I watched a sail until it dropped from sight. Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white, A last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet, to the belinsman standing at the wheel,

vaster? Change?—he felt no slightest sign; r dreamed he of that dim horizon line.

o may it be, perchance, when down the tide fur dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound. We call it death—to them 'tie life beyond!—Catholic World.

ROBINSON'S WOOING.

Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, had for a long time been in love with Miss Elizabeth, but he was such a timid young man that he had hesitated about confessing his love for her. Once he had proposed to her, and on that occasion she had-to use his own words-"made a fool of him," so that he hesitated about repeating the experiment. But finally he mustered up his courage, and then the question as to how he should propose became leading and pertiuent.

At first he thought it would be advisable to take her out for a drive. He had heard from intimate friends that a girl in the course of an afternoon drive can . not help but tell the man that she loves him-that is, if she does love him-so he came to the conclusion that the drive say is about to be married to Miss Elizaas the best way out of the difficulty. But an examination of his pocketbook revealed the fact that after all there might be better ways. He then suggested to himself that perhaps it would be well to take her to some one of the dances to which they both had invitations. He explained this scheme to his friend, Rapleigh, and Rapleigh immediately discouraged it.

Rapleigh recalled to his mind the fact and that proposing in a crowd calls for a great deal more tact and circumspection than the amount in the possession of Robinson. Then Robinson came to the conclusion that proposing by telephone was the correct thing in these days of improvements and novelties.

"It would be so dramatic," exclaimed Robinson. But Rapleigh also discouraged this

idea.
"I once heard of a man," he said, "who proposed to a girl over the tele-phone. Sue was a telephone girl. He said 'Hello' to her before proposing to her. After they were married he turned the word around whenever he thought of her. So that I wouldn't advise you to propose to Miss Elizabeth over the telephone. Not that I think that she would lead you to that kind of a life, but I am

superstitious." Robinson said something about the condemuation of Rapleigh's superstition.

"Why don't you go to her and propose to her like a man," said Rapleigh. Robinson called attention to the fact

that he was very bashful and nervous. "But it will be all over in a moment." "But suppose it turns out the wrong

"Oh, nonsense. It's the adventurous hawk that catches the-and besides, she can't say anything worse than 'no.'"

"Rapleigh," exclaimed Robinson, "you don't know Miss Elizabeth; in fact, you don't know women at all if you think 'no' is the only thing-the worst thing that they can say. I would rather, for the time being, have an ordinary judge say, 'And may heaven have mercy on your soul,' than to have an ordinary girl of the nineteenth century say that she appreciates the compliment, but"-

I have a scheme," interrupted Rapleigh; "take a pen and write as I dic-

"But"-"Do as I say."

So Robinson got a pen and sat down, Rapleigh began: "My dear"— "No," exclaimed Robinson, "that will

not do. It is not affectionate enough. It sounds as if I were about to ask her to pass the butter.

"How would simple 'dearest' do?"
"Not at all. I'll begin with the letter and leave off the address. Would you make a paragraph mark?"

No, leave it off. She will then know that you mean the address, but can not find words sufficiently loving to express your meaning."

Then Rapleigh dictated: "I want you to be my wife. I will call Friday night for my answer. If you will not marry me say that you are out. If you will marry me, then come down into the parlor when I call."

Rapleigh wanted it some other night than Friday. He said that Friday was an unlucky day.

"It's my lucky day," said Robinson, and so they made it Friday.

Robinson sealed the letter and stamped

"Here," he said, "you address it.

am too nervous. ' So Rapleigh addressed it and put it

into his pocket to mail. Friday afternoon Rapleigh told Robincan that he had forgotten all about the letter. They put a stamp upon it, and the postman said it would get uptown

before dinner-time. After dinner Robinson dressed himself very carefully in his state-occasion lothes and west uptown for his answer. Distinson determined on the way uptown

that if she said no it would ruin him and ut him into a young and drunkard's Robinson rang the bell and the servant ir took his card. He sat in the drawing-room to wait for an answer. His wart and his ribs began a fistic encoun-

r. His flugers clutched each other norvously. Finally the maid reappeared. the had his card in her hand. She was satiling.

