see not a step before me As I tread the days of the year, ut the past is still in God's keeping The future His mercy shall clear nd what looks dark in the distance May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future Is less bitter than I think: The Lord may sweeten the water Before I stone to drink: Or if Maran must be Marah. lie will shoul beside the brink.

It may be there is waiting For the coming of my feet Rome gift of such rare blessedness, Some joy so strangely sweet. That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh. restful, blissful ignorance: ' is blessed not to know: It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go.
And bushes my tired soul to rest On the bosum that leves me so.

Ho I go on, not knowing

I would not if I might: I would rather walk in the dark with God Than en a one in the light

would rather walk with Ifim by faith. Than walk alone by sight. My beart shrinks back from the trials Which the future may disclose.

Yet I never had a sorrow But what the dear Lord chose: So I send the coming tears back. With the whispered words, "He knows."

TWO DEBTS.

When Ashbel Dean died and his earthly debts and credits were looked into, it was discovered that the credit page was nearly as spotless as the sheet that covered Ashbel's still form, while mortgages for the full value of the farm were recorded on the other side.

Ashbel had been considered forehanded. His neighbors said he "speculated West," and were astonished when his death revealed the fact that he had sacrificed all in an endeaver to save some shreds of his financial reputation.

None were more surprised than his own family. This included the widow, and Amanda and Israel, twins, twenty years old. They were quite crushed. They shrank from it as from the presence of death-the first one in the family. For days they dared not speak of it, but it was always in their thoughts. At length the widow roused her energies and summoued her two children.

"We can save the farm," she said. "Mandy, you can keep the district school; Israel and I will carry on the farm. We must all stand together,

For twenty years they were possessed of that one thought, urged by that one motive-to pay the debt.

They stood together twenty years, and at the end of that time they owed no man anything. The mother looked scarcely a day older. The work of directing had kept her faculties fresh and vigorous. But son and daughter had passed from anticipative youth into tulled middle age. The debt, unscrupuous and avaricious, had left them no enoyment. It had robbed them of life's nost desirable part.

When Amanda was twenty she was called pretty. Gatherings had been incomplete without her. After that she never attended another. The attentions of young men were refused. Now she had become thin and sallow. She knew she could hope for no return of love's a thought of marriage crowded itself upon her she shook it off as unwelcome. She could give up her school now, and devote her time to her home-to her mother and brother. And Israel was free. He took a long

breath and stood up straight, easing his galled shoulders of the burden they had just cast off. Life suddenly looked pleasant to him. He would make some needed improvements on the place. The house should have a coat of paint. He stood in the sunshine, and looking up through the June foliage of the maples, thought the seed pods looked like the legs of so many elfin painters daugling there painting the sky. Then he laughed at himself, and said that he must be getting young and frisky.
When he was twenty he had intended

to marry. Now, at forty, he thought of it again. When he ceased his visits to Harriet Downer, she had understood his reason for doing so. She had had no. company since then, he told himself, and his heart gave a great bound at the thought. Why should he not?

One day he came to his mother and nister, and said bluntly,-

"I am going to marry Harriet Down-

There was silence for a moment, then his mother said coldly,-"We know it."

By the tone and attitude Israel understood that his mother and sister would not welcome the woman he meant to marry. He understood that they thought the tie of twenty years to be as binding as that of wedlock, and did not wish it

Only once after that Israel spoke of his marriage.

"I am to marry Harriet to-morrow. Chall you be there?"

"No," his mother answered.

But Israel would keep his vow to Harriot. The twenty yours' struggle had cultivated in him the dogged resolution he had inherited from his mother.

He married Harriet, and after a week brought her home. But no one appeared

to welcome them. "Mother!" he called, as he went

through the house. in two remote rooms he found his mother and sister.

'Harriet is out here," he said. And we are here; we shall stay here,"

said his mother.

tarnel looked about dazed. He rememhered afterward that he saw a stove, th pots and paus and dishes, and in the other room a bed, a table and chairs. The two women had made all preparana for living by themselves.

And this was the bride's home-coming! if the married pair lived a happy life together, Israel felt keenly the misernblu life his wife must endure, and

tention in his power, and she understood his motive and resolutely hid all traces of pain. Life for each was as the other made it.

