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J. J. & W. H. BROWER Have received a large stock of CARPETINGS

for the Spring trade, consisting in part of Velvets, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussel and Ingrains, Smyrna and

Cocoa Rugs, Cocoa Mattings, and a nice line of Canton Mattings.

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.

THE MAN OF ALMONACID.

I am free to confess now that when I first I am free to confess now that when I first heard of him I took bim for a swindler. When I heard that Toledo had been his home for ten whole mouths—Toledo, which lives only by mosmlight, and is the mere corpue of a city in the sunshine—when I heard of a modesty so very retiring, and remembered that England had no extradition treaty with Spain, my only wonder was as to the sum of his spoils. Was he a defaulter for thirty thousand pounds, or a petty rogue of all and pounds, or a petty rogue of all

"Ten months! That is a long time?" I said to Donna Mercedes, my informant, and the elder of the two old maids who kept the Casa de Husspeckes, in which I found that I had this stranger for a neighbor. "One might see the antiquities even of Toledo in that time."
"Truly," she answered; "but then, Den

Iago is a painter."
"Ah, now I understand." I replied, with a great increase of cheerfulness. "One might paint Toledo for ten years and not have done.

paint Toledo for ten years and not have done.
I, too, am a painter."
"And no doubt," said the old dame, beaming upon me through her round rimmed spectacles, "Don lago will be known to you?"
I took up the visitors' book, in which the sand had not yet dried my autograph. "James Clent," I said, reading the name to which she pointed. "No, I do not know him."
Dona Mercedes was puzzled, being scarcely able to understand that two Englishmen, even two English artists, might be strangers to one another. But presently she crossed herself. "Don lago is an old Christian," she said softly, and so went off with her book, benevolent still, but conscious, I fear, of a senevolent still, but conscious, I fear, of a

sail softly, and so went off with her book, benevolent still, but conscious, I fear, of a serpent in her Eden.

Eden was our boarding house. From a paved alley, the Calle del Arzobispo, you turned into an archway and gropped for a door up three steps in the darkest corner. Then you pulled a weight which hung there and by and by the iron studed door opened as of itself and Io! a tiny courtyard, in which four orange trees in tubs produced an effect of somber gayety. Round this patio, at the level of a first floor, ran a veranda, reached by an uncovered staircase. All the rooms opened on to this veranda. On the right hand side were four little bedrooms. On the side which faced the entrance was the common parlor and on the left the kitchen and the old ladies' room, at a window of which one was always sitting ready to open the outer door with a cord whenever the bell jangled.

It was all very plain and primitive, but

the beil jangled.

It was all very plain and primitive, but clean, and looking round my bedroom, which had whitewashed walls, and a matted floor,

had whitewashed walls, and a matted floor, and for furniture a bed, a stool, a besin and a bresero, I found no cause to regret the lingy hotel I had left.

When I passed No. 1, on my way to dinner, the door was ajar, and Dona Mercedes was inside with a lamp in her hand. I paused before the door, and she, looking up, saw ma. "Ahf" she said proudly, "did I not tell you that Don Iago was a painter? See here!" And she threw her light upon a picture which was resting on an easel before picture which was resting on an easel before

There was a show of facility about it. And yet it was mediocre, surprising me less by its execution than its subject. Here in To-ledo, the grand and bizarre, in the midst of ledo, the grand and hizarre, in the midst of such architectural beauty and gratesqueness as fairly bewildered an artist's eye, my neighbor had not painted a street scene, a Moorish gateway, or a leafy cloister. He had chosen mstead a country landscape almost as commonplace as it was dreary; a gray house and a gray, sloping olive grove, and round them bleak, wind swept uplands. I was scarcely more astonished to find that I knew the place. I had passed it the day before in my walk from Tortico-walking is a whim of mine— and is was fully seven miles from Totelco.

At the time I said something pretty to Dona Mercedes, and went on to the parior. CLOTHING! CLOTHING G. W. BERTSCH. Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats & Caps

My neighbor was late. I had nearly finished when he entered. He was a man of 35, per-haps, with a thin, careworn face and lines be-low the temples. He was about my height, wearing his hair and mustache cut short—a blonde, and English looking. He had proba-bly heard of my arrival, yet he seemed put out at sight of me—perhaps merely because Call and examine the largest and best elected stock of goods ever shown in

"I have left the head of the table for you," I said, half rising, politely. "You have been here some time, I understand." He was breaking his bread into morsels and ating with a worried air.
"Yes; the place suits me," he answered

"Yet you like to hear the lark sing as well as the mouse squeak," I replied, smiling. His tone was not encouraging, but I wished to be

yesterday,"
"Not that I am aware of," he said, with a hasty glance at me, and then devoted him-welf to his soup with renewed zest.