She has refused me," exclaimed Robresen to himself, and he felt something

Miss Elizabeth will be down in a mo " ur," sail the maid. "She has just

If was a great, a trying moment, it delices a turned deathly pale, then sank of into the chair. It was the happiest moment in his life. In a minute he heard the restling of a skirt-her skirt.

The portieres were parted, pushed

aside. Miss Elizabeth, radiant, with a beautiful blush on her face, stood before

him, coyly peeping up at him. Robinson sprang to his feet. He rushed like a young cyclone down upon her. He clasped her in his arms. He kissed her furiously, passionately, once, twice, half a hundred times. Ashriek rang through the bouse.

Miss Elizabeth, struggling, panting, shricked time and time again.

"How dare you, sir! how dare you!" she cried, finally freeing herself and standing before him white with rage. Robinson, stupefied, looked at her in dumb amazement, saw the white face, the flashing eyes; heard approaching footsteps, made a dash for the hall, caught up his coat and hat, slammed the door shut after him, and never stopped

running until he reached the club bar-That night Miss Elizabeth, after recovering her composure, went up to her room and found on the bureau a letter addressed to her in a strange handwrit-ing. She opened it. The letter inside was written in a different hand—a wellknown hand.

Miss Elizabeth read the letter. the tears came into her eyes. She rang for the servant girl. The ser-

vant girl lost her place-was discharged without a recommendation. Robinson began to drink, then suddealy stopped drinking, and now they

Adobe Houses.

beth. - Cincinnati Post

The adobe houses of Arizona and New Mexico are not built from ignorance, but from a regard for comfort. They are, for that climate, the warmest in winter, and in summer the coolest that can be constructed. The adobe is only mud made of the loamy clay; the bricks are about sixteen inches long by nine or that dances are generally well attended, | ten in width, and eight in thickness. They are sun-dried, and after the house is begun, and the walls are reared to a height of two or three feet, they are left for a week in order to dry, the process of building and waiting continuing until the house is constructed. Then the walls are plastered within, the roof put on, and the house left for two or three weeks before the occupants move The small cost and little trouble with which an adobe house can be built, together with its superior comfort, render it the favorite structure in tropical North America, and a long time will elapse before it is superseded either by wood, brick or stone.

Certain Besets in Winter.

It may be stated more specifically here that among the hibernating animals every graduation of slumber has been noted. Some creatures display only imperfect hibernation or repose, waking, moving and feeding now and again during the winter; others may show signs of life a few times in three or four months, while the remainder, as I have said, appear as if they are dead. If you disturb the most venomous viper in winter, and he stings, no harm will come of it

But many of the hibernating animals perish when the weather is excessively cold, unless warmly housed. The animosphere, and when the cold becomes intense the animal is wakened by it, moves about for a short time, then relapses into a torpor which speedily ends in death. A curious fact is that the action of the heart has been known to continue frequently for a considerable time after the hibernating animal has been decapitated .- Animal Friends.

Why They Are Poor.

Country editors always remain poor, but that is because they are not mean enough to get rich. In order to get rich it is only necessary to trust nobody, to befriend none, to get everything and save all you get; to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us; to be friend to no man and have no man for our friend; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserly and despised for some thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty near enough wealth is collected by a disre-gard of the human heart at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work. Country editors prefer to remain poor, live happy and die happy.—Jefferson County (Mon.) Senti-

Crippies at the Capital. Strangers in the Captal express much surprise at the number of cripples to be seen here, and offer various explanations of the sight. The majority of maimed citizens are officeholders, who were crippled during the late war. The form in which they are mostly injured is the loss of an arm, oftener left one, as obser-vation shows. Many have parted with a leg, and the suppliers of substitutes in willow, cork or rubber in Washington aver that this is one of the best markets in the country for their profession. Besides these injuries received through violence, there are scores of people in the Government service who are afflicted with natural deformities. They are to be found particularly in the Treasury Department. -Kate Field's Washington.

