

### THE SOCIABLE.

At the sociable down to  
The new passages there won't  
Be any great shakes to do—  
Nothing much to see there  
Likely 'll be a crowd on hand  
Stacks o' issues hitched out in front.  
Seeing 't to the parson's; and  
Sary Pratt 'll be there.

While thing 'll be kind o' tame,  
Things 'll warm up to the slow;  
Somebody 'll start up a game  
O' something, to begin it—  
Spat 'em out the room, or such;  
Play charades; have a tableaux;  
'T won't amount to nothing much;  
Sary, she'll be in it.

'Spose we'll have to hear a lot  
'Bout the parsonage—how it  
Ain't need no more. Like as not  
Deacon Judd, he'll sorter  
Schemes to pass the plate to buy  
Paint for the woodshed or git  
Shingles. Sary 'll boast it. I  
'Spose I'll give a quarter.

Some the girls 'll play a spell  
On the organ—them that take  
Lessons. And byme by we'll sing  
The warm sugar kitties  
Heating up, and likely we'll  
Have hot biscuit and some cake  
And beet pickles. Sary, she'll  
Help pass 'round the victuals.

Finally all the boys 'll troop  
On pell mell and git in line  
'Long the side o' the front stoop  
In the dark—won't nary  
Feller strike the wrong girl, though.  
And the stars 'll blink and shine,  
Strolling 'long home middling slow.  
I'll walk home with Sary.  
—Emma A. Opper, in Judge.

### A MOTHER IN LAW.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Rachel," said Mrs. Edmonstone plaintively. "No, I wouldn't, not unless Betsy Tacker had told me; and Betsy, she never told a lie no more than George Washington did."

"Why, mother, what are you talking about?" questioned Mrs. Thomas Edmonstone, untying the elder lady's bonnet strings and relieving her of a splint basket, a black silk bag, a waterproof cloak, and an umbrella.

"And I've come to see if it's true," added the old lady.

"If what's true, mother?"

"That you said you wished there wasn't no such person as a mother-in-law!" faltered Mrs. Edmonstone.

"Mother, you know I never could have said such a thing!" cried Rachel.

"Well, it wasn't exactly that; but Betsy Tacker heard you say you wished there was no such a thing as a mother in law."

"Oh," cried Rachel, with a hysterical little laugh. "I plead guilty! I did say that. But it was under such strong provocation, and I never meant you. How could I, when you have always been so good to me?"

"I knew it couldn't be true," said Mrs. Edmonstone, settling herself in the easiest rocking chair and nodding her cap trustfully. "But how came you to make that ex-tra-or-dinary speech, Rachel, about mother in law in general?"

"It was Tom," said the wife. "He was so aggravating!"

"Thomas always was aggravating," said Mrs. Edmonstone, stirring the cup of tea that Rachel had brought her. "What was it about now? The breakfast cakes?"

"Oh, you remember about the breakfast cakes, don't you?" said Rachel, with merry mischief sparkling in her eyes. "No; it wasn't the breakfast cakes this time; it was the shirts."

"The shirts?"

"Well, you know he said it was such a wasteful, extravagant proceeding to buy shirts ready made," explained Rachel. "He said the linen was poor, and the work regular slop shop style, and he declared you always used to make his shirts at home, every stitch, before he was married."

"So I did," acknowledged Mrs. Edmonstone, with a groan. "But that was in the old times, before you could buy such a good article as they have now."

"Yes, but Tom doesn't make any allowance for difference in times and customs," sighed Rachel. "He wanted homemade shirts, and homemade shirts he would have!"

"And you made 'em?"

"Yes, I made them."

"You were a great goose," reflectively spoke Mrs. Edmonstone.

"And—and Tom swore dreadfully the first time he put one on—"

"I don't in the least doubt it."

"And he said they set like meal bags, and that they twisted his neck around as if he had just been hanged, and grasped him on the shoulders like a policeman! Oh, I can't tell you what he didn't say!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Edmonstone.

"He told me his mother's shirts set like a glove, and fitted him perfectly—and why could I not turn out a shirt like those? And it was then, mother dear, suddenly flinging her arms around the old lady's plump, comfortable neck, "that I lost my head, and told him I wished there wasn't such a thing as a mother in law in the world! And Betsy Tacker sat in the sewing room altering over my dolman in the spring style, and I suppose she must have heard me."

"Don't mind it, my dear," said Mrs. Edmonstone.

"No, I won't," protested Rachel. "But, oh, those shirts! I've been ripping them apart and sewing them together again, and rounding off a gusset here, and taking in a plait there, until I have got so that I dream of them at night; and the more I try them on the worse they fit, and the more unreasonable does Tom become. My mother never made such work of it as this!" he says."

"Thomas forgets," observed Mrs. Edmonstone severely.

"And I am sure, if things go on like this," added Rachel, pushing her short brown curls off her forehead, "it will end in a separation on account of incompatibility of temper."

