

THE SONG OF THE BOW.

Keen and low
Both the arrow sing
The song of the bow,
The sound of the string,
The shafts cry shrill:
Let us forth again;
Let us feed our fill
On the flesh of men,
Crescent and fleet,
Do we fly from far,
Like the birds that meet
For the feast of war,
Till the air of flight
With our wings be stirred,
As it whirrs from the flight
Of the evening bird,
Like the flakes that drift
On the snow-wind's breath,
Many and swift,
And winged for death—
Grosely and fleet,
Do we speed from far,
Like the birds that meet
On the bridge of war,
Fleet as ghosts that walk,
When the dart strikes true,
Do the swift shafts hail,
Till they strike warm dew,
Keen and low
Do the gray shafts sing
The song of the bow,
The sound of the string,
—The World's Desire.

A POOR REVENGE.

"I am going to have two guests at Elmdale the day after to-morrow," remarked Mrs. Radcliffe carelessly one morning to the old husband who adores her and who is fully thirty years her senior.

"Yes, my dear Ophelia," is the amiable answer, while Mr. Radcliffe stirs the coffee his wife has just made for him. "I am so glad to hear you say so. I was on the verge, my dear, of proposing some such social distraction. And pray whom have you hit upon?"

"You have met the lady, I am sure. She is Miss Eloise Bristow, and the gentleman is Mr. John Folsom."

Mr. Radcliffe considers this response for a moment, and then up go his gray touched eyebrows in unmistakable astonishment.

"My dear, you must be making some mistake. I have heard you say some very hard things about both these people. I remember your being very angry indeed at Eloise Bristow just before your marriage for—"

"Can't you recollect why?" interrupts Mrs. Radcliffe in smiling interrogation. "This was my reason for being angry: Eloise chose to spread abroad certain reports about me when I was poor little Ophelia Shelton, which, whether they were true or false, concealed behind them the desire of preventing our marriage. You were sensible enough not to believe the gossip, and so she was defeated."

"But have you forgiven her, Ophelia? I thought not."

Mrs. Radcliffe's face is very calm and gentle in its expression.

"Pshaw! my dear Radcliffe, what is the use of cherishing grudges?"

"True, Ophelia. And this Mr. Folsom? You used to dislike him, I well remember. What was it, by the by, that he did to offend?"

"Oh, it was two years before I met you, and during the year that I lived in Portsmouth with Aunt Fannie. Ah, husband mine, what a memory you have!"

"I'm getting old, Ophelia."

"Nonsense! You are as young as I."

"Thanks for the delicious compliment. I waltz a kiss to you across the breakfast table. Now, tell me what it was that your Portsmouth friend did?"

"He set a very dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Farren, against me by telling her that I was trying to make her husband fall in love with me. He never knew that I had found the truth out before I left Portsmouth, but I had."

"And you are going to have these two people, both of whom I know you hate, up at Elmdale?" murmured Mr. Radcliffe, lifting both hands in mock intensity of amazement. "I never could understand some of your whims, Ophelia; they are quite beyond me! By the by, do these forthcoming guests know each other?"

"No; I doubt if they have ever heard each other's names. John Folsom has always lived in Portsmouth, you know, and Eloise in London. Mr. Folsom is in town now for a month or so, I have lately heard from Mary Waldron, an old Portsmouth friend. He is here for business reasons—trying, Mary writes, to save a little from the wreck of his fortune."

"Ah! he has, then, met with severe losses? I knew he was rich—or, rather, I remember your telling me so."

"He has lost next to everything, they say, by the failure of Rusht & Stamer."

"And, my dear—ahem! how about this Miss Eloise Bristow? Is she—ahem!—well off?"

"Not at all. A church mouse is in handsome circumstances compared with her."

Five or six days after the above conversation Mrs. Radcliffe's guests arrived in Elmdale.

The guests find every hospitality awaiting them at the charming country seat of Elmdale.

"You have a most exquisite place here," Mr. Folsom tells his hostess, while they are left alone together for a few moments on the night of their arrival.

"Yes? Do you really think so?" is the sweet answer. "I am so glad everything pleases you. And how about your fellow guest, Miss Bristow? Is not she lovely?"

"I never specially admired brunettes," is John Folsom's reply, with a covert glance at the flaxen tresses of Mrs. Radcliffe.

The lady laughs.

"Ah, it doesn't much matter. I fancy, whether one be blonde or brunette, if one has immense wealth."

"Immense wealth! And is Miss Bristow—"

"Wealthy? Oh, enormously—one of the greatest heiresses I know of."

"Indeed! John Folsom responds, beginning suddenly to stroke his dark, silky mustache with considerable energy.