"No? On the pathway—I cannot call it a road—from Torrijos? About 2-o'clock!"

He shook his head. "You are mistaken,"

joined, notitled by his manner. "There is a ruined castle, called Almonacid, I believe, about a mile this side of Torrijos. As I was passing it I saw an Englishman, and an artist also, if a portfolio makes an artist, leave it and make quickly for the village before me. Somehow I missed him among the bouses, and was too far from him at any

time to see his features distinctly. But he was wearing clothes like yours."
"And like yours, too, I presume," he re-joined sharply. He had a way of waiting for you, and taking you up suddenly, of which this was my first experience. "Just so!" I said, for he was right; we were dressed alike. "But I am not aware that the mirage occurs in Spain. Perhaps you know Almonacid!"

"No," he replied, more equably, as if he were ashamed of his show of temper, "I have heard of it. But it is too far for my legs, and I cannot afford horse hire. I some-times walk out in that direction, but not half as far."

I made a hasty calculation. Almonacid

was nine miles from Toledo. The gray house and solitary olive grove were at least seven. So that when my friend said that he had not seen half as far as Almonacid, he was not quite truthful, since he must have been to the scene of his picture. But it was no business of mine. He was a good looking man, and that which took him to the dreary farm house might well be a love intrigue—a thing dangerous to enter upon in Spain, more dan-gerous still to meddle with. I changed the

subject.

I had had a difficulty about my letters.
The postmaster had refused to give them to me because I had not my passport with me. Later the office had been closed. I told Clent this, and he listened, but his thoughts seemed far away, and when I had done he said, "No doubt you will get them to-morrow," in a perfunctory way, with scarcely a show of symmathy.

sympathy.
"I hope I shall," I answered, annoyed that he made so little of it. "I do not know what I shall do if I fall to get them."
"Oh, you will get them," he repeated care-

I shall do if I fail to get them."

"Oh, you will get them," he repeated carelessly.

He was wrong, as it turned out. But so
was I when I went to bed, vowing I hated
him. I did not take into account the change
which twenty-four hours may make in our
feelings. Just one day later I could not have
identified the surly man I have described
with my friend James Clent—James Clent,
who had by that time rescued me from a
most unpleasant position, and proved triumphantly that under his rough manner he
had a sound heart.

It all arose out of the letters. I called at
the postoffice next morning and handed in
my passport. Ten minutes afterward I is
sued from the door dazed and bewildered, at
my wits' end what to do. A few paces onward I ran against some one, and, muttering
"Perdone usted!" would have passed on without looking up if the man had not seized me
by the arm. It was Clent. "What is it, Mr.
Lynton!" he cried good humoredly. "Have
some senorita's eyes shot home! Or—but
what is it! Can I help you! And he drew
me out of the sunshine into the shade of the
covered way which runs round the Zocodover, the great square of Toledo.

"Some one has intercepted my letters," I
stammered. "A Spaniard called for them
this morning, presented one of my visiting
cards, and said I was at the Fonda de Linowhere I did stay one night. All that I can
get out of the postmanter is that he gave up
the lotters and that hill was done in srder.

Confound his stolidity! One of them contained £50"

He whistled. "Then there is no time to be

He whistled. "Then there is no time to be lost, Mr. Lynton," be cried. "Let us go first to the Fonda. It is possible that some busy-body, knowing you did not get your letters yesterday, has fetched them for you on the chance of getting a possia for his pains."

I gladly assented, and we went together to the hotel. But no one there would confess to knowing anything of my letter. No one had gone for them. As we left the yard I noticed that my companion I toked keemly at the waiter, who was not too civil. "Do you suspect him?" I asked, when we were outside. "I hardly know." Clent answered slowly. "Possibly you mislaid a card the night you slept there, so that he is one of the people to be suspected. But come, we will go now to the postofilce. I will help you as far as I can." And indeed he did. His knowledge of the language was perfect, and it was wonderful to hear him scolding, questioning and complaining, without end of the wrongs his influential friend, whose passport he was waving under their official noses, had suffered. But when presently everything had here tried and for the interest feet in the language was perfect, and the was waving under their official noses, had suffered. But when presently everything had

waving under their official nose, had suf-fered. But when presently everything had been tried, and for the time tried fruitlessly, we stood in the square and looked somewhat blankly at one another. "I say, Mr. Lynton." he began, "fifty pounds is a large sum to lose."
"I wish it were less," I replied, with an at-tenual at sarrightlines.

mpt at sprightliness.
"It does not cripple you altegether?"
"I can afford it, if that is what you mean.

