CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP | exclamation which I could not repress.

AN BOOK Kitty looked at me with grieved, indignant eyes-great, brown eyes with a golden light in their depths which made the small coloriess face at times posiively radiant.

We were sitting on the stnirs at Mrs. campton's last ball. There was always crush at the Crampton mansion, and Kitty and I had made our way out of the whirling vortex of dancers at imminent risk of life and limb, and had gladly sought this last refuge. Every other corner, every room, every niche, seemed overflowing with gayly-dressed people in groups, but more often in pairs, laughing, chatting, flirting. And sitting here, just behind the maride statue of Psyche, I had accused Kitty Hathaway of being a flirt.

Well, it lookel like it, I must confess, for she was always surrounded by an admiring group, upon whom she lavished impartial sweetness, looking all the time so demure and innocent as to almost deceive me. 1, Alan Gordon, aged twentyfive, had never been in love in my life. If I were one of the crowd of cavaliers who knelt at sweet Kitty Hathaway's feet it was only because she was so altogether bewitching that I had no choice. in the matter. To night her flirtations, hal excited their usual limit.

"Miss Elity"-I assumed my most magisterial expression-"don't you know that it is "rong to flirt?"

"Is it?" with a swift glance, quickly withdrawn, "Who-who flirts? Oh, yes, I know! You are referring to Annie Merton. I must confess she does, or rather, trice to flirt successfully, but I don't believe site understands the art."

"Annie Merton, indeell" I feel myself getting indignant. "An old maid of forty at least. You know perfectly well that I am referring to a certain browneyed maiden surnamed Hathaway. Mise Kitty, it is a shame for you to break all these loting hearts."

She laughed, a clear, ringing laugh. "Bah! Nonsense! You men have no hearts to break. Your hearts are petrified, ossified, formilized, and all the rest of it. You do not know what it is to love a woman truly, steadfastly."

"Kitty, stop! You are wrong and you know it. You know that I am not a foolish, flirting fellow. You know-or

you ought to know-that I love----" "Miss Kitty! I beg ten thousand pardons. Gordon, but this is my dance. The Manola, Miss Elity; and you did promise it to me.

I felt like annihilating the tall young man who had made his way with difficulty to our secluded corner. But there was no hope: she must go. She rose, and I fancied a regretful look in the lovely brown eyes as she turned to me and deposited her bouquet-a magnificent collection of orchids-in my hand.

"Keep it until I return," she whisp-red. "If I survive this waitz I will be back here; so don't go away.

My eyes met hers; I smiled and nodded-and then she was gone. And all at once it occurred to me how dark and dreary the place had grown-what a dull affair the Crampton ball had become and how I missed Kitty Hathaway.

And then something else occurred to the also-something that came crushing down upon me with sudden force. nearly depriving me of my senses. I a voke all at once to the fact that I loved her-I, Alan Gordon, who had long looked upon one and marriage as a remote contingency-all accident which must befall me sometime, but not now. Oh, no!

I was my own master; a fortune of half a million had fallen to me a year ago, and I was quite alone in the world She had given up

Did the girl know-or care-that she was driving me mad? And just at that instant, with a broken wall, the music died into silence. I arose to my feet. "Parden me, Miss Crampton," I began, striving hard to be calm and courteous, "I have Miss Mathaway's orchids and must return them to her. Orchids are too valuable to be lightly thrown away. Miss Clara bowed, but there was a look of displeasure upon her thin face.

I made my way slowly from the se-cluded niche back to the ball-room to Kitty Hathaway's side. I laid the orchids in her hand.

"They are too valuable to lose," I suggested.

"They are hideous!" she cried, tossing them upon a table. "I never could un-derstand the beauty of an orchid any more than I can appreciate the beauty of a mushroom. But Mr. Granger sent them, and I"-

I bowed.

"I understand. He is the last favored suitor, " I cut in, harshly. Kitty lifted her eyes to my face again

with that same indignant glance, but full of pathos too.

"Will you get my cloak ?" she asked softly-"and please find mamma. I think I shall go home."

With secret satisfaction I obeyed her, and when the carriage had driven away I went back to bid the hostess good night and took my departure also.

I had made up my mind to ask Kitty Hathaway to be my wife. I loved her. Good heavens! of what had I been thinking all these months, not to have found out the truth before?

I rang the bell at the pretty little home of the Hathaways the next evening. Kitty and her mother lived in a retired street, in a neat cottage which, with a small income, constituted their entire wealth.

She came into the cosy parlor where I awaited her. She was all in black, and her face was very pale. I arose and took her hand in mine at once. I would make no prelude or preparation, but would go directly to the point.

