Life came to me and spoke: Wherein to take thy pleasure; I have alled it with priceless treasure; Seven days shalt thou dwell therein, Thy joy shall be keener than sin, Without the stain of guilt-Enter the door of cak!"

I enter the oaken door; thin, no ray of light, I saw no golden store. My heart stood still with fright; My heart stood still
To ou se life was I fain:
Then one unseen before
Laid in my own her hand,
And said: "Come thou and know
This is the House of WoeI am Life's sister, Pain." ou se life was I fain;

Through many a breathless way In dark, on dissying height, She led me through the day And into the dreadful night: And wide the greater and wildly I longed for rest-And wildly I longed for rest-Till a chamber met my sight, Far o.f., and hid, and still, With diamonds all bedight And every precious thing: Not even a god might will More beauty there to bring.

Then spoke Life's sister, Pain: Here thou as king shalt reign; Here shalt thou take thy pleasure, This is the priceless treasure, The chamber of thy delight Through endless day and night: Rejoice, this is the end: Thou hast found the heart of a friend. -R. W. Gilder, in "Twe Worlds.

SHIRLEY'S VACATION.

"What amuses you, Shirley?" asked the head bookkeeper, as he looked up from his big ledger and saw a smile on the boy's face opposite.
"I—I just landed a five-pound bass,"

said Shirley, laughing and blushing a

"Um-ah! Did it pull very hard?" "Fearful!" said Shirley.

All through the year Shirley Holmes had been saving the money for his trip. He was assistant bookkeeper for Brown Bros. & Bridges's wholesale house, on West Pearl street, where he had been since graduating from the commercial college, two years before.

Shirley was an orphan. The small means left him by his parents had been exhausted before his education had been completed, so that his first year's savings had been used to repay money advanced him by an uncle to complete his

His savings this year he was investing in building-stock with the exception of 31 weekly which he put aside for no other purpose than a trip to the bass streams of the Alleghanies. He was very fond of fishing, and had been reckoned an expert as a boy. He had not taken a day off since he left school, and he felt that a holiday was his due.

All through the dark winter days, as he pondered over the long rows of figures, he paused now and then to muse for a moment of green mountains, blue skies, clear, rushing water, and to feel in imagination the tug and swish of the trout line and the rapid click of the running reel. Then his eyes would sparkle for a moment and he was no longer in the dim and dusty little office.

But only for a moment, for the long columns of figures were waiting, and ihirley had a feeling of friendliness for them, knowing that it was through their mute assistance that his dream would be

All through the Spring and early Summer he pondered over the big books and thought of the cool mountains. He and his request had been granted. He had calculated that the \$52 would pay his expenses. He had figured it out over and over, and he knew the items by heart.

There were excursion rates to the mountains, and his round-trip ticket would cost him \$12. Then there was his board at a farmhouse, which he calculated at \$20. He could get a good rod, reel and line for \$10, and for general items he allowed as much more

"I think that will cover everything" he said to himself. "I shall begin to et my things together to-morrow, and n a week I will be on the way."

That night, as they closed the books

he head bookkeeper said to him: "Shirley, have you been to see Ever-

tt Harris lately?"

"No," said Shirley, guiltily. "But I will go to-night. How is he?"

"Not very well, poor fellow. He doesn't improve very much, I'm afraid. The city now is so hit, you know, and he doctor save the dust and smoke are bad for him. He coughs a good deal, and you know what that leads to."

"Yes," said Shirley, feeling as if a pressure was on his lungs. "I should

Everett Harris had been their shipping clerk. He was a tender hearted good natured fellow, whom Shirley had always liked for his outspoken, friendly way. He was not very strong, however, and one day during the winter had contracted a severe cold, terminating in pneumonia. This attack he had over come, but it had left him very weak, and with a disagreeable cough.

His mother, a widow with a small pension, had found it a hard matter to live without her son's assistance, although Everett's employers had generously assumed his drug and doctor bills, while employees, from time to time, sent or carried such books and delicacies as he could enjoy.

Shirley had visited Everett very regularly until the last few weeks, during which time the prospects and prepara-tions for his outing had occupied his expings almost to the exclusion of overgining elso, and what with reading up on the different streams and fishing apparatus, he had forgotten poor Everett almost entirely. Yes, he would to see him to-night without fail.

After supper Shiriey went to the mar-and filled a basket with fresh, ripe sit; then he hurried off to atone for

Poor Everett," he thought, "sick ad cooped up in the city, while I am ing off for a month in the mountains, here I forgot all about him. How liish people are, anyway!"