A Queer Peach Tree.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said Mr. E. E. Kirby, ticket agent of the East Tennessee road, as he held up a peach seed as large as a man's fist. Well, I know you haven't. There's a peach inside of the seed, and the tree on which the peach grew is the only peach tree that I ever heard of that, instead of growing the seed on the inside of the peach, grows the peach on the inside of the seed. Some years ago, while I was visiting in southern Georgia, I grafted a peach tree on an Australian cherry tree. The twig bore fruit, but the fruit ap-parently was nothing but seeds. It was not disturbed, however, until they had grown very large, when one of the seeds was pulled and broken open. On the inside was a perfectly formed green peach. After that none of the seeds were dis-turbed until they had changed color from light brown to black. Then one of them was broken open and a ripe peach of a light yellow color was found inside."

A MONSTER ANACONDA.

He Nearly Got the Better of a Snake Hunter.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA

Terrible Peril of a Man Who Had a Commission from a London House to Collect Big Reptiles-He Barely Escaped "Two years ago last Christmas," said a

former employee of Jamrach, the noted dealer in wild animals, to a Detroit Free

Press reporter, "I shipped to London a large cargo of South American reptiles. Among them were two 25-foot anacon-das—fair sized specimens as such snakes go. They were neatly packed in sep-arate barrels, but one was hardly in shape for traveling, as he was just shed-ding his skin. Being such a well matched pair, I hoped they would pull through all right, but on arrival our friend was dead. The result was that I had hardly got a taste of home comforts when there came a cable calling for another anaconda. I hated like anything to go back to the swamps at that time of the year, but I had no choice. Gulana is the nearest port for big snakes, and there I went, determined to hurry matters. Now, I could have got a dozen fair sized crawlers in a week, but hearing of some monster snakes up country I got the fever and set off to interview them. I hired a boat manned by half a dozen Indians and went seventy odd miles

"We tracked several big serpents every day, but none of them came up to my ex-pectations, and after two weeks of fruit-

up the Essequebo.



SUCCITING THE SNAKE. less search I began to think I was wasting time on what seemed a fool's errand. Still. knowing the reputation of the country, I hated to give up, and so I decided to stay yet another week. Three days went by, and still nothing extraordinary turned Then on the evening of the fourth I took my gun and went out after game, as I was tired of eating the fish the Indians supplied with unvarying monotony. Be-fore I had gone a mile I brought down a small antelope, and as there was plenty of time to get back to camp before supper l hunted up a shady spot by the side of a little stream and lay down for a quiet smoke. The tramp and the heat had made me sleepy, and I dozed away with half

"About sundown something made me start up, and I saw a sight that made my heart jump to my throat. Coming slowly out of the stream, waving its head to and fro, I spied an enormous anaconda. The stream was more than twenty-five across, but may I never speak again if his head and five feet or more of his neck weren't clear out of the water on my side and a yard or so of his tail on the other. For a moment 1 sat perfectly still—para-lyzed, partly with delight at having at last got on the trail of such a monster and partly with fright at the sight. There was nothing to do but watch, so I sat there and saw him come wholly out of the water.

"He was about fifty yards away, and I noted his colors were different from the usual run of anacondas. Black on top, he had gray sides with brown spots, and only his belly was yellow. He must have just cast his skin, for it shone dazzlingly. For awhile he lay motionless on the grass, then he raised his head and wagged it up and down. How he spotted me I can't even guess, but when I noticed he was looking straight at me I felt decidedly queer. My gun, a double barrel, was loaded with buckshot, but I had no notion of courting an encounter. Yet it would not do to run, for no man can outfoot a snake. So I sat there, perfectly still, not daring to move, there, perfectly still, not daring to move, and waited. In a few moments the anaconda dropped his head and lay seemingly motionless, still looking toward me. Watching him closely I discovered he was moving, yet I couldn't detect the quiver of a scale. Then I saw he was coming closer—coming for me—actually stalking me! As the thought flashed through my mind my hair stood on end. mind my hair stood on end.