"Kitty," I whispered, "I have come to ask you to be my wife. I think I have always lovel you. Kitty, Kitty, what is your answer?"

The sweet, pale face drooped.

"I-I am sorry," she murmured faintly but I-I can not." All my pride was up in arms in a moment.

"You refuse me, then?" I cried bitterly. "And oh, how I love you, Kitty!" She was trembling like a leaf, but she turned away with calm composure. I snatched up my hat and turned to the

door, angyy, hurt, my pride stung. "Good by!" I cried wildly. "I hope I may never see you again! You are a flirt, and not worthy a good man's love!" and I dashed out of the house like a madman, and went home to my own rooms and locked myself is, alone with my dreary thoughts. The next day I started on a journey,

deciding to make a tour of the far West -visit California, Colorado and explore the Rocky Mountains. Time passed and I found myself so occupied and interested with the strange sights and new scenes whither my unquiet spirit led me that the wound in my heart began to heal. In the meantime I had kept up a correspondence with Clars Crampton, How I had drifted into it I can hardly say, but I found her a pleasant, chatty writer, and was glad to receive her letters. I had just replied to a long epistle, when news connected with some real estate of mine at home made me decide to return, and I started upon the very next train for the East.

I found my mother well, and having attended to my business, turned my steps in the direction of the Crampton mansion. I rang the bell and was ushered been acting as confidential attorney for into a small reception-room, which was various foreign powers in matters inseparated from Miss Clara's boudoir by heavy azure velvet portieres. I seated myself to await Miss Clara's coming. I learned afterward that the servant was new and untrained, and having shown me into the reception-room, straitway forgot to announce my arrival to the ladies. And sitting there, my presence unsuspected, I heard these words :

Thinking Men versus Floaters.

This campaign will be peculiar. The Republicans will work among the floaters, to whom they will dispense the boodle. A political fight is, according to high Republican authority, "largely a matter of finance," The Democrats propose to appeal to thinking men of all parties and rest their case on principle rather than on pelf. If there are more thinking men who are in doubt than there are floaters who are in need, the Democrats will probably win. The ar-guments of McKinley and other protec-tionist orators are not calculated to in-spire respect. They will have little or no effect upon the mass of thoughtful voters. The issue is narrowed-it is chiefly a question of the relative influence of brain and boodle .- St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The "Reductio ad Absurdum."

A cheap coat, according to Mr. Har-rison, makes a cheap man. Protection, according to the Republican theory, makes cheap coats. Ergo, protection makes cheap men. Here is a syllogism, the major premise and the minor premise of which being admitted, the conclu-sion is inevitable. But the Republican party believes in making cheap men in order that the protected monopoly barons in whose interest they would run the government may be afforded opportunities to grow richer .- Houston Post,

Words of Wisdom.

Every interference with trade is a check on the wheels of progress. He who tunnels a mountain, bridges a river. to the freest intercourse between people is a public benefactor. And he who in any way puts up a barrier to commerce weddings a specialty. or in any way removes any impediment is a public enemy. The people are be-ginning to see this, and when they do see it in its fullness they will bury the opponents of a tariff for revenue only so deep that there will never be a resurrection .- Des Moines Leader.

A Shameful Proceeding.

It looks as if the first step was taken toward a coup d'etat such as the president of the French republic in 1848 resorted to when he proclaimed the empire, and mounted to the throng of dominion for an indefinite period, when President Harrison, through his subalterns and the African legions in the southern states, shamefully constituted the convention called to ratify his acts, the force bill included, and insured his renomination .- Lynchburg American.

Let Them Have the Facts.

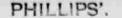
The presses of the government printing office in Washington could not be put to better use than in spreading information as to the true inwardness of the revolutionary force bill which the Minneapolis convention promises that the Republican party will enact if it is given the chance. The people of this country are profoundly interested in politics just now. Let them have all the facts, fully and accurately .- St. Louis Republic.

It Must Be Easy Indeed.

The Republicans are already raising he cry that General Harrison is "a soldier who has never known defeat." A presidential campaign in which the Republican party did not depend largely on a sentimental appeal to the war spirit would be a novelty indeed. How easy it is to arouse military enthusiasm in this country is shown by the fact that Ben Harrison expects to run partly on his military record.-Chicago Herald.

He Doesn't Regard Ethics.