But-but it is a little inconvenient at pres "It puts you in a difficulty for a few days?"
"Precisely. I cannot receive another." ent," I answered. "Precisely. I cannot receive another re-nittance for five days at least. In the mean-

"Umph! Call it six shillings and threepence," he replied, laughing. "The cathedral vergers will soon ease you of it, even were it more. But look here! we are next door neighbors, and you must let me help you. In a strange country I always keep a few pounds by me; they are at your service."

As he sooks he drew from an inner rocket.

As he spoke he drew from an inner pocket a shabby letter case and took out a 200 pesta note—the only note, I saw, that the case con-tained.

"I am afraid." I said, doubtfully, "that I am inconveniencing you. And besides, you do not know me."
"I shall not need the money," he replied,

quickly, "and as to my knowing you, I think I do—not you, personally, but your kind." "That is well said!" I exclaimed with heartiness, "and I accept your offer on one condition—that if you want the money before Sunday you will tell me so;"

Sunday you will tell me so,"
"Why, if I do," he replied, laughing merrily, "you will have spent half of it."
"So I shali," I said, laughing myself, "but
I have a watch, and Toledo, no doubt, has a

I have a watch, and Toledo, no doubt, has a —let me call it a Mont de Fiete."

"Ciertamente!" he cried gayly, and with a word about meeting at dinner, walked rapidly away, leaving me to my thoughts. I watched him as he threaded his way across the square between laden asses and graceful girls with pitchers, and comparing his slight upright form with the somber Spaniards who strutted up and down, keeping, even on this sunny day, a corner of the capa over the mouth, I felt proud of my countryman.

"I do not think," I said penitently to Jock (I have not mentioned Jock before, although he was at that time my constant companion—a collie dog with the long Scotch head and the tenderest eyes), "I do not think that I shall be acquick to indee the next way.

shall be so quick to judge the next man we meet—and do not understand. Ah, these hasty judgments, Jock!" and I shook my head, and Jock his tail.

In due course a second remittance came to hand, and I repaid my friend. By that time some of the wonder I had felt at his solitary life in Toledo—Toledo the somber—had passed away. He was not altogether solitary, putting myself out of the question. More than once, in the archway or on the veranda, I met a priest coming from his foom—a small, dark, thin faced man with vivid eyes, a Spanjard, of course, who lifted his low smail, dark, thin faced man with vivid eyes, a Spaniard, of course, who lifted his low crowned beaver to me and bowed politely. Once, too, I had a glimpse of a petticoat whisking out. Moreover, Clent seemed to be doing a better trade than I had judged probable from the specimen of his work which I had seen. Not that he told me this himself. He was reserved on the subject, neither offering to show me his pictures nor accepting my proposal that we should do some work together. But our letters some-times lay on a slab inside the outer door, and I could not avoid seeing that he received sev-eral—dealers' letters, I was sure—from art centers—from Dresden and Munich, for instance. Once there was a letter bearing the costmark of St. Petersburg. This seemed trange in a man of his caliber; in a man who was not known to me. And, perhaps, be-sides puzzling me, it a little nettled me also. My name was not altogether unknown. Clent himself had said pretty things about

his acquaintance with it. Yet I had no cor If I had fallen in with him at Madrid or Seville I should have known what to think; I should have set him down as one of those copyists who live by all great galleries. And something upon which I lit one day in his room persuaded me for a time that this was the case, few as were the works in Toledo that could pay for the labor of copy-ing. It was a picture, and the only one I

ing. It was a picture, and the only one I saw at any time in his possession, save the somber landscape of which I have spoken.

I had run short of chrome yellow, and hearing him go to his room followed to ask him if the could let me have some. "I suppose I cannot get any chrome yellow in Toledor" I began before I was well in the room, "nor anywhere nearer than Madrid!"

He was kneeling on the floor, but sprang up so quickly at the sound of my voice that I hastened to apologize for entering without kneeking. He did not seem, at once, to understand me. He had been poring over something placed on the ground where it would catch the best light, and his first aim appeared to be to move so as to kilde this from me. "What is it?" he cried harshly. "What do you want?" Even by that light I

this from me. "What is it?" he cried harshly. "What do you want?" Even by that hight I could see that his face was pale.

"My dear fellow," I said, not trying to hide my surprise, "I am sorry that I entered without ceremony, and I have told you so. I came in for nothing in the world but to ask you if any chrome yellow can be got nearer than Madrid. I was so full of my wants that, seeing the door was unlatched, I did not knock at it."

did not knock at it."
"Was it unlatched?" he asked, glancing a "Was it unlatched?" he asked, glancing at me askance. I shrugged my shoulders. "Look for your-self," I said curily. He stepped forward and saw what I had already noticed—that the bolt was shot; but not into the socket. Something like a stifled curse escaped him. He furned, muttering that I could only get the material I needed in Madeid.

in Machiel.

