We don't bank high on theories Down yere whar the river forks; Black, waxy land don't grow seeh truck Along with its cotton stalks.

I've noticed the' that whar the soil's Too deep fur a twelve inch share To turn the trash up to the sun, An' hits triffin' roots lay bare,

You're gwine ter raise a heap er weeds Rigger than the crop you sow; An' when you lay your cotton by These no account weeds still grow.

But whar the soil is toler'ble pore, An' you've got your livin' to make, You'll work your land for all she's wuth, An' you'll plow an' harrer an' rake

From sun up till the chickens roost On the post cake in the let:

An' sandy land well worked is rich,

An' "O'e Caney's" pore, that's not.

—Frank Chase in Commonwealth.

THE PROPOSAL

It was late on a September afternoon. The day had been damp and doleful, and now at 5:30 the fog was trying to envelop everything with its usual obstinate den-

Amid the stream of hurrying, jostling humanity which swept down the Strand was a man whose face might have attracted attention if there had been any one in that motley crowd not wholly enfine, dark face, beautiful in its way, but marked by lines and shadows-the face of a man who was fighting against the world and who was losing the battle, and yet a man whose nature had not been imbittered by sordid struggles, a man who had suffered and grown strong. Such a one was Paul Ferris, only he would have been very much surprised to have heard it said.

He plodded along, his threadbare cont buttoned up to the chin, head bent, eyes fixed on the ground, thinking of nothing more or less heroic than the approaching dinner hour. I suppose, though, that even a hero may be pardoned for being hungry if he has got through the day without any luncheon. That was the case with Paul Ferris, at all events, and consequently he was making the best of his way homeward, devoutly hoping that his sister had ordered something substantial for their evening meal. Presently he turned off to the right, and passed into one of those short and comparatively deserted streets which run from the Strand to the embankment. Here he entered one of the row of lodging houses and was soon in its dingy sitting room, with its dismal hued carpet and upholstery. As he came in a pale faced girl in a black gown rose from the couch where she had been lying and advanced to meet him.

"You have come at last, Paul." "Yes, little one, and glad to see you up and looking so jolly."

"The rehearsal was late, was it not?" "Late? I should say it was. Couldn't even get out to get some lunch."

"Poor boy! That was tragical, I have ordered dinner for 6 o'clock, so possess your soul in patience until then. In the mean time I have a bit of news for you." Ferris threw off his coat and con-fronted her. "Not bad news, child?"

"No. On the contrary."
"Good news? Ah, that's something novel and refreshing. Let's have it, my good girl-pray, don't keep me in sus-

He seated himself by the fireside and sister with a somewhat cynical smile. "To begin with, who do you think him aside for a few moments' conversa-

"Creditors?" "No."

"Doctor?" "No."

with his hand.

"My solicitor?"

"Wrong again—it was Margaret Stan-Ferris started and shaded his face

"Well," he asked, after a pause "What did she want of you?"
"She was very kind, Paul; inquired

after you, and asked us both to an informal dinner on Thursday evening." "And you accepted?" "Of course; I thought it would be a

treat. Surely you do not object?"
"I cannot object, Stella, if it would

give you pleasure. Yes. We will go if fate so wills it." "It was very kind in her, Paul, to look us up. Don't you think so? She has

only been in London a week." Yes, Miss Stanhope has always been kind and condescending. Do you not see, my child, that she would make proteges of us? It is the fashion nowadays to patronize beggarly musicians."

"Paul," indignantly, "it is not like you to be such a bear. What makes you speak so? You know it is not true. How could she patronize us? Why, we knew her when she wore short dresses and played with doll babies. There is no one in the world so good and beautiful as Margaret Stanhope, and you know it.

"Well?" "I have sometimes fancied"-

A prolonged pause. "Well, out with it. What have you fancied?

"That she cares for you more thanotherwise than as a mere friend, I mean. There is an expression in her eyes when she speaks of you"-

"Good heavens! Stella, you are raving," interrupted Paul, springing up and regarding her fiercely. "I forbid you to harbor such thoughts for a moment. Miss Stanhope is as far removed from me as if she were of royal blood. Evidently you do not realize the difference existing between an heiress and a penniless concert singer. I'-

"But Paul," interrupted Stella in her turn, "you must not forget you are a gentleman born, and our families were

friends in the years gone by."
"A gentleman?" repeated Paul, disre-

Stella watched him blankly for a mo-

ment as he flung about the room, then she threw herself on the lounge and burst into hysterical tears. Naturally this brought him to his senses at once, and he patted, and petted, and soothed and pacified until the storm was over.