There was no communication between the two parts of the house, and no messages passed, no visits were exchanged. Thus for two years; then a baby was born. One day Harriet said to Israel: "Take the baby and go to your

He understood, and taking the child in his arms, went and knocked at the door. "Who is it?" his mother's voice asked. "Your son and grandson," he replied. There was a slight pause, and then Amanda said:

"We are too busy to see you." He returned, and laid the baby by his wife. She did not need to question him by word or eve.

Two years more went by. One morning Israel called his wife to come down into the garden. He had some vegetable wonder to show her.

"But I can't take the baby out in the dew," she objected.

"Leave him where he is. He'll do no harm for five minutes.

Then toddle, toddle away-the little feet know the path that was forbidden them-straight on through the unused passageway to the door at the end. He pushed and shuffled against it in a babyisil way.

"What's that queer noise at the door, Mandy?" asked Mrs. Dean.

"Sounds like a dog," said Amanda. But when the door opened in tottered a baby, triumphant, happy, eager. Every line of his baby face, every curl, had been graven on the widow's heart for forty years, and it suddenly opened to show her the likeness.

"It's Israel over again!" she cried. In a moment she was on the floor

caressing the little one. Blighted Amanda leaned on her broom, looking at this strange happening. And Israel and Harriet, hastening after the child, stood in the doorway witnessing the first step in a reconciliation.

"Come to mamma, Israel," said Harriet to the child. He looked laughingly at her over his

grandmother's shoulder. "Tum to mamma," he repeated, tak-

ing a step and pulling at the widow's The widow hesitated but a moment

between mother's love and hard, selfish "I wil.," she said firmly. "And,

Mandy, put down your broom and come, Then, led by the little truant, sho

came toward Israel and Harriet. "My children!" she cried.

People Should Not Sleep Together. Persons often ask: "Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed?" This same question is varied thus: "Is it healthful for an aged and very young person to sleep together? If not, which suffers most, the aged or the young person?" We have often answered these questions by saying no to the first question. It is always unhealthy for two persons to sleep together in the same bed and under the same covers. The air under the bed covers immediately surrounding the body of the sleeper is exceedingly impure, becoming more and more impregnated with poisonous substances escaping through the excretory glands of the skin from the moment the person retires until he arises. The odor of the bed clothing, after having been occupied for a night, is often positively offensive to the nostrik of a person with an unimpaired sense of smell-especially one who has just come in from outdoors, where the fresh, pure air has been breathed.

The poisonous character of this underthe-bedclothes air would be somewhat more likely to affect the susceptible constitution of a child than that of an adult. In elderly persons the amount of the impurities in the air surrounding the sleeper must be greater than in younger persons; consequently, while both persons would be more or less injured, the proportion of harm would doubtless be greater to the young person than to the person of more advanced years.

Mr. Treves of the London Hospital has called attention to the fact that wounds, especially of the lower limbs, heal much sooner when exposed to the open air, in-stead of being covered by bedclothing. He remarks that the air under the bedclothing is foul and almost hot, and hence likely to be very harmful to wounds with which it may come in contact.-Good Health.

It Brought the Answer.

Among the stories of extraordinary coincidences, not the least curious is the history of a letter. A short time ago an English lady wished to write to a friend in America whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly dispatched. The ship which carried it was wrecked, and the mails for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the Dead Letter Office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady, who naturally examined it minutely. To her surprise she found that another letter had become stuck to it. Holding up the two-fold missive to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been dispatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity .- Dr. Johnson.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its

If our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.

SOUDANESE SOLDIERS.

It Takes a Bold Commander to Restrain

Their Impetnosity. The Soudanese troops are vastly interesting. The jet-black creatures, resembling amiable gorillas in face, of all heights and only one thickness, narrow hipped, thin chested, with no backs to their heads and no calves to their legs, are liked and trusted by their officers to a remarkable extent. There is little of the Red Indian in them; they would not fire into a sandhill or stand still to be cut down.

The Dervish is their oppressor and natural enemy, and they only desire the opportunity to "get at him" at as close quarters as possible. They are children in their love of decoration and their whims and their devotion to their officers. They are savage in their dislike of discipline and their passionate impatience of restraint on the battlefield.