"That is unfortunate. But what have you got here?" I saked, advancing a step into the room. "What a capital bit of painting! It is a Ribera, is it not? It must be!" And, forgetting in my on graces everything save that I had before me a singularly good copy of a fine picture, I actually waved him aside when he would have interposed. "No one but Bilms," I cried, stooping over it, "could paint those lights and shadows! No one! It is a genuine Spagnoletto for a hun-dred?"

'It is a copy!" burst from him in a tone o

"It is a copy!" burst from him in a tone of vivid contradiction.
"A copy!" I repeated after him in wonder.
"A copy! Of course it is. So I supposed. Riberas do not grow on every bush, my friend. I meant that the original was a Ribera, and not merely of his school. But now you speak of it," and I went down on my kness, "are you so sure that it is a copy! How bright are these high lights, yet how mellow! And see the depth of the coloring here, and the tawny tone over all! By heavens," I said, rising and facing him abruptly, "it is not a copy!"
"It is," he cried furiously: "I say it is! Do Riberas grow on every bush, madman!"
The word and the passion be threw into it sobsred me at cace. "I beg your pardon," I said, "I forgot myself. I am sorry for it. But the opinion I have uttered is my opinion still. And if I do not make a mistake," I went on eyeing him shrewdly, "it is yours, too. I fancy, my friend, that you had just made the discovery when I came in, and that you dared hardly to entertain it. It is no wonder that such a thing threw you off your balance."

For he was trembling still, and glancing.

balance."

For he was trembling still, and glancing from me to the painting and back again in a distraught fashion. "Yes," he taid at length patting out his words with distinguity, "I

thought it possible, just possible, but how very, very improbable."
"Yes, very improbable, if, as I suppose, you bought the picture for a copy. But where did you get it?" I asked briskly. I thought that I was beginning to understand him.

"At Almonacid."

"At Almonacid!"

He moved uneasily, as if he would have recalled his last word. But it was too late, and he nodded assent. "Then after all it was you whom I saw that day!" I commented. "You had just bought it, I suppose."

"Yes, I had a doubt about it then."

"It is a strange story, but strange things happen," I said, watching him narrowly.
"It is true."
Of course I pretended to believe him, and seeing clearly that he wished me gone I took myself to my room. In part I did believe him, only I thought it strange that an artist of his kingser should be secretar absents. of his kidney should be so greatly ashamed of having outwitted an old monk; so greatly ashamed as to tell the story of his eleverness in that hang dog fashion. It crossed my mind that I might be wrong in my judgment of the picture. It might be that the St. Christopher was only a core after all and

of the picture. It might be that the St. Christopher was only a copy after all, and Clent himself had made it, and was even then when I broke in upon him having it out with his conscience whether he should pass it off for an original or not. That was possible; but to me he had been a friend in need, and it was no business of mine.

The next day, the 17th of January, was to be the last of my stay in Toledo. I had all but finished the sketches I required, and if the truth must be told, I longed to be away. The stillness of the place haunted me. I hated the huge square alcazar which towered over all the Moorish gateways, the hundred silent churches. By noon I had made an end of my work, and hastily putting aside my materials I called Jock and started for a long ramble over the hills where the alcazar did not bar the sunshime though it was impossible to get out of sighthough it was impossible to get out of sigh of it. I did not return until darkness trov

Then I saw at once that there was something strange on foot. In the streets was an unwented bustle, which rather grew than lessend as I approached the middle of the town. Knots of people carrying fagots passed hurriedly or stood together at the street corners. The Zocodover was througed. As—in part curious and in part annoyed—I was pushing my way through the crowd, a was pushing my way through the crowd, a clock struck 6, and, set in motion by that signal, the bells in every tower burst into sound. I was brought to a standstill. I had

sound. I was brought to a standstill. I had just time to wender what it meant, when as by imagic the bright glare of a hundred fires leaped up above the crowd and glowing hotly on pillar and gable, flung huge shadows on the very steeples, and exposed at once a hundred silhouettes.