Not long afterward Mrs. Radcliffe is alone with Miss Bristow.

"My dear Eloise," she begins, "you

are looking so well! By the by, Mr. Folsom paid you a compliment."

A slight flush tinged Eloise Bristow's cheek.

"Really! What was it?"

"He said you were pretty."

"He is very kind," Eloise answers, a little disappointed.

She is pretty, and knows it very well, having been told so again and again.

Mrs. Radcliffe taps her reprovingly with a costly ivory fan.

"My dear girl, you should not undervalue such a compliment from a millionaire like Mr. Folsom."

Eloise's glossy dark eyebrows suddenly lift themselves.

"A millionaire, Mrs. Radcliffe?"

"Yes. Oh, his wealth is immense! I thought you knew it."

"No, I have not heard."

"Well, that is not strange, when one remembers that you could not have known anything about him."

Five days pass. During this time John Folsom and Eloise Bristow are much together. Each soon discovers in the other a charm which lies wholly apart from that which first brought them together in such close mutual attraction; but it is doubtful whether, except for certain spurious intelligence imparted by Mr. Radcliffe, either of these two young persons would have had sufficient interest in the other's acquaintance to have made the delightful discovery which has now resulted for both.

Yes, Eloise Bristow and Mr. Folsom are thoroughly in love with each other at the end of a week's time. More than once, while thinking of how superbly her revengeful scheme had succeeded, Mrs. Radcliffe's eyes flash with malicious triumph.

At last John Folsom tells himself that he is foolish not to avow his love, since Eloise has given more than a single marked sign by which, if he cannot read the exact truth, he has at least had reason to guess it.

One day while passing the library door he catches the gleam of a pink muslin morning dress.

"It is she," he mentally murmurs, "and provided she is alone, I shall not leave her until I have declared the truth."

Eloise proves to be alone. Mr. Folsom seats himself at her side, and in a few moments has spoken words that bring the rich color glowingly to the girl's cheeks and make her eyes sparkle with brilliant fire. He finished with those humble words:

"I have no right to address you as I am doing; for oh, Eloise! even should you consent to become my wife the world would call me little else than a scheming fortune hunter."

A moment after the last words are uttered Eloise Bristow leaps to her feet.

"A fortune hunter!" she bursts forth indignantly. "I—I do not understand you, Mr. Folsom, unless you mean what you say for cruel satire!"

"He rises now."

"Satire? Why, of course I do not. The facts are plain enough. My fortune is now a mere wreck of what it once was, and you are immensely wealthy."

A bitter, bleak sort of laugh leaves Eloise Bristow's lips.

"Did Mrs. Radcliffe tell you that—that I was immensely wealthy?" she asks excitedly.

"Yes."

Eloise sinks back into her seat. Fixing her eyes on John Folsom's face, which has become very pale, like her own, she now continues, "And Mrs. Radcliffe told me the same thing regarding you!" A slight pause. Suddenly she asks, "Have you ever thought, in past times, that Mrs. Radcliffe had any dislike toward you?"

John Folsom's answer then comes promptly enough, "Yes, I used to believe she hated me."

Eloise laughs again, though less bitterly than before.

"And I feel that she hated me all along, now. This is her revenge."

Those four words exercise a strange effect upon the man who hears them. He seats himself at her side. He fixes upon her face a pair of eyes that glow strangely.

"Eloise Bristow," he begins, with solemn, determined voice, "the story of my wealth is what first attracted you toward me; but now that you know me, is there not any feeling in your heart wholly apart from all this?"

Eloise makes no answer. She lowers her eyes and begins to tremble. The man at her side draws nearer.

"Eloise, I love you well enough to die for you—yes, even in these queer, prosaic times of ours. And if this be the case, surely I love you well enough to work for you! What is your answer, darling? Lift up your head and speak it out bravely. When Mrs. Radcliffe next meets us shall she laugh to herself in magnificent delight and silently murmur, 'My revenge is accomplished; or shall she grind her handsome white teeth in secret rage while looking on our happiness, and be forced to confess that we have conquered her with the very weapons she sought to use against us, turning her revenge into that which may be our lifelong future joy—and such joy, Eloise, as no man can purchase?'"

There is a momentary silence, while Eloise sits motionless, with eyes still lowered; and then an instant later she has flung herself upon his breast and hidden her passionately tearful face against his shoulder. He needed no other answer.—Elmdale Telegraph.

The Value of Greenbacks.