For this reason-to keep them backthey have more English officers to a battalion than Egyptian troops. They detest drill and blank cartridge. They are enthusiastic over every rumor of ap-

proaching fight. I was told a delightful story of one recent action in which they took a prominent part. The enemy was under cover could open and close up their rifles. In vain their officers tried to stop them. The waste of ammunition threatened to become extremely serious and their commanding officer, a Scotchman who had seen many fights with them, losing his temper, rode up and down behind the line, cursing them with every abusivo epithet in a fairly adequate vocabulary

At last one of them happened to turn and discovered the beloved Bey in evidently a very excited state of mind. He at once rose, ran back to him, and, patting him reassuringly on the boot, he said, "Don't be frightened, Bey. It's ad right. We're here-we'll take care of

The Scotch Bey, however, was equal to the occasion. He rode out through the line, and walked his horse up and down in front of the rifles. "Now," he said, "if you must fire, fire at me." After this it is not surprising to read in dispatches that this officer has twice recently had his horse shot under him .-Contemporary Review.

Illegible Addresses.

When posting a letter it is an excellent plan to read the address carefully, lest a mistake has been made in writing it. If people would cultivate a habit of doing this, nine-tentlis of the present errors due to deficient or erroneous addresses would be prevented. At a desk in the museum rooms of the Dead Letter Office at Washington sits a clerk whose duty it is to decipher illegible addresses and to rectify the mistakes in them. To judge from some of the specimens shown she must bring her imagination to bear on many of these blindly written directions. If not, how could she divine that a letter addressed "Senatorine, Washington," was intended for Senator Ryan, Wash. Garrield Injector Co., Garrield ington, D. C., or that "Mr. James R. under Wood gea banton Con Kan" was intended for James R. Underwood, Gear, Barton Co., Kansas; "St. Tullia" fer Centralia, or "Calf Creek" for Buffalo Creek? Some writers are decidedly sentimental, for there is found "Beauxville" for Bowlesville. Others are fond of to give satisfaction, and all work in British rhetoric, as "Eyewood, Hil- our line will be promptly attended to linoie," for Highwood, Ill.; and a large percentage are illiterare, as exhibited by "John I. eads, opisiteon, forance co.," for John I. Eads, Opposition, Lawrence Co.; "Saragordy Post Office" for Cerro Gordo, "Seneki" for Seneca, and "Pageaway" for Padua. A letter recently received was addressed to "Dakota Terratory, Lock Box 863." This was mailed before Dakota had matured into Statehood. It was found that Fargo was the only postoffice possessing a lock box of that number in the then territory, and the letter was duly delivered. Probably two of the most unique specimens of the "un-Lost Art" are the following: "Mr. Wilfred —, New Haven, Conn.—Please delever this to the owner and obledge, as I do not know the last part of his name. He mails his letters in the New Haven Postoffice. This contains a letter that belongs to this party." The other, of which the person addressed could not truthfully say after Dryden, "The welcome message made was soon received." read as follows: "Postmaster, please deliver this letter to my son, who works on the railroad. He drives a yoke of red oxen and a railroad passes through his place." It would seem from these extracts that illiteracy is by no means at a discount in some parts of this country, and that painstaking on the part of correspondents is on the wane and far from becoming a time-occupying pursuit.

Saluting With the Nose.

The junction of noses is so general, and described as so forcible in Africa and Oceanica, as to have given rise to a fanciful theory that it had occasioned the flattening of the noses of the people. But in the accounts of many of the tribes of the Dark Continent and of the islanders of New Zealand, Rotoums, Tahiti, Tonga, Hawaii and other groups, the essential action does not seem to be that of either pressure or rubbing, but of mutual smelling. It is true that travellers generally call it rubbing, but the motion and pressure are sometimes no greater than that of the muzzles of two dogs making or cementing acquaintance. The pressure and rub are secondary and emphatic. The juncture only means the compliment, "You smell very good!"

It is illustrated in the Navigator group when the noses of friends are saluted with a long and hearty rub and the explanatory words, "Good! very good; I am happy now!" The Calmucks also go through a suggestive pantomime of greeting, in which they creep on their knees to each other and then join noses. as much as possible like the two dogs before mentioned. In the Navigator islands only equals mutually rub their noses. The inferior rubs his own nose and quiells the superior's hand.



The shade of a parasol is a very acceptable thing in the summer months. but the reputation of not far off: but the firing line of blacks were blazing away at him as fast as they could open and close up their rifles. In shade at any time the year round. Bread and cakes fresh every day. We are sole agents for Tenney's fine candies: Ice Cream always: Caof Arabic invective. But entirely with-out effect.

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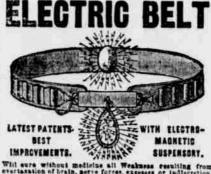
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