It was a weird yet a beautiful sight. It pleased me to find it repeated in every street and open space I entered. I spent fully an hour, tired as I was, in hurrying up and down to mark the effect of the firelight on this facade or that archway. And when at length cade or that archway. And when at length I tore myself away and went home, I made quickly for the parior to talk of what I had

seen.
"I say, Clent!" I began, "have you been
out! What is it! What does it all mean?"
Such a nervous fellow as he was! He
jumped up, dropping his spoon into his plate
with a clatter. "What does what mean?"

ne stuttered.
"These bonfires in the streets, to be sure "These bonfires in the streets, to be sure!
The sight is a most singular one! You ought
to be out viewing it."
He said, resuming his meal. "The people
are keeping St. Anthony's eve, that is all.
It is customary here to do it in this way. You
know St. Anthony is always represented
with a fire by his side."

"I thought that it was something of that kind," I answered, following his example. "Will you come out with me presently and have a look at the town? The sightseers are orderly enough, though to judge from the stir at the gendarmerie the occasion is a "Is there a stir there?" he asked, pausing with his spoon half way to his mouth.

"Some civil guards, six or eight I dare say, and an officer were dismounting at the door as I passed. Apparently they had just

as I passed. Apparently they had just come in."

"What! Did you notice what the officer was like?" Clont asked in a curious tone, but I was busy with my dinner.

"Yes," I answered, carelessly, "he had a hare lip. I remarked it because he had a good look at me as I passed. No! You do not mean to say that you have done already?"

He did not answer, and I looked up to learn the reason. I read something in his paie face and trembling lips which chilled me. The man was suddenly afraid. And not afraid merely. He was in such terror that the very instinct of concealment had passed from him. As his distended eyes met mine he tried to speak, but no sound came. Yet I knew what he would have said. His lips formed, "Can I trust you?"

"Can you trust me?" I repeated, tremblin a little myself, and my mouth growing dry;
"well, I hope so, I think so, Clent; I do, indeed. What is it, my good fellows" for his
very ears seemed to rise from his head, so inteatly was he listening for some sound.
"What have you done? What do you fear?"
I whitered.

I whispered.

"Fear?" he muttered, with his hand uplifted, "death, man! Hush! Come to my room." I obeyed his gesture as much as his words and leaving the parlor we crept silently thither. When we were closeted together h stood facing me, and began to speak in breathless haste. "I did you a good turn the other day, Mr. Lynton; help me now. I am a Carlist—a spy! A man sent here to try the fidelity of the troops. Of late I have been asspected. Now I am sure I am betrayed. The punishment is death! In a few minutes they will be here."

"But what—what can I do for you?" I ex-claimed in horror. No one seeing the man could doubt his danger, or at least his belief in it. "Why do you not escape while there is time?" I cried impatiently.
"Time! There is no time!" he answered

with an oath of despair. "The house is watched. I dare not leave it. But you can do something for me. You can give me your passport and change rooms with me.
We are much alike, Take my name for a
few hours, nay, a few minutes. It will be
my life—my life, sir! And for you—you
know our minister! Yes! Then you will be

n no danger."
"But," I said faintly—the man's distress was terrible to witness, and it all came so abruptly upon me—"the Spanish police are sometimes hasty and"— He flinched as if I had struck him. A fresh bit of trembling seized him. He turned from me with a curse and flung himself face downward on I had hesitated before. I am not a bold

man, and I had heard strange tales of sum-mary justice done by the police. But here the risk seemed so little; the man's condition fight with myself. "I will save you if I can. You are an Englishman when all is said and done. But let us lose no time. You know

the sprang to his feet. At once he had all his wits about him. In a couple of minutes I had taken possession of his room, he of mine. With feverish expressions of gratitude he pocketed the passport I gave him. He dressed me in his long ulster and deer stalker hat; in which I have no doubt that I was like enough to him to pass for him in Spamsh eyes. And all this he did with wonderful method, as if he had thought out the details before. It crossed my mind once that he had. His last step was to draw from his mattress two long rolls neatly covered with canvas. "They are papers," he said, pausing to listen, and looking doubtfully at them the while. "Lists of men. And men's lives they will cost if they are found," he added, with excitement. "Yet I dare not take them with

excitement. "Yet I dare not take them with me. I dare not. I shall get away by your help, but I shall be stopped more than once, and if these are found on me they will make it all of no use."

He was so reluctant, so sincerely reluctant, He was so reluctant, so sincerely rejuctant, as I could see, to leave the papers, despito the risk he would run if he took them, yes, and so very nearly ready to run that risk, that I felt for the first time a sense of real sympathy for him. "Can we not hide them somewhere?" I suggested.

"No?" he answered bitterly, "they will leave no stone unturned here." And with that he thrust the papers back into the mattress—my mattress now.

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he sat down on the bed precisely over them.

