

Do not forget date of O. U. A. M. picnic at Lakeside Park, Aug. 13.

Bang! Bang! Go to Cummings & Verdy for fire works.

There will be services in the Reformed Church Sunday evening.

Mrs. John Gilbert, of Philadelphia, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Shipley and children, of Cincinnati, are visiting at Mr. William Neal's.

The Bloomsburg and Sullivan R. R. Company have arranged to run a special train on July 4th, 1892. See schedule for that day.

Rev. W. C. Leverett left Tuesday for Cambridge, Mass., to attend commencement at Harvard University; and also a reunion of his class.

The Holy communion will be celebrated in the Lutheran church next Sunday, with Preparatory service on Friday evening.

A party of the young people of town took a "straw ride" to Berwick on Tuesday evening. They report a very pleasant trip.

There will be a festival at the Asbury M. E. Church on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, July 9, 1892. All are cordially invited.

M. D. W. Kitchen lost a valuable horse on Wednesday. The animal got fast in some way under the door of the stable and broke its leg and it was necessary to shoot it.

"A Nation's Honor and its Enemies" will be the subject of Rev. Heilman's sermon next Sunday evening. An appropriate theme just preceding our National Holiday.

Fire Works! Fire Works!—Cummings & Verdy.

At the meeting of Susquehanna Synod held at Northumberland last week, J. K. Bittenbender was re-elected as one of the Trustees of the Tressler Orphans' Home at Loysville.

All members of Bloomsburg Council No. 146—O. U. A. M. are requested to meet in their Hall at 1 o'clock sharp, July 4 to participate in the parade. By order of the Council.

The Wilkesbarre and Western R. R. Co. will run a special train leaving Watsonstown 7:15 A. M., Washingtonville 7:53, Jerseytown 8:03, Millville 8:19, Rohrsburg 8:38. Connecting with B. & S. special at Orangeville for Benton. Returning leave Bloomsburg 10 P. M.

Patent Crackers—best cracker for Summer 12 cts. B. Cummings & Verdy.

The Ladies of the Lutheran church are making large preparations to give a good dinner to the visitors and the home community on the Fourth. Kitchen Agricultural Hall will be used at the Forks and tents will be erected on the lawn in which Ice Cream, Lemonade, Sandwiches &c. will be served in fine style.

Last week at a meeting of the Lutheran Susquehanna synod at Northumberland Rev. P. A. Heilman, J. Yutz, A. N. Warner, and E. A. Sharratts were elected delegates to the general Synod which meets at Canton O. next May. Also four laymen of which Mr. J. S. Kuhn, of our town was one. Mr. J. K. Bittenbender was re-elected as trustee of the Orphans Home at Loysville, Pa.

Go to Cummings & Verdy for fire works.

Bi-County Convention.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Montour and Columbia counties met in convention for the first time in the Baptist church of Bloomsburg, on Thursday afternoon, June 23. An evening session was held in the Presbyterian church, which was followed by a social. The attendance and the interest manifested at both sessions were good and promise a quickening in the cause of C. E., which will not soon be lost. One hundred and eighty-three delegates were enrolled, representing fifteen societies in the two counties. Mr. W. E. Beiderwolf, Supt. Rescue Mission, Scranton, and Rev. Dr. Woods, of Williamsport, addressed the evening session.

Star Pretzels!—Something new—Ask Cummings & Verdy for them.

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.

What should we do? Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it. Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Geo A. Macbeth Co.

POINTS ABOUT CLAMS.

THEY DRINK AND BREATHE IN A PECULIAR MANNER.

The Clam Can Use Its Foot as a Spade, a Hook, a Sharp Wedge or a Pointed Graving Tool—Other Remarkable Features of This Useful Mollusk.

"The clam in point of merit seems always to have been overshadowed by the oyster," said an ichthyologist to a *Star* writer. "Yet the more humble mollusk which finds a domicile in sand or mud, is a very useful as well as admirable creature. You know the 'squirrel' clam, which is so justly popular in New England, where it is sometimes called the 'sand gaper' or 'old maid.' It is an animal unattractive enough in appearance when newly dug up, but put it into a pan of shallow sea water, and you will presently observe something about it that will surprise you.

"As soon as the clam, thus restored to its natural element, has regained confidence, it stretches out its tube or 'neck' to a length of several inches, perhaps nearly a foot. Then it is seen that this important organ has two openings at the end, fringed with appendages like little feelers. Two tubes pass through the neck to the body of the clam, and, if you watch, you will see a current of water flowing into one tube and out of the other. This current is produced by the motion of small hair-like 'cilia' lining the interior of the animal. The clam has viscera, a heart, a stomach, into which the mouth opens almost directly—but I did not intend to give you an anatomical lecture.