"On he crept—gliding so slowly, so in-sidiously, I couldn't tell how he moved, but he was getting closer all the time. I don't know if I prayed, but with all my might I strove to shake off the frightful torpor that had seized me. The sweat poured out all over me, but I couldn't move a finger. Thirty feet—twenty feet away. Nearer yet—ten feet—then he raised his head. That movement saved me—before that awful, motionless, glid-ing approach of death I was powerless, but the sudden break gave me back my powers. To seize my gun, spring to my feet, yell, let fly both barrels and take to my heels didn't take a second. As I fied I heard the brute hissing like a barrel full of mad cats, but I didn't stop to size up the damage. Reaching camp more dead than alive, I hustled the Indians into the boat, and we spent the night five miles

down the stream. "My tale scared the Indians and we sat up all night guns in hand. With morning our courage revived and we went back to investigate. The snake had gone—so had the antelope, so I guess I didn't hurt him badly. We tracked him to a dense swamp. but neither money nor threats could in-duce those Indians to follow him in; to tell the truth, I didn't press them very hard. We left the neighborhood that same day and I contented myself with shipping Jamrach a couple of twenty footers I picked up on my way down the stream. They arrived at London in good shape and, as he never knew what a specimen he had lost, he was perfectly satisfied."

While Joseph Holloway, aged fourteen years, of Pottstown, Pa., was riding in a Reading railroad passenger car, he grasped the branch of a tree from the car window. He was drawn through the window and fell violently on the track. His injuries



The shade of a parasol is a very acceptable thing in the summer months, but the reputation of Philips' cafe and Bakery cannot be thrown in the 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: Cotering for parties and weddings a specialty. Special terms to regular boarders in the Cafe.

M. M. PHILLIPS & SON. BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Hay-Fever Sufferers

Should read our new 112-page book on the treatment and cure of Hay-Fever and Asthma. Sent free on application.

"I have been a sufferer from Hay-Fever and Asthma from birth—26 years. I have tried all remedies that came to my notice without permanent relief. I am pleased to say that your medicines certainly cured me to stay cured.

W. L. WEDGER, Roslindale, Boston, Mass."

P. Harold Hayes, M. D., 716 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. SANDEN'S



No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Makes now the finest PORTRAITS and CRAYONS. Is having his Gallery remodled and fitted up in fine style, and the only first class north light in the county. ------

12 CABINETS\$1.00.

Also having a wagon on the road fitted with the latest improvements for taking in views, Portraits and Tintypes, will call at your door without extra charge. Reserve your photos as we carry a full line copying samples till we call at your place.

Drop us a postal card and we will set a day te call on you.

Gallery Main St., next to St. Elmo Hotel, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

HINDENGONNS. TO HERE THE ST

DEA CUSHIONS Whipper beard Con-cording Number of the Con-cording Number of the Con-cording Address F. Hibitox, 663 Broadery, New York.

J.E. WEITS.

Repair department for Watches. Clocks, Jewelry, is the best in the county. Work guaranteed.

Dorflinger's cut glass. Silverware, Spoons, Knives and Forks at very reasonable prices.

FINE CHINA VASES AND SOVENIR CUPS AND SAUCERS.

Bargain 8 Day' 1-2 hour strike, solid walnut and oak CLOCKS \$3.50 to \$4.50 Guaranteed.

SOLID GOLD 8kt Glasses \$350, 10 kt 5.00, 14 kt 6.00 to 800. All glasses fitted Free cf Charge.

C. B. ROBBINS,

DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Bloomsburg, Pa.

"Well Bred, Soon Wed," Girls Who Use

SAPOLIO

are Quickly Married. Try it in Your Next

House-Cleaning.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO.

DEALERS IN

Cigars, Tobacco, Cardies, Fruits and Nuts

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Henry Maillard's Fine Candies.

Fresh Every Week. PLNNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars:

Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash Bloomsburg Pa.

JUCCESS CAN BE ACHIEVED In Any Business bu

Untiring Industry, Careful Economy,

AND-

Judicious Advertising.

The Road to Opulence Lies Knee-Deep Through Printer's Ink.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF

CARPET,

MATTING,

or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT

BROWER'S

2nd Door above Court House.

A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

LOST MANHOOD!



DEFORE AND AFTER USE no he. Wakeful ness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and lost of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthfull adjacration, which ultimarely lead to Infinity, Consumption and Instantity, Price, \$1.00 a package. With every \$5 order we give a written and any of the consumption of the consumption of the consumption and Instantity. By mail to package the consumption of the con

GET THE BEST.

My Plymouth Rocks and Red Caps are great favorites, as is proven by my past success. Eggs of either kind \$1.50 per 13 or \$2.50 per 26. Write for information.

W. B. GERMAN,

Millville, Pa.