I wondered—at his answer first, thea at
another thing. "Why do they not come!"
I said querulously. "Are you sure that they
intend to come at all—that you have not made a fool of me for nothing?"
His face grow bright a moment and then fell again. "No," he replied: "they set a watch on this house as soon as they came

watch on this house as soon as they came into the town, and are only waiting now until a time when they may be sure that I am at home. That is all. I found out after ward that he was perfectly right in this. So we sat in dreary expectation, waiting in that little whitewashed room for the claug of musket butts and tramp of feet that should tell us the crisis was at hand. The caude barned dimly, the air was heavy with the pungent odor that rose from the brasero. My eye fell upon his empty easel and the sight carried me back to a time, days before as it seemed instead of hours, when I had still regarded him in the light of a problem to be solved. "And are you an artist?" I asked abruptly. I was glad to break the silence. "Oh, yes," he said with apathy, "I paint a little."
"And that Sparneletto—the St. Christo-

"And that Spagneletto-the St. Christopher! is it really an original?"
"It is the original. You were right," he replied. "It was the gift of a great menas-

replied. "It was the girt of a great monas-tery to the cause."

I whistled. "I think it is a pity," I said, with a scalous eye to the mattress on which he was sitting. The fancy that that price-less Ribera carelessly rolled up might be receiving with each instant some irremediable burt was a dreadful thing to have on one's mind. When my traveling clock in the next room tinkled nine times, I could bear it am going out. If you are right, I shall be arrested, and there will be an end of it. If arrested, and there will be an end of it. If not, I shall come back and there will be an end of this foolery. Jock! lie there; good dog!" I added, pointing to the bed. And I strode to the door. Of course I was still dis-guised in Clent's ulster and cap. He leaped up and caught me by the arm. "Por Dios!" he cried, clinging to me. "You are going to betray me! You are Eng-lish and you can give me and."

ish, and you can give me up!" You are Eng-lish, and you can give me up!"

"Man alive!" I answered furiously, the fellow's distrust showed the black spot in him so plainly; "if I wish to betray you, I need only stay here and tell the civil guards

who you are!"

He shrank back at that; I suppose he saw its truth, and I went out, passing down the gallery and the stairs to the outer down the gallery and the stairs to the outer door. As I opened this and, meeting the wind, stepped into the darkness of the entrance, before which the embers of a fire still glowed faintly, I confess that I felt nervous -very nervous. With each step that I took I looked for a challenge or a violent hand upon my shoulder; yet I sprang aside when the lightest of touches fell on my sleeve.

"It is I, Pablo! Go no further!" hissed a voice in my ear. "The street is guarded, senor. I have risked much to save you, but I can do no more. If you get through is it.

I can do no more. If you get through is it Imonacid?"
"Si, hombre, si," I whispered. Then clutch-

ing in my turn the stranger as he was gliding from me I continued: "But stay, amigo. Tell me what I can do"."
"I do not know. Have you no safe hiding place inside? he answered, cautiously. "Ha! what is that?" It was the sound of approaching feet. As soon as this was certain, "Let me go!" he cried, angrily, trying to tear him-self from my grasp. "It is like you! You would destroy me to do yourself no good!" I released him. While he fell back into the

iarkness I retreated cursing my folly the while, into the archway and tried to efface myself against the wall. I was caught in a trap.

The position was not a pleasant one.

Framp! tramp!—the feet came on so steadily
and surely until half a dozen forms stood between me and the dying fire outside. A whispered word followed, then a flashing open of lanthorns, a momentary starting back of all parties as a mustached guard disword of command half a dozen carbine came to the present in front of my breast.
"Is this our man" cried the leader. He did not wait for an answer, but added, impe-

riously, "Your name, senorf"
"I am English. Is not that sufficient for you! Have a care what you are doing," I "Enough; enter. Conduct us to your

room," was his order.

I went in. On the veranda, at the door of No. 2, stood Clent, holding a candle above his head, so that his face was in shadow while the light fell on us. He was pale, as I saw a moment later, but he played his part to admiration. "What is this?" he asked, with the superior air which Englishmen permit themselves abroad, "What does this

meanf'
"Your name, sir!" cried the leader, by way of answer,
"My name is Rouse Lynton, and I am an artist and an Englishman," he replied, haughtily. "Here is my passport, and I ask you again what this means?" The officer cast a single glance at the paper

and returned it. "It is in order," he said politely. "I have made inquiries and know about you, senor. Do not let me disturb you. We are merely making a capture."
"But he, too, is English," put in Clent, looking at me in well feigned surprise. "Ciertamente! but criminal."
"Good heavens! I do not believe it; it cannot be. Is there nothing." he added, addressing me with concern, "that I can do for

you! Send a telegram, or anything of that kind?"
"Yes," I cried eagerly, "telegraph to the English minister at Madrid."
"It shall be done, and at once. Keep up leader with a grim smile; "you will do no good. And besides, the office is closed." "Then I will have it opened," cried Clent

hotly, acting the English traveler to the life, and with a gesture of encouragement he addressing me. "Enter."
I did so, Jock sprang up, and with his cont bristling about his neck, growled ominously at my companions. I told him to lie down.
"It is the other Englishman's dog," said one

"It is the other Englishman's dog," said one of the guards.
"Is that sof replied the officer, glancing sharply at me. "Then how comes it in this room! But to work! Search!"