"These 'squirrel' or long clams are found plentifully as far north as the Arctic Ocean where the seals, walrus and Polar bears and foxes feed upon them greedily. Their habitat extends as far south as Cape Hatteras, below which they are scarce. They thrive also along the northern coast of Europe and on the shores of Japan, Alaska, and Northeastern Asia. The young clam, as soon as he is old enough to establish a dwelling for himself, protrudes his foot, which is at the opposite end from the neck, and proceeds to dig with it. This foot is really a very remarkable instrument, inasmuch as the animal can alter its shape at will, so that it becomes a spade, a hook, a sharp wedge or a pointed graving tool. With it the clam digs down for six or eight inches into the sand, leaving extended behind him his siphon-like neck.

"It is by means of this siphon that the clam maintains communication with the surface. Having neither the means nor the inclination for roaming, it depends for food upon microscopic articles which are sucked in with the current of water through the tube, the water bringing oxygen to the gills. Its burrow unloaded, the water flows out through the discharging tubes, carrying with it all extraneous matter. This current is continuous, so that it is never long between drinks with this bivalve, which fact may, perhaps, account for the origin of the phrase 'happy as a clam.'

"Hogs on Long Island and elsewhere know how to dig for clams very well. They go out upon the flats at low water and root wherever the pressure of their weight causes a squirt to appear. This is a very cheap and profitable method of keeping swine. In winter the clams bury themselves deeply, but icicles are often found in their shells. These mollusks, which, as human food and for bait, constitute an important element of the marine wealth of the United States, have been recently transplanted to the Pacific coast, being carried across the continent with the oyster seed which is annually transported in large quantities from the Eastern States. They have thriven greatly, succeeding where the oysters have failed, and have stocked San Francisco Bay with a new food supply.

"The Pilgrim fathers and other early colonists in this country found the Indian 'treading' and diving for 'round' clams, otherwise known in the aboriginal tongue as quahaugs. They adopted the former method, and to this day their descendants in New England can be seen all along the coast wading in the water and feeling with their toes for the mollusks, which lie buried usually in mud that is thickly overgrown with seaweed. The animal always lies with the edge of its shell out of the mud, in order to breathe, and the feeling of it to the foot is unmistakable. Diving and 'treading' for quahaugs among the Indians used to be performed by the squaws and older children, such labor being beneath the dignity of the men. At present oyster tongs, rakes and dredges are employed for the purpose. The aborigines manufactured money out of the shells, as well as arrow points, scrapers, spoons, paint-holders and other utensils. In their time

the dainty Indian maize was eaten with clam shells out of wooden trays. "The Indians in the old days were great eaters of clams, as is proved by the enormous deposits of the shells which remain along the shores of bays and estuaries. They dried clams, as well as oysters. They dried them in pieces of bark, thus preserving them for purposes of trade. The coast tribes, conquered by the powerful Six Nations, paid a large tribute of clams, which were regarded as a great luxury in the interior—not only the interior of the Indian, I mean, but of the country. In the summer and fall the savage came to the seashore for the purpose of celebrating their great festival of the green corn, on which occasion clams, excellent cars of corn and seaweeds were roasted together. It is from this custom that the modern clam bake is derived."—Washington Star.

A Scotchman who wanted to sell some boots inserted the following advertisement in the local paper: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising no less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasture."

A strong solution of alum, to which has been added a little glycerine and vasalint, is a cure for mosquito bites.

Music type was invented in 1508.

THE LAST SERENADE.

He sat upon an oaken stump, His fiddle in his hand, And gazed upon the window-sill To see her small white hand That rested there so lovingly— It made his great heart stand.

He murmured: "My Mary, love! Art thinking sweet of me? Would I had now wings as a bird— Like the little bird so free— I'd fly up to the window, love, And sing a song for thee!"

He placed his fiddle 'neath his chin, And straightened up to play; And "Mollie Darling!" was the song— But not upon that day Was heard along those bottom lands That sweet, affecting lay.

He heard the window slowly raise; His bow he gently pressed, And then looked up to catch her smile, And watch her heaving breast, When—splash went water on his face, And on his Sunday best.

She gazed awhile, and heard a sigh, Then slowly went below, And smote her breast, and faltered out: "Alas! I didn't know! All that was left of that serenade Was a lonesome fiddle-bow."

He never came to sing again For Squire Ashton's daughter; He stayed at home, and fiddled not Until he had forgot her. And thus the romance of his life Was ended by cold water!

Knew Him by Sight.

