THE LOVER'S REASONING.

Sell why I love her? Tell me why, Turning from murky town and pushing men, You love the woodland path, the placid sky. I'll answer then.

Why do I love her? Analyze
Where in the violets the perfume is,
Where in the music's strain the tears arize. Can you do this?

Tell why I love her? Yes, when you
Reveal the secrets which in snowdrops lie,
Or strain the beauty from the drops of dew.
Then I'll tell why.

Why do I love her? First make clear Whence steals through minster aisles the restful spell

restful spell
That fills with mystle sense the atmosphere.
I then will tell.

Yes, love, I turn to thee from glare and crowd, Tender as dales in spring, as summer's cloud; Soothing as gentlest song, soft as perfume, Purer than beads of dew or snowdrop's bloom. I in thy presence rest, where tumuits cease; The minster gate is closed, within is peace. —Temple Bar.

MR. MAXFIELD'S LESSON.

Mr. Maxfield was a very positive man; when he was sure of a thing he was very sure, and as he sometimes jumped at conclusions he occasionally found him-

self in a disagreeable predicament. "Hannah," he said to his wife, coming out into the kitchen one morning in hot haste, "what on earth have you done with that package of papers I left on the mantel in the sitting room? I wish to goodness you would let my things alone so that I could ever find them!"

Well, I have left them alone this time," answered Hannah rather sharply. "I didn't even know there were any papers there.

"What's the use of talking so?" said Mr. Maxfield. "I put them there before breakfast, and there hasn't a soul been into the room but you. Do try and think what you have done with them.'

Mrs. Maxfield worked away at her cake in silence. Mr. Maxfield walked around the kitchen once or twice, lifted the stove lid, and then spoke again.

"Suppose I shall have to wait your pleasure, but my time is worth something, so if you will tell me as quickly as possible you will greatly oblige me.' "I told you I had neither seen nor

touched your papers, John." "And I tell you you must have, I know positively that I put them there before breakfast; they are gone now, and

you were the only person in the room." Mrs. Maxfield's face turned crimson. She was busy and tired, and this last remark was too much for her.

"John," she said very clearly and decidedly, "no one, not even my husband, shall as good as tell me I lie without apologizing for it. I shall have nothing to say about your papers or anything else until you do.

In her way Mrs. Maxfield was just as positive as her husband. She did not usually jump at conclusions as he did, but once she came to one, she was there body and soul.

Mr. Maxfield concluded at this juncture that for the present at least he had best betake himself elsewhere. So, trying his best to appear unconcerned, he sauntered out into the hall, took up his hat, and found underneath it, on the hall table, those miserable papers.

"Con-found them!" he said with much emphasis, under his breath, secreting them in his pocket.

It came to him like a flash; just after he had put them on the mantel he had thought he saw Lawyer Grover coming down the street, and wishing to hand them to him he had hurried to the door. only to find it was not Mr. Grover after When he went back he had put them down with his hat without think-

"And there I've gone and riled Hannah up for nothing. Why, in the name of goodness, couldn't I have held my tongue until I had looked around a little, anyway? And, blame it, she said I must apologize! Great Scott! I would rather plow the 10 acre lot 10 times over! What in the world shall I do? I wonder if I couldn't sort of work her around without giving in? Goodness, it fairly makes me sweat to think of having to own up deliberately, after all I said, that I put the miserable, good for nothing things away myself. I don't know but I'd rather take the money out of the bank and give her the phaeton she had been wanting these two years. I declare, I

Now Mr. Maxfield did not think all this at once; it came to him in snatches as he went about his work, and when he came in to dinner he was blandness

"How are you getting on with your baking?" he queried, as he performed his ablutions at the sink.

Mrs. Maxfield took a pie from the oven and carried it to the pantry without vouchsafing any reply.

"I wish those everlasting papers had been in Halifax," thought Mr. Maxfield, as he washed. "No use trying to do everything to-day, you'll get used up," he said, burying his face in the long towel as he spoke.

"Don't fret about me. Take care of yourself and your papers, and I'll see to myself," was the icy reply, and Mr. Maxfield subsided.

He repeated his efforts at night, but with no better success.

"I'll try the phaeton to-morrow; but I don't know as even that will fetch her," he thought, as he lay down to sleep.

Accordingly he began at the breakfast

"I've been looking over things and aguring up a little, Hannah, and I don't know but I could spare you enough for

that phaeton, if you want it." Hannah passed him his coffee as coolly and unconcernedly as though he had spoken of buying a pound of cheese, or something like that.

"You would like that wouldn't you?" queried Mr. Maxfield anxiously.

"No, John Maxfield; at present I wouldn't even look at it. I meant exactly what I said, and I still mean it."