Thursday, the 1st of October, dawned, but it brought no prospect of the Ferrises dining at Kensington.

There came instead a small note which read as follows:

No. 19 Salisbury Street, Oct. 1.
My Dean Miss Standope—My sister is so very much worse today that it will be impossible for us to dine at your home this evening. She desires me to convey to you her regret and disappointment. Yours very sincerely,

Margaret received it at luncheon time, and after she had read it twice or thrice she turned to her huge mastiff who was sitting bolt upright beside her, and thus addressed him: "Christopher, I am afraid your sex is hopelessly obtuse. Now, what would you think of a letter like that coming from an individual whom you had known in childhood, had played with and squabbled with hun-

dreds of times?" Christopher gazed at her fixedly, and solemnly thumped his tail as a dirge like

accompaniment. "Never mind, Christie, you love me anyway, don't you, dear? There, old man, don't lick my rice. You think I am crying, don't you? But it is not so, I assure you. Why, Christopher, do you grossed in selfish interests. It was a think I would shed a tear for Paul Ferris? Come, we will get ready and go to Stella, since she cannot come to us. An errand of love, my son, with roses and jasmine for our offering."

There were many such errands of love in the ensuing week, for Stella grew weaker day by day, and her recovery seemed far off and uncertain.

The poor child would fain have been well. She would talk for hours between spasms of coughing about the things she would go and see, the books she would read, the places she would visit when she would be better again.

It was Christmas eve that the end came. There was a sudden attack of hemorrhage, a message sent to Paul at Her Majesty's theatre, a few hours of hushed waiting, a little struggle-and it was over. Margaret Stanhope was there, and it was in her arms that Stella's life flickered and went out.

Toward the last she begged Paul to

"Something that will make me go to sleep soon," she said wearily. And Paul went to the piano in the adjoining room and touched the keys

Sorrow and care may meet,
The tempest cloud may low'r,
The surge of sin may beat
Upon life's troubled shore.
God doth his own in safety keep,
He giveth his beloved sleep.

When he had finished he felt a light touch on his shoulder. He turned and saw Margaret with the tears like rain on her face.

"She is asleep at last," she said broknly.

When Margaret had done what she could she went away and Paul did not

see her for months. It was better so, he told himself. Her way was not his. Their paths lay far apart, and he could not attempt to bridge the gulf between them. And so life went on for him dully, drearily, with never a break in the monotony until pring came. Then one morning he met her on Regent street. She was just steptook off his gloves, looking across at his ping into her carriage, but she stopped him and gave him her hand and drew

> "I am glad I happened to meet you," she said. "I wished to speak to you on on a matter of business. It is a favor I am going to ask of you.

"No; do not be so rash as to grant it beforehand, but promise to come to the house to-morrow morning and we will talk it over. I shall be in until 12.

Good-by, for the present." When Ferris was shown into Miss Stanhope's drawing room the next morning he found it deserted. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, the sun struggled in through the lace curtains, and on the window seats boxes of snowdrops were lifting their delicate heads

to receive the warm rays. Margaret appeared very shortly, and greeted him with her usual frank kindiness. She asked him to be seated, and after a few commonplace remarks evidently made an effort to plunge into the

subject weighing on her mind. "I asked you to come here because I have something to say to you that con-cerns us both—something I wish to ask

of you," she began.
"Anything that I can do for you, Miss
Stanhope. You must know I am yours
to command."

"It is rather difficult for me to tell you now that you are here," she went on nervously.

"The fact is, Mr. Ferris, I think of sailing for New York in a fortnight, and -I want you to go with me!" Paul leaned forward and passed his hand over

"But I do not understand," he said, with a puzzled expression.

He could see that she was laboring

under some excitement, that her breath was coming uncertainly. It seemed to him she was very near tears, although she was smiling.

"Monsieur," she said rapidly in French,
"I have the honor of asking your hand

in marriage for Mlle. Stanhope. It struck him like a blow. It blinded him—took his breath away. He could not speak, was only conscious that Mar-

garet was kneeling beside his chair with her hands on his arm; that her face was upturned, grave and tender. "Paul," she whispered, "I love you.