In 1862, when the greenbacks first went into circulation, their price in gold for the entire year averaged about 88.3 cents on the dollar, their highest being 93.5 and their lowest 75.6. In 1863 they ranged from 62.3 to 79.5, in 1864 from 87.7 to 67.3, and in 1865 from 46.3 to 70.4. The year 1864, which was the darkest period of the war, saw the government currency at its lowest value and gold at its greatest premium. After the war, of course greenbacks increased in value, although with some fluctuations. At the beginning of 1879, when specie payments were formally resumed, greenbacks went to par with gold, and have remained there ever since.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHINESE TELEGRAPHY.

The Manner in Which the Celestial Office is Managed.

As usual in all officially conducted enterprises in China (and the Chinese government acknowledges no union of capitalists for large enterprises apart from official management), little encouragement is given to the general public. In the case of the telegraph, the charges are high, averaging about one shilling a word, more or less, according to distance. This tariff is, with thrifty people like the Chinese, quite prohibitive as far as social messages are concerned; and for business purposes its use is confined to the few wealthy merchants in the larger towns, and by them it is used very sparingly.

In the less important places it is not open to the public at all, although the needful stations and operators are to be found there. At one such station, in the town of Shin-tan, in Hupeh, we once tried to send a message. After much inquiry we at last found our way to the Tien-pao chih, or "lightning dispatch office," and were shown to an old out of the way two storied Chinese dwelling house. Climbing up an inconveniently steep ladder we reached the upper story, which consisted of a roomy left, with a rickety loose plank floor and no ceiling beneath the uncemented tile roof. The apartment had every appearance of not having been swept or garnished since the day it was constructed.

As our eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light admitted through the small paper windows we perceived in one corner a curtained trestle bedstead illuminated by a diminutive opium smoker's lamp, in another corner a telegraphic signaling instrument with a silk cover to protect it from the dirt, and a couple of the usual stiff backed wooden Chinese chairs. A few clothes trunks and a tumble down wardrobe completed the furniture. As we entered a man of 30, handsomely dressed in silk, arose from the bed and welcomed us to a seat. He received us with great effusion and, to our surprise, seemed really pleased to see his haunt invaded by a barbarian.

A lad of 18 or less, also gaily dressed in silk, produced the hospitable tea and conversation commenced. The manager could not accept my message without a card from the taotai, or governor, who resided 40 miles distant, and with which he advised me to provide myself on a future occasion. The lad, who turned out to be an operator, trained in Shanghai, had merely to report on the condition of the wires, which he did daily by telegraphing to the next station on the English words "All right." The rest of the English he once knew he appeared to have forgotten.

As to the elder man, the manager, a sociable Soo Chow man, he talked of himself as an exile among savages, with no society, no occupation, and no amusement. He thoroughly enjoyed a visit from one who came from the civilization of Shanghai, and seemed deeply to regret our departure. He particularly lamented his hard lot, in that having bought 2,000 English words of a native teacher of English in Shanghai, at a cost of \$2 per hundred, (so he expressed himself), he had now only use for two words and he had almost entirely forgotten the remaining 1,998.—Quarterly Review.

The Midnight Sun.

Imagine yourself in a ship at anchor looking west or straight in front of you. There is a broad expanse of sea on your right hand, behind you is the rugged coast, and to your left the long narrow fiord between the main land and the islands that the steamer has just traversed. You watch the sun as it slowly sets; the islands and the coast look like a dark rich purple, and the shadows cast by the ship's masts grow longer and longer. After a bit, when the sun has sunk apparently twelve feet from the horizon, it stops and seems to remain stationary for twenty minutes or so; then the very sea gulls hide while the air of a sudden strikes chilly. Each one has an averted expectant feeling. Soon the sun rises very slowly once again, and the yellow clouds change with his uprising to even greater beauty—first to the palest pink, and then to a bluish pink. The sky, which was just now rose color, becomes gray, then emerald green, and lastly blue. Rock after rock stands out, caught by the sun's rays, and the reign of day has begun once more.

The Perfect Hand.

As for the perfect hand, it is rarely one comes upon it nowadays. The wrist should be round and dimpled, too; the delicate taper fingers should turn backward at the tip of the soft finger nails; the skin should be of a rosy whiteness.

And, now, a word of advice, says the Boston Traveler. Wear rings in proportion to the ugliness of your hands; and, pray, if your hand is worth showing, do not hide it under sparkling stones that anybody can buy.

Another word of advice: When you "do" your nails don't put too high a polish upon them or file them into too sharp points; the happy medium is the better form.

There is nothing that will preserve the beauty of the hand so well as the oiled glove to be worn to bed.