"No, it won't, my dear," said the mother in law. "Here, get me the pattern and some shirting muslin, and a pair of scissors."

"What are you going to do, mother?" eagerly questioned Rachel.

"I'm going to make Tom a shirt. But don't you tell him, Rachel. We'll see whether it is Tom or the pattern that has altered."

Once more the mischievous light came into Rachel's bright blue eyes.

"I wish all the world were mothers in law!" she cried gleefully. "Why didn't I think of this before?"

"One can't think of everything, child," said Mrs. Edmonstone consolingly.

Thomas Edmonstone welcomed his mother cordially when he came home from business.

"I'm so glad you've come!" said he. "We can have some of the nice old-fashioned dishes now. Rachel can't seem to get the hang of them, although she has always had your book of recipes to guide her."

"Rachel's a great deal better cook than ever I pretended to be," said Mrs. Edmonstone. "They have patent egg beaters and cream whippers and raisin seeders, and all that sort of thing now, that they didn't have in my day. I never tasted nicer bread than Rachel makes, and these popovers are delicious."

"You're just saying that to encourage Rachel," said Mr. Edmonstone, with an incredulous smile. "Things will run smooth now you've come. That is one comfort."

"Oh, I shouldn't think of interfering in Rachel's kitchen," said the old lady.

"Please, do, mother," coaxed the wife, not without a certain quiver in her lip. "Do let Tom have a reminiscence of the old days while you are here."

"Well, just as you children say," conceded the mother in law, good humoredly.

She remained a week at her son's house, during which period of time Tom was all exultant complacency.

"This," said he, "is something like living. I feel myself a boy again when I taste these apple fritters."

"They're not bad," said Rachel, who had made them with her own skillful hands. And she helped herself to a little of the sauce.

"And why didn't you learn my mother's knack of making such pie crust as this?" demanded Tom. "There's no dyspepsia here."

"I'm glad you're pleased," said Rachel, with a guilty glance at her mother in law. "Oh, by the way, Tom, the last of the set of shirts is finished now! Will you put it on to-morrow?"

"I suppose so," ungraciously uttered Tom. "Will set like fury, I dare say, like all the rest of them!"

"You might at least give it a trial."

"Didn't I say I would?" still more ungraciously. "Those shirts will be the death of me yet," he added, turning to his mother with a groan, while Rachel sat steadily observing the pattern of the tablecloth.

The breakfast stood smoking on the table next morning when Mr. Edmonstone came into the room twisting himself as if he were practicing to be a human corkscrew. Mrs. Edmonstone timidly glanced up at him.

"Doesn't it fit, Tom?" she questioned.

"Fit! Just look at it, will you?" he retorted. "Fit! Hangs like a window curtain around my neck—pinches my wrists like a pair of handcuffs! I feel as if I were in a straight jacket," writhing impatiently to and fro. "Oh, I might have known it beforehand. You have an idea what the word fit means. I wish, mother, you could teach this wife of mine how to make a decent shirt!"

"Thomas," said Mrs. Edmonstone, solemnly, transfixing him with the glittering spheres of her spectacle glasses, "you are not very polite. I made that shirt."

"You, mother!"

"Yes, I myself. Just as I used to make shirts for you in the old times that you're always sighing for. I've been working at it ever since I've been in the house. Throw away the pattern, Rachel, and don't waste any more time trying to make your husband's shirts," she added. "It's an economy of time and temper, as well as of money, to buy them ready made. And as for the cooking you have been praising up so eloquently of late, Tom, I haven't touched a pot or a pan. It's all your wife's work. So much for imagination! Oh, you needn't hang your head so sheepishly; you're neither better nor worse than most men. I never saw the man yet that didn't need to hear a little wholesome truth now and then. You've got the best and sweetest little wife in the world."

"Mother!" pleaded Rachel, trying to put her hand over the old lady's mouth; but Mrs. Edmonstone went on—

"And it's my advice to you to try and treat her as she deserves."

"I—I don't know but I have been rather cranky of late, now that I come to think of it," said Tom, self accusingly.

"Crank! I should think so," said the old lady. "I'm sure I don't know what the world's coming to. Here's little Georgy toddling around with his wooden cart. The first you know he'll be telling his wife about the wonderful successes his mother used to make in this, that, and the other thing."

"And Georgy will be right," said Tom, who, after all, had a magnanimous streak through him. "What a crab I've been! Hang the homemade shirts! I'll buy 'em next time. Kiss me, Rachel. And be sure you let me have a dish of scalloped oysters when I come to dinner."

The oysters Rachel cooked.

He ate his breakfast and departed. And when he was gone young Mrs. Edmonstone looked with shining eyes at old Mrs. Edmonstone.

"Oh, what a nice thing it is to have a mother in law!" said she fervently.

The classification of the character of the immigration during the last decade shows that only 26,257 males were of the professional classes, 514,552 were skilled laborers, 1,833,325 were of miscellaneous occupations, 73,327 made no statement in regard to occupation, and 759,450 were without occupation. Of the 2,040,702 females, 1,724,454 were without occupation.