Will you marry me?" He understood at last, and at last he held her in his arms and kissed her rev-

erently. "A gentleman?" repeated Paul, disregarding the last clause in her sentence. "Yes, the son of an obscure curate, a vagabond by adoption. And am I to woo 'dear Lady Disdain?" Good God! You drive me mad!"

Stella wastehed him blankly for a male of the problem of the problem. The problem is problem of the pro low in Drake's Magazine.

MEN AND WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mr. Gladstone's nephew, Sir John Gladstone, owns a distillery at Fa que which produces 80,000 gallons of whisky

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, who lives now in Spencer House, London, is said to receive as many offers of marriage as any widow in the British metro polis,

Edwin Atkinson thinks there are two things needed these days-first, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and second for poor men to know how rich men work.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, nee McCormick, paid \$1,700 for her new baby's bassinet and trousseau. The furniture of the toilet basket is ivory bound, with the family monogram variously inscribed in silver, turquoise, and small diamonds.

Jolly Benjamim Butters orth, the secretary of the World's Fair Commission, denies that he ever said there were too many ladies on the commission. "No one acquainted with me," he said, would ever accuse me of saying there were too many ladies anywhere.

August Belmont was an enthusiastic collector of old china. He picked up odds and ends in this line wherever be could find them, and when he was so decrepit from rheumatism and his old wound that he could scarcely crawl it was not uncommon to see him painfully hobbling home with a big china dish under one arm, and his short legged dog at his heels.

The singer who first made "Sally in Our Alley" a household ballad, and, more than any other man, helped to give it long life and popularity, is dead, He was a minstrel, Thomas B. Dixon; but in his prime, 20 years ago, his tenor voice was a de ight and a charm, and it was never so effective as when it sang that there was none like Sal'y. The ballad made Dixon famous. For a quarter of a century he put on and washed off burnt cork, and there never was a time when his services were not in demand by minstrel managers. They hired him solely for Sally's sake.

At a church meeting in New York one Sunday night Colonel Eiliot F. Shepard said: "When my hair first began to turn gray I went to a barber about it. He recommended a certain hair dye, and told me of a man who had used it with good results. Afterward I saw the man. His hair was raven black. I was strongly tempted to try the remedy, and then I remembered the passage of scripture which says that you can not make a hair of your head either white or black. I resolved not to use the dye, and afterward was glad that I had heeded this passage.

THE ILLUSIONS OF GREAT MEN. Startling Effects of Indigestion and Imagination.

Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.

Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiry after its owner. Byron often received visits from a

specter, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination. Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was

at the time in another city.

Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world. Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna, saw the virgin, who

encouraged him to prosecute his mis-Descartes was followed by an invisible erson, whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after

Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

Rayamac, while chanting the "Mise-rere" and "De Profundis," fondly believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of

Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in

England. Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks, and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his arm-

chair till sunrise. Bostok, the physiologist, saw figures and faces, and there was one human face constantly before him for 24 hours, the features and headgear as distinct as those of a living person.

Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose.

Napoleon once called attention to a bright star he believed he saw shining in his room and said: "It has never deserted me. I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward; it is an unfailing omen of success.

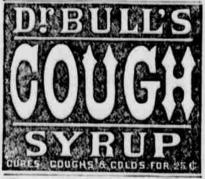
Nicolai was alarmed by the appearance of a dead body, which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room, and after gazing at him for awhile departed. Nicolai knew they were but the effects of indigestion.

With the Marylebone Rads.

Miss Henrietta Muller was lecturing recently to the men of the Marylebone Radical Club, London, and she held the attention of some fifty men by her spirited lecture upon female suffrage, completely gaining her audience by her pleasant manners and clear explanations. She has a ready wit, as the following amusing incident will show: One of her listeners tried to confuse her with the question as to how the diffi-culty should be met in the case of female suffrage with married persons, if these differed. Miss Muller, with the sweetest smile and pleasantest courtesy, arose. Said she: "I should like in that case the husband to give in to his wife." A roar of laughter greeted this ready retort, and the questioner sat down discomfited.

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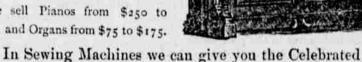
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