"Blame it!" thought the unfortunate man, "she's bound I shall apologize, and she won't forget what I said about the phaeton, either. If she would only ask if I've found them, so that I could sort of explain it along easy, and not have to

come out plump and say I was mis-

But Hannah had no intention of doing any such a thing, and the day wore on in comparative silence.

To-morrow would be their welding anniversary. Were they to spend that day of all days in this fashion? Mr. Maxfield tossed restlessly upon his pillow most of the night. Mrs. Maxifeld appeared to sleep the sleep of the just, whether she did or not.

Morning dawned at last, and Mr. Maxfield made up his mind that since it must be done, it must.

"But it will be the toughest job I've struck for one spell," he said as he medi tated in the barn.

He tried his best to think of some easy way of putting it, but he gave it up in despair at last and started for the house on a run. Mrs. Maxfield was in the kitchen busy picking chickens, but there was a suspicion of redness about hereyes, and she had not gotten any farther in her work than she was when he went out half an hour ago.

"I-was a blasted fool, Hannah!" said Mr. Maxfield as quick as he opened the door, before he could lose his courage. "Oh, John!" cried Mrs. Maxfield, drop-

ping the chicken to the floor, and springing to meet him. "Oh, John, I am so thankful!" "The dickens you are! Well, that's a pretty go," said he, trying to laugh, but feeling rather misty about the eyes him-

"You know what I mean," sobbed his wife. "I thought you wouldn't ever say anything, and I didn't know, and I wanted you to be sorry and love me just the same as you used to. Oh, John, don't

"I guess I do, Hannah, and I was mean; but I shall not be sure of anything again, in a hurry. And you're going to have a phaeton and anything else you

"I don't feel now as if I cared whether I had anything or not. Oh, John, you

don't know how thankful I am!"
"Maybe not," responded her husband.
"Maybe not; but I feel as if the whole Rocky Mountain range had been lifted off my shoulders. I have learned one lesson, anyway, and I don't believe I shall forget it in a hurry.'

Great Illatoric Famines.

Famines were formerly much more common than during the last half century, and many notable calamities of this nature are mentioned by historians. Not including the seven years' famine in Egypt mentioned in the Old Testament, the first great famine noted in history was in Italy, B.C. 436. Thousands of persons, driven mad by want, threw themselves into the sea and rivers to ercape from further suffering. In A. D. 42 there was a great famine in Egypt, and another in Rome and the vicinity in A. D. 232. In 272 famine prevailed in the British Islands, and people ate grass, roots, and the bark of trees; thousands died in Scotland from privation in A. D. 306, and over 40,000 perished in Britain sour years later. In A. D. 450 famine prevailed all over the South of Europe, raging worst in Italy, where parents ate their children. and in 739 England, Scotland, and Wales were again ravaged, also in 823, when thousands starved, and in 954, when the crops failed for four successive years. In 1016 an awful famine raged throughout all Europe, and again from 1193 to 1195, when crop failures caused terrible suffering. In England and France the people cases of cannabalism were recorded. There were famines in England in 1251, 1315, 1336, 1348, and 1565, and a general distress prevailed also in both England and France in 1698, 1748, 1789, and 1795. The great Irish famines of 1814, 1816, 1822, 1831, and 1846 were in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, and, no doubt, in each thousands of people starved to

European calamities of this kind, however, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the colossal dimensions of a famine in the crowded countries of Asia. In 1837 over 800,000 human beings starved to death in northwest India, and in 1860 another famine carried off 500,000. In 1865, 1,000,000 people were supposed to have starved in Bengal and Orissa, and in 1868 the death roll from famine in Rajpootana exceeded 1,500,000. Even as late as 1877 about 500,000 perished in Bombay, Madras, and Mysore. The worst calamity of this kind ever recorded took place in the years 1877 and 1878, in China. Complete crop failure took place in all the northern provinces, and the number of those who perished from want of food was estimated at 9,500,000. As the internal communications of a country are improved the danger of wholesale starvation is much lessened. It is not likely that, save in Russia, Persia, and China, there will ngain be such dreadful loss of life as has been experienced from the failure of the crops.

The "Fighting Editor" Is a Back Number.

Fighting men, like drunken men, are to be avoided, and the journals of fighting editors are journals to be avoided. Civilization has passed the duello a long way. It is disreputable. It flourished with the bowl, and has gone out of season with that deadener of the faculties and enfeebler of the intellect. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought by the publie voice of New Orleans to be declared as much a crime as it is known to be in San Francisco, or New York, in Chicago, or Phila lelphia. It is a custom followed by the curses of thousands of widows and orphans through many generations, and ought not to be countenanced anywhere, The law ought to suffice, and does suffice, for all men, and all men should scrupulously live up to it.-Memphis Com-

mercial. Of the many curious customs which mark Brittany as an especially interesting field for the traveler is this one re-lating to marriage. At the close of the wedding ceremony the bridegroom gives the bride a box on the ear, saying: "That is how it feels when you make me vexed," after which he kisses her, adding, "and thus when you treat me well."