In five minutes their skillful fingers had overhauled the luggage which was lying about. They found nothing to the purpose "The bed," was the next command. I do not know what seized upon me ther

whether it was sheer longing to give vent to my excitement that carried me away, or the memory of Clent's words, "And men's lives they will cost," that inspired me with some spir t that certainly was not my own. I can not say. Only I know that when the order not say. Only I know that when the orda. "Now the best" was given I sprang between and the searchers.

"No!" I shouted, waving them back.

If I had a dim notion of delaying them and "Madman;" cried the leader, dropping the mask, and suddenly beside himself with rage; "stand back. Juan, Felipe, do your

I flung one from me! another! I had a m ment's awful consciousness of a carbin leveled at my chest, of a finger pressing of the trigger, of a sheathed aword that struct up the weapon a second before it exploded, of the officer sheating in a voice of thunder above the tumult, "No aquit Despuest" and then a strong arm flung me forcibly again, the wall. I saw Joels leap forward, his teeth thick with smoke.
"Oh, my God!" I cried, and covered my

face. I was trembling in every limb. Some one not ungently drew the dog aside. In-stanctively I knell down and tried to stauch the blood. Poor Jock!
Presently—in the meantime I was taking

no beed of their deings-I heard a cry of sat-

isfaction and looked up. They had discovered the two rolls and bending over them as they lay on the bed were unfastening the wrappers. I went and looked on apathetically, I waited no longer with any feeling that it concerned no to see the master rolls, and loyal autographs, and promises that were to cost so clearly, of which Clean had spoken. But what was this! The Spagnolottol Oh, year I understood how that came to be here. But these-these pictures which followed: Could it be that all the subscriptions took

And that possible Murillo! That here! And that possible Murillo! That portrait which might have been by Velasqueer That San Selastien that was at head by a pupil of Caravagglo! My head reeded. I passed my hand over my eyes and looked again. It was not a delasion. There, the enavases lay one on the other, their edges strangely rough, their corners frayed—anvases worth a king's ransom.

The other roll was full of odds and ends, and rough pieces of cloth and opened letters. Among these last I saw, with scarcely any added wonder, envelopes and letters directed to myself.

"I do not understand," I said feebly, look-"I do not understand, I said receiv, loose ing from one guard to another. They had all turned to me to see how I took their dis-coveries. "He told me that he was a Carlist —a spy sent here to brite the troops. But what are these doing here! I do not under-

"Who told you-and what?" cried the

ped dazed and bewildered. Two or three laughed; the officer, gasing fixedly at the, did not. I met his gaze vacantly; then my eyes wandered to the corner and fell upon poor Jock. A mist passed from my mind, my brain cleared; I spoke aloud and sharply, "He has fooled as all;" I said, "you as well

flerce impatience.

"Clent, the man whom you want—the man
in No. 1. He told me that he was a Cariist
in danger of arrest. I gave him my passport;
I took his room and he mine. What is it he

room in furious rage. "Can you not seef He is a robber of museums—the captain of a gaing! Done, blockhesd of an Englishman! Madre de Diest did he not kill a civil guard at Valladolid ten months agot He is now a German, now an Englishman. He is the davil himself, whom, for all that, we had not ted finely but for you! Yet, fool that I was I feared something when the dog obeyed

I remembered that I had read in the English newspapers of picture robberies in vari-ous parts of Spain, in which it was supposed that a German was engaged. By this light I understood it all. The man's terror when I discovered him gloating over the Spagno-letto which had been stolen from a monastery at Seville; his letters from distant dealers at Soville; his letters from distant dealers; his studied appeal to my sympathies; his greedy reluctance, which I had thought pure unsellishness, to part with his spoils; even the casual "job" which had made him master of my 250; I understood them now. Yes, had this been all—had Jock not been lying bleeding in a corner—I would have let the man go.
As it was, I cried out to them, "Quick! I will
tell you where you will find him! He will
make for Almonaed. You know the place?"
"Did he tell you that also?" asked the officer

his gang in the street—one who book me for him as you did. Almonacid is their render-yous. You are watching the railway station here! Yes, Then be sure he will make across country for Almonacid, which is only a raile from Torrijos station on the other railway." There was sense in my words, and the police saw it. The ring of scowling faces round me brightened. A few heavy sentences were exchanged, and an order was curtly given, and in two minates the officer and his following trooped down stairs, no doubt to get to horse and start after the fugitives; leaving me in charge of a counter town police, who good naturedly belped me to do what I could for Jock. Jock was not deed, nor going to die, I am glad to say, of that

wound, although he walks lame to this day, the builet having cut the tendons at the root of the fore leg.

