when my daughter's baby was buried, only three of them came to the funeral, although they knew that we were-well, bucking against those Patter-sons that boast of having such large funer-als."—Arkansaw Traveler.

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