"I'm from Tucson," said the stranger, as he sauntered up to a dreamy, long-haired man at the end of the bar, "and I've been looking at the sights."

"I've been in Tucson myself," replied the dreamy man, as they clinked glasses. "Glad to see a man from there."

"That so? Know Mansfield?"

"No."

"Know Zebrowski?"

"No."

"Don't? Know Lem Hopkins?"

"Can't say I do. I wasn't there a great while," and the dreamy man pensively drained the glass, "But do you know Hector Service?"

"No."

"Know Mart Chuzzlewit?"

"N-no."

"Don't? Know old Don Quixote?"

"No, less he was the Mexican that kept the saloon."

"Naw, that wasn't him. You don't seem very well acquainted. Did you know Dante, Bill Nye or Dan Deronda?"

"N-no, I don't think so."

"Look-a-here, young feller, you don't seem to know any prominent citizens. I don't believe you're from Tucson. I'll give you one more show. I never saw a man from Tucson that didn't know one man, an' if you don't know him—take keer, my friend, take keer. Do you know Clive Newcome?"

"Y-yes," stammered the stranger from Tucson, as he slid toward the door; "that is, I know him by sight," and he fled through the door.—San Francisco Examiner.

Effective Satire.

A friend was in New York the other day, and while in the auditor's office of the Erie road saw a rather amusing letter. It was from a man who had a claim of \$17.50, and wanted it settled. He had filed the claim a long while ago. His letter to the auditor read: "I am growing gray, waiting for that small claim, filed some time ago, since which 'Annie Rooney' has died. 'Comrades' have met for the last time. 'Maggie Murphy's Home' has been struck by lightning. 'A Way Down on the Farm' they are cutting the tenth crop of corn. 'Sweet Violets' have faded, and I myself am not well. Yours, hopefully,

Her Reminder of an Engagement.

She (shortly after the blissful silence that the delicious affirmative brought about)—Darling, now that we are engaged I have the right to ask you a question, have I not?

He—Moet certainly.

"And you will answer truthfully?"

"Of course."

"What is the string tied around your finger for, then?"

"Great heavens! To remind me that I am already engaged."—Portland Telegram.

Intuition.

Col. Gorehunter—Ah, my dear Miss Pinkerly, this is an unexpected pleasure, to have you alone for a few moments. Wouldn't you like to hear how I got through the enemy's lines to Chattanooga?

Miss Pinkerly—I can easily imagine, Colonel. You probably bored your way through.—Exchange.

Destroyed the Record.

"Was everything lost in the fire?" asked Miss Passe, when she recovered from the excitement.

"Yes, everything."

"The family Bible?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how relieved I am. It makes me feel ten years younger to hear that."—Springfield Graphic.

The One With Rocks.

"So you don't believe in the logical candidate business, eh?"

"Me? No. I am for the geological candidate."

"And what sort of candidate is that?"

"The one with rocks, of course."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cause for Happiness.

"Trotter seems to be a very happy man. He never has any bills to pay."

"How's that?"

"No one will ever trust him."—Judge.

Insulting.

Customer—I wish to get a pair of shoes which will be comfortable the first time I wear them.

Dealer (indignantly)—We don't keep second-hand shoes, sir.—Puck.

An Ardent Adherent.

Miss Anna Virumque—Which is your favorite college, Mr. Rahrbach; Yale or Harvard?

Charlie Rahrbach (promptly)—Neither; Vassar!—Puck.

LEWIS VERSUS LEWIS.

Judge Sharpe had just tied together a bundle of legal papers and thrust them into a pigeon hole when a young man came in.

"How are you, my boy? Sit down. What can I do for you to-day? I've just got to the end of a case which ought to be a lesson to all young fellows," said the judge, all in one breath, as was his manner.

"What case was that, judge?" asked Lossing, as he dropped into a chair.

"Lewis vs. Lewis, action for a limited divorce on the ground of incompatibility, cruel treatment, and so forth. You saw the young woman who just went out?"

Lossing nodded.

"That was the plaintiff. Nice sort of a girl, well educated, refined, handsome, and all that; but not the right sort of a wife for the man she married. You see she is the only daughter of wealthy people, who had naturally gratified every whim that came into her head. She fell in love with a young man whose respectability was his chief recommendation."

"Well, wasn't that the principal thing to be considered?" cried Lossing.

"Other things being equal, yes; but in this case it was only one of the principal considerations, as you see. The young man was as poor as he could be; he had only a modest salary to depend on, and nothing in the way of prospects. The girl's parents objected at first, but finally consented to the match. They probably knew she would have her way in spite of all objections they might interpose. You hear and read a great deal about the tyranny of parents who refuse to sanction marriages which they believe will end in unhappiness, but I tell you, my boy, that what is called tyranny is in many cases honest common sense and good judgment based on experience and observation."

