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H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office—Room No. 2, COLUMBIAN Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

U. FUNK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in East's Building, near Court House, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

JOHN M. CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Office over Moyer Bro's Drug Store, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

W. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Brower's building, 2d floor, room No. 1, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRANK ZARR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office cor. Centre & Main Sts., Clark's building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

GEORGE E. EWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office, Second floor, COLUMBIAN Building, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

V. WHITE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Wirt's Building, 2d floor, Main St., BLOOMSBURG, PA.

P. E. REWELL, J. E. SITTENFENDER, Proprietors. BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890. VOL. 25, NO. 26.

Finest Line of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES IN THE COUNTY AT J. G. WELLS' JEWELRY STORE.

MEDIA ACADEMY FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES. Miss Estlin's Celebrated School.

BROOKE HALL, FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES. Miss Estlin's Celebrated School.

B. F. Savits, PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER. DEALER IN STOVES, PUMPS, FITTING, &c.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25c; six bottles, \$2. Worth \$3 a bottle.

Hop Plasters. A marvelous combination of medical agents—Frank Hoop, Herculite, Pine Balsam, and Extracts of the New England Herbs.

CROWN ACME, The Best Burning Oil That Can Be Made From Petroleum.

CROWN - ACME. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CROWN - ACME.

ACME OIL COMPANY, BLOOMSBURG, PA. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DR. I. C. BREECE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office over Moyer Bro's Drug Store, Residence West Main Street, 12-20-21.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair, promotes its growth, and keeps it from falling out.

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890. VOL. 25, NO. 26.



A SILVER DOLLAR.

BY ARTHUR C. GRISBOM.

The Green Mountains were beautiful in a garb of perfect white, their huge, conical forms strongly outlined against the dark winter sky.

It was a rainy day, and the snow melted from the mountain-tops, and the dark earth below, with its black, brown shrubbery, afforded a contrast as novel as it was beautiful.

At the foot of the mountains, peaceful and picturesque lay the village of Meadowdale, which was the scene of the events of the preceding day.

It was a rainy day, and the snow melted from the mountain-tops, and the dark earth below, with its black, brown shrubbery, afforded a contrast as novel as it was beautiful.

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THE STORY OF THE "SWEETHEARTS" AS TOLD BY A LATER DAY NOVELIST.

"So this winds the thing up, does it, Miss Pankey?" "It does, Mr. Swackhammer."

"What explanation do you want? I have told you I wanted to break off the engagement because it has become irksome to me. Isn't that enough?"

"The young man uncrossed his legs, got up, and reached for his hat. 'Seems strange,' he said, as a yearning look came into his eyes, 'that the engagement didn't become irksome to you until the other season was over.'"

"When the door had closed upon his retreating form the young woman sank nervously into a chair. 'The stupid wretch,' she exclaimed. 'He ought to have had more sense than to take me as my word.'"

"Suddenly she scooped to the floor, picked up a small ivory tablet that had dropped from Algonern's pocket, pressed it upon her lips, bowed her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud."

"Years had passed. The afternoon sun was gliding the pretentious spires and cupolas of an ambitious western town, and the soft, weird music of the fish peddler's horn was heard in the street, when a middle-aged man with a white in his hand opened the gate in front of a modest but neat and well built cottage, walked briskly up the steps and knocked at the door."

"A lady answered the knock—a lady well preserved but no longer young. 'The stranger lady,' he said. 'His hair was beginning to turn gray, but his face had evidently dealt with him leniently, and one had left no deep traces on his brow.' He spoke: 'Is the gentleman of the house—am I dreaming? Isn't this Casimere Pankey? Or is he Casimere Pankey?'