WAR TALK INCREASING.

HOSTILITIES WITH CHILI SEEM NOW TO BE INEVITABLE.

War May be Declared in a Few Days-Activity in Washington-Chilians Expeet War-They are Said to be Relying

on England for Aid, WASHINGTON, Jan. 19. - The war feeling in Washington against Chili grows apace. Not an hour passed yesterday that did not see some new indication of preparation for hostility by the navy and war departments, or that did not produce some added expres-sion by members of Congress in favor of supporting the president in main-taining the national dignity and enforcing proper reparation for the Valparaiso massacre.

All are anxiously awaiting the pres-

ident's message.
San Diego, Cal., Jan. 19.—Private advices from authentic sources in Chili, state that among the common people of that country, the talk is that war will result. The Chilians have no idea that their government will back down or retract any word or act; they consider themselves strong and expect additional strength from Eng-

They agree that the United States is able to wipe their vessels off the face of the ocean, but they doubt not their ability to secure recognition and aid from England or to secure some

of England's war ships by purchase. If the informant is correct, representatives of the Chilian Government are now in England working on both propositions. According to orders re-ceived to-day the cruiser Charleston will sail on Tuesday or Wednesday for San Francisco. She is simply waiting the arrival of its new paymaster and surgeon.

RIDICULED BY GOV. WINANS.

It Wouldn't be Worth the \$300,000,000 it Would Cost to Whip Chili. DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 29.-Gov. Wi-

nans of Michigan in speaking of the prospect of a war with Chili says: "There can be no good excuse for a war with Chili, That little Godforsaken country is beneath our notice. If it was England now, I shouldn't mind so much, but differ-ences with such a country should be readily settled by arbitration. It would

be much the cheapest and the best way. What is the use of having Pan-American Congresses with these little South American countries as participants and then, in the very first flurry, resort to the old barbaric powder and lead arguments? It isn't consistent. We should demand a full indemnity for all that we may have suffered from the Chilians, but I believe in demanding it otherwise than at the cannon's

mouth.
"Do you know," he said, "that a war with Chili would cost this country \$300,000,000, with the chances largely in access of that figure? Why. it costs \$1,500 every time you fire off some of those new-fangled guns on the new war ships, and all for what? All for licking a little one-horse country, in which no glory could possibly be obtained. The army and navy are, of course, anxious for a war. They have been out of a job so long that they very naturally feel as though it was time they were doing something. I have a son in regular army and he is loud in his demand for Chilian blood, but a little

MORE TROUBLE IN TENNESSEE.

wild enthusiasm."

cool consideration is worth all this

The Miners Becoming More Aggressive and the Situation Ferlous.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 20 .- Nearly 2,000 miners congregated on the hillsides about the Coal Creek stockade yesterday morning and kept up a constant firing of small arms, and went through a dance around the two small block-houses which contain 200 State troops. The miners came so close to the pickets that an exchange of shots followed. None of the sol-diers was hit, and it is thought that the miners escaped without injury.

About two weeks ago a soldier acci-dentally shot and killed a convict, and since then the miners have become more aggressive. Further trouble is expected. They swear that when they get ready they will ex-terminate the civil guard, State troops, and the convicts, and forever end convict labor in the mountains of East Tennessee. The officer in charge has asked for reenforcements, and one company of infantry has been sent out from Knoxville. The miners say that no more soldiers nor convicts shall enter the valley. The soldiers are well fortified, yet the miners outnumber them 100 to one. The Kentucky miners and those in and near Jellico are ready to join

WHITE CAPS IN OHIO.

A Woman Ducked in Ice Cold Water

and Likely to Die. SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 18,-White Caps. have been getting in their work near here, and as a result the woman in the case is lying at the point of death. She is Miss Mary Shelbrook, and was charged with living illegally with Charles Peterson.

Notice was given them to leave the neighborhood of St. Johns, Darke county, within twenty-four hours or suffer the consequences. They did not heed the notice, and the visitors came heed the notice, and the visitors came promptly. The couple, who lived in great destitution, were taken from their hovel to the nearest creek. The ice was cut and the two were rapidly ducked. The mob then burned their hut and all their belongings. The woman had been ill for several weeks, and, it is believed, cannot live. She has been taken in and is being cared for by Parmer Henley. Special officers are Farmer Henley. Special officers are making an examination. It is likely a dozen farmers will be arrested soon.

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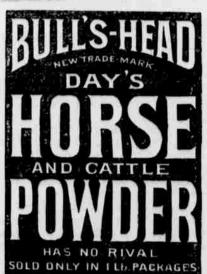
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