The revelation that the newly appointed secretary of state has until lately





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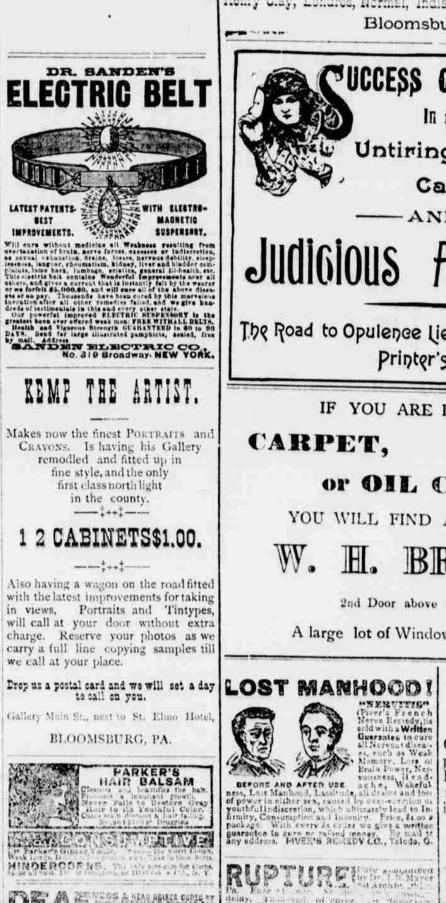
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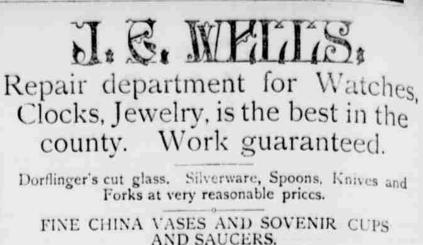
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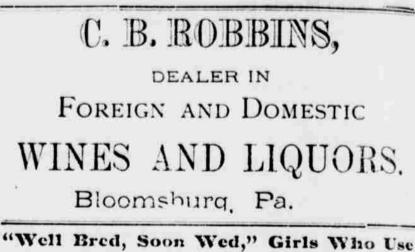
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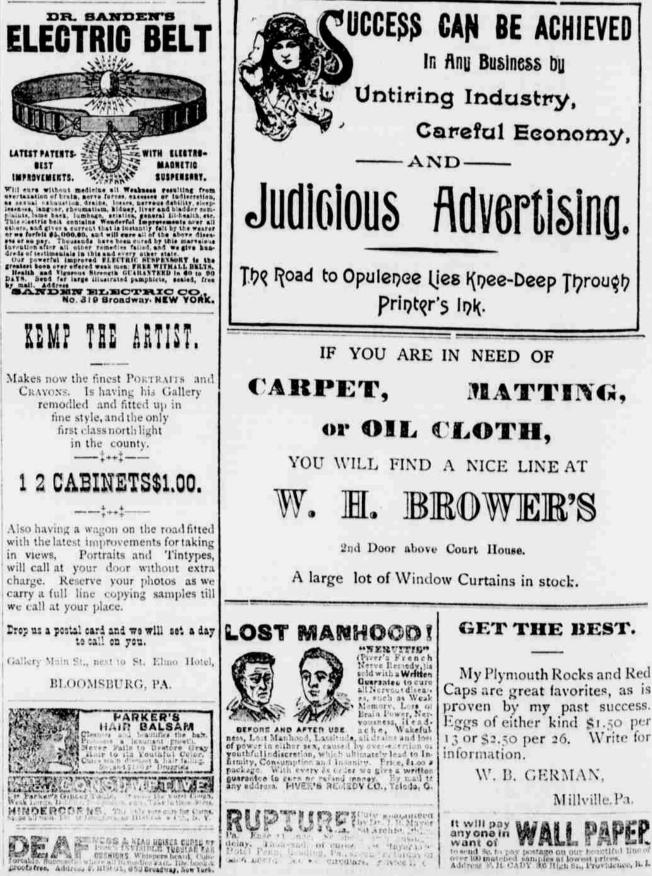
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the hope of my falling in love, for not the slightest fancy had ever troubled the peaceful waters of my existence. But I was awake at last to the knowledge that while I had been dreaming love had stolen in at the door of my heart, and I aroused myself to a realization of the truth when it was too late to bar the intruder out.

While I sat there with Kitty's orchids 'n my hands, my eyes dreamily watched the floating white-robed figure-she was .It in white, a fleecy, gauzy, diaphanous material striped with silver threadsand occasionally intercepting a sly glance from her merry brown eyes from over her pariner's shoulder, Mrs. Crampton, with her daughter Clara in tow, made her way with difficulty to my side.