By and by, he climbed three flights of stairs to a close little flat where Mrs. Harris and her son lived. Yes, it was had there for a sick man, Shirley thought-bad enough for a well one this hot weather, there was no doubt of itand once more he thought of the cool mountains and the dashing river where

he was going. Everett was overjoyed to see him, and the tender-hearted fellow choked a little as he thanked him for the fruit. Shirley sat down by him and felt re-morseful. They talked of matters at the store, and the spirits of both rose as Shirley told some amusing things that

had happened lately.

"You know young Bridges is doing your work," he said, laughing.

"Yes, you told me," replied Everett,

with a little sigh. Well, he doesn't like it very well, but his father wouldn't get anybody in your place. He said Charlie could just as well do it till you came back. He had lots of trouble at first, but gets along pretty well now. He's not a bad follow, either, but an awful dandy-

wears a silk hat and patent leathers-"Yes, I know; and I recollect once he fell down in the mud and came into the office nearly crying."

"Yes—well—and you know big Roger, the drayman?" "Oh, yes; Roger has been to see me twice. The last time he brought me a

sausage over a foot long. His wife made it, and thought it would do me good.

Shirley laughed of the idea of sauvages for a sink dist till the tours came. "I suppose you are the sansages?" he said at last.

"No, I'm keeping it for next winter. "But I was going to tell you about Charlie Bridges," said Shirley. "The other evening Roger was waiting for him to make out some shipping receipts, and went over in the corner where it's rather dark, you know, to sit dow on the stool there. Well, just as he plumped himself down, he felt something pop up and squash under him, and jumped up like he was shot.

It was Charlie's silk hat. Everybody laughed except Roger and Charlie. Roger was awfully sorry and offered to pay for it, while Charlie shed tears but refused the money. The boys liked him the better for that, and he and lloger are as good friends as ever.

Everett laughed so heartily that he began coughing in a way that cut Shirley to the heart. His mother brought him some water, and, when his cough was quieted, Shirley had grown grave and silent

"What is the doctor doing for you?" he asked, after a long pause.
"Not much, now," said Everett, a lit-

tle sadly. "He says I need fresh air most, and that if I could get strength my cough would stop."
Shirley continued to look grave, and

offered ne reply. "I must try and get back to work by September," continued Everett. "Just think—I have lost eight whole months.

It is terrible!" And tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes.

"Where would you go for an euting, old man?" asked Shirley after a pause. "Oh, I don't know! I haven't considered it. Almost any place in the country where I could get away from this smoke and have fresh air. Yes, there is a place," he added. "It's where we used to live before we came to the city," and he glanced quickly at his mother, who bent low ever her sewing and did not seem to be listening. "I should like to go there," he continued. "It is about fifty miles north of here, and there are nice woods and a little stream where I used to catch perch and chub. I should like to go there again and fish. I know people there, too, and don't believe it would cost more than \$15 a month for board." And the sick man's eyes shone at the thought of his old village and the stream with its perch and chub.

An hour before Si irley would have laughed scornfully at such sport, but he did not laugh now. Pretty soen he said good-night to Everett and his mother and walked home under the street lamps, thinking.

That night when he got to his room he made a new calculation. It ran as follows:

Three round trip tickets to Pekeville - \$ 6 00 B ard for three one meath - 46 00 r) h lines and hooks for perch and club - 1 00

scaled, stamped and dropped into the mail box on the corner. It said: DEAR EVENIETT: I am going to take a vaca-tion in August, and, as I will want company, I invite you to go with rio-also your mother, to take care of us. I have been saving the money for a year, and have enough for a monta's trip for us all. You can propare to tart next week. I will come up to-night and we can talk it over. Heartily,

STIBLET. Shirley Holmes never spent a happier month in his life than that which he spent with Everett and his mother at Pokeville. Everett seemed to get bet-

ter from the first day, and before the month was over was thoroughly himself Mrs. Harris visited with her old friends, while the young men spent whole days in the woods, sometimes

fishing, sometimes just lying beneath

the big trees. When they returned to the city the ant, dusty weather was over, and they went back to work bronzed and strong, and such fast friends that they are called now "the inseparables." year they are going to the mountains together.-Albert Bigelow Paine in Golden Days.

On the Instalment Plan.

"The largest coin I find in the collection basket this morning," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "is a ten-cent piece. If the members of this congregation are specting to pay their way into a better nd on the instalment plan, it seems to that they are calculating on a much well to man since the days of Methuse-

clean a black silk dress use a page dipped in strong black tea-

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS A PERPET-UAL GARDEN OF EDEN.