"Well, they were married, and for a short time they were happy. Then the young wife began to be discontented. She missed the luxuries she had been accustomed to enjoy. The modest home her husband could provide for her was so different from the elegance with which she had been formerly surrounded. She began to fret. Her discontent soon found expression in words. Naturally, her husband became angered at what he considered her lack of devotion."

"When she suggested that her parents would lend financial aid he became indignant, and insisted that she should be content with her lot, until by his own efforts he could better their condition. You can imagine that this state of affairs soon led to something worse. Quarrels became frequent; love was a thing of the past. No doubt thinking herself much abused, she left him and returned to her parents. Then application for a separation was made. All efforts to effect a reconciliation were fruitless. Well, this is the end. The law has sanctioned the separation that already existed in fact; the young woman remains with her parents; the young man will probably go to ruin, for his unfortunate marriage has taken all ambition out of him."

"And the lesson?" suggested Lossing.

"Don't marry a woman who is beyond your station financially; don't take a wife from a mansion unless you have a mansion in readiness for her."

"But surely all marriages of this kind don't result as this one has done?"

"No, probably not; there are exceptions to every rule. I am speaking of the rule. You will find as you grow older that it holds good in nine cases out of ten. Marriage is too serious a matter to enter into lightly, and happiness too valuable to stake it on a chance. Heir-esses are content with love in a cottage and find love that is strong enough to conquer all the weaknesses of human nature, especially of female human nature."

Lossing sat in silence for a minute or more. The old man's word's seemed to have impressed him deeply.

At length he asked a question he had come to propound, receiving a reply that made the matter clear to him, thanked his adviser, and was about to leave, when the judge remarked:

"By the way, my boy, if you want any further points on that case, come to my house this evening, and I will show you what authorities to consult."

"Thank you; I shall do so," Lossing replied.

He took the kind offer rather as a matter of course, for Judge Sharpe had long ago told him to make use of his library whenever he wished, and he had frequently availed himself of the permission.

Lossing, after leaving the judge's office, went directly to his own, which was in another part of the same building. Instead of busying himself with the papers that lay strewn about upon the desk, he paced to and fro for several minutes. Then he sat down, and for at least half an hour stared very hard at nothing, or perhaps at the wall. Could he have seen his own face just then he would have been surprised at the change that had come over it. There was a hopeless, despairing expression there which would have seemed quite inexplicable to any of those who knew him best.

"There's no other way; I'll have to it," he suddenly exclaimed, at the same time raising abruptly.

Then he put on his hat and coat, went out and walked rapidly away.

The evening of that day found him at the house of Judge Sharpe, sitting in the library, apparently engrossed in a legal volume. But as he had been staring at the same page for the last ten minutes, and that page happened to contain merely a portion of the index, it is doubtful that he was as deeply engrossed as he seemed to be.

A light step fell upon the carpeted floor behind him. A young girl had entered the room. A very pretty young girl she was, and the glad smile that lighted up her face when she saw the young man made her all the prettier. Walter Lossing had evidently not changed his attention to Judge Sharpe's library on his previous visits. If he had

the judge's daughter would not have been so pleased to see him.

"Poring over dry legal volumes, as usual, I see. What perplexing case rests heavily on your mind now, Walter? Why, what ails you? You look as glum as if you had lost every friend in the world."

Lossing had turned and risen as the young girl spoke, and the light streaming upon his face showed it indeed to be a mirror of everything gloomy and disheartening.

"It isn't a law case that is troubling me; I would it were only that," he replied with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"What is then? Has any misfortune befallen you?"

"Yes, a misfortune indeed; or at least it seems to be now. Doubtless it is all for the best."

"What are you talking about? Why don't you tell me what is troubling you?"

"I came for that very purpose, that I might tell you. After this evening we must not meet again."

"Not—meet—again?" Nellie Sharp repeated the words slowly, as if she could not grasp their full meaning. The color surged to her cheeks and then receded, leaving her very pale. "What do you mean, Walter? What has happened? You cannot be in earnest."

Walter rather incoherently recounted what Judge Sharpe had told him of the case, Lewis vs. Lewis, and the comments he had made on that case.

"And is that all?" asked Nellie, when he had finished.

She smiled a little as she asked the question, and a close observer would have noticed that a sigh of relief passed her lips.

"All? Is it not too much? Knowing that your father holds this view, can I do otherwise than give you up?"