"Dear me, Alan, what a place to sit, 'o be sure!" Mrs. Crampton had known me all my life, and always addressed me by my given name. "You have not met Clara since her return from school. My clear," with a swift glance into Miss Clara's face, "this is your old schoolmate and playfellow, Alan Gordon. You are five years her senior, Alan. Now I nm going to leave you two to renew old friendship, while I go to Mrs. Marcy, yonder. I declare, the old lady is looking faint and ill!

"No wonder; the atmosphere is sti-ding." I thought, as I made way for Miss Clars, who sank into the seat at my side which Kitty had vacated.

A slender, painfully slender, young lody was Miss Clara Crampton, with pale thus eyes and pale yellow hair, and an air of languor.

"Just see Kitty Hathaway!" ejaculated that young lady ; "how overdressed she is, and she dances all the time! See, the is flirting with young Grangert"

I looked ; how could I help it? Had I not been looking at every opportunity white the dancers danced and the sweet waitz music surged upon the perfumed ein? Yes, it looked like flirting, for Elity's eyes were uplifted to Granger's handsome face, and the very manner of the little witch convinced me that there was mischief brewing. Ab, well! she or miteriere.

"And you know."-Miss Clara's voice aded across my reverie like a chill east . ind - that the flathaways are in reduced circumstances, and Kitty is bound to marry a rish man. Dear me! she told ma so, Mr. Gordon. She declares that abe must marry a fortune. What is the an atraction (%)

I had started up with an involuntary them.-Washington Irving.

"Mamma"-it was Clara Crampton's voice-"do you think that he will ever propose? Alan Gordon, I mean, of course. Whom else have I been angling for ever since that night when I told him that Kit Hathaway had determined to marry a fortune? And then, you know, I made Kit believe that he had told me-didn't I ever tell you about it?--that he would never marry a girl without a fortune, and, above all, a girl who loves to flirt. In short, I made her believe that he was only amusing himself with her, and Kit is horribly proud, you know, so that accounts for Gordon going away so suddenly. I am deter-mined to be Mrs. Alan Gordon myself, for he is worth half a million or more.' I started to my feet in utter consternation, and then the strangest thing occurred. Out from the embrasure of the long window at the other end of the room, where she had sat hidden from my view by the heavy window curtains, came Kitty Hathaway. She had also been a victim to the blundering servant. and we two caged there together had heard our own story with all the wrong

set right. I put out both hands with a swift glance towards the portieres-a glance which Kitty interpreted to mean silence. She laid her white hands in mine, and

without a word I stooped and kissed her. At that very moment Miss Clara swept aside the portieres, failing back with a stifled shrick as her eyes fell upon the scene.

"Miss Kitty is my promised wife, Miss Crampton," I said quietly, "and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for having set right the wrong that your own hands have wrought."

Kitty has been my dear wife for many a long day, but we will neither of us ever forget the look of defeat, the horror, the consternation which rested upon Clara Cramptou's face. But it was all her own work, and it was right that she should bear the penalty.-Toronto Mail.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above

volving claims against the government may not affect the legality of his appointment, but it would seem to raise a question of official ethics not altogether undeserving the president's attention .--Philadelphia Record.

War on Blaine.

Secretary Foster has removed Mrs. Cynthia Smith, a relative of Mr. Blaine, from a little clerkship in the sixth auditor's office. It seems that the administration's hatred of Blaine continues even now, after he is a private citizen. But it is rather mean politics to make a poorly paid woman a victim of its hatred. -Boston Herald.

"Always Trust the People." Ex-Secretary Whitney declares that "you can always trust the people." This is the bottom fact on which Democracy rests. There is reason to believe that this year the Democratic party more nearly than at any time since its early days will represent true Democracy .-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Platt's Echo Speaks.

The Hon. Jacob Sloat Fassett announces his willingness and readiness to take off his coat for President Harrison. The Hon, Jacob took off his coat once before and he now addresses Roswell P. Flower as "governor."-Chicago Mail.

Limited to the Proprietors.

It is probably called the "Carnegie Steel Company, Limited," because the bounties enjoyed under the McKinley act are limited to the proprietors.-New York World.

The Usual Way. The Republican senate has done nothing at this session except smother antitrust bills and insist on larger appropriations .- St. Louis Republic.

Time Indeed.

When mines close, miners are refused work and coal goes up it is time for the goddess of liberty to put on her thinking cap .- New York Herald.

The Fruits of Protection. The tidings from Pennsylvania go to show that there's no place like Homestead.-Boston Herald.

Workshop Campaign Headquarters. The only workshop campaign head Marters is Carnogle's. -- Utica Observer.