When I found that this was so, I began to be sorry that I had betrayed Clent's trust, though in fact he had never trusted me, "I wish that I had not spoken so soon," I said to one of my guards as we sat over the brasero, wondering what was doing at Altsonabid. "It is ill work standing behind a kicking

"It is ill work standing behind a kicking mule," be answered dryly,
"But second thoughts are best,"
He considered this; then said briefly: "The last orange the frost nips,"
The full meaning of which only came home to me next morning. About 10 o'clock the officer of police came clattering up the stairs to discharge me from custody. He told me politely that owing to the amends I had made no notice would be taken of my vain attempt to mislead justice.

attempt to mislead justice.
"Vain attempt! Vain! Then you have "No, senor,"
"No! He has escaped!" I cried in aston-"Hardly: he tried," replied the Spaniard, meeting my eyes with a smile. "He was shot

'Dead?" I said faintly. "Yes, senor, quite dead."
Then I knew for certain what the words

Who says that there is not hope for the young men of to-day! Of Amherst sinety-three freshmen but seventeen smoke tobacco. A tobacco report from the class three years from now will be interesting. New York

Never wash woolen goods or blankets on a clourly day. People commonly think of the Ameer of Afghanistan as a morese, cruel, covetous, despotic savage, but nothing, according to Messrs, O'Meara and Pyne, the only two Eng-Messrs. O'Meara and Pyne, the only two Englishmen who have seen him at home, could be more unlike the real man. His government is no doubt severe; for only a rod of iron could keep the Afghans under courtol. Nevertheless, although the Ameer is undoubtedly respected, and perhaps admired, by the mass of his people, the weight of his hand is felt chiefly by the Sirdara. He is essentially a friend of the common people. What principally attracted the attention of Messrs. O'Meara and Pyne was his sevention. Messrs O'Meara and Pyne was his enormous capacity for work. Most trivial details come to him for decision day after day. He sits plodding at work in durbur from 10 fn the morning till 12 at night. The durbar is open to all, and the humblest approach him with their complaints. As he murched back re-cently from Paghman to Cabul, attended by some 3,000 troops, many poor people arong the route did not hesitate to present their

petitions to him personally. He invariably received them, and after glancing at them officer neur. He seems to trust no one, but endeavors to do everything himself. Affairs the most in-significant from all parts of the country are reported to him direct. "Thirty or forty re-ports," he remarked, "come to me about an event. They all give different versions of it, event. They all give different versions or it, and they are all mostly lies. I examine and compare them, and extract the true version myself." There can be no doubt that he is far'n advance of his people, and he seems conscious of this. The favorite observation of his was, "When a ship is in a storing seal and the crew are turningly and will not and the crew are turbulent and will not work, the captain must call to his assistance-passengers who are temporarily on teard ship. Afghanistan is that ship, the wor'd is the sea, the Afghanistan are the crew, I am the captain, you are the passengers." He would probably go far toward Europeanizing the country could be rely more theoretic or country could be rely more thoroughly on his people. He is keenly alive to the advan-tages likely to follow from its material derelopment. In his personal manner he is quiet, but hearty and genial; he cares nothing for estentation and display; he has adopted to a great extent European habits of life, has his meals in the European style, and has discarded the hookah for a cigar.—New York Tribune.

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testi-Rev R M Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic theomatism, accompanied with eryspelas. My appetite failed me cutirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I become so helpless the could attend to no incomes at all. The pains were movable, and would seactimes use from one part of my body to another. Finally the crysipolas looks on on my att hand and arm, and produced much swe t rand and arm, and produced many swelling. I was not sighteen months efflicted in this way and of nourse needs agreat many kinds of medicines, but nothing governe relief. Pricents finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed advanted improvement white using the first boths. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen boths, when I i min myself annual and sold arrange. one dozen bottles, when I I med myself sound and well again, we considered the same left except a suffices in my band, a result of the crysipe as. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of fiscal per week. I himk S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends.

Write to the Swift Structure Co., Atlanta Ga., for a Treatise on Bond and dkin Diseases, malled free to anythe.

Skin Diseases, matter free to any dis-

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Bloomsburg Pa