"I thought you had more pluck," said the young girl, with just a suggestion of scorn in her voice.

"It is not a matter of courage, but of conscience—of honor. Can I go to the man who gives me such advice as I have received, who tells me never to marry a woman who is beyond my station financially, and ask him to give me his daughter, who is dearer to him than all else? I am poor; I have none but the most problematical prospects, while you—well, I need not say more; you can readily see my position."

"But I can't see it in the light in which you place it. I thought you had sufficient faith in me not to believe that I would do as that dreadful woman did, of whom my father told you. Your prospects are certainly better than you represent them. Furthermore, my father would yield to my wishes."

"I do not lack faith in you; Heaven knows how strong that faith is; it is because I would feel that I had acted treacherously toward one who has been my best friend if I held you to your promise, that I have decided to do that which will take all the happiness out of my life."

"Probably it never occurred to you that the happiness of any one else might suffer; it seems that I am not considered at all."

"You will soon forget; you will be happier than I could ever make you."

"Oh, certainly; we women forget so easily; it is only the men that remember—only the hearts of men that are broken. However, since you wish it so, it is not for me to object."

"It is not what I wish; it is what I must do."

"But suppose I should refuse to accept your decision; suppose I should assert my rights? Suppose I should insist, at least, on your trying, for a term of years, to bring your financial condition up to what you consider the proper standard?"

"It would be wrong to keep you bound by a promise to one who would have to struggle, perhaps for years, and might fail at last."

"I see it is vain to reason with one who is unreasonable; it shall be as you wish."

Just then Judge Sharpe entered the room, and the painful meeting was abruptly ended.

A few months after, Judge Sharpe's clerk came into Walter Lossing's office one day and told him the judge wanted to see him.

It seemed to Walter that the judge looked unusually stern when he responded to the latter's summons a few minutes later.

"Come in here, I want to talk to you," said the judge, as he motioned to Walter. "Sit down. I will come to the point at once. I am instructed by a client of mine, to bring suit against you. We have the clearest kind of a case, and should certainly win in the courts, but we desire to give you an opportunity to compromise the matter."

"A suit? Why, who could want to sue me? I owe nothing, there is no cause."

"Never was more serious. There is a cause, and a good one; as you will learn presently, my client's case is flawless, she—"

"She? Ah! I see. Some blackmailing scheme; some adven—"

"There, there, don't get excited; it's nothing of the kind. The plaintiff in the case is eminently respectable, as you will admit."

"Who is she? What is the cause of action? Why don't you tell me at once?"

"The cause of action is breach of promise," said the judge, impressively.

"Breach of promise? Why, I never—"

"Perhaps you can guess the plaintiff's name now," suggested the judge. "You see," continued he, as Walter still sat as one stricken dumb, "the young lady thinks that you have been influenced by something that was said to you, in a general way, by one who intended no specific application of his remarks; that she believes that, if the matter is presented to you in the proper light, no extreme measures will be necessary to make you use that you were altogether wrong in arriving at a certain decision, based on the case of Lewis vs. Lewis. I need a partner; I have more work than I can manage alone. I think you are just the kind of a man I want."

Germany is experimenting on paper rails.

A Diabolical Outrage.

Mrs. Woman's Righter—If they refuse to pass the measure I desire I'll cause the meeting to adjourn.

Her Friend—How can you do that? You are not President.

Mrs. Woman's Righter—I have a mouse in this box, and if they don't do as I want them I'll set it loose.—Exchange.

Hurt in the Rush.

Mr. Gotham—So you are one of the Western boomers?

Westerner—Yes. I am now on my way to a hospital. I got hurt in the rush.

Mr. Gotham—Ah, yes, the rush for lands.

Westerner—No, the rush to get away.—Exchange.

Living Proof.

Doctor Jolicoose—What's the matter, my good fellow? Trying to be ill?

Goodfellow—They say I have typhoid fever.

Doctor Jolicoose—Typhoid fever! Bad thing. One of two things follows: Patient always dies or is left an idiot. I've had it; I know.—Judge.

Badly Damaged.

Mrs. Bingo—I shall have to get a new walking dress, my dear. This one is worn out.

Bingo—But you got it only the other day.

Mrs. Bingo—I know it but I walked through two dry-goods stores yesterday.

Delayed.

He—I thought the bride and groom were going to start right off on their wedding trip, instead of waiting.

She—They were. But she had to change her wedding dress for a travelling gown, and they didn't get started until the next day.—Cloak Review.

Doubly Good.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men;" The other feature of this question is that it helps along digestion. —Harper's Bazaar.

A Cold Day.