Pat was detailed as sentinel when the Seventeenth Maine was near Culpepper, and was told to be very careful, and not to let any one or anything fool him. He took his place and all went well until 2 o'clock the next morning, when he heard the sound of some one approaching. "Halt!" yelled Pat. "Who comes there?" "The officer of the day," responded the newcomer, and gave the countersign. "And faith," says Pat, "and what business has the officer of the day to be pekin' around at night? Clear out or I'll put a bullet hole through ye." And the officer had to clear.—Lewiston Journal.

A movement is on foot in Japan to plant a colony of Japanese in Mexico. A Mr. Vogel, representing the colony in Mexico, has received semi-official sanction, and expects to send over 2,000 laborers before the end of the month at wages of 60 to 70 cents per day.

DAY'S HORSE POWDER
Prevents Lung Fever and
cures Distemper, Hooves,
Fever, &c., &c.
1 pound in each package.
Sold by all druggists.

DR. BULL'S BABY SYRUP
Facilitates Teething. Sold at druggists
Price 25 Cts. — Regulates the Bowels!

25 SALVATION OIL

BULL'S COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CONSUMPTIVE PERSONS
For the relief of
Consumptive persons
PRICE 25 CTS.
For sale by all druggists.

SMOKE LANGR'S CUBER CIGARETTES for Cigarettes
Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

MANY MEN FIND THAT
"Fishman of Y^e West"



Storms, snows, drenching rains, and furious winds are a part of the regular routine of life. Two-thirds of the sickness through life is caused by colds; you cannot be too well protected in stormy weather to avoid them. A man having a "Fish Brand Slicker" may be exposed to a storm for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and still be protected from every drop of rain, besides being shielded from the biting winds. No matter what your occupation, if you are liable to be caught in a rain or snow storm, you should have on hand a "Fish Brand Slicker." It will surely save your health, and perhaps your life. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

If You Have CONSUMPTION | COUGH ON COLD BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh
Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Weak Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites. PALATABLE AS MILK.
Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no emulsion or cod-liver oil induce you to accept a substitute.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.



The boy may live to be 80, but the poor horse for want of a blanket in the stable has to die at 20.

FREE—Get from your dealer free, the \$4 Book. It has handsome pictures and valuable information about horses.

Two or three dollars for a 5/4 Horse Blanket will make your horse worth more and cut less to keep warm.

Ask for

- 5/4 Five Mile
- 5/4 Boss Stable
- 5/4 Electric
- 5/4 Extra Test

30 other styles at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us.

5/4 HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST.
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE NA LABEL
Manufactured by Wm. Ayres & Sons, Philadelphia, who make the famous Horse Brand Blanket Blankets.

DEAF, DUMB & HEAD BOISERS CURED BY
Ely's Cream Balm
Coughs, Whoopings, Hoarses, Complicated, Nervous, etc., all cured. Sold by Dr. H. H. Ely, 528 Broadway, New York. Write for book of greenbacks.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
10 Per Cent. Reduction.

WE ARE SELLING OUR STOCK OF
Winter and Spring Clothing,
ALSO
Gents Furnishing Goods, at a reduction of 10 per cent.

Call at once and secure bargains. Our stock is new and all of the Latest Patterns. You can Save from \$2.00 to \$5.00 on every suit you buy.

This is POSITIVELY the best chance of BUYING CLOTHING ever offered in Bloomsburg.

We have also a fine lot of cloths from which we can make Suits to Order.

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION
in our make of clothing both as to quality and style.
Come while this reduction lasts.

EVANS & EYER,
CORNER MAIN AND IRON STREETS.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES.
J. SALTZER'S
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT & SEWING MACHINE WAREHOUSES.

With many years experience in buying and selling musical instruments and sewing machines I can guarantee to my customers the best in the market. Pianos and Organs purchased of me, can be relied upon. If anything gets out of order, it can easily be corrected, and a great deal of annoyance saved. Instructions given to all purchasers of Sewing Machines, how to operate them successfully.

The STECK PIANO is the best made. Its tone is surpassed by none. You make no mistake if you buy a Steck.

We have also the—

ESTEY and the STARR
PIANOS,
—And The—
ESTEY, MILLER and
UNITED STATES
ORGANS.

We sell Pianos from \$250 to \$600, and Organs from \$75 to \$175.

In Sewing Machines we can give you the Celebrated
"WHITE"
The best Machine in the world.
The
NEW DOMESTIC,
The ROYAL ST. JOHN,
The STANDARD
ROTARY
And the NEW HOME.

We sell the best Sewing Machine made for \$19.50.
J. Saltzer, Bloomsburg, Pa.

C. B. ROBBINS,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
WINES AND LIQUORS.
Bloomsburg, Pa.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50c.