Sir Edwin Arnold so Describes the Kingdom of Liliuokalani-Besuty Lavishty Beatswed by Sature-Trops teni Seenery on Islands of the Pacific

It is good to be able to date a letter from Paradise! Would you like to know its exact locality? You must sail south of west for 2,100 miles from San Francisco, or south of east 3,400 miles from Yokohama, and then you will arrive at the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, where we are anchored at present, bound to Yokohama. We are to-day safely arrived under the green and golden hills of Onhu, the northernmost of the Sandwich group. Even from the sea tho view is charming and full of promise of these delightful islands; none the less so if, as is my own case, the voyager has recently traversed by rail the 2,900 miles of mainly unlovely scenery between New York and San Francisco, coming by those dreary, drab wildernesses of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico, and has then steamed for a week without anything to look at except rolling seas and driving clouds. Of course, therefore, we have passed every available hour of our detention here ashore, and seen enough to wonder why people dwell in the bitter latitudes of London and New York, when t ey might breathe the heavenly air of these ocean paradises, and live in the perpetual garden of Eden which nature has laid out for her happiest chil-

I had imagined the Hawaiian cluster to be composed of densely wooded islets and isles, with dark foliage spread all over the plains and climbing to rounded hills. But I see a troken land much more open and varied than my anticipation; the lowlands rather bare of trees and vegetation, the uplands ascending by slopes that d with the tender green of coming crops to a volcanic si-rra, very ruggest, nokes and majestic in outline, seamed and it-sured with innumerable glers, each nursing a gradually diminishing rib's of verdant embroidery. At one extremity of the long crescent in which Honolulu nestles amid her groves

of cocoanut palms and bananas, rises precipitously the yellow and red steep of Diamond Head, and on the other ranges into far distance a lofty line of peaks, lifted from the bottom of the sea by some ancient and stupendous telluric spasm. The golden Sierra fades away into a ridge of rose and violets against the horizon, where the sapphire of the Pacific blends with the tu:quoise of the sky. The northeast trade wind which was blowing in a lively way outside is quite shut off from our anchorage by those lofty mountains, rising to 4,000 feet of elevation and upward, so that the good ship Belgic rides quietly outside the reef to a single cable. The channel is narrow by which the quiet inner harbor is reached and we shall not enter, but there is plenty of water there, as is evidenced by the United States steamer Charleston, an iron-clad of the second-class, which is moored within under the very plumes of

the cocoanut groves, Honolulu, from the sea, looks like a smaller town than she really is, being so much buried in groves and gardens; nor, indeed, at biggest does she number more than 22,000 citizens, the entire island containing no more than 31,194 inhabitants and the whole group about 89,000. Of these about 35,000 are natives, 15,000 Chinese, 13,000 Japanese and 8,600 Portugese; the American residents' totaling 1,928 and the English 1,344. There are, beside, over 1,000 Germans scattered about the group, and 600 other foreigners, more or less, including 70 Frenchmen-a mixed population, amid which the indigenous Kanaka race, which well deserved to be perpetuated, is, alas! sadly and steadily decreasing. That this paradise of the Pacific is not without its drawback the voyager is grievously reminded as he approaches Diamond Head round into the anchorage of Honolulu. Broad on the port side of the ship, about thirty miles from the little city, Molokai rises fair and fertile from the ocean-the Island of Lepers; beautiful enough to be a fitting "purgatory" to the "Paradise" beyond .- London Telegraph.

Not English. Said an Englishman, "I will give a prize of one hundred dollars to any one who can prove that the expression 'don't you know,' or, as it is often rendered, 'doncherknow,' was ever used in England by an Englishman; the phrase had its origin in Philadelphia, where it is much in vogue, because certain dudes there believe it is English. No Englishman ever says 'Don't you know.' expression he does use is 'You know,' such as 'I'm going up to London, you know, to get me new trousers, you know." This may be a startler for certain young men who, by dint of great practice, are able to interject 'doncherknow' at about every ten words in their conversation. I'm very sorry to hurt their feelings."

Green roses have been known in the vicinity of Philadelphia for probably a century. There is no difference theoretically between the petals of a rose and a rose leaf, and the transformation of one to the other is very easily accomplished. A green rose, therefore, is nothing more than a rose in which, in forming the flower, the rose has persistently refused to allow its leaves to be transformed to petals-they still continue as leaves. The petals of the green rose are, therefore, nothing more than green leaves. Outside of its interest as showing the relation between leaves and flowers, there is no interest in the green rose. Certainly it has no beauty.

Sue-How did you and Tom Hillow happen to get married, Blanche? Blanche-We were both single, you

"Well, we married to get even."-Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Relate of Exekiel Cole, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Ezekiel Cole, decreased, have been granted to H. H. Grotz, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

H. H. GROTZ,
Executor.

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