Borrow—Well, I never borrow trouble, anyhow. Lender—Oh, no; you always give that to the people you borrow other things from.—Washington Star.

A man passes for a sage if he seeks wisdom; if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.—Hebrew Standard.

### A WONDERFUL CAVE.

A REMARKABLE CAVERN THAT RIVALS THAT OF KENTUCKY.

Tollsome Explorations Through Many Miles of Corridors—Chambers Filled With Beautiful and Curious Formations.

The San Francisco Examiner sent out a party to examine the great cave which recent advices stated has been discovered in Oregon.

The cave is situated in Josephine county, about 12 miles north of the California line and 40 miles from the coast.

The Examiner party were two days in reaching the cave. Says its correspondent:

The main opening, from which the creek flows, was the first entered. For a dozen feet only could you stand upright. But, almost double, we pushed on, up to our ankles in swiftly flowing water cold as ice. Thirty feet from the mouth the daylight was no longer visible, and there the cavern was large again and the passage was divided. A great boulder, caught midway between the walls, made an upper and a lower corridor. To the left a great hole gaped, and on the right the floor broke off abruptly in a grinning crack.

The left hand passage was the only one that did not lead to a long series of rooms, and it was the largest opening of the four. Stooping under a great rock that jutted from the wall, the first of the party found himself in an octagonal chamber a dozen feet high and as much in diameter. It was a two story room. Half way to the ceiling a comparatively thin sheet of rock made a ceiling for the lower room and a floor for the upper. There were bones in these rooms of deer and smaller animals, and there were other indications that it was or had been the den of some flesh eating beast, probably a bear.

The last man in the party had in his pocket a ball of twine. One end of the twine was fast to a rock at the mouth of the cave, and as they walked forward the line unwound.

As we clambered through the narrow passages, wonder struck at their fantastic pendants and projections, that looked even more grotesque in the light of the flaming torches, we forgot that we were cold and wet and tired. Every step showed something stranger than had been passed. A lime incrustated boulder, covered with fretwork delicate as hoar frost, loomed up against the intense blackness beyond—an enormous bear's head; glimmering icicles were the teeth, and the whole picture savage. Even while the eye took in the features they changed, and instead of a fierce white bear's head there was only an irregular boulder, again.

In the distance, where the light barely reached, ugly black forms appeared. More than once the men suddenly halted when one of these black beasts moved, for in the weird, smoky light they seemed to move, though closer up they showed as simply openings into other branches of the cavern.

Several very tempting openings were passed, but finally a particularly easy looking door was reached, turning to the right. It was not easy long. The roof got closer to the floor, and the walls came nearer and nearer together. We stooped, then we got on our hands and knees, then down flat. So half a dozen yards we had to wriggle and squirm along snake-wise, our clothes catching on the brittle spikes and the fretted floor tearing our knees. It was exhausting work for a while, but at last the passage grew wider, and presently we were in a room where we could stand upright.

That was a wonderful place. Along either wall ran a low, flat bench of rock. In this bench were several depressions as distinct and sharp as though cut with a chisel. These depressions were only an inch or so deep, were perfectly rectangular and perfectly level. They were filled to the brim with water, and the white rock glistened through it beautifully. All around it was dry; no water dripping from above, none welling up from below. These squares of water reflected like looking glasses when the torches were held over them.

The "Mirror Room," this chamber was named, and there the first photograph was taken.

Many curious features were discovered in the cave. A great chamber, named the Dining Room because of a bench, was of rock with a level top that occupied one side of the room and looked more like a table than anything else, was the last of the easy traveling. From there a chimney barely wide enough to squeeze through went up at an angle of 60 degrees. A hundred yards of hard work brought us to large rooms and broad passages again. Rod after rod of stately columns, as regular and clear as freshly sculptured marble pillars, divide the rooms and increase the mystery of the great maze, and overhead a thousand glistening drops of water, each the apex of a brilliant white spear head, reflect the light of the glowing torches. Everywhere on the walls masses of shining lime, slowly deposited for ages, counterfeited the shapes of well known things.

Turning an abrupt corner of a cavern so high that the torches did not light to the roof of the magnificent dome, a great gaunt face sends chills down your back. You know, of course, that the malevolent eye is only a shadow, the mouth a fault in the gigantic stalactite, and the hoary beard simply another stalactite stained by a drop of iron that somehow has been washed down into the limestone cracks. But the face—the beard alone as long as a man—is uncanny, and as long as you can see the visage you have an uncomfortable feeling that the old man, who has been there as long as water and rocks have been, is watching you with no approving glance.

A waterfall 30 feet in height was discovered; also a beautiful little lake, with a surface as clear as a mirror.

Every day for a week the party went in as they could into the mountain, and yet at the end of that time there seemed almost as much yet unexplored as had been gone over. Evidently Oregon has a great cave.

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